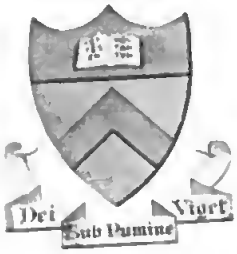
Harper's young people

0901 d Briggs,
H297 ton, N. J.
v.2

Library of



Princeton University.

In Memory of

Senator Frank O. Briggs

Frankland Briggs Class of 1898

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE PLAYFELLOWS.

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

1881

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE

Digitized by Google

0901
.H297
v.2
1881

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

ABDULLAH and his Friends, 296.
Accident, Carriage, on an Indian Mountain Road, 324.
Adjutant Bird Trick, The, 48.
Afternoon Call, Going to make an, 600.
"Alice" and the Wolves—"Alice" sprang from his Concealment, 36.
Alligator upsetting a Canoe, 68.
Alps, Among the, 340.
Andrew Jackson Washington Jones—As black as black could be—Asleep in the Furnace-Room, 777.
Animals, Wild, eating Thanksgiving Dinner in the Wood, 76.
Antiquity, A little (Child trying on antique Bonnet), 57.
Apples, Gathering, 761.
Apples, Gathering the Widow's, 65.
Arab Girl's Mission, An—Maria Immanuel, 196.
Arrest of Emily Geiger, 529.
Art Student, The young, 377.
Attic, Exploring the, 44.
AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION:—Winny and Ruth, 656; Ruth reading her Letter, 572; In Mr. Ludlow's Study, 588.

BABIES:—Babies, Two, in Bed—"Good Morning," 1; Baby and Girl on Floor (The little Tease), 12; Babes in the Wood, 369; A long ago Baby, 473; Wild Babes of the Wood (Fawn, Fox, Owl, etc.), 573.
Barn, In the, 520.
Base Ball, Mice playing, 784.
Bashful (Child in Chair), 532.
Beach, Miss Mehitabel and the Children on the, 592.
Beach, On the, 717.
Bears, Children (coasting) and the, 173; Bears weighing the Baby, 495.
Beating the Parish Bounds, 424.
Beaver-hunting with Indians, 8, 9.
Beetles on School in the Woods, 632.
Bell, Mister, please pull the, for me, 448.
Betty's Answer, 112.
Bicycle Meet in Boston, Incidents of the, 513.
Big Boy and little Mamma, 681.
Bird Catcher, The, 28.
Birds:—Birds in a Snow Storm, 80; Birds in the Snow, 169; Feeding the Love-Birds, 265; Birds chasing Frog, 309.
Bit of Foolishness, A—"I wish a Stage would come by," 636; Trying to get dry, 652.
Blackberries, Child gathering, 704.
Blackbirds' Nest, The—At the Cottage Door, 353.
Boarders, The little—"Wind her up' wind her up!" 708.
BOATS:—Working Plans of a Catamaran, 389; Shad-Fishing, 401; Boat towed by a Whale, 425; A Cat Boat, 454; A Sloop, 455; Chinese Boats, 461; Plans for a Row Boat, 580, Children in Boat—The last Rows of Summer, 730. (see "Ghost," Cruise of the.)
Bonnet, Old Fashioned, Child trying on an, 57.
Boot Blacks, Egyptian, 296.
Boot Blacks' Shower-Bath, The, 692.
Bo Peep, Little, 75.
Boy Blue, Little, and Mary Jane, 112; Little Boy Blue, 232.
Boy, Poor, and kind-hearted old Gentleman—"Lost a Dime," 528.
Bran, Boys feeding each other with, 48.
Bread and Milk, 16.
Breakfast and Battle—Cook beating Cannon Balls, 801.
Brick, Bat! Brickety, Bat, 640.
Broken Vase, The—"Grandpa took the Fragments in his Hand," 740.
Brown, Mr., The Fate of, 176.
Buckwheat Cakes, 25.
Buffalo Indian Children playing, 260.
Butterfly, The beautiful, 397.
Buzzards and Sheep, 200, 201.

CALLING, 621.
Cameo by Flaxman, 804.
Camp Stool, A Folding, 813.
Candy Woman and Boy, 400.
Canoeing with Indians, 8, 9; Canoe upset by Alligator, &c., canoeing in New York Bay—Sailing Race—Paddling Race—Upset Race, 561.
Carabas, Marquis of, 233.
Cards, A House of, 249.
Carnival Sketches—May Blossom—Pantaloon—Harlequin—Little Boy Blue—Dick Whittington—Lady Betty—Little Duke—Clown—Young Feather-weight—Jack the Dandy—Little Fish-Wife—Marquis of Carabas—Dolly—Miss Poland, 232, 233.
Carus, Death of, 465.
Catamaran, Working Plans of a, 389.
CATS:—"Señorita Catta Maltesa," 45; Cat petted by Children, and Dog, 112; Cat in a Mask—"Don't be frightened, Tommy, I'm here," 144; Cat and Kittens—The Singing Lesson, 160; Cat and her first Mouse, 228; Cat and Valentine, 256; "He sat down on the Cat," 336; Cat, Dog and Child, 404; A strange Cat Bird, 548; Cat and Rat—"Going far?" 624; Mother Michel and her Cats, 627; Girl holding Cat by the Neck, 664, 665; Cat looking at Mice playing Base Ball, 784. (See "Kittens.")
Chair, Kissing through the, 77.
"Charley would a Sailor be," 632.
Chickens just hatched and hatching, 52; Chicken "giving thanks," 325; Too much Chicken, 656.
Chimney, Birds in a—The Whirligig House, 412.
China, That small piece Boy from, 157.
Chinese Adventure, A (four Illustrations), 461.
"Christ in the Temple, Finding of," 88, 89.
CHRISTMAS:—Designs for Christmas Decorations, 96; "I don't want a Switch in my 'Tocking, Santa Claus," 100; Santa Claus on the Nursery Tiles, 120; Santa Claus with Cornucopia, 127; Five little Girls singing a Christmas Carol, 128; An empty Stocking, 141. (See "When the Clock Struck Twelve," and "How it all Happened.")
Church, At the Door of the old, 620.
Cider Mill, A, 65.
Circus Audience, The, 552, 553; Circus Scenes. (See "Toby Tyler.")
Clam, Skimmer, 596.
Cloud, A passing, 372.
Cloud, Every, has a Silver Lining, 701.
Clown, 233; The Clown's Audience, 552, 553.
Coasting, Perilous, 241; Coasting Sketches, 264.
Colosseum, Death of Carus in the, 465.
Convalescent, The young, 409.
Cooking Clubs—Fac-simile of Card of Invitation, 588; "Two Eggs well beaten"—"Don't let it burn" Laying the Cloth—Washing Dishes, 589.
Coquette, A little, 468.
Cottage Door, At the, 353.
Count of Corfu, The, 724.
Cow in Boy's Bed, 336.
Crab, King, 596.
Cricket, A Game of—"Run out," 624.

DAISY, A Country, 749.
Daisy Cot, The—The new Daisy—Dr. Santa Claus, 524; The Message of the Daisies—"I'm Mousse," 540.
Dance in the Meadow, A, 528.
Dengremont, Eugenie Maurieto, 308.
"Det up"—Baby in Wagon and Kitten, 240.
Devotion, A Mother's—Sheep and Buzzards, 200, 201.
"Do 'long now"—Boy driving Door Knob, 464.
DOGS:—Dog and Cat, 112; Dog guarding Infant in Cradle, 297; A wise Dog carrying a Tin Kettle in his Mouth, 301; Dog and Child and Kitten, 404; Stray Dog—An Orphling, 413; Dog decked out with Feathers, 452, On the Grand Canal, 453; Dog to Kitten on Roof—"Are you going to the Ball this Evening?" 464; Dog biting Boy with "Purps," 496; Pug and Kitten, 512; Boys going to shoot a Dog, 604, Dog, Cat, and Horse—"Brick, Bat! Brickety, Bat!" 640, Performing Dogs—Not up in his Part, 696; Dog and Geese—Lots of Fun—Not so funny, 768; Dog on Roins of House, 813.
DOLLS:—Children playing with Dolls—two Mothers, 32; Child in Chair has dropped his Doll, 72, 73; Miss Polly with Doll, 93, Child and Doll—The happiest Folks, 112; A Doll's Reception, 132; Dolly's Funeral, 176; Dolls at Tea, 301; Girl with Doll—The young Convalescent, 409, Mistress Dorothy Dinkle with Doll, 452.
Dombey, Paul, and Florence—"What are the wild Waves saying?" 808, 809.
Door Knob, Boy driving (two Illustrations), 464.
Drum, Grandpa's, 568.
"Duck," Playing, 548.
Duke, The little, 233.
Dunce's Seat, The, 577.
Dutch Sleigh riding, 177.

EASTER EGG, Old, in the British Museum, 372.
Easter Medley, An, 400.
Eggs, Chickens coming out of, 52.
Eggs of Fish, 596.
Elizabeth, Queen, at the Age of sixteen, 585.
Elves in the Picnic Grove, 729.
Embroidery, Designs for, 75, 109, 234, 365, 717.
Envy, Hatred and Malice, 752.
Explosions, Submarine (two Figures), 576.

FAGOT Puzzle, 656, 672.
Fair Exchange, A, 584.
Farm-House, A Visit to the old, 744.
Featherweight, Young (Jockey), 233.
Fiddler, Black Joe, The, 236.
Fields's, James T., Library, 436.
Fire, Dog on House destroyed by, 813.
Fire Works, Boy with—A troubled Dream, 576.
Fishing:—Uncle Dick and the Boys fishing, 97; Fishing through the Ice, 145; Shad-fishing on the Hudson, 401; Fishes, etc., in the Sea, 421, Boy fishing—"Have you catched anything, Tom?" 512; "This is getting awful!"—"Ah! that was a Nibble!"—"Caught!" 656.
Fish Wife, The little, 233.
Flamingo and his Enemy, the Ocelot, 630.
Flirtation Cards, Funny, 100.
Flora Macdonald encouraging the Sailors, 593.
Florry's Hoople, 685.
Flowerless Flour Garden, A (five Figures), 821, 822.
Flower Maker, Little, 329.
Flower Missionary, A little, 653.
Flowers dancing in the Meadow, 528.
Forecastle Yarn, A, 104, 105.
Fourth Rig, this time, 576.
Fox skin Coat, The—In the Woods, 33.
FROGS:—The poor little Frog escapes from its Enemies, 209; Frog on Toad Stool—"I wonder das my Mudder want me? I'a afraid she dun," 608; Frog's Legs—Digging out the big Frog, 692.
FRONTIERSMEN.

GALILEO in the Church at Pisa, 772.
GAMES:—Buffalo, 260, Kangaroo, 272; London Bridge, 384; Lawn Tennis, 501; Polo, 701; Cricket, 624.
Gardening, Summer—Setting out Plants, 488.
Gardens, The three, 781.
Garfield, Mollie, Harry A., and James R., 793.
Geese and Dog—Lots of Fun—Not so funny, 768.
Geiger, Emily, Arrest of, 529.
George, Prince, of Greece, 724.
Germany, Child of Southern, 516.
"GHOST," CRUISE OF THE:—"I don't like her at all"—Building the "Gverhang," 437; Boy at Mast-Head, 449; Among the Breakers, 469; Man in Row-Boat, 485; Defeat of the River Pirates, 497; In the Great South Bay, 517; "Under a heavy press of India-Rubber Blanket," 533; Capsizing of the Life-Boat, 549; Out at Sea—Crossing Quantuck Bay, 564, Boarding the water-logged Brig, 581; Setting Sail on the Brig, 597; "Hurrah! there's the 'Ghost,'" 613.
"Giraffe, Hold your, sir?"—The Giraffe is held, 320.
Giraffe, Lion, etc., 617.
Giving Thanks, Chicken, 325.
Glacier and Cravasse, 388.
Great Sleigh, Boy in, 296.
"Going far?" (Cat and Rat), 624.
Gondola, Dog in, 453.
"Good Morning" (Two Children in Bed), 1.
Goose, Who's afraid of a? 616.
Grace before Meat—"Give us this Day our daily Bread," 637.
Grandpapa's Fire, Bringing Wood for, 148.
Gulliver sailing his Yacht, 408.
Gun, The old, 689.
Gypsy Girl, The, 501.

HALLEBARDIER, The, 356.
Halicora, the Mermaid—Miss Delphina's School—Halicora—Home of Aunt Rytina Borealis, 732, 733.
Hammock, Children in a, 349.
Hamp See, The Mistake about—Watching the Rise of the Water, 673.
Harlequin, 232.
Hatty in a Fright (running down Stairs), 176.
Hearts, The King and Queen of, 254.
Hessians, Jolly young, 480.
Hide and Seek, 717.
Hippopotamus, Killing a, in Western Africa, 537.
Hoople, Florry's, 685.
Hornet's Nest, Smoking a, 24.
HORSES:—Indians "smoking" Horses, 4; Horse and Booster, 148; "Tum, Horse!"—"Det up, Horse!"—"Whoa! Whoa!" 192; Carriage Accident in India, 324, Horse, Foal, Calf, etc., 440; Horse kicking—"Real tame in front, but awful wild behind," 480.
Horseshoe, The Luck of the, 321.
Hospital Scene, 524, 540.
How it all happened (four Illustrations), 124, 125.

ICE-BOAT, Working Plans for an, 56; Ice-boat Race on the Tappan Zee, 257.
Ice-Cream Cart, Boys and—A terrible Temptation, 720; Our Ice Cream Party, 828.
"I don't want a Switch in my 'Tocking, Santa Claus," 100.
Indians "smoking" Horses, 4; Through the Rapids with Indians, 8, 9, "Alice" sprang from his Concealment, 36; Indians attacking Wagon Train, 225; Indian Children playing Buffalo, 260; Indians getting Water for the Village, 376.
Italian School, Scene in an, 164; An Italian School—Dressed in her best—Rosa Florio—Lace Makers—Infant Class—Little Flower Maker—At the Festival, 328, 329.

JACK O' LANTERN, 17.
Jack the Dandy, 233.
Japan, Farm-house Pete in, 20; National Flower of Japan (Cherry Blossom), 293.
Jeremy Black's Fourth of July—"And blew as he'd not blown since he was born," 565.
Jesus, The Infant, 392, 393.
Jimmy Brown and the imitation Screw Heads, 190; his Monkey, 237; end of his Monkey, 253; his Ice-Cream, 829.
Jim, The Ferry Boy—Playing the Fiddle—Afloat on his Fiddle, 648.
Jockey, A young, 233.
Johnson, Dr., in Uttoxeter Market Place, 361.

KANGAROO, Home of the, 85; The Game of, 272.
Kettles and Panther fighting, 712.
King Crab, The, 596.
Kissing, Mother and Child—A fair Exchange, 584.
Kissing through the Chair, 77.
Kite, Flying the, 16.
Kites, Queer, 768.
KITTENS:—"Kitty won't play," 36; Kitten and Rat, 160; The Singing Lesson, 160; Kitten and Baby in Wagon, 240; Kitten at the Mirror, 480; How the Prize Kitten won her Medal, 508, 509; Pug

Digitized by Google

and Kitten, 512; The Doomed Kittens—The Kittens saved, 541; Kitten playing Cat Bird in a Tree, 548; Kitten and falling Leaves, 703.
Kitty's First Pie, 209.
Kitty's Valentine, 256.
Knitting Bee, The, 441.
Knots, 676.

Labyrinth Puzzle, 800.
Lace-Makers, Little, 328.
Lady Betty, 232.
Lamb, The rescued, 344; Child and Lambs—Scraping Acquaintance, 595; The Orphan Lamb, 645.
"Lark!" (Door suddenly opened, upsetting Boy), 464.
Lawn Tennis:—Ready to "serve," 501; Diagram of Court, 502; Serious Aspects of Lawn Tennis (six Illustrations), 560.
Lesseps, M. De, and his Children, 757.
Letter, A Baby, 307.
Life Boat, Capsizing of the, 549.
Life-saving Station—Exterior and Interior Views, 196, 197.
Lions:—Lion's Head, 545; The Lion's Ride (on a Giraffe), 617; Lion Cubs at Play, 624; Before Judge Lion, 748; Lion (in Cage) and Children—"Don't make Faces at him, Effie," 792.
London Bridge, Game of—The Tug, 384.
Louis XVII. in the Temple Prison, 312, 313.

Magic Lantern, 360.
Magic Wand, The—"There's Something in there," 337.
Master Saturday and his Friends, 768.
May Blossom, Little, 232.
May-Flowers, Gathering the, 417.
Maying, 16.
May Party, A (Horse, Foal, Calf, etc.), 440.
Mermaids in the Water, 732, 733.
Mice playing Base Ball, 784.
Midwinter—(Birds in the Snow), 169.
Mildred's Bargain:—The late Customer, 92; Mildred's Temptation, 108; The Girls discover Mildred's Purchase, 140; Mildred at the Party, 156; Mildred and the Widow Robbins, 172; "How dare you say such a Thing?" 188; Mildred confesses all to Miss Jenner, 204.
Milkmaid, A, 253.
Milton, John, at the Age of ten, 161.
Mistress Dorothy Binkle (Child with Doll), 452.
Monkeys:—The Monkeys, Boy, and Footman, 184; Monkey and Organ Woman, 236; My Monkey—On the Table—Monkey and Kitten—Monkey with Kitten on Gridiron, 237; On the Door—Monkey and Sewing Machine—Jocko and Sue's Bonnet—Jocko shaving—Jocko on Desk—In Baggage Car, 253; "Mrs. Stubbs" and her Child with tin Cup on its Head, 816. (See "Toby Tyler.")
Moon, The Man in the, 368; Raphael John's Moon and Moon Face, 784.
Mother and Child, 112; Mother and Child—A passing Cloud, 372; Two Mothers (Children playing with Dolls, 372.
Mother Michel and her Cat (eleven Illustrations), 627, 628, 629, 630.
Mould, Forms of, 821, 822.
Mound, The great Serpent, 366.
Mountain Peaks among the Alps, 340; Glacier and Crevasse, 388.
Mouse Cat and her first, 228.
Mouse-Trap, Mice in and outside of a, 192.
Mowing—Straight and clean is the only Way, 652.
Mr Chalker's Ruse—Mr Chalker takes a Slide—Fishing through the Ice, 145.
Mrs. November's Guests, 60. Mrs. November's Guests at the Dinner-Table, 61.
Mud Pies, 392.
Muffled—Attacked in the Pass, 225.
Mull, My first, 244.
Music, Illusory, Trick, 48.
My Sister's Graces—Uncle Dick's Story—In the Gold Fields—The Storm, 27.

Nahca, 596.
Naughty Boy, The, 777.
Negro Boy on Fence—"Oh Maramy, he's a Bull-Hound!" 640; Andrew Jackson Washington Jones—Asleep in the Furnace Room, 777; Negro Woman and Child, with Pan of Flour, 448.
Negro Fort, Story of the, 801.
Newsboys' Home, The—Boy selling Papers—Being registered—At Supper—The Gymnasium—The Dormitory, 216, 217.
Newton, Isaac, at the Age of twelve, 785.
New Year's Call, The first, 129. New Year's Calls in the Nursery, 144. The new Year and the old, 152, 153.
Niagara Falls in Winter—Our Artist's Sketch Book and Pencil, 279; The Falls, 280.
Nightmare, Tommy's, after setting Rabbit Snares, 32; Tommy's Thanksgiving Nightmare, 64.
Noblesse Oblige (Horse and Rooster), 148.
Not tell enough, 697.
Nuo, The 80.
Nursery Chair, The, 29.

Ossmy, twoery, ickery, sun, 605.
Orphans, Happy (Chickens just hatched), 52; The Little Orphan, 825.
Orphling, An (stray Dog), 413.
Otter and her Young, 281.
Outsiders (Children at the Head of the Stairs), 224.
Owl, Pea nut, 336; Owl (Initial Cut), 365; Owl, The, tells her sorrowful Story, 366.

Palat and Jurassa, 472; A long ago Baby, 473.
Pan of Flour (The Negro Woman and Child), 448.
Pantaloon, 252.
Pate Grayson, Who was?:—Paul and Benny Mallow, 5, "De Counterfeiter done broke out ob de Jail," 21; Paul and the Counterfeiter, 37, The Sheriff enforces Order—"Father" 53, The Meeting in the School Yard, 69.
Pea nut Owl, A, 336.
Peg top, The, 16.
Penelope:—Mrs Bruce asks a Favor, 668; The old-fashioned Hand Screen, 684; "Penelope—is it Penelope?" 700; The Manor-house young Ladies, 716.
Peregrinating Orchestra at Work, The, 612.
Periwinkle, Eggs of, 596.
Perseverance (a House of Cards), 249.
Pets of the Family (Dog and Pups), 504, 505.
Phantom Faces (four Figures), 288.
Phil and Hardwick, 481.
Phil's Fairies.—"How lovely they are!" thought Phil," 220; Fast asleep, 221, Black Joe, the Fiddler, 236; Phil and Miss Schuyler, 252; Phil's Dream, 268; Lisa relates Phil's History to Miss Schuyler, 284; Approach of the Swan like Boat, 300; On the Lake, 316, Fairies in the Children's Hospital, 332, Phil's Present, 348; "Look! There's an Eagle," 364; The Enchanted Frog and little brown Bird, 380; The Owl tells her sorrowful Story, 396; Making the Sturgeon useful, 413; On Board the Steam ship, 428.
Photography—Slide Case—The Camera—The first Attempt—Something Wrong, 168; Glass Bath and Dipper—Taking a Tin Type, 180.
Picnic Sam—"Poor drenched, dead Hero," 641.
Pie, Kitty's First, 209.
Pig, Mr.—"Now I can take a little Rest," 704.
Pinafore Rhymes Illustrated, 269, 285, 317, 349, 381, 445, 477, 557.
Poison-Ivy, Poison Sumac, and Virginia Creeper, 660.
Poland, Miss, 233.
Polly, Miss, 93.
Polo, The Game of—Head-Piece—Saddling, 791; The Start, 792.
Princes, The young, in the Tower, 185.
Prison School for Boys in Paris, 780.
Prize Kitten won her Medal, How the (ten Illustrations), 568, 569.
Puffin-Hunters, The, 276.
Pug Dog and Kitten—"I don't talk to Kittens," 512.
Punch and Judy in a Convent, 521.
"Punkin," the Thanksgiving, Bringing Home, 64.
"Purps, Come and get these!" (Boy and Dog), 436.

Rabbits and Tommy caught in a Snare, 32; Weasel and Rabbit, 484, Rabbits as Pets, 632; Girl with pet Rabbit, 633.
Rainy Day, A (Girl and Bird up a Tree), 745.
Rapids, Through the, with Indians, 8, 9.
Rats about to emigrate, 420.
Reprimand, The (Dog and Child), 404.
Revere, Paul, at Lexington, 433.
Rhinoceros and Hottentot Boy, 493; Rhinoceros and Panther fighting 712.
Right of Way (Sheep in the Road), 29.
Roller Skating—In the Rink—Going to School—Dividing a Pair, 321; Children Roller Skating 416.
Rows, The last, of Summer—"One! two!—three!" 736.
Russian Children at Play, 764.

Sail Boat, Plans for a, 213.
Sailor and Children—(In the deep blue Sea), 429.
Sailors—A Forecastle Yarn, 104, 105.
Samuel, Little, 49.
Sand box, The, 328.
Santa Claus in "When the Clock struck Twelve," 113; Santa Claus on the Nursery Tiles, 120, 121; Dr. Santa Claus, 524.
"Say Good by, Dolly," 700.
Scandal, 29.
School, Going to, 28; Beetles at School in the Woods, 632, Scenes in an Italian School, 164, An Italian School, 308, 309.
Scraping Acquaintance (Child and Lambs), 595.
Screw Heads, Imitation, Jimmy Brown's, 193.
Sea, In the deep blue, 429; Curious Things of the Sea—Sertularia—King Crab—Squid—Egg Cluster of Squid—Natica Egg Case—Natica—Coney Island Skimmer Clam—Egg of Skate—Eggs of Whelk—Eggs of Periwinkle, 596; Wave breaking on Shore, 780.
Sea-side, Last Day at the, 737.
Sea Weeds, Specimens of, 644.
Señorita Catita Maltesa, 45.
Sentinel, The faithful (Child in Cradle and Dog), 297.
Serpa Pinto in Africa (Upset in Rapids), 569.
Sertularia, 596.
Shad fishing on the Hudson, 401.
Sheep, Flock of, on the Road, 29; Sheep and Buzzards—A Mother's Devotion, 700; Sheep and Girl with Doll, 700.
Shelley, Kate, 797.
Ships—Flora Macdonald in the Sea Fight, 593.
Shoppers, Little—"A very good Smoothing Iron," 13.
Short Stop, A—Mice playing Base-Ball, 784.
Shower, Caught in a, 724.
Sing a Song o' Sixpence (eleven Illustrations), 137, 138.
Singing Lesson (Cat and Kittens), 460.
Skate, Egg of, 596.
Skating—"Hi, Tom! I kin stand on one Foot," 240, Roller Skating 333; Children Roller Skating, and Gentleman coming round Corner, 416.
Skipping, 29.
Sled, Fat Boy on—"Don't push too quickly, Alice," 224.
Sleigh Riding, Dutch, 177.
Slipper-maker's Bazar, 489.
Snow Ball, Girl rolling a, and little Bird in the way, 188.
Snow Storm, The first, 80.
Soldiers, Young—"Charge Bayonets!" 509.
So near, and yet so far (Child in Chair and dropped Doll), 74, 75.
Sparrows on Table—"Have we killed him?" 536; Sparrows and Rabbits, 728; Sparrows and Squirrel, 756.
Spice—"Stop, stop, oh, stop!" 604.
Spilled Milk, No use crying over, 664, 665.
Spring, 456, 457.
Spring Chickens, 512.
Spring Cleaning (Little Girl with Broom), 428.
Squid, 596.
Stairs, Children at Head of, 224.
Stamps, Postage, 19, 752.
Stanley attacked by the Natives in Africa, 248.
Steamboat, Arrival of the first, 721.
Stocking, An empty, 141.
String Tricks, 320, 672.
Stuck up Boy, The, 384.
Sugaring off, 289.
Summer day Queries, 609.
Susie Kissman's Decision:—"I am sure you'll have every Vote," 444; Florence and Susie in the School Room, 460, Electing the May Queen, 476; Bessie's Portrait, 492.
Sweetest Flower, The, 713.
Swimming Bath, At the—At Ease—A Jump from the Roof—Girls bathing—Fishing—Teaching the little Ones, 640.
Swing, Girl in—Letting the old Cat die, 616; Children and Swing, 736.
Swinging on the Gate, 601.

Tailor, A Little, 377.
Talking Leaves, The—"They are Talking Leaves," 769; A Council of War, 796, "Rita, the Leaves have spoken to her," 812; In the Cañon, 828.
Tally Ho, The, 352.
Tea, Girl and Dolls at, 361.
Tease, The Little (Girl and Baby), 12.
Teddy, Pet, and Dot, 736.
Thanksgiving Dinner—How our Precious Boy said he felt after it, 84; Little Tommy's Thanksgiving Nightmare, 64; Bringing Home the Thanksgiving "Punkin," 64, Thanksgiving Dinner in the Woods, 76.
Theatricals, Amateur—The Call before the Curtain, 84.
Three Organ Men, 349.
Three Sisters—Gathering the May Flowers, 417.
Tiles, Nursery—"There he is," 120.
Tim and Tip:—Tim shows the Mark of Captain Babbage's Whip, 625; Peppermint or Lemon? 645; After visiting the Frog's Home, 661; Captain Pratt makes Tim an Offer, 677; Captain Pratt orders his Breakfast, 693, Small Passenger with the big Valise, 705, Captain Pratt throws Tip overboard, 725; Tim recovers his lost Pet, 741; Ready for the Attack, 753; Making ready to embark, 773, Preparing the great Feast, 788, Short Rations, 805, Tip and the Doctor, 821.
Timothy, The Boy, 273.
Tin Typers, The Young—Slide Case—The Camera—The first Attempt—Something wrong, 168, Old Spriggins's Grape Arbor—Glass Bath and Dipper, 180.
Toad Stools, 821.
Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus:—Toby strikes a Bargain, 81; Toby and his new Friend (the Monkey) 101; Toby's first Night Ride, 133, Old Ben comes to the Rescue, 149; "Please, Mister, give me the Money back," 165; Job Lord learns a Lesson—Toby gets his Supper, 181, The Break down, and Escape of the Monkeys, 193; Bringing back the Runaways, 212; Toby is introduced to the Albinos, 229, Toby sits down on Mr Stubbs, 245, Toby in the Women's Wagon, 261, Mr Stubbs and Toby's Money, 277, Toby and the Boy Customers, 292, The first Lesson, 305; Ella and Toby, 325, Mademoiselle Jeannette and Monsieur Ajax, 341, Toby and Mr Stubbs running away, 357, Breakfast in the Woods, 373, "How I love you, Mr. Stubbs!" 385; Uncle Daniel's Blessing, 405.
Tom's Carnival (Dog decked out with Feathers), 452.
Towed by a Whale, 425.
"Train up a Child," etc. (Ladies, Boy, and Boatman), 801.
Tramp, Boy and, 481.
Troubled Dream, A, 676.
Tug, The, 384.
Tumbler Trick, 224; Tumbler Trick Solved, 240.
Turk, A Terrible, 176.
Two headed Family, A—Arrival of the first Steamboat, 721.
Two Kinds of Courage—Phil and Hardwick, 481.

"Unhappy," 657.
Uninvited Visitor (Pig), 29.

Valentine Maiden all Forlorn—Valentine Sketches—Valentine Symbols—Valentines in Shop Window, 256.
Vanity (Kitten at Mirror), 489.
Victoria Cross, The Story of the, 40, 41.
Vic Whitney's Revenge, 817.
Virginia Creeper, 660.

Wagon, Children playing in, 749.
Waiting Margery, 112.
Walking like Papa, 696.
Walk, The little, 28.
Wandering Thoughts, 720.
Washing Day, 345.
Water-Melons—Study in green and black, 672.

Digitized by Google

Weasel and Rabbit, 484.
Weighing the Baby (Bears), 496.
"What are the wild Waves saying?" 808, 809.
Whelk, Eggs of, 526.
When the Clock struck Twelve, 113, 115, 116, 117, 119.
Whirling House, The young Couple and the, 417.
Whistles, Willow, making, 416; Diagram of a Whistle, 496.
White, Charlie, 797.
Whittington, Dick, 232, 609.
WHOLES—96, 208, 304, 432, 544, 832.
Willow, The Weeping, 268.
Wingy Wing Foo, 93.
Wood, Bringing, for Grandpa's Fire, 148.
YEAST Plant, 321.
Yorktown Puzzle, 816.
Zina, the Gypsy Girl, 501.

GENERAL INDEX.

ADJECTIVES, The Game of, 400.
"Alice" and the Wolves, 35.
Alligator, Adventure with an, 68.
Ambush, A double, 615.
Andrew Jackson Washington Jones, 777.
Anecdotes, Country, 21.
Ants at Home, 234.
Apprentice's Leap, The, 815.
Arab Girl's Mission, A little, 196.
Archie Kirk's Leap for Life, 276.
AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.—555, 574, 587.
Awful Scene, An, 298.

BABY, Our, 22; Our Baby again, 427.
Ball, Game of, in Japan, 624.
Barney's Foot, 70.
Barrel Trap, The, 480.
Bears, The two, 172; Short Bear Stories, 803, 822.
Beata's Locket, 315.
Beating the Parish Bounds, 423.
Beaver, How the, builds, 72.
Bee hunting, 145.
Bicycle Meet at Boston, The, 514.
Biddy's Birthday, Little, 218.
Bird, Only a, 481.
Birds, Wild, in the Country, 169.
Bit of Foolishness, A, 655, 659.
BITS OF ADVICE.—Visiting, 2; Spending Money, 148; Going to a Party, 250; Behaving at Table, 420; Getting up in the Morning, 525; "I beg your Pardon," 611; About being obliged, 647; Telling the Truth—All fair and no cheating, 714; A Stitch in Time, 771.
Blackbirds' Nest, The, 352.
Blockaded by a Lion, 630.
Boarders, The little, 707.
Bob Perkins's Parcel, 442.
BOOKS, NEW, FOR YOUNG READERS:—"The Boy Travellers," Part II.—"Harry Ascott Abroad"—"Queer little Wooden Captain," 15; "Moral Pirates"—"Queer Pets at Marcy's," 63; "Drifting Round the World"—"Story of the United States Navy"—"Young Folks' Cyclopædia"—"Stories of the Sea"—"Friends worth Knowing"—"Aboard the 'Mavis,'" 143; "Rhymes and Tunes"—"Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands"—"Five little Mice in a Mouse-Trap" 175, "Who was Paul Grayson?"—"West Point and the Military Academy"—"Young Nimrods," 927.
Bound for America, 422.
Bows, Mud, 656.
Boy GENERAL, THE (Lafayette):—6, 18, 42, 50, 67.
Boy who could not be hurt, The, 779.
Brave little Rebel, A, 362.
Bravest Man in the Regiment, The, 471.
Broken Vase, The, 738.
Buffalo, The Game of, 260.
Buoy, How the, saved the Boys, 638.
Burglars, 76.
Buzzard's Bald Head, The, 497.
Bythesea, Admiral, 192.

CAMEOS, 883.
Camp Bed, A simple, 608.
Camp Stool, A folding, 813.
Canaries and other Cage Birds, 435.
Canoes and Canoeing, 662.
Captain's Boy on the Penny Boat, The, 90.
Captain Weatherby's Fur Cap, 154.
Cards, A round Game with, 444.
Catamaran, How to build a, 680.
Cats, Anecdotes about, 793.
Chevalière Bayarde, La, 301.
Chinese Children love their Parents, How, 51.
Chinese Tales, Popular, 368.
"Christ in the Temple," Holman Hunt's Picture of, 87.
Christmas at Bethlehem, 126.
Christmas Decorations, 86.
Cleopatra's Needle, 183.
Coal for Nothing, 624.
Colosseum, A Story of the, 465.
Coney Island, Wonders of, 594.
Conjuring (See "Magic.")
Cooking Clubs, 568.
Count of Corfu, The, 724.
Cranes of Ibycus, The, 794.
Cricket, A Game of, 643.
Croquet, Great-Grandfather of, 496.

DAISY Cot, The, 623, 539.
Diamonds, South African, 83.
Diamond, The Point of a, 294.
Dog Catcher, The little, 664.
Dolls' Reception, A, 132.
Dormouse, The, 151.
Dragon Killer, The, 439.
Drawing Lesson, The wonderful, 32.
Duck! Oh, what a, 547.

EASTER:—Easter Eggs, 371; Something to think about at Easter, 396; The Easter Butterfly, 396.
Egypt, Ancient, 26; Egyptian Boot Black, 296.
Electric Trick, 448.
Elizabeth's, Queen, Youth, 586.
Embroidery for Girls, 75, 109, 234, 365, 717.
Empty Stocking, An, 143.
Engine, How Tom ran the, 519.
Esquimaux, The young, 151.
Evening's Amusement, A pleasant, 46.
Exchange, A good, 595.

FACE, The, 703.
Fagots, 656.
Faithless Sally Brown (five Illustrations), 205.
Faith of the two Sheiks, 496.
Fields's, James T., last Poem, 436.
Fire-Crackers, 640.
Fish, How the Children caught some queer, 561.
Flamingo, The, 679.
Flirtation Cards, Funny, 160.
Flora Macdonald in North Carolina, 503.
Flowerless Flour Garden, A, 621.
Forest Fire, A, 812.
Fourth of July in Karim, 570.
Fox skin Coat, The, 33.
Friends in Need, 727.
Frog, What a poor little, found out, 309; Frog Catching, 601.
Frost, Jack, About, 105.

GALILEO in the Church at Pisa, 771.
GAMES.—Tip, 10; Initials, 10; Illusions, 48; Machine Sonnets, 64; Still there, 64, Buffalo, 260, Kangaroo, 272, Phantom Faces, 298, Throwing Light, 336, 480, 529, 720, Adjectives, 400, Round Game with Cards, 464, Lawn Tennis, 501; Sentence-making, 752; Polo, 791; Personation, 800; Cricket, 823.
Garfield's Boyhood, 793.
Geiger, Emily (The Fair Messenger), 533.
Geography Puzzle—Islands in New York State, 528; River in Idaho Story, 704; Lake in Canada Story, 784.
"GHOST," THE CATTLE OF THE:—437, 449, 468, 485, 497, 517, 533, 549, 563, 581, 597, 612.
Glaciers, 387.
Good Day's Work, A; Or, How the Widow's Apples were gathered, 65.
Grammar Court, The, 596.
Guesclin, Bertrand du, 163.
Gulliver among the Brobdingnags, 496.

HALBERDIER, The, 356.
Halcora, the Mermaid, 731.
Hamp See, The Mistake about, 673.
Harper Establishment, A Visit to the, 150.
Hedgehog, The, 758.
Hero in Seven Pieces, A, 343.
Hero of Chivalry, A (Bertrand du Guesclin), 163.
Hippopotamus hunting, 336.
Horseshoe, Tommy Tucker's, 321.
Horses, Indian Methods of obtaining, 2.
How far can you swim? 589.
How it all happened, 122.
How shall I make a Living? 370.
How the Boys fooled Uncle Budge, 346.
How the Day went, 745.
How Tom ran the Engine without Wood or Water 519.

ICE BOAT, How to build an, 55.
Ice Cream, Our, 628.
Indian Tales—Two Methods of obtaining Horses, 2; Through the Rapids with Indians, 8; Indian Corn—a Legend, 370; Indian Children, 375; Digging for Indian Relics, 634.
Indian, East, Travel, An incident of, 324.
Information Cards for Schools—Jack Frost, 103.
In, out of the Storm, 344.
Islands, Naughty, in New York State, 528.
Italian School, An, 327.

JAPAN, Farm house Pets in, 20; National Flower of Japan, 293, Japanese Kite flying, 336.
JIMMY BROWN STORIES.—Our Baby, 22; Burglars, 76; Bee Hunting, 135; Imitation Screw Heads, 190; My Monkey, 236, The End of my Monkey, 252; An awful Scene, 298; My Pig, 378; Our Baby again, 427; Going to be a Pirate, 503, Studying Wasps, 574, A terrible Mistake, 618; Our Ice-Cream, 628.
Jim's Thanksgiving, 53.
Jim, the Ferry Boy, 647.
John's "Camel-Bird," 146.
Johnson, Dr., doing Penance, 360.

KANGAROO, The, 85, The Game of Kangaroo, 272.
Kidd, the Pirate, 777.
Killed by Fright, 192.
King, Runaway, Adventures of a, 199.
King's pet Lion, The, 583.
Kite flying, Japanese, 336; Queer Kites, 764.
Knots, 675.

LABYRINTH, The King's, 800.
Lafayette (see "Boy General").
Lake in Canada Story, 784.
Lavinia's Lawn Party, 720.
Lawn Tennis, 501.
Lead and its Uses, 384.
Lesseps, M. De, Children of, 268.
Lesson Stories—Baby Elephant's Nut-Cracker—A poisonous Food Plant, 643.
Lexington, The Fifer of, 434.
Lion, The King's pet, 583.
Little Jack's Dream, 147.
London Bridge, Game of, 384.
Louis XVII. in the Temple Prison, 311.
Lucky Tom's Shadow, 196.

MAGIC, Mirthful, 224, 416; Parlor Magic, 74.
Magic Wand, The, 338.
Master Saturday's Picnic, 709.
Max Rander's War Story, 290.
Memphis, 443.
Messenger Boys at the Capitol, 162.
Messenger, The fair (Emily Geiger), 533.
MILDRED'S BARGAIN:—91, 107, 139, 155, 170, 187, 203.
Milton, John, 162.
Misers, disappointed, Anecdotes of, 144.
Model Merchant of the Middle Ages, The, 610.
Monkey, My, 236; The End of my Monkey, 252.
Mother Michel and her Cat, 627.
Mother's Debut, My, 378.
Mountain Peaks, 340.
Mr. Chalker's Ruse, 145.
Mrs. November's Dinner Party, 59.
Much too high, 330.
Muffled, 225.
MUSIC:—Kissing through the Chair, 77; Christmas Carol, 129.
My Sister's Grapes, 97.
Mythology of Greece and Rome, 408.

NEMO FORT, Story of the, 801.
Newsboys' Home, The, 210.
New Scholar, The, 202.
Newton's Childhood, 788.
New Year, A happy, 130; New Year's, 144.
Niagara Falls in Winter, 273.
Nine Pounder, Our, 214.
Nun, The, 80.

OBELISK, The, 184; The Raising of the Obelisk 210.
Octogenarians—Hours with the, 434.
Odin's Feast and Bragi's Tale, 553.
Oh, what a Duck! 547.
Orphan, A Little, 825.
Otter, The, 291.
Out of the Woods, 11.
Owl, A Pea nut, 336.

PACHAGE No. 107, 90.
Palace under the Sea, A, 578.
Palat, The Story of, 472.
Parlor Magic, 236.
PAUL GRAYSON, WHO WAS?:—4, 20, 37, 52, 69.
Pea Nut, The, 794.
PENELOPE:—667, 683, 699, 709, 716.
Pennant, How the, was won, 267.
Perpetuating Orchestra, A, 611.
PERSONATIONS:—352, 464, 592, 636.
Personation, The Game of, 800.
Peter's Postal Card, 303.
Phantom Faces, 298.
PHILATELY, CHATS ABOUT:—243, 514, 663, 759.
Phil's Burglar, 695.
PHIL'S FAIRIES:—219, 235, 251, 267, 283, 299, 315, 331, 347, 363, 379, 395, 412, 428.
Pigeons and Doves, 743.
Pig, My, 378.
Pine, The tall, 262.
Pink's Property, 601.
Pirate, Going to be a, 503.
Pitcairn Islander, 512.
Poison Ivy, 650.
Polo, The Game of, 791.
Polypod's Cat, 408.
Predicaments, 240.
Prickly Pet, A (Hedgehog), 758.
"Prince Charlie," 130.
Princes, Murder of the young, in the Tower, 184.
Prison School in Paris, A, 780.
Prize Kitten won her Medal, How the, 507.
Procession, The grand, 26.
Prompt Obedience, 714.

Digitized by Google

Railroad, A wonderful, 106; The Railroad, 546; Railroad Puzzle, 604.
Rare Stone, 80.
Rhinoceros, The, 711.
Ripper, A, 242.
River in Idaho Story, 704.
River-Horse, Landing a, 346.
Rollers, On, 392.
"Romeo and Juliet," 265.
Roverings, The, and the Parade, 39.
Row-Boat, A Boy's, 578.
Runaway King, Adventures of a, 199.
Russian Children's Play-Ground, 264.

Sail a small Boat, How to, 454.
Sail-Boat, How to build a, 219.
Sailor, How a, rode with the Czar, 103; Sailor's Wife, A, 267.
Samuel, The Boyhood of, 50.
Santa Claus came, How, 138.
School, An Italian, 377.
Screw-Heads, Imitation, Jimmy Brown's, 190.
Sea Breezes:—74, 266, 359.
Sea, The, 788.
Sea-Weeds, and how to preserve them, 644.
Secret, Their best, 618.
Seeing the big World, 698.
Seine-Net was broken, How the, 402.
Sentence making, 752.
Serpa Pinto, Major, 492.
Ship, An enchanted; or, The Dutch Captain's Device, 378.
Ships, Something about, 372.
Slipper Maker, An African, 489.
Snake, A greedy, 816.
Snow Hen, The, 274.
Snow Blockade, A, 231.
So very strange, 378.
Soldier, An old-time (Halberdier), 356.
Something about Ships, 248.
Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor, 186.
Sparrows, Reckless, 648; Sparrows and Squirrel in Montreal, 756.
Spice, 624.
Spoons—A new Game, 144.
Stamp-collecting, 19. (See "Philately.")
Stanley's great Journey, 247.
Stephenson, George, 546.
Stork Story, A true, 456.
String Tricks, 320, 672.
Submarine Explosions, 576.
Sugar Bush, Fun in a, 289.
Sunia Kisuman's Decision:—443, 459, 475, 491.
Swimming, 649, "How far can you swim?" 599.

Taking his Place, 583.
Talking Leaves, The:—709, 794, 810, 826.
Terrible Mistake, A, 618.
Three Sisters, 417.
Throwing Light:—336, 480, 528, 720.
Tib and Tip; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog:—625, 645, 661, 677, 693, 705, 724, 740, 758, 773, 786, 804, 820.
Timothy, 274.
Tinker Bradley found the North Pole, How, 474.
Tin Toys and Tea Sets, 458.
Tin Typers, The young, 167, 179.
Tony Tylne, or, Ten Weeks with a Circus:—81, 101, 133, 149, 165, 181, 193, 210, 228, 245, 260, 277, 291, 308, 325, 341, 356, 373, 388, 404.
Tom Jones lost his Promotion, How, 621.
Tommy Tucker's Horseshoe, 321
Tom's Carnival, 452.
Traps—Mouse Trap—Fly-Trap, 500.
Traveller, An ancient, 660.
Travelling, A Talk about, 759.
Trees, Historical, of the United States, 487.
Tribute of Children, The, 415.
Tumbler Trick, 224; Tumbler Trick Solved, 240.
Two headed Family, A, 721.
Two Kinds of Courage, 481.
Tyrolese National Day, A, 723.

Uncle Hanay's First Panther, 682.
Unlucky Settlers, The, 22.

Valentine, A strange, 249.
Victoria Cross, How "Quiet Quentin" won the, 41.
Vic Whitney's Revenge, 817.
Violet Velvet Suit, The, 767.
Violinist, The young (Dengremont), 304.

Was the Day a Failure? 566.
Wasps, Studying, 554.
Weasel, The, 484.
Wedding, An ancient, 54.
What are the wild Waves saying? 810.
Wheels, On (Bicycling), 514.
When the Clock struck twelve, 114.
Whirligig House, The, 411.
Whittington, Richard, 610.
Who got the Mitten? 178.
Whole Week, A, 292.
Widow Machree, 608.
Wiggles, 688.
Wild Ocean Ride, A, 426.
Wolves in Europe, 400.
Wood-Cutter, The ungrateful, 747.

POETRY.

Absent Alphabet, 336.
Apollo, A Song of, 323.
April, 288.

Bees in the Meadow, 623.
Bell counts her Chickens, 471.
Bell-Ringer of 1776, 562.
Berries, Picking, 630.
Betty's Answer, 112.
Big Boy and little Mamma, 681.
Bird Catcher, The, 28.
Bit of Poverty, A, 794.
Bluebirds, 350.
Bobby Boy and Robin Bird, 586.
Bread and Milk, 16.
Brown, Mr., from Boston, 176.

Calling, 621.
Call of the Crow, The, 771.
Caught in a Shower, 724.
Cat Bird, A strange, 548.
Charades:—144, 192, 240, 384, 448, 480, 592, 655, 656, 671, 767, 815.
Cherries, 571.
Children at Tea, 201.
Children of Bohemia, 768.
Children's Prayer, The, 28.
Child's Victory, A, 43.
Chinese Adventure, A, 461.
Christmas Carol, A, 128.
Coming to Terms, 400.
Compensation, 690.
Conventional Art; or, Raphael John and the Moon, 784.

Dear me! 646.
Deep blue Sea, In the, 420.
Digits, The Story of the, 252.
Disappointed, 640.
Doll, The new, 274.
Dolly's Ending, 176.

Easter Time, 390.

Fable for smart little Boys, A, 498.
Faithless Sally Brown, 205.
Florry's Hoople, 685.
Funny little Usher, The, 355.

Gardens, The three, 781.
Girl, Little and the Bird, 667.
Going to School, 28.
Good Night, 698.
Guess, 315.
Gun, The old, 689.

Harox and Ragon, 210.
Happiest Folks, The, 112.
Happy Family, The, 112.
Happy Orphans, 52.
Happy Pair, A, 71.
Hasty Win, 176.
Hasty in a Fright, 176.
Hessian, Jolly young, 480.
How it happened to Snow, 199.

In spite of Themselves, 224.

Jack-o'-Lantern, 17.
Jeremy Black's Fourth of July, 595.
Just so, 576.

Kate Shelley crossed the Bridge, How, 796.
Kings and Queens of England, 682.
Kissing through the Chair, 77.
Kite, Flying the, 16.
Kitten and falling Leaves, 765.
Kitty's first Pie, 289.
"Kitty won't play," 26.

Last Frolic, The, 749.
Lily's Ball, 227.
Lion's Ride, The, 617.
Little Foes of little Boys, 70.
London Bridge is falling down, 384.
Losing Bag, The, 720.
Lost Standard, The, 147.
Lulu takes care of Kitty, 624.

Maracuer, A little, 595.
Maying, 16.
Midsummer Day, A, 679.
Millionaire, The little, 610.
Mistress Dorothy Dinkle, 432.
Moon, The Man in the, 266.
Mother and Child, 112.
Mother's dear Treasure, 672.
Mowing, 653.
Mud Pies, 592.
Muff, My first, 244.

New Year's Welcome, The, 136.
Next Summer, 371.
Noblesse Oblige, 148.
Nursery Chair, The, 20.

O'an the Hills o' Argyle, 7.
Only One, 458.
Passing Cloud, A, 372.
Peg Top, The, 16.
Picnic Sam, 641.
Pinafore Rhymes:—285, 317, 349, 381, 445, 477, 557.
Planting Time, 403.
Popping Corn, 259.
Pussy and the Snow, 224.
Pussy Willow, 294.

Rabbit, A foolish, 311.
Reprimand, The, 404.
"Right about Face," 738.
Right of Way, 29.
Rip Van Winkle, Another, 501.
Robin told, What, 635.
Rover's Petition, 436.

Santa Claus, Then comes, 126.
Scandal, 28.
School Boy's Vision, The, 54.
Seen in a Dream, 177.
Señorita Catita Maltesa, 45.
Skipping, 23.
Sing a Song o' Sixpence, 136.
Sleigh-Bells, 193.
Small Chinese Boy from China, That, 187.
Snow Storm, The first, 80.
Stuck up Boy, The, 384.
Summer day Queries, 669.
Summer Shower, A, 491.
Sweetest Month, The, 560.

Tally Ho, The, 282.
Tease, The little, 12.
Then and Now, 656.
They are coming, 346.
'Tis hard to believe, 583.

Uninvited Visitor, An, 29.

Valentine, Blackbird's, 250.
Valentine Rhymes, 256.
Violet and the Sunbeam, The, 628.

Waiting Maggsy, 112.
Walk, The little, 28.
What they said about it, 288.
White, Charlie, Little, 797.
Why, And? 635.
Wingy Wing Foo, 93.

Youthful Heroism, Two Stories of, 796.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 53. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, November 2, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"GOOD-MORNING."—Drawn by H. P. Wolcott.

Digitized by Google

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

WHEN you receive an invitation from a friend to make a visit at a specified time, it is polite to answer it as promptly as possible, and to say distinctly whether or not you can accept the offered pleasure. Your friend may have others whom it is desirable to ask after you have been entertained. Be sure you state by what boat or train you will go, and your hour of leaving home, so that there will be no uncertainty about meeting you. When nothing is mentioned as to the duration of your visit, it is usual to assume that a week will be its sufficient period. Do not stay longer than that time, unless you are urged to do so. The most agreeable guest is the one who is regretted when he or she goes away. Always anticipate a good time, and be prepared to contribute your share to it. Be pleased with what is done for you, and express your pleasure. Do not be obtrusive in offering help to your host, but if an opportunity arises for you to give assistance, do not be afraid to embrace it. There are little helpful things which come in our way at home and abroad if we have eyes to see them. Charlie, dear boy, was at Tom's house not long ago, and happening to glance from the window, he noticed Tom's mother struggling to open the gate with her hands full of parcels. He ran out at once, and relieved her of some of her bundles, held the gate open as she passed in, and closed it behind her. Helen, who is her mother's right hand when at home, is in request in her friends' houses, for somehow she scatters sunshine wherever she goes, she is so bright, so animated and cheery. She plays beautifully, and she never has to be coaxed to sit down at the piano, but does it willingly, and plays for dancing—a thing which most girls regard as tiresome—with spirit and good-nature whenever there is need of her skill.

When visiting we ought to conform to the family ways. It is ill-bred to give trouble or cause annoyance. Harry's father and mother dislike extremely to have people late for meals. When the Lesters were staying there they seldom heard the breakfast bell, and never came home from an outing until dinner was almost finished. Harry said he could not help it, but reproof nevertheless came upon him. Boys should not go tearing wildly through a friend's house, nor, for that matter, through their own. Grown-up ladies and gentlemen have nerves which should be considered. Of course well-behaved young people will put away their outside wraps when in a strange house, and not leave overshoes in full sight in the passage, nor shawls, cloaks, hats, and gloves lying loosely around the parlors. Young girls should be careful in their use of the pretty things that adorn their chambers. Do not rumple that dainty lace pillow-sham, nor strew your clothing over every chair and sofa, to the irritation of the mistress. Do not follow your friend and host everywhere, but at the busy times of the day amuse yourselves with books or work, and remember to thank them, on leaving, for what they have done for you.

INDIAN TALES.

TWO METHODS OF OBTAINING HORSES.

OF all the long list of officers who served the East India Company there were few men whose careers were more remarkable than that of General John Jacob.

Others have raised regiments, conquered provinces, and afterward administered justice therein; but John Jacob was the first man who created a flourishing town in a desert wilderness, and formed first one and then three splendid regiments out of the most sanguinary and lawless cut-throats on the face of the earth. In the athletic exercises so dear to the Beloochees he excelled them all. Among a people who may be said to be almost born on horseback, there was no rider like the commandant of the Sind Horse.

His men were taken from all the most warlike races of Northwestern India. The Beloochee, the Pathan, the Mooltanee, and the semi-savage tribesmen of the hills, had alike to learn obedience when they came under his command, and his efforts to make them soldiers in the highest sense of the word never relaxed.

In the year 1854 the country was full of complaints of horse-stealing on a scale that had not been heard of for many years. No steed of value was safe, and the thief or thieves must have been tolerably good judges of horseflesh, as none but the finest were taken, and these of course belonged principally to the wealthiest inhabitants. One strange thing was that the horses were stolen in such an extraordinary manner as to leave no foot-marks behind them. Not one of the animals could be traced as ever having been offered for sale in the country. Stables are rare in Upper Sind, and it is customary to secure a horse by picketing him with head and heel ropes, the syce, or groom, usually sleeping in the open air with the animal. The curious part of the matter was that each and every syce who had had a horse stolen from under his care told exactly the same story—that it had been taken away by Sheitan himself in person, after they, the syces, had been put to sleep by his diabolical arts.

To be sure, they described his personal appearance in many ways, according to the impression severally produced upon their excited imaginations, but in the main facts they were all agreed. They had been sleeping or watching, as the case might be, beside their horses, when a hideous figure suddenly and silently appeared to them, waved his right hand, muffled in a white cloth, in their faces; they lost their senses, and when they recovered, the horses were gone. In no case had the demon injured the men. Where more than one horse was picketed the fiend never appeared, which was considered to be the reason that the splendid chargers of the Sind Horse were not touched.

Superstition is very prevalent in Sind, as indeed it is throughout the East, and had any native skeptic ventured to hint that alert sentries, a vigilant patrol, and a stable guard with loaded carbines had anything to do with this immunity, he would, indeed, have been looked upon as a scoffer.

As to the British officers, of course, although heroes, they were infidels, and, however they might laugh at the idea of Satan roaming about the earth to deprive the sons of men of their horses, they could have no power to check the public opinion of the bazars.

There was, however, an old Ressaldar, or native captain of the Sind Horse, who was very much inclined to take the Feringhee view of the matter. Ressaldar Nubbee Bux was a veteran who had served in his corps almost from its foundation, and in his younger days had fought against the flag under which he had since served so long. He, with many other brave Beloochees, had been opposed to Sir Charles Napier at Meeanee, and had a vivid recollection of the time when the inhabitants of Sind actually believed that distinguished though eccentric General to be the fiend in human form. Since then Nubbee Bux had acquired rank, honor, and a good deal of worldly wisdom. He was naturally a shrewd, hard-headed man, and contact with intelligent Europeans had, if not entirely eradicated native superstitions from his mind, at least rendered him very dubious of any stories having for their basis supernatural agency. He had heard of genii, jinns, divs, afrites, and other evil spirits, but he had never seen one; he had never known them in his own time to interfere in worldly matters, nor had he heard, even in ancient story, that they were in the habit of laying felonious hands on live stock, or earthly property of any description. That the Prince of Darkness himself should be so hard up for

Digitized by Google

horses as to go about stealing them appeared to him incomprehensible. It struck him as a mystery he should like to unravel; and as he feared nothing nor nobody on the face of the earth, nor below it, save his commanding officer, he determined to try. Ascertaining the whereabouts of the last wonderful robbery, he obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, and repaired to the village, well armed, and mounted on a magnificent thorough-bred Arab horse. He did not enter it nor put up at the serai, but had a tent some little distance outside. There he was soon visited by the head men of the place, who lost no time in paying their respects, for a native officer of the Sind Horse is a great man in the country around Jacobabad.

After salutations the local magnates were full of the unaccountable robberies, and earnest in their warnings to the Ressaldar to take care of his noble steed. Had he not better come into the village? The Kotwal had a stable with lock and key at his service, and would put a watchman over the door all night. Nubbee Bux civilly but firmly declined these favors. He said that if it was fated Sheitan should have his horse, neither lock, key, nor watchman could prevent it; he should stay where he was, and his syce should sleep with the animal as usual. His visitors departed, and the native officer, after a stroll about, took his supper outside the tent, smoked his hookah, and when it was dark dismissed his servants, and went to bed—or seemed to do so.

When the distant hum of the village was entirely hushed, and no sound but the usual howling of the jackals met his ear, he rose, pulled aside the canvas opening of the tent, and made a curious sort of barely audible noise like the "chup, chup" of the stag-beetle. His syce, who was lying beside the horse, swathed in a huge blanket, which covered his head as well as his feet, rose, and with noiseless footfall entered his master's tent. In three minutes he re-appeared, *or seemed to do so*, and again wrapping himself in his great blanket, lay down to sleep by the horse's side, *or seemed to do so*.

In about two hours from that time a hideous form appeared to rise from the earth. Its figure was human, but the dark brown flesh glistened as no human flesh ever glistened naturally, while the head was indeed fearsome to behold. It was surmounted by an enormous pair of horns, had two glaring eyes, and a mouth full of frightful teeth, from which protruded a tongue forked like a barbed arrow.

The weird figure stooped and advanced its right hand, wrapped in a white cloth, toward the head of the prostrate syce. Like a flash of lightning that prostrate form sprang up. Ressaldar Nubbee Bux (for he was his own syce on this occasion) dealt his assailant such a slash with his tulwar as would have cleft the head of any mortal man in halves, and which, as it was, stretched the horse-thief senseless on the ground.

As Nubbee Bux, bare blade in hand, bent over his foe, a strange sight met his view.

The blow had split a head-covering composed of buffalo-skin with the hair on, stretched over an iron mask, something like a diver's helmet, with eyes of transparent horn ingeniously illuminated by means of minute lamps concealed in the balls, the real eyes of the wearer having sight beneath. The false teeth and forked tongue were knocked out, and lay on the ground with the horns.

The Ressaldar summoned his syce, who had remained in the tent, and a light being brought, found that the prisoner who had fallen into his hands was a fine athletic young Beloochee, about twenty-two years of age. He was quickly bound, and by direction of his captor carried into the tent.

He was only stunned, and soon recovered to find himself helpless, and the first words that fell upon his ear were spoken in his own language, by a stern-looking man of some five-and-forty years, whose right hand coquetted with the hilt of a tulwar, while his left hand ominously handled a pistol.

They were few but expressive: "Rascal! can you give me any reason that I should not blow your brains out?"

The prisoner remained silent. Nubbee Bux continued: "If I took you to yonder village you would, as you know, be torn to pieces. If I give you up to justice you will certainly be hanged. If, however, you obey my orders implicitly, I may deal with you myself. Tell me instantly how you managed all these robberies, and how you became possessed of that ugly mask you frightened all the poor fools with."

Then raising the pistol, he added, "I give you one minute to commence speaking, or I fire—and, mind, no lies, or it will be worse for you!"

The prisoner inclined his head, and said, in a firm voice, and with no sign of trepidation, "Sirdar, I will speak the truth."

"You had better," replied Nubbee Bux, grimly, toying with his weapons.

"My name is Jumâl. I come from Mittree, a small village about fifty miles from here, on the banks of the Indus. My father is a very poor man; but some two years ago he and I bid and sheltered an English deserter from one of the European regiments at Kurrachee. He was much inquired after by the police, but no one suspected us of harboring him. He had rupees, and gave some to my father; but had it not been so, the Sirdar is aware that the Beloochees, whatever else we may do, would never turn from our door a hunted fugitive in distress."

Nubbee Bux nodded.

"We finally got him away up the river to Mooltan, where he said he would be safe, as no one thereabouts knew him, and he had grown a long black beard since his desertion, which, together with his hair, my father dyed red for him. He was a clever fellow; he and I became friends, and he made the mask which you destroyed to-night, to assist me in horse-stealing, which I had already practiced on a small scale. He also showed me the use of chloroform—an English medicine—and instructed me how to procure it from Kurrachee. I used to pour some of it on the cloth you saw on my hand, and used it to stupefy the syce after I had frightened him. I then let the horse smell it sufficiently to render him quiet. Before making my appearances I always dropped, a few yards off, a small sack containing four little bags of moist sand, one of which I tied round each foot of the horse, so that on leading him away his feet, thus incased, hardly made any track, and the little impression there was upon the dry loose sand far more resembled the footprint of a camel than that of a horse, and even this was generally obliterated by the first drifting of the sand in the morning breeze. The peculiar appearance of my skin is due to the profuse application of cocoa-nut oil and sulphur. When I had got the horse to a convenient distance I uncased his feet, and stowing the coverings and my disguise in the sack, I mounted and rode him straight across country, avoiding all roads, to a hiding-place we had in the thick jungle. There my father and some friends who were used to the business soon so altered his appearance by well-known means that his late owner would hardly have known him. I never stole but one horse at a time, and they were all sent up the river to Mooltan, thence to be sold at various places remote from this."

After this Jumâl, the young horse-thief, gave up his evil ways, and enlisted in the Sind Horse, becoming in a short time one of the most valued members of the company commanded by his captor, old Nubbee Bux.

This is one method of obtaining horses. Among certain tribes of Indians in this country another method is practiced that is equally curious, but far more honest. It is the custom called by the Indians of the plains "smoking horses." If a tribe, or a band belonging to

Digitized by Google

SMOKING HORSES.

that tribe, decides to send out a war party, one of the first and most important things to be thought of is whether there are enough horses on hand to mount the warriors. If, as is often the case, the horses of the tribe have been stolen by other Indians, they decide to "smoke" enough horses for present needs, and to steal a supply from their enemies at the first opportunity.

In order to "smoke horses" a runner is dispatched to the nearest friendly tribe with the message that on a certain day they will be visited by a number of young men, forming a war party from his tribe, who require horses.

On the appointed day the young warriors appear stripped to the waist, march silently to the village of their friends, seat themselves in a circle, light their pipes, and begin to smoke, at the same time making their wishes known in a sort of droning chant.

Presently there is seen far out on the plain a band of horsemen, riding gayly caparisoned steeds fully equipped for war. These horsemen dash up to the village, and wheel about the band of beggars sitting on the ground, in circles that constantly grow smaller, until at last they are as close as they can get to the smokers without riding over them. Then each rider selects the man to whom he intends to present his pony, and as he circles around, singing and yelling, he lashes the bare back of his victim with his heavy rawhide whip, repeating the stroke each time he passes, until the blood is seen to trickle down. During this performance the smokers take no notice of what is going on, but sit immovable, calmly smoking and singing. If one of them flinched under the cruel blows, he would not get his horse, but would be sent home on foot and in disgrace.

At last, when the horsemen think their friends have been made to pay enough in suffering for their ponies, each dismounts, places the bridle of his pony in the hand of the smoker whom he has selected, and at the same time handing him the whip, says, "Here, beggar, is a pony for you to ride, for which I have left my mark."

After all the ponies have been presented, the "beggars" are invited to a grand feast, during which they are treated with every consideration by their hosts, who also load them with food sufficient to last them on their homeward journey.

At last the "beggars" depart with full stomachs and smarting backs, but happy in the possession of their ponies and in anticipation of the time when their friends shall be in distress, and shall come to "smoke horses" with them.

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER VIII.

DARED.

FOR a day or two after the terrible collapse of the Indian theory Paul Grayson kept himself aloof from the other boys to such an extent that he made them feel very uncomfortable. Benny, in particular, was made most miserable by such treatment from Paul, for Benny was not happy unless he could talk a great deal, and as he could not even be near the other boys without being reproached for his untruthful Indian story, the coolness of Paul reduced him to the necessity of doing all his talking at home, where he really could not spend time enough to tell all that was on his mind.

Besides, there were several darling topics on which Benny's mother and sister, although they loved the boy dearly, never would exhibit any interest. Benny had lately learned, after months of wearisome practice in Sam Wardwell's barn, that peculiar gymnastic somersault known and highly esteemed among boys of a certain age as "skinning the cat," and he was dying to have some one

Digitized by Google

see him do it, and praise him for his skill. But when he proposed to do it in the house, from the top of one of the door frames, his mother called him inhuman, and his sister said he was disgusting, the instant they heard the name of the trick; and although Benny finally made them understand that cats had really nothing to do with the trick, and that if he should ever want the skin taken off a real cat he would not do the work himself, not even for the best fishing-rod in town, he was still as far from succeeding as ever, for when he afterward explained just what the trick consisted in, his mother told him that he was her only boy, and while she liked to see him amuse himself, she never would consent to stand still and look at him while he was attempting to break his blessed little neck.

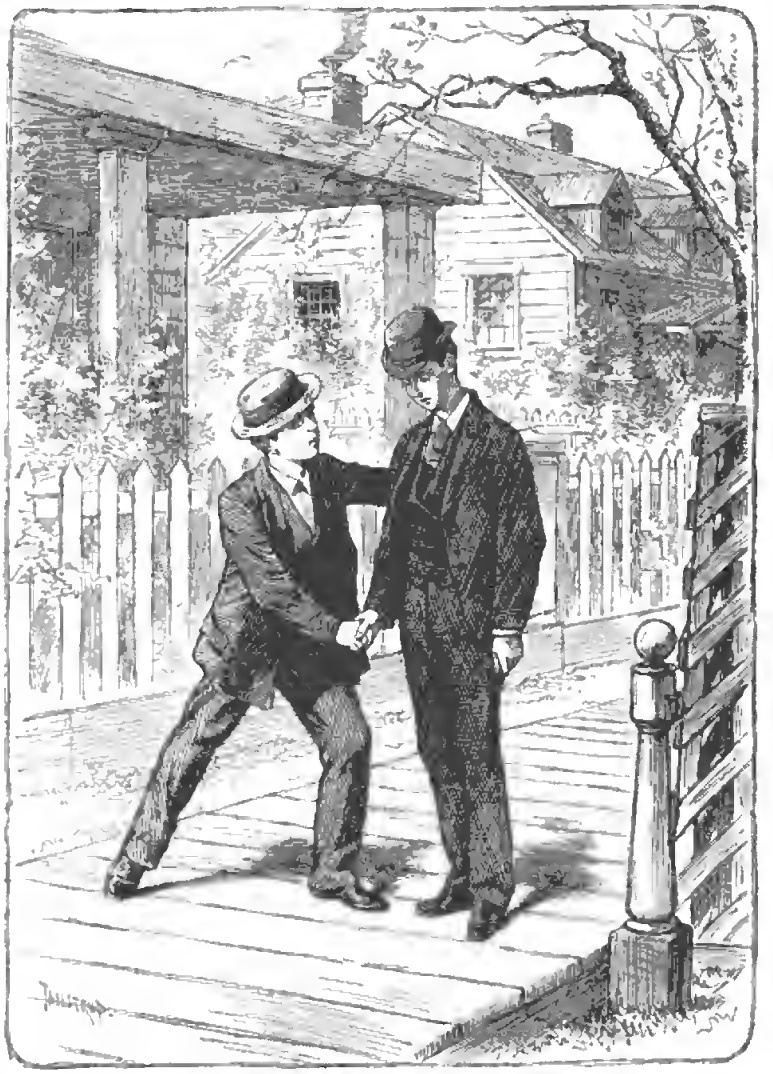
And how unsatisfactory his sister was when consulted about fish bait! In marbles she had been known to exhibit some interest, but a boy could not always talk about marbles. When Benny explained how different kinds of live bait kicked while on the hook, and asked her to think of some new kind of bug or insect that he could try on the big trout that had learned to escape trouble by letting alone the insects already used to hide hooks with, she told him that she didn't know anything about it, and, what was more, she didn't care to, and she didn't think her brother was a very nice boy to care for such dirty things himself.

The change in the relations of the boys with Paul did not escape Mr. Morton's eyes; and when he questioned his newest pupil, and learned the cause, he made an excuse to send Paul home for something, and then told the boys that to pry into the affairs of other people was most unmannerly, and that he thought Paul had been too good a fellow to deserve such treatment at the hands of his companions. The boys admitted to themselves that they thought so too; and when next they were out-of-doors together most of them agreed with each other that there should be no more questioning of Paul Grayson about himself. Still, Sam Wardwell correctly expressed the sentiment of the entire school when he said he hoped that Paul would soon think to tell without being asked, because it was certain that there was something wonderful about him; boys were not usually as cool, strong, good-natured, fearless, and sensible as he.

Pleasant relations were soon restored between the boys, but there was not as much playing in the school-yard as before, for the weather had become very hot; so the usual diversion of the boys was to sit in a row on the lower rail of the shady side of the school-yard fence, and tell stories, or agree upon what to do when the evening became cooler. Paul Grayson occasionally begged for a game of ball; he could not bear to be so lazy, he said, even if the sun did shine hotly. But the boys could seldom agree with him to the extent of playing on the shadeless ball-ground; so after dismissal in the afternoon Paul used to go alone to the ball-ground behind the court-house, and practice running, hopping, jumping, and tossing a heavy stone, until some of the boys, not having promised to abstain from talking with each other about Paul, wondered if their mysterious friend might not be the son of some great clown, or circus rider, or trapeze performer, or something of the sort. Paul's exercises seemed to give a great deal of entertainment to the prisoners in the jail, for some of them were always at the large barred window, and the counterfeiter was sure to be at the small one the moment he heard Paul come whistling by; and well he might, for that cell, lighted only by a single very small window, must have been a dismal place to spend whole days in.

From occasionally looking at the prisoners from the play-ground Paul finally came to stare at them for several minutes at a time. The other boys could not see what there could be about such a lot of bad men to interest a fine fellow like Paul; but Canning Forbes explained that perhaps the spectacle would be interesting to them too if they were strangers, and had not seen the prisoners in every-day life, and known what a common, stupid, uninteresting set they were. All of the boys, Canning reminded them, had been full of curiosity about the counterfeiter when he had first been put into the jail; that, he explained, was because the man was a stranger, and no one of them knew a thing about him. Paul was in exactly the same condition about the other prisoners, and the counterfeiter too.

The explanation was satisfactory, but Paul's interest in the prisoners was not, for all the time he spent staring at the side of the jail might otherwise have been spent with them, all of whom, excepting perhaps Joe Applehy, felt that they never could see enough of Paul. Some of them



PAUL GRAYSON AND BENNY MALLOW.

Digitized by Google

were shrewd enough to reason that if Paul could be made to understand what a miserable set those jail-birds really were, he would soon cease to have any interest in them; so they made various excuses to talk about the prisoners by name, and tell what mean and dishonest and disgraceful things they did.

But somehow the scheme did not work; Paul himself talked about the prisoners, and he reminded the boys that some of those men had wives who were being unhappy about them; and others, particularly the younger ones, were keeping loving mothers in misery; and perhaps some of them had children that were suffering, even starving, because their fathers were in jail. How could any fellow help being curious about men, asked Paul, whose condition put such stories into a man's mind?

"Perhaps, too," Paul argued, "some of those men are not as bad as they seem. Every man has a little good of some sort in him; and although he is to blame for not letting it, instead of his wrong thoughts, manage him, perhaps some day he may change. I can't help wishing so about all of those fellows in the jail, and, what is more, I wouldn't help it if I could—would you?"

No, they wouldn't, the boys thought; still, they thought also, although no one felt exactly like saying it aloud, that boys at Mr. Morton's school had some good in them, and were a great deal surer to appreciate the thoughtful tendencies of a good fellow than a lot of worthless town loafers were, to say nothing of a dreadful counterfeiter.

"If you feel that way," said Joe Applehy, somewhat sneeringly, after the crowd had been silent for two or three moments, "why don't you go with Mr. Morton when he visits the prisoners? I would do it if I felt as you do; I would think it very wrong to stay away."

Joe's tone, as he said this, was so absolutely taunting that most of the boys expected to see Paul spring at him and strike him; they certainly would do so themselves, if big enough, and talked to in that way. But Paul merely replied, "I don't go, because he never asked me to."

"Oh, don't let that stand in your way," said Joe, quickly; "you can easily do the asking yourself. I'll ask for you, if you feel delicate about putting in your own word."

At this the boys felt sure there would be a fight, but to their great surprise Paul sat quietly on the rail, and replied, "I should be much obliged if you would; that is, if you're man enough to own that you first taunted me about it."

Joe arose, and looked as proud as if he were about to lead a whole army to certain victory.

"I'll do it," said he, "and right away, too."

"And I," said Canning Forbes, "will go along to see that you tell the story correctly, and do full justice to Grayson."

Joe scowled terribly at this, but Canning, although a very quiet fellow, had such a determined way in everything he undertook, that Joe knew it was useless to remonstrate, so he strode sullenly along, with Canning at his side. The other boys looked for a moment in utter astonishment; then, as with one accord, all but Paul sprang to their feet and followed.

Mr. Morton was astonished at the irruption, as his bell had not been sounded; but he listened to Joe's request and to Canning's statement, which was supported by fragments volunteered by other boys, then he replied, "I will gladly take Paul with me, but am sorry that the newest pupil in the school should be the first to express a kind thought about the unfortunates in the jail."

Then Joe Applehy hung his head, and Canning Forbes did likewise, and most of the other boys followed their example; but Benny rushed to the side window, thrust his head out, and shouted, "It's all right, Paul; he says you can go."

Then all the boys laughed at Benny, at which Benny blushed, and the teacher rang his bell, which called in no one but Paul. Then the school came to order, but most of the boys blundered over their lessons that afternoon, for their minds were full of what they had to tell to boys that attended other schools, or did not go to school at all.

The visit of Paul to the prison was made that very afternoon, and before night nearly every family in the town had heard of how it had come to pass, and determined that Paul Grayson was a noble fellow, no matter how much mystery there might be about him. Benny Mallow, having learned in advance that the visit was contemplated—for Paul could not get rid of him after school except by telling him—Benny waited on a corner near the jail until Paul and the teacher came out. He hid himself for a moment or two, so that Paul would not think he had been watching him; then he hurried around a block, intercepted the couple, and made some excuse to stop Paul for a moment. As soon as Mr. Morton had gone ahead a little way, Benny, with his great blue eyes wider open than ever, asked, "How was it?"

"It was dreadful," said Paul, whose eyes were red, as if he had been crying.

"Then you won't ever go again, will you?" said Benny, giving his friend's hand a sympathetic squeeze.

"Yes, I will," exclaimed Paul, so sharply that Benny was frightened. He looked up inquiringly, and saw Paul's eyes filled with tears. "I'll go again, and often, now that I've been teased into doing it; but, Benny Mallow, if you tell a single boy that I cried, I'll never speak to you again in this world."

"I won't—oh, I won't," said Benny, and he kept his word—for weeks.

[to be continued.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

Chapter I.

If any of my readers who live in the city of New York happen to be passing the lower end of Union Square some day, they will see, standing among the trees of the little park, a bronze statue. It is nearly opposite the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, and is turned a little to one side, toward the noble statue of Washington on horseback, which is in the centre of the three-cornered space between the park, Fourteenth Street, and Union Square East. It represents a tall young man, in the close-fitting uniform of an American General of the time of the Revolution. With his right hand he clasps a sword against his breast. His left hand is stretched out toward Washington; his figure is erect, and inclined forward, as if about to spring from the prow of a boat, which the base of the statue is made to represent. This is a statue of the beloved and gallant Frenchman whom we commonly call Lafayette, whom the people of the Revolutionary days delighted to name "the young Marquis," and whose real name was Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette. The story of his whole life is one of the most interesting and pleasing that has ever been written; but for the present I am to give you only the story of his services to America, and of his life during the few years in which those services were rendered. The statue that I have spoken of was set up in honor of these great services, in order that the young Americans who live in the full enjoyment of the blessings of freedom and order for which he fought may not forget him.

Lafayette was born in the province of Auvergne, France, on the 6th of September, 1757, shortly after the death of his father, who was an officer in the French army, and was killed at Minden. His own family was poor, but the death of his mother's father made him, while yet a child, very rich. As the custom was in those days in France, he

Digitized by Google

entered the army while scarcely in his teens, and before he had left the Academy of Versailles, where he was educated. As was also the custom, he was married very young—while only sixteen—to a daughter of the house of Ayen and Noailles, who herself was only thirteen; but children though they were, they were possessed of strong natures, and their union was a very loving and happy one. Lafayette describes himself in boyhood as "silent because he neither thought nor heard much which seemed worth saying," and as having "awkwardness of manner, which did not trouble him on important occasions, but made him ill at ease among the graces of the court or the pleasures of a Paris supper." He was an ardent lover of freedom in the midst of an aristocratic society, and when his family wanted to attach him to the court he managed by a witty but offensive remark about the royal family to break up the arrangement. "Republican stories," he says, "charmed me," and he heard of the Declaration of American Independence with "a thrill of sympathy and joy."

He was just nineteen when, over a dinner given by an English Duke to the French officers of the garrison of Metz, he first learned of the Declaration. "My heart was instantly enlisted," he wrote, "and I thought of nothing but joining *my flag*." From that moment he regarded himself as a soldier in the army of American freedom. He knew his family would oppose him. "I counted, therefore, only on myself, and ventured to take for my motto *cur non ?*" (why not ?). He had great trouble in getting away. Going to Paris, he first obtained from the American agent there, Silas Deane, a promise of a commission as Major-General; but he had to keep everything very secret, to blind his family, his friends, the government—to avoid French and English spies. Only his girl-wife and two of his cousins knew what he was doing. Just as he had completed his plans, news came of the terrible defeats which Washington had suffered on Long Island and in the neighborhood of New York. The "arch-rebel," as the English called General Washington, was fleeing across the New Jersey plains, with only a handful of men, and the insurrection was believed to be nearly over. The American agent in Paris was dismayed and cast down. He told Lafayette that he could furnish him no vessel to go to America, and tried to persuade him to give up his project. Thanking Mr. Deane for his frankness, the brave young fellow answered, "Until now, sir, you have seen only my zeal; perhaps I may now be useful. I shall buy a ship which will carry your officers. We must show our confidence in the cause; and it is in danger that I shall be glad to share your fortunes." To cover his designs, he joined his uncle, the Prince of Paix, on a visit to London, where he was much courted. "At nineteen," he wrote, "I liked perhaps a little too well to trifle with the King I was about to fight, to dance at the house of the English Colonial Minister, in the company of Lord Rawdon, just arrived from New York, and to meet at the opera the General Clinton whom I was to meet the next time at the battle of Monmouth." Finally his arrangements were all made, and he came back to France to join his vessel. To his dismay, he was met by an order from the King to report, under arrest, at Marseilles. He pretended to start for that city, but on the way, disguised as a postilion, he turned aside, and after nearly being caught while sleeping on some straw in the stable of a post inn, he finally boarded his ship, with Baron De Kalb and others, and set sail for America. It was the 26th of April, 1777, "six months, filled with labor and impatience," since he had formed his plan. He was seven weeks on the sea. His ship was clumsy, and, armed with "only two bad cannon and a few muskets, could not have escaped the smallest English cruiser." Of these he encountered several, but lucky winds bore them away from him. He slipped between the ships guarding the coast, and landed in the night near the city of Charleston, South Carolina. "At last," he says, "I felt American soil beneath my feet, and my first words were a vow to conquer or perish in the cause."

He straightway set out for Philadelphia, where Congress was in session, and near which the army of Washington was encamped. The journey was long and fatiguing. From Petersburg, Virginia, he wrote to his wife: "I set out grandly in a carriage; at present we are on horseback, having broken my carriage, according to my admirable habit; I hope to write you in a few days that we have arrived safely on foot." The fatigue of the journey could not repress his constant gayety. When he reached Philadelphia, Congress was greatly bothered with foreign adventurers more anxious for rank and pay than to fight for America. Lafayette perceived the coolness of his reception, but far from being discouraged, he wrote to the President of Congress, "By the sacrifices that I have made I have a right to demand two favors: one, to serve without pay; the other, to begin my service in the ranks." Carried away by such generous devotion, Congress immediately gave Lafayette a commission as Major-General, and Washington placed him on his own staff.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

O'ER THE HILLS O' ARGYLE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I SAID, when a laddie o' ten, as I gaed o'er the hills o' Argyle,
"The way is sae rocky and steep, I am weary this many a mile;
Just leave me, and gang on yourse'; the road I'm no likely to miss."
Then my feyther stooped down, wi' a langh, and gied me a tender bit kiss.
"Why, Donald," he said, "be a man, and keep mind o' the words that I say,
A strong, stout heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

"It isna the steepness," I said, "but the way is sae wearifu' lang."
"Tut! tut! if your heart gies the order, your body will just bae to gang.
Think, Donald, o' mither and hame, and dinna give up for your life;
Step out to the sang you like best—'Here's to the bonnets o' Fife!'
Sing, lad, though you sing through your tears, and keep mind o' the words that I say,
A strong, stout heart and a sturdy step win o'er the langest way."

Then I said to my heart, "Gie the order." Singing, I walked or I ran;
My feyther stepped, langhing, beside me, and called me "his bonnie brave man."
And sae, ere the storm-clouds had gathered, we were safe at our ain fireside,
And feyther sat watching the snaw-drifts, wi' me cuddled close to his side.
"Donald," he said, "my dear laddie, no matter wherever you stray,
Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

Now far from the bonnie Scotch Highlands I've travelled full many a mile,
Yet always, in trouble or sorrow, I think o' the hills o' Argyle,
Say, "Heart, gie the order for marching!" strike up the auld "Bonnets o' Fife,"
And then I set dourly and bravely my face to the mountains o' life,
For the thought o' my feyther is wi' me; and, "Donald," I hear him say,
"Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang o'er the steepest brae."

Digitized by Google

THROUGH THE RAPIDS WITH INDIANS.

MOOSE LAKE, }
August 16. }

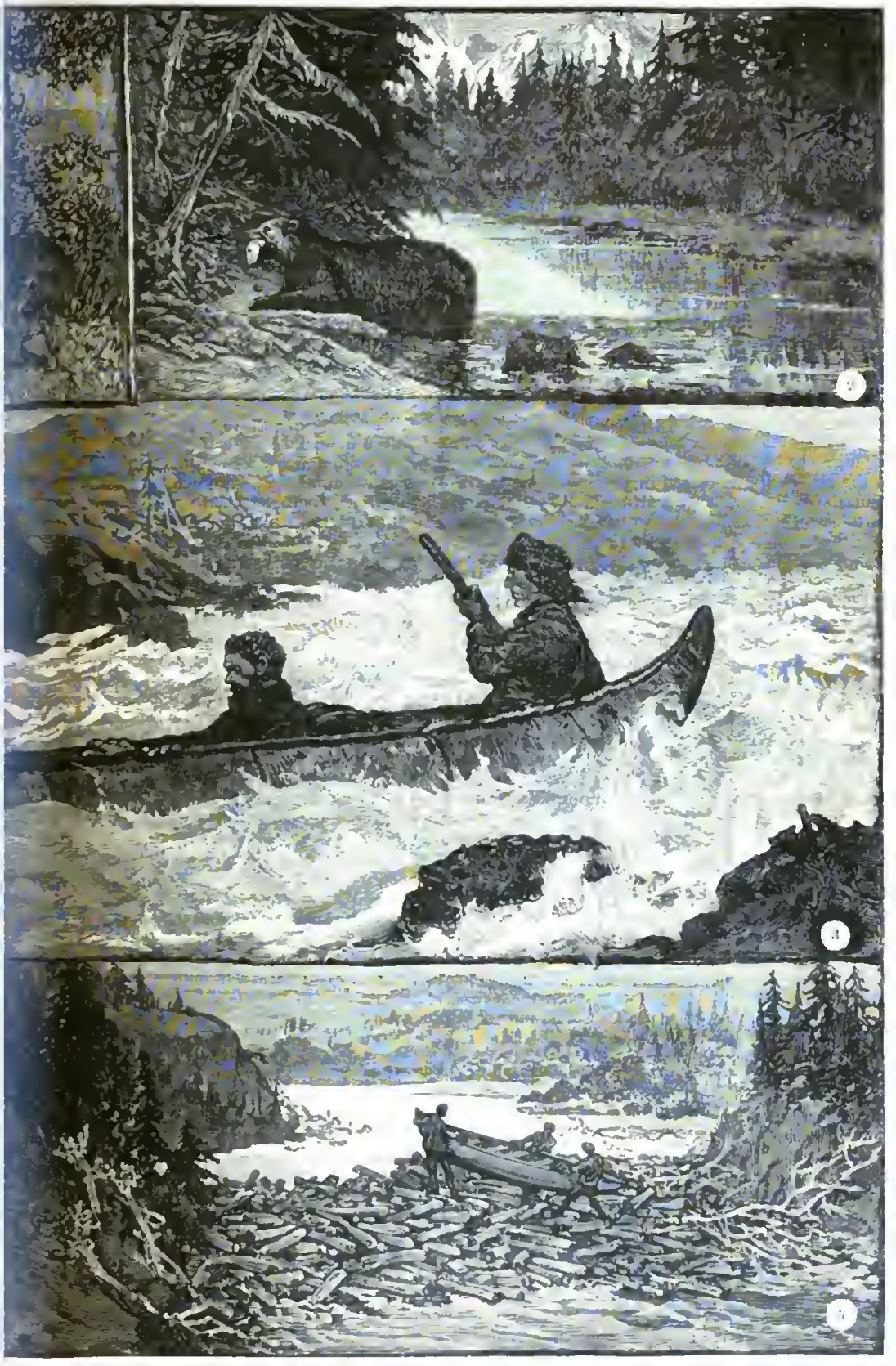
MY DEAR CHARLEY,—I've had at last the experience of a real Indian canoe voyage, of which we used to dream when we read *The Young Voyageurs* on the sly behind our desk at school. To begin at the beginning (which modern stories seldom do), imagine me starting from Bear Creek to descend the river in a canoe with two "real live Indians." If you want to know what Indians are like, just fancy two overfried sausages wrapped in dirty brown paper, and you'll have a perfect picture of my "noble red men," whose names sounded to *me* exactly like "Cock-a-doodle-doo" and "Very-like-a-whale." But you soon get used to such things in a country where names like Nomjamsquilligook and Kashagawigamog are quite every-day matters.

Now, Charley, if you value my blessing and your own welfare, never get into an Indian canoe. I ought to know something of uncomfortable conveyances, having crossed Central Asia with camels, gone a hundred miles into the Sahara in an Arab wagon, drifted over the Volga on a block of ice, and shot an Icelandic torrent in a leaky boat. But all these fall far, far short of the glorious uncomfortableness of my canoe. Louis XI. would have given any money for such an invention when he wanted to torture Cardinal Balue. I sat, and forthwith fell down on my back; I knelt, and promptly fell forward on my nose. I

1. Beaver-Hunting. 2. A Poacher. 3. His first

THROUGH THE R

Digitized by Google



id. 4. Over the Beaver Dam. 5. The Drift Pile.

even tried to squat cross-legged, forgetting that Achmet Bey had spent three days in vainly showing me how *not* to do it when I was with him in Arabia; and how I *did* finally manage to stow myself I haven't found out yet. If the Indians had scolded or laughed at my mishaps, or even noticed them at all, it would not have been so bad, but their calm, silent, statuesque disapproval of everything I did made me feel as small as the first boy who breaks down at a spelling bee.

My first night was a very queer experience. Beyond the circle of light cast by our camp fire the great black shadow of the forest looked blacker and vaster than ever, and in its gloomy depths no sound was heard but the ghostly rustle of the leaves, which seemed to be whispering to each other some horrible secret. Then up rose the cold moon, glinting spectrally through the trees upon the swirling foam, and giving strange and goblin shapes to the huge trunks all around. In that dreary silence the hoarse sough of the river sounded unnaturally loud, and the wild faces of the Indians, seen and gone again by turns as the fire-glow waxed and waned, looked quite unearthly. But the mosquitoes soon gave me something else to think about, I can promise you.

For the next two days I enjoyed camp life in all its fullness—a buffalo-robe for bedding, a jackknife for dinner service, a camp fire for kitchen range, a freshly caught fish for breakfast, a water-fall for shower-bath. The very sense of exist-

Digitized by Google

ence seemed a pleasure in that glorious atmosphere, which made one feel always hungry, but never tired; and to jump into a swollen river, clothes and all, to carry the canoe a mile or more over broken ground, to start splitting wood at night-fall after voyaging all day, to get out on a wet rock at midnight and begin fishing, came quite natural. Once or twice I felt as if I must really give vent to my superfluous vitality by shouting or singing at the top of my voice, and was only deterred from striking up "I paddle my own canoe" by the reflection that I hadn't paddled it a foot since we started.

On the second day we passed several water-falls, and it was a rare sight to see the floating trees plunge over them. Sometimes a big trunk would stop short on the very brink, as if shrinking back, and then it would give a kind of leap forward, and over it would go—a regular suicide in dumb-show. A little below one of the falls the floating timber had drifted together into such a mass that it fairly blocked the channel, forming a barricade several hundred feet broad, and we had to get out and drag the canoe bodily over it as best we might. If you've ever walked over an acre of harrows piled on an acre of trucks, you'll know what kind of footing we had, and it's a marvel to me that I've got a leg left to stand on.

A little farther I espied a great shaggy beast, not unlike a bear, coming out of the river with a big fish in his mouth. I fired at him, but the bullet probably hit him too obliquely to pierce his thick hide. That's *my* theory at least; the Indians were mean enough to suggest that I never hit him at all.

On the third morning we came to a huge beaver dam, bigger than any I'd seen in Canada, and as neatly put together as any dike in Holland. The fur-coated gentlemen were hard at work when we appeared, some gnawing at the trees, while others plastered the dam with mud, using their broad tails for trowels. But at our coming they all went splash, splash into the water, which was all alive for a moment with dancing ripples and flapping tails—a regular fac-simile of that scene in *The Last of the Mohicans* over which we used to laugh so.

Of course we had to make another "portage" with the canoe; and while we were dragging it along, up jumped a barefooted boy from among the bushes, and lent us a hand with it. A splendid young savage he was, who would have quite delighted my old friend Tom Hughes of Rugby. Straight as a pine, keen-eyed as an eagle, so supple and sinewy that one might almost have rolled him up and pocketed him like a ball of twine. He told me he was "after beaver," and had done pretty well this season, trapping and what not. I gave him some tobacco, which seemed to please him mightily, and he repaid me with what my New York friends would call "a tall yarn":

"Time when beaver hats was all the go (which don't I just wish they was *now!*) a feller went for a swim in a river one day, leavin' his hat and things on the bank. It happened to be pretty close to a beaver dam; and when he cum out agin, fust thing he seed was two young beavers a-weepin' over his hat, 'cause they knowed it for the skin o' their father."

Toward four that afternoon we began to hear a dull booming roar far away ahead. You should have seen the Indians' eyes flash when they heard it! *They* knew the sound of the rapids well enough. All at once the sloping banks seemed to grow high and steep, and the overhanging pines to go far away up into the air, and the channel to get dark and narrow, and the stream to go rushing along like a mill-race. Then suddenly we swung around a huge black rock, and were fairly in the thick of it.

After that I have only a confused recollection of being tossed and banged about in a whirl of boiling foam, and clinging like grim death to the sides of the canoe, while the river itself seemed somehow to be standing stock-still, and the great cliffs on each side to be flying past like an express train. The whole air was filled with a hoarse grinding roar that seemed to shake the very sky, and the spray came lashing into my face till I was glad to shut my eyes.

When I opened them again I almost thought I was dreaming. Instead of the foaming river and the frowning precipices, we were floating on a broad smooth lake, with a little toy town pasted on the green slope above us, and half a dozen big fellows in red shirts running down to welcome us in.

But I must break off, for I'm so sleepy, after hauling timber all day, that I can hardly sit upright. Remember me kindly to all your folks, and believe me

Yours to death (or till my next railway journey, which is much the same nowadays), D. KER.

NEW GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

TIP.

UNDER this odd title a new and excellent game is described which is very popular in Germany, and will be equally so in America when it becomes known.

When first read it may not seem to amount to much, but it needs only to be tried to become a favorite with old and young.

Any number can play, as no skill nor practice is required, and it is adapted as well to the parlor as to the picnic. The writer has joined in it on two successive days, once in a pleasant drawing-room, with a large round table in the centre, by the cheery light of a flashing wood fire, and again under the radiant maples by the side of a beautiful lake. On the latter occasion a large shawl was spread on the ground, and a merry group of bright-eyed children, with their parents and older friends, sat around on the grass.

One of the mammas poured out from a paper package of assorted candy and small toys about as many pieces as the number of players, making the tempting heap, as nearly as possible, in the middle of the shawl within easy reach of all. After one of the children had been blindfolded, one of the ladies touched an article in the pile in the shawl, in order to point it out plainly to all excepting the one whose eyes were closed. The player then opened her eyes, and was allowed to select one at a time, and keep for her own all she could obtain without taking the "tip," or the piece that had been touched.

Often a great many pieces can be taken, and in some cases the "tip" is the last one to be pitched upon; but sometimes an unlucky player selects the "tip" first, in which case she gains nothing, for the moment she takes the "tip" she must give it up, and the turn passes to the next player on her right.

Of course all the children scream when the tip is touched, and the unlucky ones are laughed at a little, but are soon comforted by presents of candy from the stores of the more fortunate.

All who do not believe in the interest of the game are cordially advised to secure a group of children and a paper of candy, or of little presents nicely wrapped in papers, and to try it for themselves.

INITIALS.

This new and interesting game can be played in several ways, and can be used also in connection with other old games, to which it lends a new charm. Any number of players can join, each one of whom tells the initials of his or her name, which the others can write on a slip of paper if they do not prefer trusting to memory. Each player invents an initial sentence, using the letters of

Digitized by Google

one of the names. This sentence may be humorous or sensible, complimentary or the reverse, and can sometimes be made to fit exceedingly well. As specimens, a few impromptu sentences are given on the actual names of some of the original players: Easter Eggs, Exquisite Elegance, Fairy Prince, Fried Pork, Willful Negligence, What Nonsense, Serene Truth Triumphs, Saucy Tell-Tale, Goodness Brings Blessings. When all have prepared one or more sentences, the leader begins by addressing any person he pleases with a remark formed upon his initials, and each of the other players follows his example, also using the same letters. This attack is kept up indiscriminately on the person addressed by the leader, until he can answer the person who last addressed him before another of the players can say another sentence in the letters of his name, in which case the others all turn their remarks on the one who has been thus caught. The game then goes merrily on, as shouts of laughter always follow the quick conceits which are sure to be inspired by the excitement of the game. As a specimen of the way in which it can be applied to an old game, "Twirl the Platter" has a new interest when the players are called out by initial sentences, as the effort to discover one's own name in some obscure remark made by the twirler, in order to catch the platter before it ceases to spin, keeps every player on the alert.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

BY A. TEMPLE BELLEW.

IN that rocky part of New York State called Sullivan County lived a poor widow and her little daughter.

The cold weather was approaching—the trees showed that; the maples were in flames, and the surrounding woods had such varied leafage that at a distance they looked like the border of an Indian shawl. Yes, cold weather was approaching, and the widow said one morning, as she came up from the cellar, "Well, Nannie, we have potatoes enough to last all winter, so we sha'n't starve; but what ever we shall have to wear I don't know. I can't *buy* any clothes, that is certain."

"We'll wear our old ones," said Nannie.

"They ain't fit for carpet-rags, child. We must stay in the house all winter, I guess, unless we want to freeze to death."

Nannie grew grave, and her brown eyes were full of trouble, as she listened. She had not thought of clothes all summer; she had trotted about in her little calico dress as happy as a sparrow; and now she felt very much like that same sparrow when he sees the first snow-flakes come drifting through the air.

What could she do to help her mother? If it were something to eat, it would not be so difficult; she could pick up nuts—lots of them; but something to *wear*: that was a great deal harder. So she sat on the door-step puzzling her little brains, until her eyes happened to fall upon a necklace she had that morning made of scarlet mountain-ash berries, and a brilliant idea occurred to her: she would make a dress of leaves—of bright red leaves.

"I can make it just as easy," she said to herself; "I won't say a word to mother till it's all done. Won't she be glad when she sees me dressed up so nice? And then I'll tell her I can make *lots* of things just like it."

She had a spool of thread in her pocket, and a needle carefully stuck in her frock, so she had only to run off to the woods, without bothering any one.

Once there Nannie had no trouble in finding leaves enough, bright red ones, too—so red that they made her blink when she held them out in the sunlight. She filled her apron with those scattered on the ground, and picked a huge bunch of long rush-like grasses that grew in a small clearing; then seated herself on a low stone, ready for work, surrounded by scarlet and gold like a little empress.

The tiny fingers proved very deft, and the tiny brain very ingenious. Leaf overlapping leaf, like the scales of a fish, they were sewn on the grass stems, until a garment was shaped resembling what is fashionably called a princesse dress. The sleeves Nannie could not manage, so instead she put shoulder-straps with epaulets of leaves. She could hardly keep from dancing, she felt so delighted at the success of her plan. On went the gay suit of armor gleefully, but slowly, lest it should be harmed.

"Don't I look pretty?" sighed Nannie, in perfect content, as she glanced down at her leafy skirt; "but I can't wear that old sun-bonnet. I must make a new hat too."

Again the thread and needle, grass and leaves, were called into service. This time a queer comical cap, like Robinson Crusoe's, placed jauntily on her head, turned her into a wood-sprite indeed.

She primly picked her way through the wood, avoiding every brier as if it were poison-ivy, until she reached the opening; here she stood suddenly still, rooted to the spot by wonder. A man, a stranger, was there, sitting on a funny crooked kind of bench, doing something to a big board fastened to three long sticks in front of him. He seemed nearly as wonder-struck as Nannie for a moment; then, as she was about to move, he called out, "Who in the world are you, little fairy, and who dressed you up like that?"

He looked so pleasant that Nannie gave him a laugh for his smile, and answered promptly, "I did it my own self; ain't it pretty?"

"Yes, indeed; and what made you think of such a pretty dress?"

Then Nannie's little tongue being loosened, she told him all about it—how poor they were that year, and how badly her mother felt; in fact, chattered over all her small history, some parts of which made the stranger's blue eyes misty, while others made him smile, whereat Nannie had always to laugh in return—she very seldom smiled.

"Now," said the stranger, "do you think you could stand still for a short time?"

Nannie at once became motionless, and the stranger began to work away at the big board before him with some very thin sticks. Once in a while he would say, "There, you may move now; sit down on that stone and rest." Then Nannie would sit down until he asked if she felt like standing again, when she would spring to her feet and take her former position. She was beginning to feel very tired—so tired that her little tongue was quiet—when he said, "That will do, little one; come and look at this."

And she came beside him. Why, there she was on the board, scarlet dress and all; her black curls ruffling about her head, her big brown eyes wide open, and her cheeks as pink as king apples.

"Why, that's me!" she cried.

"Of course it is," laughed the stranger.

"Why, ain't I pretty!—only I wish I had my shoes on. I've got a pair in the house, but I only wear 'em in winter."

"It looks prettier in the picture without shoes," said the artist.

Then he told her that she had been a very good little girl; and taking a piece of something like green paper from his pocket, put it in her hand, saying,

"Give this to your mother, and tell her to buy you a nice warm dress with it. I am coming to see you tomorrow; and now good-by, little maid."

Then he stooped down and kissed her, and she ran away up the hill-side, covered with red leaves, and holding a green leaf in her hand—a wonderful green leaf, as she afterward discovered.

She rushed into the cottage like a small cannon-ball, and startled her mother not a little, appearing in such

Digitized by Google

strange attire, and too breathless to tell her story except in excited snatches that puzzled more than they explained, and for a short time the widow thought that a three-legged man had stolen Nannie's clothes, and was coming to-morrow to steal hers; but as soon as Nannie regained breath she made her understand the real state of the case.

"Wonder what he is?" said the mother, puzzled. "Three sticks—a big board."

After long cogitation she decided that he must be "one of them archertics from New York as took your photergraph."

"He's real kind, anyway," she added. "Why, child, he's give you *ten dollars!*"

"Ten dollars!" gasped Nannie, with an overwhelming sense of wealth.

Next morning the stranger appeared in good season, and won the widow's heart by his courtesy.

"Jest as polite as if I was the minister's wife," she afterward told Nannie.

He explained the mystery of the big board and three sticks, and showed how they were used, getting Nannie to stand for him again in her dress of leaves.

Nannie opened her eyes when he told her that her picture was going to New York to hang in "a great big room called the Academy." "At least I *hope* so," he added, laughing.

He came many following mornings, always to paint Nannie, getting more interested every time in the simple-hearted widow and her bright little child, while they in turn delighted in his visits, his stories, and his painting.

At last the day came when he had to go back to the city. Nannie cried her eyes as red as the maple leaves, and they all felt that "good-by" was a very miserable word.

So the stranger went away, and the widow tried to console herself and Nannie by making a journey to the nearest town, and laying out the wonderful ten dollars in warm clothing for Nannie; but though Nannie got very busy and happy over her shopping, she did not forget her stranger friend, and felt even bright red flannel a very poor substitute for kind blue eyes.

Nannie spent the long white months very merrily, romping by day and sleeping by night, only one thing happening to vary the quiet life: at Christmas came a letter and a box of goodies from the stranger, then all went on as before.

By-and-by winter turned to spring in town and country, the spring fashions of one doing duty for the spring leaves of the other; and among the pleasantest of spring fashions in New York is the Exhibition of that "great big room called the Academy," about which the stranger had told Nannie so much. And this fair April upon its walls hung the picture of a bright-faced little girl, clad and capped with scarlet leaves, coming out of the dim gray woods.

Of all the many visitors there not one passed it by unnoticed; young ladies all beauty and old ladies all backbone and eyeglasses, artists gray-headed and young fellows just from Paris, one and all, and many more, stopped to admire the brown-eyed child so quaintly garmented. The morning and the evening papers, too, did not overlook it, but patted the young artist kindly with their pens. Rich people talked about it, and the richest bought it for the sake of saying that "the gem of the Exhibition" was in his gallery.

A few days after this a letter, registered and stamped carefully enough to carry it to China, had that been its destination, came to Nannie and her mother—a letter from the stranger, telling all about it, and sending to his "little good genius" a check for *fifty dollars*.

What other wonderful things were the result of that queer dress of leaves may perhaps be told some day.

THE LITTLE TEASE.

"Now div me my dolly." If baby were able
To talk in plain fashion, he'd certainly say,
"I think you are awfully mean, sister Mabel,
To trouble and tease me and vex me this way."

But baby can only let grieving lips quiver,
And lift little hand in an angry protest:
Come, sister, from trouble the wee one deliver,
'Tis naughty to pain him so, even in jest.

Digitized by Google

LITTLE SHOPPERS—"A VERY DOOD SMOOFING-IRON."

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK CITY.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and can hardly wait from one number to another, I am so impatient to get it. All the stories are very interesting, and the pictures are beautiful. But I don't like the advertisements after the Post-office Box, because they keep out something I would like to read. I like "Old Times in the Colonies" very much.

CARRIE M.

Our correspondent will see that her wishes have been anticipated. Henceforth all advertisements for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be printed on a neat cover, as in the present number, and will no longer appear in the body of the paper. This cover will also serve to keep the paper clean, and the bound numbers at the end of the year will form a perfect book.

EAST HAMPTON, CONNECTICUT.

My sister takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much.

Eight of us girls have a society, which we call the Y. L. F. S. We have singing, readings, and charades, and have lots of fun. We meet around at the members' houses once in two weeks, on Monday evenings. Next time we meet we are all going to make speeches on politics. I am fifteen years old. VIOLET S.

We should like very much to have a fuller report of the doings of this society. Now that the long winter evenings are approaching, societies of this description bring about much pleasant recreation, and if any systematic course of good reading is followed, enlivened by music, recitation, or discussion of any given topic, the benefit to the members becomes of an importance beyond mere social enjoyment.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since No. 36; papa subscribed for me then. I like "The Moral Pirates" and "Old Times in the Colonies" best of all, and I am very fond of reading the letters of the little boys and girls in the Post-office Box.

I go to a large private school one block from my house. I speak French and English, and I am learning to play the piano. I have a splendid black cat, named Beauty. VIRGINIA S.

MAYSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and am perfectly delighted with it. My subscription will soon be out, but I am going to renew it.

We have a very nice time here playing on the river-bank in the sand. There is some beautiful grass growing on the sand-bar in the river opposite our town. DELLA R. S.

WYOMING, ILLINOIS.

I am eleven years old. I have no pets, except a canary named Freddie, but I have a play house, and I think it is a very nice one. I have four nice dolls, and a doll carriage, and in the play house I have a bureau, table, chair, cupboard, blackboard, and a very nice set of dishes. The house is carpeted, and the rain does not get into it. I have a girl's velocipede, and I ride on it to school. I have some plants of my own. HATTIE G. S.

CANTON, NEW YORK.

I have a black dog named Jet. He will sit up, sing, speak, shake hands, stand up and beg, and lie down when I tell him. I have an aquarium, and I tried to get some sticklebacks, but they all had five spines. Are they the kind that make nests?

I have two turtles, and would like to know how to keep them through the winter.

I am making a squirrel cage, and am very anxious to catch a gray squirrel. And I have a collection of birds' eggs. I get nests and all. I am twelve years old. MARY M.

All kinds of sticklebacks, so far as known, build nests. Set your turtles at liberty in the yard before the ground freezes, and they will take care of themselves until spring. Or if you are afraid of losing them, give them a tub of earth to bury themselves in during their long nap.

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Here are some directions for making a pretty decoration which some reader of YOUNG PEOPLE may like to try. Take a carrot, the largest and smoothest you can find, and cut off the pointed lower end. Then make a cup of the large upper part by carefully hollowing it out, leaving the bottom and sides a quarter of an inch thick. Bore some holes in the sides near the top. Three will do. Through these pass strings by which to suspend the cup. When it is finished fill it with water, and hang it in a sunny window, and it will soon send out leaves from the bottom, and become a very pretty hanging basket. Never allow all the water to evaporate, but put in a little fresh every day. If the carrot is large enough to allow the sides and bottom to be left thicker, the green leaves will last longer and be more abundant.

DANIEL D. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

I thought perhaps you would like to hear of a plan we have made. It is this: We are going to have a club, each member of which takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and every Friday we meet to read the stories and work out the puzzles. I wish other children would try this plan, and write to the Post-office Box how they succeed. N. D.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

My papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for me since the first number. I read it all through. I think "Mirthful Magic" is very funny.

I have two pet bantam chickens, and they are very tame. I hold them as I would a kitten. I have four caterpillars that I am feeding on apple leaves, and one that has spun a cocoon. I am seven years old. Z. C.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Since my request for exchange was published in YOUNG PEOPLE I have received no less than ten letters every day. My time is pretty well taken up at present, but I wish to say to all correspondents who have sent me postmarks that I will answer them as soon as possible. JAMES A. SCHERERER.

I wish to inform the egg collectors with whom I have exchanged specimens that I have changed my residence. I would be very happy to exchange some of my eggs for Indian arrow-heads, as well as for other varieties of eggs. My new address is

I. QUACKENBOSS,
169 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

I have received so many letters in answer to my request for exchange of minerals that I can not answer them all immediately, as my school duties keep me very busy. I will answer them all in time. I have no more specimens to exchange at present.

CARRIE THORNER.

I have a great many different kinds of Iowa postmarks, and will send one hundred to any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE who will send me some pretty thing in return.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. I am almost eleven years old.

LUCY HENDERSON,
Cedar Rapids, Linn County, Iowa.

I would like to exchange stamps of all kinds with any boys or girls who take YOUNG PEOPLE. I will also exchange a piece of cedar of Lebanon for a reasonable number of stamps.

SAMUEL MCMULLIN, JUN.,
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

I would like to exchange rare stamps for foreign or United States coins with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. SIDNEY ADONHEIM,
127 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

I have a large number of foreign postage stamps that I would like to exchange. I have also a large collection of mineral and Indian curiosities. I think YOUNG PEOPLE is a splendid paper

WILLIAM HARRIS,
226 Fort Street West, Detroit, Michigan.

I have gained about one hundred and fifty stamps by exchange since my letter was printed in YOUNG PEOPLE. I am collecting sea-shells and curiosities, which I would also like to exchange.

VERNON L. KALLOGG,
P. O. Box 413, Emporia, Kansas.

I have taken two copies of YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, one of which I send to my cousin, and the other I keep for myself.

I am collecting minerals, shells, animal and vegetable curiosities, stamps, coins, and relics, and would like to arrange an exchange of these articles with any correspondent.

LOCIS N. BROWN, care of Ph. Hake,
155 William Street, New York City.

I have a large collection of internal revenue stamps which I would like to exchange for foreign stamps and postal cards.

WILLIAM H. PIKE,
20 Edinboro' Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

My brother has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for me since the first number. He says it is a splendid paper for children, because it contains no trash. We like it so much we are going to have it bound.

I have two pet cats. Dick is the name of one. He is seventeen years old, and was born in the barn on the same day that my brother was born in the house. I call them twins. The other cat I call Kitty. She was born about one week before my other brother, and is fourteen years old. She is getting very weak now, and we do not think she will live as long as Dick, who is still very lively.

I would like to exchange slips of fern grown in New Jersey for fern from any other State with any girl. I wish to get a specimen of fern from every State and Territory if possible.

JULIA D. MOORE,
1107 Locust Street, Camden, New Jersey.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best paper I ever saw for little folks. I expect to take it till I am grown up, and that will be a long time, as I am only eleven years old.

I would like to exchange flower seeds for geranium and fuchsia slips, or ocean curiosities. I have many kinds of seeds which I raised myself.

ANGIE SIDNEY DUFFIE,
Princeton, Arkansas.

I am twelve years old, and have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since April, when I received a year's subscription for a birthday present. I always look forward with pleasure to its coming.

I, too, am making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have several hundred, among which are Danish, Norwegian, Japanese, and other foreign issues. NELLIE HYDE,
103 Third Street, Oakland, California.

I am making a collection of stones, one from each State. I will exchange a stone from Iowa or Missouri for one from any other State. If Jessie I. Beal will send me a stone from Michigan, I will gladly exchange with her.

LOTTA R. TURNER, P. O. Box 705,
Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa.

I received several very satisfactory answers to my request for exchange of stamps. I would now like to get a Chinese and an Italian stamp. I will exchange for them French and German stamps, or morning-glory or double-hollyhock seeds. I will also exchange these seeds or postmarks for new postmarks. WILLIE D. VATER,
Office of the *Daily Journal*, Lafayette, Indiana.

Since my request for exchange was printed in the Post-office Box I have received over one hundred letters, and have gained about four hundred stamps. I have now thirteen hundred. If any other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to exchange with me, I will be very glad to do so, especially if they have any duplicates of rare stamps.

LEWIS S. MUDGE,
Princeton, New Jersey.

I wish to exchange postmarks with any boy or girl in the United States or Canada.

H. L. MCILVAIN,
120 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.

I am studying natural history, and am very fond of it. I would like to exchange specimens of minerals and insects, especially with "Wee Tot."

FRANCES M. HEATON,
Flushing, Long Island.

I am making a collection of minerals, and would be glad to exchange petrified wood, celestine, satin spar, chalcedony, fossil shells, or concrete sand balls for other minerals, or Indian relics.

I am a reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. HERBERT K. PEIRE,
P. O. Box 296, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

MABEL C.—We suggest "Agate Club" as a pretty name for your society. In the language of gems agate signifies prosperity. Take each letter of the word as the initial of another gem, and let the sentiments of these gems be the mottoes of your club. You can give the name this interpretation: agate, prosperity; garnet, constancy; amethyst, love and truth; topaz, friendship; emerald, faith. If you wish for a club pin, you can have an agate in a simple setting, which would be a very pretty ornament, and not expensive.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I would like to know if the story about Captain Cook's goat is true. WILLIE W.

We only know of one goat connected with Captain Cook. This travelled beast twice circumnavigated the globe—first in the ship *Dolphin*, with the early discoverer Captain Wallis; and secondly in the ship *Endeavor*, with Captain Cook. After the goat arrived in England for the second time, the Lords of the Admiralty granted it the privilege of a residence in Greenwich Hospital, and a silver collar was put around its neck, inscribed with a Latin couplet composed by Dr. Johnson. But the goat, like many

Digitized by Google

other old sailors, did not apparently thrive on dry land, for it died in April, 1772, as it was about to be given to the old seamen at Greenwich for a pet, and less than a year after its return from the long voyage with Captain Cook.

C. B. M.—Postage stamps, if they are clean and in good order, will be received in payment for the covers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

"BILL."—We refer you to the advertisement of toy steam-engine in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53.

ERNST H.—Your insect from Colorado answers the description of the caddis-worm. This worm, which is a soft, white creature, lives under water in a movable house which it makes for itself out of bits of stone, pieces of shell, and grains of sand. It feeds on minute particles of water refuse. When its life as a worm is ended it forms a chrysalis, from which issues a fly with hairy wings called the caddis-fly, of which there are many species. The caddis-worm is much used as bait by fishermen.

The following communication is longer than those we can, as a rule, admit to the Post-office Box, but as we are sure it will be interesting to other little mothers of doll families, we make an exception in its favor:

My family of dolls are unfortunately all orphans. I had the parents of the four girls named French, but my brother Jack sat on the head of the papa, and hopelessly crushed it. The mamma I left too long in a sun bath, and her beautiful wax complexion melted all away.

Dora French is the oldest girl, and has auburn hair like the Empress Eugénie. Her hair comes off sometimes, but I use a sticking stuff for tonic, and fasten it on just as the ladies do their puffs. Dora is very graceful, and turns her head beautifully. She wears blue, to suit her hair.

Sue French is a brunette with handsome black eyes, long black hair, and bangs. She is very beautiful. My uncle sent her to me as soon as she arrived from France. She is named for my aunty Sue.

Lizzie French, the third girl, came over in the same steamer with Sue. She is the sweetest blonde, and is called for my own mamma. Both Sue and Lizzie are very fond of dress.

Louise Franck is the intelligent one of the family. She talks beautifully, and is always calling for mamma and papa; but, poor thing, they never answer her. Perhaps if they were alive, and had the strings in their sides pulled as hard as I pull those of poor Louise, they would answer lively enough. Louise has lovely teeth, but by an accident one was knocked out.

The baby is named Minnie. She is an American, and the pet of all the dolls. A lady found her in a doll's orphan asylum, or rather a big store. She is just too lovely for anything, and has lots of long clothes, like a real baby. She has a cradle with sheets, blankets, pillows, and quilts; a pretty baby carriage; a baby basket, lined with blue and trimmed with lace, which holds her brush, comb, sponge, soap, towels, nursing bottle, and rattle. She has caps, cloaks, and an afghan for her carriage.

I have almost forgotten dear Gretchen. She is not the little Dutch Gretchen who sat in the kitchen eating her cold sour-kraut, but is a cousin to the Misses French. Her trousseau came in the box with her; and such queer satin and white Swiss dresses, fanny little aprons, quaint slippers, fine stockings, and dear little hats you never saw, unless you have been in Switzerland. Her hair is light, and braided in two long plaits. I tell you she is a beauty; and although she is the youngest of all the dolls, except the baby, she is as tall as any of them.

Then there is Ho Shen Chee, the Chinaman. He is the only boy in the whole family. Mamma picked him up at the Centennial. He looked so forlorn and lonesome that mamma felt sorry for him, and brought him home. We do everything to make him happy, but he still has that sad look, and his head wobbles awfully. His clothes are a great trouble to us, for we can never make any like those he had on when he came.

The French girls have everything elegant. Their Saratoga trunk is filled with lovely dresses, shoes, bonnets, fans, stockings, gloves, jewelry, parasols, hats, dressing-cases and travelling bags, writing-paper and desk, watches, perfumery bottles, books, and everything that young ladies need. Their furniture is very handsome, too. Their bedstead was made to order, and has a mattress, pillows, sheets, and everything. They have a large bureau, a lounge, tables, chairs, and a cabinet filled with bric-a-brac. They have a small work-basket, with little scissors that open and shut, thimble, needles, and all other work-box necessities.

Olive, or Aunt Olive, as the dollies call her, is the very smallest, but the beauty of the family, and the richest. She lives in a large house with her adopted daughter Pussy, and a great many servants. Her house has five rooms—parlor, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, and bath-room, where real water runs from a faucet. All these rooms are furnished too lovely for anything. The windows have real glass and curtains; the doors have curtains too. We have a large barn (when I say we, I mean my brother Jack and myself, for he loves dolls as well as I do), which has horses and a dog-cart, in which Olive rides. We have a Park phaeton too. We build our farm-yard in one corner of the room, and our fort in another; these are the summer resorts. We move the things on Jack's big dray and cart. We play the figures in the carpet are lakes, rivers, and ponds. The dolls ride on these in our boats, which go on wheels. Away off in another part of the room we put up the tents. We build the railroad, and the dollies go out to the camp. When we want to take them to amusement, we build our theatre, which plays *Cinderella*. When they get tired of that we take them to the dog show, which is Jack's collection of beautiful china dogs. We have a race track, where the dolls go to the races on the elevated railroad which we set up. When they get hungry we put the cooking stove on the fender, with the pipe up the chimney, and make a fire, and really cook. Of course we do the eating, using our pretty blue and gilt dishes.

We only know one other little girl in New York, and she does not care to play with dolls; so Jack and I get in a room all by ourselves, and put up all these things, and I tell you we have a splendid time. When we get tired we put the dollies to bed, and get out their wash-tubs, boards, and irons, which we heat on the little stove, and wash and iron their little clothes.

Neat to reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, this is the best fun we have. BESSY GUYTON.

Favors are acknowledged from Percy Schuchardt, L. P. Wilson, Willie E. Billings, W. L. Bradley, Belle Sisson, Cass K. Shelby, A. G. Norris, John Moody T., Daisy May B., Annie Quinn, Bertha A. P., Frank A. Harmony, Abbie Parkhurst, Jessie De L., Hattie Cohen.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Bessie C. Morris, Florence Nightingale, Isabel L. Jacob, Clara B. Keiso, Lizzie, "Freeport, Illinois."

The following names are of those who sent answers to Wiggle No. 14 too late for acknowledgment with the others: Maggie and Harvey Crockett, Lucy P. W., Estelle R. Moshberger, Jackson, Bertie, Helen C. Edwards.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF COMBINED DIAMONDS.

Central.—In Westmoreland. A margin. A despicable person. Bipeds. In Ireland.
Upper Right Hand.—In game. Obscure. One of a class of laborers. A sea-fowl. In sport.
Upper Left Hand.—In grapes. Devoured. Something dreaded by sailors. To blunder. In melons.
Lower Right Hand.—In general. At present. A bird. Humor. In captain.
Lower Left Hand.—In amethyst. A tropical vegetable. A nobleman's house and lands. A tumultuous crowd. In emerald. OWLET.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in met, but not in rug.
My second in wasp, but not in hug.
My third is in red, but not in blue.
My fourth is in false, but not in true.
My fifth is in wren, but not in owl.
My sixth is in bird, but not in fowl.
My seventh is in calm, but not in rough.
My eighth is in shewl, but not in muff.
My ninth is in poem, but not in ditty.
My whole is a European city. MAGIS.

No. 3.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. My whole is a beautiful sheet of water composed of 12 letters.
My 8, 12, 5, 3, 9 is a river in Europe.
My 6, 2, 11 is a domestic animal.
My 4, 10, 7, 8, 12 often wakes the baby.
My 3, 12, 1 is always fresh. LITTLE SISTER.

2. My whole is composed of 12 letters, and is always in motion.
My 11, 2, 9, 8 can never be trusted.
My 4, 7, 12 is a fold.
My 10, 8 is a musical term.
My 8, 5, 1 is much used by the Japanese. JULIAN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 50.

No. 1.
```
      W          H
    V I A      B A G
  W I T C H - H A Z E L
    A C E      G E M
      H          L
```

No. 2.
```
J U R A    H A N D
U R A L    A G U E
R A A B    N U L L
A L B A    D E L L
```

No. 3. Wood-box.

No. 4. 1. Mustard seed. 2. Rhinoceros.

No. 5. Boston.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

To the hosts of young readers who bade Dr. Bronson and his nephews Fred and Frank good-by in Hong-Kong at the end of Part First of *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*[1] the announcement that, by the appearance of Part Second of this fascinating narrative, they may once more journey into strange lands with their young friends, will be a welcome one. Starting from Hong-Kong, the boys continue their travels down the coast to Singapore, stopping by the way in Cochin China, Anam, Cambodia, and Siam. From Singapore they sail through the Malayan Archipelago to Batavia, in doing which they cross the equator. From Batavia they take long excursions into the interior of the island of Java, and here the reader has again to leave them for a time while they make preparations for further explorations of the wonderful lands of the Far East.

The book is filled with tales of adventure by land and sea with pirates and wild animals, curious bits of history, accurate descriptions of strange people and queer customs, animals, birds, and plants. In it the author has so artfully blended instruction with amusement that the young reader is taught in spite of himself, and finds the driest facts interesting when presented in this charming form. The letter-press is supplemented by copious illustrations that appear upon nearly every page. The binding is very handsome, and the book bids fair to prove one of the notable attractions of this year's holiday season.

Most books of foreign travel are written with the view of cramming the minds of their readers with the greatest possible amount of information, and the result is apt to be a fit of mental indigestion from which the victim does not readily recover. In *Harry Ascott Abroad*,[2] however, the author has carefully avoided the text-book plan, and has confined himself to the simple relation of an American boy's every-day experience during a year's residence in Germany, and while travelling in Switzerland and France. The story is told in the boy's own language, and is made up of just such facts as will interest other boys, and at the same time teach them what to expect, and what mistakes to guard against, if they happen to find themselves in a position similar to that of Harry Ascott.

Mrs. Cochran (Sidney Dayre) has earned so enviable a reputation as a writer of short stories for children that while the "young readers" feel sure that anything from her pen must be interesting, their parents are equally confident that the tone of the story will be healthy and pure. *The Queer Little Wooden Captain*[3] and *The Little Lost Girl*, the two stories contained in the present volume, are Christmas tales, both of which, without moralizing, teach how much greater are the joys of giving than those of receiving.

[1] *The Boy Travellers in the Far East.* Part Second: Adventures of two Youths in a Journey to Siam and Java, with Descriptions of Cochin China, Cambodia, Sumatra, and the Malay Archipelago. By THOMAS W. KNOX. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 446. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *Harry Ascott Abroad.* By MATTHEW WHITE, JUN. 16mo, pp. 94. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

[3] *The Queer Little Wooden Captain.* By SIDNEY DAYRE. 16mo, pp. 103. Illustrated. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER OR DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $2 00, postage prepaid: Cover for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 18 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

BREAD AND MILK.

THE PEG-TOP.

SPIN away, spin away,
round and round—
The hum of the top has
a merry sound;
The peg-top's journey
is just beginning,
Ever so long it will go
on spinning.
Up in my hand, or
down on the ground,
Still the peg-top goes
round and round.
Baby looks on with
eyes so bright—
Isn't top spinning a
wonderful sight?

BREAD AND MILK.

BREAD and milk, bread
and milk, fit for a
king,
Plenty of sugar has
been put in;
Mix it up well with a silver spoon,
Wait till it cools, and don't eat it too soon!

Milk and bread, milk and bread, isn't it nice?
Why! the whole basinful's gone in a trice!
Oh! there is many a poor little boy
To whom bread and milk would be a great joy.

FLYING THE KITE.

FLY away, fly away, comical kite,
Up in the sky to a terrible height;
When you come back, tell us where you have been,
Where do the stars live, and what have you seen?

MAYING.

MAYING.

OH! who loves May, so sweet and gay?
A long, long way I've been to-day,
Over the fields and down the lane,
Into the copse, and back again;
Such a ramble, such a scramble,
Catching my dress on a blackberry bramble.
All the merry brown bees were humming,
And all the birdies sang, "Who's coming?"
And the butterflies came to my branch of May,
For I've been Queen of the Woods to-day.

FLYING THE KITE.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 54. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, November 9, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

A WORK OF ART.—Drawn by Jessie Curtis.

JACK-O'-LANTERN.

BY MARY E. FOLSOM.

Who is this nabob come to town,
After a long vacation?
He seems to have a host of friends,
And makes a great sensation.
He stalks about these frosty nights,
While troops of boys run after
To welcome him with merry jests
And ringing shouts of laughter.
'Tis Mr. Jack-o'-Lantern.

He towers above the noisy group
As though he were a grandee,
And struts about upon his stilts
As agile as a dandy.
You might think him an Eastern prince,
Because his skin's so yellow;
But spite of all his airs, he is
A common sort of fellow,
This Mr. Jack-o'-Lantern.

All summer long upon the ground
He lay forlorn, dejected;
No one in all the country round
Was quite so much neglected.
But see him now! with head aloft,
He shines with regal splendor,
And loyal subjects by the score
Admiring homage render.
How proud is Jack-o'-Lantern!

Now give three cheers for Jack, my lads—
Three rousing cheers, and hearty;
For is he not the brightest one
In all your jolly party?
And though his is an empty head,
He can with satisfaction
Amuse a crowd, and make himself
The centre of attraction.
Hurrah for Jack-o'-Lantern!

Digitized by Google

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 53, November 2.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

Chapter II.

It was shortly after his reaching Philadelphia that Lafayette met Washington for the first time. "Though surrounded by officers and citizens," writes the young Frenchman, "his majestic face and form could not be mistaken, while his kind and noble manners were not less unmistakable." The veteran commander and the boyish lover of liberty and adventure were instantly drawn to each other. Washington invited Lafayette to join him at a review of the American army—"eleven thousand men, only fairly armed, and worse clothed, their best clothing the gray hunting shirts of the Carolinas." "We can not but feel a little abashed," remarked Washington, "in the presence of an officer who comes to us from the army of France."

"It is to learn, not to teach, that I am here," was the modest reply. "This way of talking," adds Lafayette, "made a good impression, for it was not common among the Europeans."

On the 11th of September, 1777, Lafayette saw his first battle. The English had landed at the Capes of the Delaware, and marched on Philadelphia. Washington was deceived by bad scouts, and before he knew it the British had got past his army; and though the Americans fought bravely, they were obliged to give way. In trying to rally them, Lafayette was badly wounded by a musket-ball in the leg. For some time, in his zeal, he did not notice the wound, until an aide-de-camp saw the blood, which had filled his boot, and was running over the top. Hastily dismounting to have the wound bandaged, Lafayette instantly took to his saddle again; and it was only at midnight, a dozen miles from the battle-field, and when a stand had at last been made, that he consented to give up and be properly cared for. For six weeks he was kept in bed; and it was not until the latter part of November that he again entered active service, which he did before his wound was fully healed. On the 25th of that month, at the head of three hundred and fifty men, he was making a "reconnoissance," *i. e.*, trying to find where the enemy were, and how many there were of them, when he suddenly came upon the British advance guard, strongly placed, with cannon. With a daring joined with prudence which was very rare in one so young, he attacked the enemy with such spirit that they thought he must have a large force with him, and retreated. Lafayette, who knew he might soon be surrounded with his little band, withdrew rapidly to a place of safety. "My experiment would have cost me dear," he writes, "if those who might have destroyed me had not counted too much on those who ought to have captured me." The British General was Lord Cornwallis, who then took the first of many lessons which Lafayette, "the boy," as he called him, was to teach him in the art of war.

This little fight had quite important results. It gave Washington time to get his army safely back into the country, and to take up quarters for the winter at Valley Forge. Congress was greatly pleased, and passed a vote asking Washington to give Lafayette command of a division, which was done. Scarcely turned twenty, the young soldier found himself at the head of a body of picked men, mostly Virginians, whom he tried hard to make the flower of the army in activity, discipline, and courage. He shared all the hardships and miseries of the terrible winter at Valley Forge, where the army underwent untold sufferings. From 18,000 men it was reduced to 5000.

The British lay well housed and idle in Philadelphia. There was no fighting going on, and the country simply forgot and neglected its gallant soldiers. These were camped in a wooded hollow among the hills, and during that winter deeper snow than had been seen for many years buried the country.

Lafayette writes that "in his night visits about the camp" he found the sentinels with bare feet frozen at their posts, and men without coats, often without shirts, huddled on beds of branches about the camp fires, unable, from hunger and cold, to sleep. For days together one scant meal a man was all that could be had. In the midst of such suffering the noble boy lived as his men did, fasting as they fasted, and denying himself everything. "Ill at ease" as he had been "among the pleasures of a Paris festival," he was at home on that cold hill-side, and attracted universal admiration by his simple self-denial, his cheerful and constant devotion.

Meanwhile Congress was divided into two quarrelsome parties; and while it had not time to attend to Washington's earnest prayers for relief for his starving army, it found plenty of time to plan to put another General over his head, and to try to carry on the war without him. To aid in this mad scheme they sought to win Lafayette by offering him a separate command of an army that was to march into Canada.

Faithful in his duty to his commander and his friends, Lafayette refused to take the place unless he could receive all his orders direct from Washington. This could not be refused, but it cooled the zeal of Congress, and when Lafayette arrived at Albany, where he was to have found men and means for the invasion of Canada, he found neither one nor the other. Seeing that it was too late to wait long for them, he promptly gave up the plan. He took a long journey northward to try to make friends with the Indians, whom he managed with great skill, and then came back to camp with Washington. He was very glad to rejoin his beloved General, who immediately gave him command of his old division, and sent him out, as he had done in the fall, to get news of the enemy.

Clinton, the English commander, learned of the movement, and resolved to capture the daring "youngster." Lafayette had only 2000 men and no cannon; Clinton sent out 7000 with fourteen cannon after him. Some militia placed to guard a road that led around Lafayette's little army fled when the enemy came up, and before he knew it Lafayette was surrounded. Clinton, delighted with the prospect, sent an invitation to his lady friends in Philadelphia to meet Lafayette at supper that evening, so sure was he of capturing him; and the Admiral of the fleet was directed to set apart a vessel to take the prisoner to England. But they were reckoning without their host. Lafayette never lost his cool head for a moment. Arranging his men in the woods so as to make them seem many more than they were, he marched with such order that the English were deceived, and feared to attack him, and while they hesitated he got his men out of the trap into which they had fallen, and returned to the main camp.

Before the winter-quarters were broken up, and the fighting for the summer of 1778 began, Lafayette had the great joy of announcing to the American army that the King of France was going to send a fleet and an army to aid the United States. Then, for the first time, he felt sure of final victory. He was immensely pleased to think that he was going to be able to fight side by side with his own countrymen on American soil for American liberty. It was largely his own wisdom and zeal that had brought about this result, for young as he was, he already showed himself a far-sighted statesman, as well as a brave, skillful, and prudent soldier.

Although he had been less than a year in the country, he had endeared himself to all hearts, and had especially won the entire confidence of General Washington.

[To be continued.]

Digitized by Google

STAMP COLLECTING.

BY J. J. CASEY.

I HAVE no doubt that many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE are stamp collectors, and that many more are ready to become stamp collectors if they are started properly. Little difficulty is experienced at the present day in getting a good assortment of stamps, because the great spread of the postal system, and the resulting increase of correspondence, bring the stamps of every foreign country into the business houses of New York. But the main difficulty is so to manage with the stamps as to make them more than a plaything for a few weeks—to make them really instructive, and their possessors real Philatelists.

The materials requisite for the beginner are very few—a blank book, some sheets of very thin writing-paper, and a small bottle of pure gum-arabic dissolved in water and made thin. Of course, when the collection increases and begins to assume form, this blank book must give way to a special album; but in the beginning a small book, worth, say, four or five cents, will suffice. Thus provided, you are ready to begin your collection.

Every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE has friends who have a correspondence more or less extensive, and whose desks are, therefore, store-houses of postage stamps. Requests for these stamps will seldom be denied, and in a very little while the beginner will have enough to make a start. Look over the specimens, pick out those that are the cleanest, and put aside as useless those that are torn or much defaced. Remove any superfluous paper from the back of the stamps selected for use by carefully touching the backs with warm water, when the adhering paper can easily be peeled off. Then cut the sheets of thin writing-

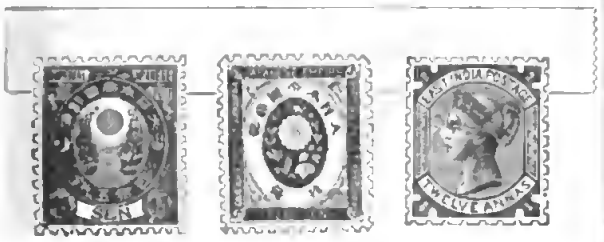


FIG. 1.

paper into strips half an inch wide, gum along one edge of the strips, and lay the stamps on the gummed edge as in Fig. 1. Next cut the strips and trim the paper as in Fig. 2. Now fold this little strip of paper backward, so as to make a hinge, and fasten it to the blank page by a touch of gum. This is called mounting the stamp.

FIG. 2.

Now you may ask why all this labor, all this patience, with a lot of common stamps. Simply this: this system has been adopted by all Philatelists, but only after many trials, and the destruction of many fine specimens; and it is well, therefore, to be guided by the experience of others. Again, the collection will increase in interest, which could not be the case if no pains were taken in the mounting, and it will increase in size. You will, of course, desire to transfer the stamps to a more pretentious and permanent album. A little moisture will loosen the strip from the first book, when it can be placed in the new book without damage. Even when here you may wish to replace it by a better specimen without injury to the book. Another plan is to mount the stamps on thin card-board a trifle larger than the stamp, gum a square of paper to the back of the card, and a touch of gum to the centre will fasten it to the page.

But why hinge the stamp? Simply to enable you to write under it the date of issue, its cost, and certain other matters connected with the stamp itself, so that you may have at hand the few facts necessary to be known—all of which is necessary if you wish to be a true Philatelist.

Another point to which particular attention is directed: do not cut the stamps close up to the printed designs; if perforated, do not cut off the perforations. Aside from destroying the appearance of the stamps, you also destroy their value for collectors. Not long since a very large collection of stamps was sold by auction. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars must have been spent in purchasing the specimens, among which were numbers of all rarities. The owner had trimmed and trimmed his specimens, cutting away everything up to the printed design. The collection went for a mere song, in comparison to what it would have brought if the scissors had been left alone. No true collector fancies a mutilated specimen.

Thus far I have told you how to select your specimens, and prepare them for your blank book. At the outset it is likely you will receive nothing but current stamps of the several countries. Take all you get, select the best of each kind for yourself, and keep the others to make exchanges with your companions. That you may have some idea of the value of your specimens, it would be well to provide yourself with a catalogue of stamps, in which you will find full lists of all stamps issued, and in some many illustrations of the stamps. By exercising judgment in your exchanges you will soon be enabled to get together quite a number of good specimens from all quarters of the globe, and these without spending a single penny. Of course there is a limit to this mode of collecting, and you will soon find that you will require some loose change in order to add to your album. But do not let this frighten you. As interest in your collection increases—and it will increase if you start out properly—ways and means will suggest themselves for getting desired specimens, and you will be astonished how much you can do at a little outlay. My collection, which numbers over fourteen thousand specimens, and which at the very lowest estimate is worth $15,000, has not cost me $1500 in money. And all this by making judicious use of the knowledge I acquired gradually, and by following out the principles I have laid down for your guidance. And my stamps are to-day as great a source of pleasure to me, if not greater, as were the first specimens I got eighteen or twenty years ago.

What I have written thus far applies only to postage or revenue stamps. Stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards must be managed differently, but it will be well to leave the proper mounting of these until you have advanced with your "adhesives." For the present, therefore, it will suffice to say, Do not cut out the designs from the envelope, wrapper, or card. Keep whole. However, the system of stamps has increased so enormously that it is next to impossible to keep up with the different classes. As a consequence, collectors are turning to specialties. Some devote themselves to postal adhesives, others to revenue stamps; some to stamped envelopes and wrappers, others to postal cards; and some, again, collect nothing but the private die proprietary stamps of the United States. Each of these is a field large enough in

itself to be covered properly, and the one who attempts to cover all, or even several, will require a very long purse, and more time than can be spared in this busy age.

Make your choice, therefore, and stick to that alone.

FARM-HOUSE PETS IN JAPAN.

BY ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE Japanese people are very fond of pets. It is very rare to find a house entirely destitute of some favorite animal, from the costly *chin* (King Charles spaniel) to the bob-tailed cat that purrs near the tea-kettle on the *hibachi*, or fire-box. Canary-birds are quite common, and in place of something more rare, tiny bantam fowls are caressed and petted. Even a "rain-frog," or tree-toad, has been made a child's darling, while the little water turtles with fringed tails are prized as rare objects of delight.

In the country the boys of the family catch by trap or pit the wild animals on the hills, and tame them. Hares are the most common creatures caught, and in a little box of pine wood, with an open front of bamboo cane, the little pet finds a home. It soon learns to run about the house, and stand on its hind-legs to nibble bits of radish or lumps of boiled rice from the children's hands.

Sometimes the farmers find bigger game in their snares, such as badgers and foxes. If the badger is young, or if the boys can find an old mother badger's nest, the little cubs can be easily tamed. If kindly treated, kept from dogs, and not provoked, they are quite harmless.

But the big badgers are very snappish, and their bites are dangerous. In the picture we see the old lady of the farm-house, quite scared at the big badger which one of her sons has caught and hung up by the legs. See her girdle tied in front, as is the fashion with old ladies in Japan. "*Naru hodo!* what a nasty beast!" she is saying. By-and-by the boys will kill the brute with arrows, and sell the skin to the drum-maker and the hair to the brush-maker, and the dogs will have a fine feast.

What is that little board at the top, with a rope on either side?

That is the farmer's device to keep the birds away from his rice just planted. The string makes the crows afraid, and the short bits of bamboo clatter against the board, and scare off the little birds. The old badger is tied up by the legs on one of these posts in the field.

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER IX.

BENNY'S PARTY.

MR. MORTON'S school closed on the last day of June, and the parents of the pupils were so well pleased with the progress their sons had made that they almost all thanked the teacher, besides paying him, and they hoped that he would open it again in the autumn. Mr. Morton thanked the gentlemen in return, and said he would think about it; he was not certain that he could afford to begin a new term unless more pupils were promised, although he did not believe the entire county could supply better boys than those he had already taught at Laketon.

The boys, when they heard this, determined that they would not be outdone in the way of compliment, so they resolved, at a full meeting held in Sam Wardwell's father's barn, that Mr. Morton was a brick, and the class would prove it by giving him as handsome a gold watch chain as could be bought by a contribution of fifty cents from each of the twenty-three boys. Every boy paid in his fifty cents, although some of them had to part with special treasures in order to get the money: Benny Mallow sacrificed his whole collection of birds' eggs, which included forty-seven varieties, after having first vainly endeavored to raise the money upon two mole-skins, his swimming tights, and a very large lion that he had spent nearly a day in cutting from a menagerie poster. The chain, suitably inscribed, was formally presented in a neat speech by Joe Appleby; Paul Grayson absolutely refused to do it, insisting that Joe was the real head of the school; indeed, Paul himself asked Joe to make the speech, and from that time forth Joe himself pronounced Paul a royal good fellow, and even introduced him to all girls of his acquaintance who wore long dresses.

For at least a month after school closed the boys were as busy at one sort of play and another as if they had a great deal of lost time to make up. Getting ready for the Fourth of July consumed nearly a week, and getting over the accidents of the day took a week more. Some of the boys went fishing every day; others tried boating; two

Digitized by Google

or three made long pedestrian tours—or started on them—and a few went with Mr. Morton and Paul on short mineralogical and botanical excursions.

Then, just as mere sport began to be wearisome, August came in, and the larger fruits of all sorts began to ripen. Fruit was so plenty in and about Laketon that no one attached special value to it; a respectable boy needed only to ask in order to get all he could eat, so boys were invited to each other's gardens to try early apples or plums or pears, and as no boy was exactly sure which particular fruit or variety he most liked, the visits were about as numerous as the varieties. Later in the month the peaches ripened; and as the boy who could not eat a hatful at a sitting was not considered very much of a fellow, several hours of every clear day were consumed by attention to peach-trees.

Besides all these delightful duties a great deal of talking had to be done about the coming cold season. Boys who had spent unsatisfactory autumns and winters in other years began in time to trade for such skates, or sleds, or game bags, or other necessities as they might be without, and the result was that some other boys who traded found themselves in a very bad way when cold weather came. Between all the occupations named, time flew so fast that September and the beginning of another school term were very near at hand before any boy had half finished all that he had meant to do during vacation.

"DE COUNTERFEITER DONE BROKE OUT OB DE JAIL!"

There were still some pleasant things to look forward to, though: court would sit in the first week of September, and then the counterfeiter would be tried, while on the very first day of September would come Benny Mallow's birthday party—an affair that every year was looked forward to with pleasure, for Benny's mother, although far from rich, was very proud of her children, and always made their little companies as pleasant as any ever given in Laketon for young people. When Benny's birthday anniversary arrived every respectable boy who knew him was sure to be invited, even if he had shamefully cheated Benny in a trade a week before, and Benny generally was cheated when he traded at all, for whatever thing he wanted seemed so immense beside what he had to offer for it, that year by year he seemed to own less and less.

At last the night of the party came, and even Joe Appleby, whose own birthday parties were quite choice affairs, was manly enough to declare that it was the finest thing of the year. The house was tastefully dressed with flowers, which always grew to perfection in Mrs. Mallow's garden, and the lady of the house knew just how to use them to the best advantage. Benny and his sister received the guests; and although Benny was barely twelve years old that day, and rather small for his age, he appeared quite graceful and manly in his new Sunday suit, which had not, like the new suits of most of the Laketon boys, been cut with a view to his growing within the year. His sister Bessie was only a month or two beyond her tenth birthday, but in white muslin and blue ribbons, with her flaxen hair in a long heavy braid on her back, and her bright blue eyes and delicate pink cheeks, she was pretty enough to distract attention from some girls who wore longer dresses, and, indeed, from several girls in very long dresses, who had been invited out of respect for the tastes of Joe Appleby, Will Palmer, and Paul Grayson.

Mrs. Mallow was as successful at entertaining young people as she was in dressing her children and ornamenting her little cottage. She had prepared charades, and given Bessie a lot of new riddles to propose, and she herself played on her rather old piano some airs that the boys enjoyed far more than they did the "exercises" that their sisters were continually drumming. Several of the boys were rather disappointed at there being no kissing games, but they compromised on "choosing partners"; and as there were some guessing tricks, in which the boys who missed had each to select a girl, and retire to the hall with her until a new "guess" was agreed upon, it is quite probable that most of the boys enjoyed opportunities for kissing their particular lady friends once or twice.

As for the supper, a month passed before Sam Wardwell could think of it without his mouth watering. There were chicken salad and three kinds of cake, and ice-cream and water ices and lemonade, and oranges and bananas that had come all the way from New York in a box by themselves, and there were mottoes and mixed candies and figs and raisins and English walnuts, while so many of the almonds had double kernels that every girl in the room ate at least two philopenas, and therefore had

Digitized by Google

enough to busy her mind for a day in determining what presents she would claim.

But, in spite of a well-supplied table and forty or fifty appetites that never had been known to fail, full justice was not done to that supper, for while at least half of the company had not got through with the cream and ices, and Sam Wardwell had only had time to taste one kind of cake (having helped himself three times to chicken salad), a small colored boy, who knew by experience that news-carrying levels all ranks, if only the news is great enough, knocked at the door, and asked for Benny. While the door stood ajar, and Mrs. Mallow went in search of her boy, the spectacle of a number of other boys standing in the hall was too much for the colored boy, so he gasped, "De counterfeiter done broke out oh de jail!"

Then there was a time. Two or three of the boys abandoned their partners at once, and hurried to the door to ask questions, while one or two more seized their hats, sneaked toward the back door, walked leisurely out, as if they merely wished to cool off, and then started on a rapid run for the jail. Benny wished to follow them—and not for the purpose of bringing them back, either—and all of his mother's reasoning powers and authority had to be exerted to keep her son from forsaking his guests. Strangest of all, Paul Grayson, who had throughout the evening made himself so agreeable to at least half a dozen of the young ladies that he was pronounced just too splendid for anything, had been among the first to run away! Benny said he never would have thought it of Paul, and his mother said the very same thing, while the girls, who but a few moments before had been loud in his praise, now clustered together, with very red cheeks, and agreed that if a mean old counterfeiter was more interesting than a lot of young ladies, why, they were sure that *Mister* Paul Grayson was entirely welcome to all he could see of the horrid wretch.

Still, the party went on, after a fashion, although some of the girls were rather absent-minded for a few moments, until they had determined what particularly cutting speeches they would make to their beaux when next they met them. They did not have long to wait, for soon the boys came straggling back, Sam Wardwell being the first to arrive, for, as on reaching the jail Sam could learn nothing, and found nothing to look at but the open door of the empty cell, he shrewdly determined that there might yet be time to get some more ice-cream if he hurried back. Somehow none of the girls abused him; on the contrary, they seemed so anxious to know all about the escape that Sam was almost sorry that he had not remained away longer and learned more.

Then Ned Johnston returned. He had been lucky enough to meet a man who had wanted to be Deputy-Sheriff and jail-keeper, but had failed; he told Ned that the jailer had stupidly forgotten to bolt the great door, after having examined the inside of the cell, as he did every night before retiring, to see if the prisoner had been attempting to cut through the walls. The prisoner had been smart enough to listen, and to notice that the bolts were not shot nor the key turned, so he had quietly walked out, and had not Mr. Wardwell met him on the street, and recognized him in spite of the darkness, and hurried off to tell the Sheriff, no one would have known of the escape until morning. There was not the slightest chance of catching the prisoner again, the would-be deputy had said to Ned; there wasn't brains enough in the Sheriff and all his staff to get the better of a smart man; but things would be very different if proper men were in office.

When the party finally broke up, several boys were still missing; but as their absence gave several other boys the chance to escort two girls home instead of one, these faithful beaux determined that they had not lost so very much by remaining, after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUNTRY ANECDOTES.

I ONCE saw a life-and-death struggle between two apparently very unequal opponents—a frog and a beetle. As I was standing near the cellar window, which was below-ground, and protected by an iron grating, I noticed in the area below it a large frog, which, at regular intervals of one or two minutes, leaped from one side of the little inclosure to the other. I looked more closely, and saw that it was each time followed by a black beetle, that walked backward and forward, not seeming at all discouraged when the frog, every time it reached it, jumped back over its head, and so escaped. It was evidently a trial of strength and perseverance between the two, and I was anxious to see which would first give in. They went on, however, for such a long time that I grew tired of watching them, and went away. The next morning, as I was again passing, I looked down the area to see what had been the result of the struggle, and, strange to say, it was still going on; the beetle deliberately hunting its victim, which, whenever they were about to meet, escaped by a great leap to the other side of its prison. Not until that evening did it end: then the poor frog, tired out, and too much exhausted to make any resistance, became the prey of its enemy, and no doubt furnished its meals for many a day.

As there were a good many rats about the out-houses and wood stacks, professional rat-catchers used to come once or twice a year, with their dogs and ferrets, and were paid according to the number they killed. Once when our gardener was assisting at the work of destruction he pulled one of the ferrets out of a hole, where it had been killing a brood of young rats. The poor mother, who had probably just returned from an expedition in search of food for her young ones, rushed out after the ferret, ran up the man's leg, on to his shoulder, and down his arm, quite blind to her own danger, and only desirous to reach the object of her vengeance in his hand.

OUR BABY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

MR. MARTIN has gone away. He's gone to Europe or Hartford or some such place. Anyway I hope we'll never see him again. The expressman says that part of him went in the stage and part of him was sent in a box by express, but I don't know whether it is true or not.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and it can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby and saying "ain't it perfectly sweet!" Why I wouldn't change Sitting Bull for a dozen babies, or at least I wouldn't change him if I had him. After the time he bit Mr. Martin's leg father said "that brute sha'n't stay here another day." I don't know what became of him, but the next morning he was gone and I have never seen him since. I have had great sorrows though people think I'm only a boy.

The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say "Here, Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute, that's a good boy," and then as soon as you have got it they say "Don't do that my goodness gracious the boy will kill the child hold it up straight you good-for-nothing little wretch." It is pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that's the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday mother and Sue went out to make calls and told me to stay home and take care of the baby.

There was a base-ball match but what did they care? They didn't want to go to it and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while and that if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it from crying and be sure you don't let it swallow any pins. Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just for a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up stairs again the baby was awake and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish with a sponge in it on the end of a wire that Sue uses to black her shoes, because girls are too lazy to use a regular blacking-brush.

The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle and I sat down to read the Young People. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge and about half his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it.

Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried just as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get the baby dressed again when mother and Sue came in.

I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain and an unnatural son it will wrinkle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about father but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something that wouldn't hurt much.

The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctor says it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think that it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

THE UNLUCKY SETTLERS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

DEACON WHITNEY'S drug store fronted on the green, and Steve had just come out, and his father was standing in the door.

Just then Andy Yokum called out across the street, "Steve! Steve Whitney! what are we boys going to do with this here Saturday, now we've lost our ball?"

"I know what I'd like to do. Come over here."

"What is it, Steve?"

"Well, you see, Andy, I was down to old Captain Hollowboy's after school yesterday with a lot of all sorts of chemicals and things he'd been buying, and I knocked and I knocked, and I couldn't get in; so I went around to the back door, and there was Captain Hollowboy looking up at the biggest hornets' nest you ever saw."

"Hornets' nest? Wasn't he trying to break 'em up?"

"No, sir! He was just looking at 'em. And he told me he'd been watching that nest ever since the hornets began on it."

"Haven't they stung him yet?"

"Well, no; he said they hadn't. He's an old bachelor, you know, and he said hornets were good enough neighbors as long as there weren't any small boys around."

"Couldn't we get him to let us go in on that nest?"

"That's just what I asked him, and he said—"

"Hold up, Steve—here he comes!"

"Good-morning, Captain Hollowboy. Toothache, eh? I'll get you something."

"Tootbache, Deacon! No, it isn't toothache. Is this the drug store? Have I got here? Can't but just see."

"Steve," shouted Audy, "just look at his face! It's all mud."

Captain Hollowboy had taken away his great red bandana handkerchief to look around him, and Deacon Whitney was holding up both his hands.

"What is the matter, Captain?"

"Hornets, Deacon, hornets. The most pernicious and ungrateful of all insects. I have applied aqueously saturated alluvium, but I want some ammonia."

"Slapped on some mud first, and now you want to try some hartshorn? That's right. I'll get you some quick."

He was getting behind the counter very fast for so fat a man, but Steve shouted, "Hurrah, Andy! let's go for the Captain's nest."

"Do, my dear boys, do. I consent to their utter obliteration and extermination; but I wish you would preserve their interesting domicile intact."

"He means, Andy, that we may kill the hornets, but we mustn't spoil the nest. He's awful on big words."

"How did it happen?" asked the Deacon, as he held out a big bottle and a sponge.

"Happen? It was no fault of mine. I did bnt attempt an unobtrusive inspection of the marvellous ramifications of their intricate habitation."

"That's it," said Steve. "He stuck his nose into the nest, and they all went for him. Come on, Andy."

They were out of sight by the time half the mud had been sponged from the Captain's long lean face, but before they reached his queer little house, at the further corner of the village green, the hornets were in trouble.

Harman Strauss and Bill Ogden and Van Seaver had seen the Captain run, and they all knew about that hornets' nest.

"Fire's the thing," said Van.

"Biggest smoke we can make," said Harm Strauss.

"We must wrap our heads up," said Bill Ogden, "but it 'll be the biggest kind of a Saturday."

Van had some matches in his pocket, and the heap of sticks and straw and chips the boys gathered for him was a foot high by the time he got the third match well a-going.

The hornet's nest was a big one, and there was a wonderfully numerous tribe of winged settlers in it. They had picked out a fine airy place to hang their house—just under the eaves of the open shed, back of Captain Hollowboy's one-story kitchen, at the corner.

The right place for the fire was at the foot of the upright corner post, but Harman Strauss told Van, "If we stick it there, Van, we'll set the house afire."

"That 'd never do," said Bill Seaver. "It's jam-full of all sorts of chemicals and things. There'd be an awful blow-up if that house got afire."

"Might spoil the village."

"Oh, but wouldn't it blow those hornets good and high!"

Just at that moment Steve Whitney and Andy Yokum came over the fence. They did not even wait to put their handkerchiefs around their necks and faces before they began to gather great bunches of weeds.

It was time every boy of them had some kind of a brush in his hand, for the angry insects had smelled the smoke, and were coming out to see about it.

Such a fire department as they turned themselves into! Or, rather, they set out as a kind of police brigade to fight a crowd of young incendiaries, and save Captain Hollowboy's house from being set on fire and burned up. They were at least determined that not one of those boys should get any nearer the house they had so carefully built for themselves against the eaves.

Digitized by Google

"Mud! mud!" shouted Steve, in half a minute. "Boys, where does the Captain keep his mud?"

"Have they stung you?"

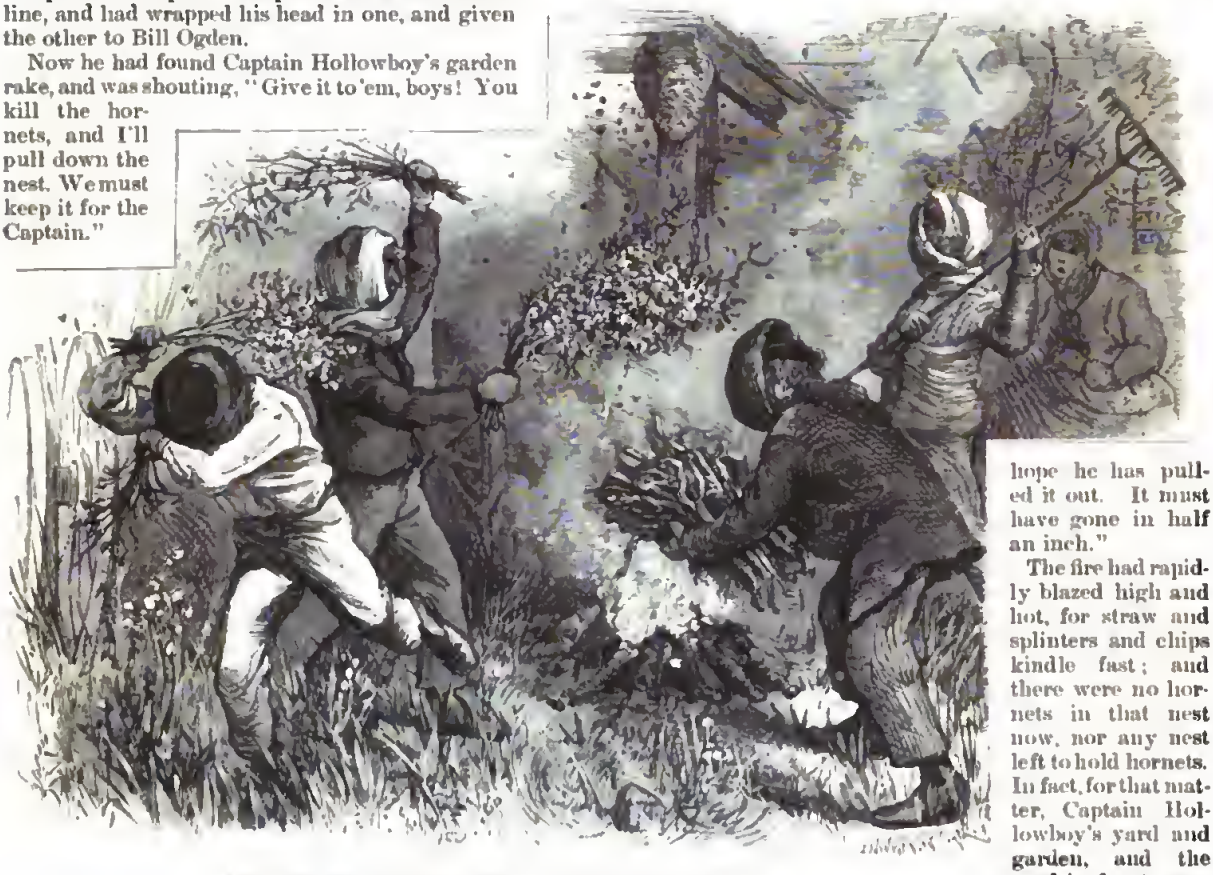
"Oh, my nose!"

Steve had just started to run for some mud, when he gave another shrill whoop, "Yow! he's in my neck!" and there was no such thing as any other boy helping him, for each one of them was thrashing away at the nearest hornet. That is, except Van, for he had been after some more sticks, and was just putting them on the fire when he felt as if some one had dropped a live coal right on his left ankle.

"Wah!" yelled Van; "I've burned a hole in one of my stockings. Ou! it's burned another! Oh, boys, it's two hornets lit right side by side. Oh dear!" and there he was, rolling over in the grass, and striking with a bunch of weeds at something he saw in the air above him.

Harman Strauss had been the wisest of them all, for he had pulled a couple of damp towels off the clothes-line, and had wrapped his head in one, and given the other to Bill Ogden.

Now he had found Captain Hollowboy's garden rake, and was shouting, "Give it to 'em, boys! You kill the hornets, and I'll pull down the nest. We must keep it for the Captain."



SMOKING THE HORNETS' NEST.—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.

"He wants it for a specimen," explained Steve Whitney.

"Will he pickle it somehow?" asked Andy; but at that moment it seemed to him as if he had leaned against a red-hot pin, and he clapped his hand to his side. He had better not have dropped his bunch of weeds just then, for in a second more he was calling out, "Van! Van! did you say you knew where the mud was?"

"Here it is, Andy, right by the cistern. The Captain must have stirred it up for himself."

"And they kept right on stinging him while he was putting it on."

"Yah! That's just what they're doing now. They can sting right through a shirt sleeve."

"Sting? I guess they can; right through anything. Oh dear! I've got another! Boys, we won't leave one of 'em!"

"Boys! boys! I say, boys, what are you doing? I never indicated my assent to the application of fire!"

"I declare!" exclaimed Deacon Whitney, as he came through the gate behind Captain Hollowboy, "the young rascals have set them all a-going."

"Can you see, Deacon? I can not with any accuracy. Where have they located the combustion?"

"Stuck their bonfire right under the nest, Captain. Let 'em alone. The upright's burnin' a leetle, but you can put it out easy."

As he said that, Harm Strauss made a valiant pull with his rake, and down came the nest right into the bonfire.

"There!" exclaimed Steve, "you've spoiled it!"

"Such an exceptionally well-developed specimen!" groaned the Captain. "Pull it out, one of you."

"Oh! oh!" roared the Deacon, clapping both hands on his ample stomach, and doing his best to lean over; "I hope he has pulled it out. It must have gone in half an inch."

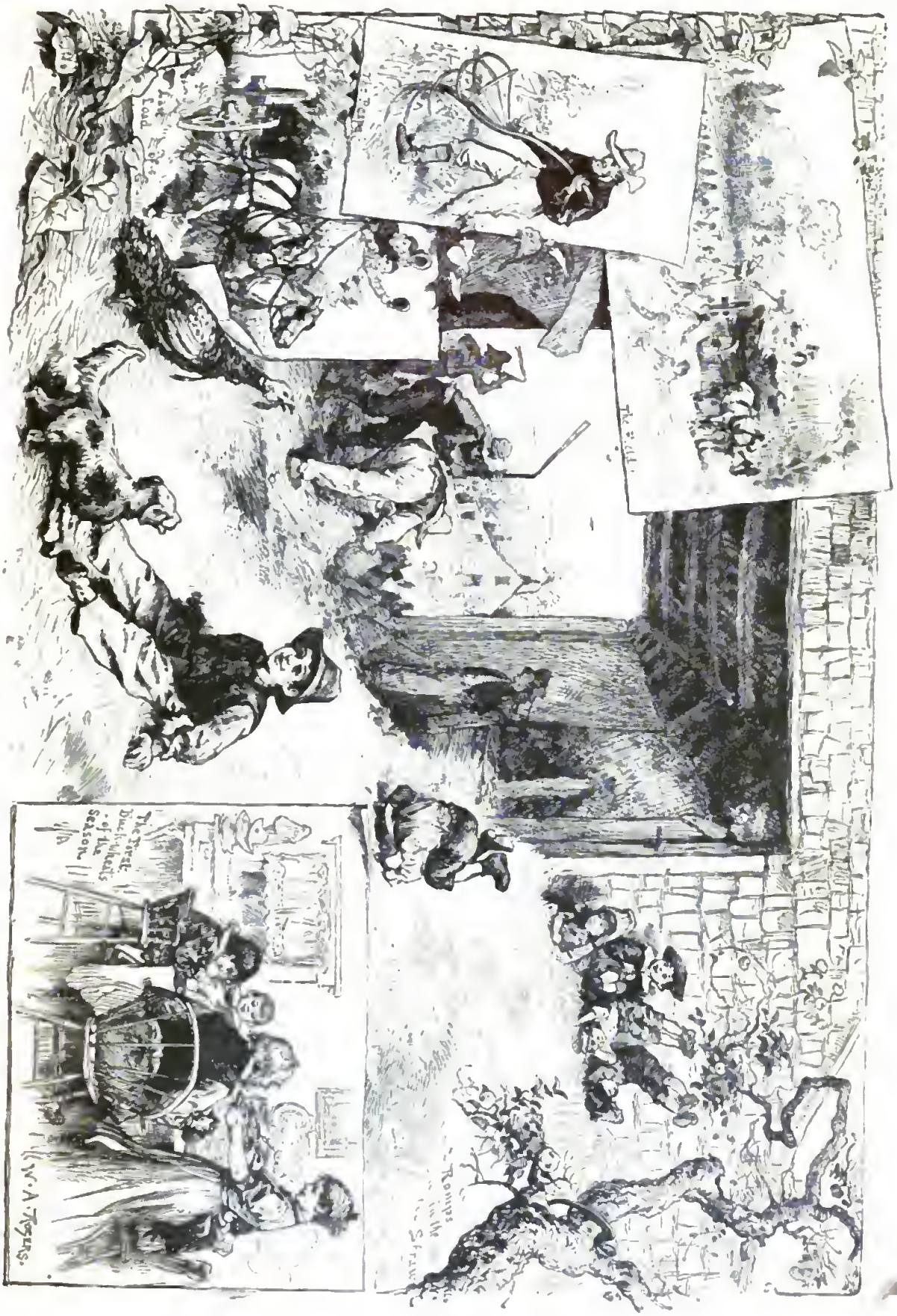
The fire had rapidly blazed high and hot, for straw and splinters and chips kindle fast; and there were no hornets in that nest now, nor any nest left to hold hornets. In fact, for that matter, Captain Hollowboy's yard and garden, and the road in front, were too small to hold what was left of them, and any men and boys at the same time.

Old Mrs. Jones, who lived next door, put her head out of her window to see what was going on, and then that window came down with a great slam; and the next thing seen of Mrs. Jones, her silver spectacles were dropping off into the water-pail as she stooped over it.

There was no doubt but what that settlement of hornets was thoroughly broken up; but Captain Hollowboy led the way back to the drug store, and they were all ready to go with him.

"I am sorry," he said to the Deacon, "that you or any of my young friends are suffering physical inconvenience from the atrocious assaults of those pernicious insects, but I regret the obliteration of so remarkable a specimen of their ingenuity."

Digitized by Google



BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Digitized by Google

ANCIENT EGYPT.

OF all the curious works of the ancient Egyptians, the most strange and dream-like are the sphinxes. They are innumerable along the Nile, half man, half beast, carved in solid stone. But one—known as the Sphinx—the largest and most wonderful, sits near the Pyramids, with staring stone eyes that seem to have almost learned to see. It is half buried in the sands. Its head rises more than sixty feet above its base. Whole avenues of sphinxes lined the courts of the Egyptian temples. Then there are the tombs, or catacombs, where the mummies are preserved—long galleries cut in the rock, decorated with paintings, covered with the dust of generations. Along the river these cemeteries are almost numberless. On the walls are drawn all the various occupations of the people. The fisherman is seen drawing his nets, the ploughman driving his team, the soldier returning from the war. But the most curious of the catacombs are those devoted to the preservation of the mummies of cats, bulls, birds of all kinds, and crocodiles. The Egyptians worshipped animals and birds, and when they died, preserved their bodies by a singular process. The bull (Apis) was adored at Memphis, and his death was a season of general woe. When a cat in a house at Thebes died, all the family went in mourning, and shaved their eyebrows.

THE GRAND PROCESSION.

BY MARY DENSEL.

ELSIE BAKER was sitting on a log in the wood-shed, gloomily listening to her brother Joe, who was talking with much enthusiasm.

"For I tell you, sir," said he to Elsie, "it isn't every boy who'll get a chance to be in that percession to-night, sir. There'll be a thousand torches, and speeches, and fire-works; and the train leaves Porter's Corner at six o'clock; and Mr. Hill says to me, 'You be on hand, Joe, you and Jack Stone, and you may go to Portland along of the "Continentals," and march each side of the flag, and wear white rubber capes, and carry a torch apiece if you like.' It's to be the biggest show of the season, and—"

"I can't go," burst in Elsie. "Just because I'm a girl I can never go anywhere or see anything."

"Of course not," assented Joe, cheerfully. "Girls never can. I go because father's in Ohio, and I'm the man of the family. I declare I shouldn't wonder if half the people in Portland should think Jack and I could vote when they see us *percessing*. Three cheers for Hanfield!"

Hanfield? Hanfield? That did not sound quite right, Joe meditated. Hanfield? Well, never mind. There was no time to waste over names. If Joe would help toward the election of a President of the United States, he must be off and away for Jack Stone, or the two would miss the train.

And Elsie? Poor little Elsie was left forlorn. She was quite alone, for her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbor, and would not even be at home for tea.

"Oh, *why* shouldn't a girl do just what her brother does, and have some fun?" thought Elsie, bitterly. "Or else why wasn't I born a boy?"

She sat close to the andirons in front of the wood fire, and more and more dismal did she grow. She had nearly come to wondering whether it was really worth while to live if one had to be only a girl, when the front door burst open, and in bounced Master Joe.

"Elsie," cried he, grasping her by the arm, "here's your chance. You can go."

"Go? go?" repeated Elsie, flushing crimson with excitement.

Joe hurried on. "Jack Stone's sick. Earache—both ears—onions on' em—here's his cap—who'll know you're not a boy?—tuck up your skirts—on with this big cape—come!"

Elsie was beside herself. "Mother wouldn't let me," she half gasped.

"Did she ever say you mustn't?" argued Joe. "Like as not we'll be back before she is. Don't be a goose. There's no time to talk. Hurry! hurry! You won't get such another chance."

Her eyes flashing, her brain in a whirl, Elsie pulled the blue cap over her short curls. Her little petticoats were quickly pinned up and covered by the rubber cape. With her unlighted torch over her shoulder, who would not have thought her a sturdy younger brother of the boy who held her tightly by the hand, and exhorted her not to let the grass grow under her feet.

Down the road they flew, and reached the station just as the "Continentals" came marching up with fife and drum.

"Here we are, Mr. Hill," said Joe, presenting himself and his companion.

"All right," said Mr. Hill, too busy to pay much attention. "Keep with the rest of the men. How are you, Jack, my boy?"

There was no time for the make-believe "Jack, my boy" to answer. The engine was puffing and panting. Elsie was swung on the train, where Joe and she tucked themselves away on a back seat.

The "Continentals" were in the best of humor, so were the "Philbrick Pioneers," who, gorgeous in their Zouave regimentals, came crowding into the car at the next station, to crack jokes and talk politics.

"Well done, little chaps," said their captain, spying out Joe and his comrade. "You're beginning early, eh? Nothing like getting the boys on the right side. Ha! ha!"

Joe grinned, and was about to volunteer a "Hurrah for Hanfield!" but thought better of it.

One of the men frightened Elsie nearly out of her wits by chucking her under the chin, and shouting, rudely,

"You're a bright-eyed cove, you are. Does your mother know you're out?"

A sharp nudge from Joe kept her from saying, "No, she doesn't," but she shrunk close up to him, whispering, fearfully,

"Me the only girl, Joe!"

"Hush! Nobody 'll think it, if you keep quiet," said Joe, hastily, himself a little disturbed; the men were so rough, and made so much noise.

But while he was thinking what he should do if any one else insulted his sister the train stopped with a jerk, and everybody was out in a twinkling.

There were shouts of command. The "Continentals" and "Pioneers" fell into line. Torches were lit. A host of boys set up shrill yells. Joe and Elsie were twitched into place by energetic Mr. Hill, and ordered to hold up their heads and keep time to the music.

"Isn't it fun?" thought Elsie, stepping briskly along, and grasping her torch with both hands.

If one hundred torches were "fun," what could be said when they reached Market Square, where the grand procession was to form, and where there was a blaze of light such as Elsie had never imagined! Bands were playing, horses were prancing; some one set fire to a sort of powder, and, lo! the whole street was rosy red.

Now everything was ready, and the march began. Whole blocks on each side were festooned with hunting and Chinese lanterns; candles twinkled in every pane; all the gas-burners did their best; Roman candles shot out colored stars; rockets went up with a fizz.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" The procession was pausing in front of a big house. Somebody was making a speech. Nobody could understand half he said. No matter. "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Elsie shouted with the rest, and trotted gayly on.

Digitized by Google

"No reason in the world I shouldn't have come, like any other boy! Hurrah!"

Up one street and down another, each more brilliant than the last, Elsie marched on, till suddenly a small, then a larger, pain began to make itself felt in one of her feet.

"It's my new boots," said she to herself. "Why didn't I change them? I'll stamp hard and then I shall be easy."

But somehow she was not easy. Up one street, down another. It was not so much a pain in one particular spot now as a general ache, not only in her foot, but in her whole body.

"I'm afraid I'm growing tired."

She glanced at Joe. That worthy was in high spirits, and apparently as fresh as ever. Elsie limped bravely on. Across an open space the procession wheeled, and halted again to drink lemonade out of big tubs on the sidewalk. Elsie ventured to complain to Joe.

"Oh, cheer up!" was all the comfort he had for her. "We've marched 'most half the distance now."

"'Most half the distance!" Why, Elsie could never hold out if that were the case. Once more she struggled on. It seemed as if she had been marching for years and years—ever since she was a baby. She could not drag herself another inch. In the midst of a cheer she crept up a flight of steps, and sank down.

"I'll wait a few minutes, and then run fast, and catch Joe again," thought she.

The next moment, as it seemed, she heard two voices near her.

"The party must be hard up that has to take babies like this to help on their cause," said one.

"Poor little fellow!" answered the other—a lady. "He's dropped down, torch and all, and gone to sleep."

Elsie started and looked around her. Where was the procession? Where was Joe? Too terrified to say a word, up the street she rushed, gazing wildly on this side and on that. No Joe did she see; no procession either. It would have been quite dark but for the street lamps.

"I must stop somewhere. I must ask some one for Joe."

At a house smaller than the others she paused, and rang the bell. There was a confused sound of talking within.

"Don't you open that door as you value your life, Phœbe Maria," said some one in shrill tones. "Us all alone! This time of night! It's tramps, sure!"

Then Phœbe Maria called through the key-hole, "Go right away. I sha'n't let you in if you stop there till midnight. De-part!"

I think if the word "de-*part*" had not sounded so very ponderous, Elsie would have called back that she was no tramp. As it was, she ran blindly on.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, wringing her little cold hands. But no one answered. A clock near by tolled nine, ten, eleven. Two drops of rain fell. The wind rustled drearily among the tree-tops.

Steps sounded near. A tall man approached, and Elsie caught the gleam of brass buttons.

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the newcomer, in a great bass voice.

"I'm not a boy," cried Elsie. "I never was a boy in all my life. I'm Elsie Baker. I want to go home."

She quite broke down, and wept piteously.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the man, who was one of the police. "Where is your home?"

"Out at Porter's Corner. Joe brought me to the procession. I wish he hadn't. I wish— Oh dear, dear me!"

"Now here's a pretty mess!" said the policeman. "There's nothing for it but to take charge o' you to-night, and see how we can manage to-morrow. You come along with me."

Finding the child too exhausted to walk, he picked her up, and tramped off down in town with his burden. Where did he carry her?

To tell the truth, there seemed to be no other place, and he took her to the public "lock-up."

Elsie was too worn and spent to mind; too hungry was she not to devour eagerly the bit of salt fish and hard cracker which her new friend gave her; then forgetting her woes, she fell asleep once more, safely wrapped in his warm overcoat.

But, in the morning, waking in a strange place, all the terror of last night came upon her once more. Through an open door she darted like a startled hare, and when No. 11 came, an hour later, to find her, no child was visible. All that was left was the small rubber cape with its red collar.

"I must find some cars," thought Elsie. "I can't get home unless I find some cars."

It must have been her guardian angel who led the little girl, for, as she walked hastily along, right in front of her loomed up a big building, in and out of which locomotives were running.

"Would you please point out the train for Porter's Corner?" said Elsie, tremblingly approaching a man who was pushing round some trunks.

"Bless you! you're at the wrong station for that, sissy or hubby, whichever you be," said the man, glancing from the girl's dress to the boy's cap. "But there," added he, as the brown eyes filled with tears, "a gravel train's just going across the city to the Eastern Dépôt. Come with me, and I'll take you there."

Down the track Elsie rode, perched on a heap of gravel.

"I cal'late you've got a ticket for Porter's Corner?" said her companion.

Here was fresh trouble. No ticket had she, and, what was worse, not a penny to buy one.

"You don't mean to say you're going to *steal* a ride!" exclaimed the man.

Very likely this was meant for a joke, but Elsie took it for sober earnest. She had been called a "tramp" last night; now she was taken for a thief. It was too dreadful. She looked here and there, if perchance there might be some way of escape from all this misery, and suddenly—why!—what?—that boy on the platform of the Eastern Dépôt—could it be?

"Joe! Joe!" shrieked Elsie.

It was Joe: a very wretched Joe, a Joe who had not slept a wink all night, though he had gone home in a vain hope he might find the missing sister there.

He saw Elsie. He sprang toward her. He clambered on the car almost before it stopped. He hugged her, he kissed her. Boy though he was, he wept great tears over her. Then he took her by both shoulders and shook her.

"Oh, you bad girl! Where have you been? You've frightened mother 'most to death. Elsie, Elsie, what *made* you come to Portland?"

"You brought me, Joe," said Elsie, humbly.

Home they went, those two. At the Porter's Corner station they found every man and woman of the village, and to each severally must Elsie tell her story. Her mother never said a word. She only clasped Elsie tighter and tighter, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

But Joe!—oh, Joe did talking enough for all. The lofty sentiments that flowed from the lips of that virtuous youth were truly refreshing. His own share in last night's adventures had quite slipped his mind. He felt called upon, as "the man of the family," to exhort his sister at length in regard to her manners and morals.

"And now, Elsie Baker," he ended, "I hope you see why girls can't do as boys do. I could have marched for a week and not been tired. I hope you'll remember this the next time you want to tag on when I'm going anywhere."

And Elsie was actually so tired that she hadn't the spirit to answer a word.

Digitized by Google

GOING TO SCHOOL.

SCANDAL.

"WHAT do you think?"
"I'm sure I don't know!"
"Don't tell anybody!"
"Oh no! oh no!"

"Somebody told me
That some one else said
That so and so told them
(You won't tell what I said?")

"Oh no! I won't tell.
What is it? Oh dear!
The way that you tell it,
Is really so queer!"

"Oh yes! But have patience,
I'll tell you in time;
But I have to make it
All fit into rhyme.
Now don't tell anybody,
Because, if you do,
My secrets, the next time,
I'll not tell to you."

GOING TO SCHOOL.

SLOWLY to school, slowly they went—
His eyes on his book were downward bent;
She looked on the ground as they went along,
But neither looked willing to sing a song.
She was thinking of pudding and jam,
He was spelling Seringapatam.
Oh for a kite, or a top, or a ball,
Battledore, shuttlecock, hoop, and all!

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

LAURENCE has set such a wonderful trap,
It has a long string, and goes to with a snap;
He has carefully scattered some grains of corn,
And see! there's a bird coming over the lawn;
Away it comes chirruping, chirping, and hopping;
Into the trap it will soon be popping!
Helen and Gisha take part in the sport,
It is so exciting to see a bird caught!

THE BIRD-CATCHER.

SCANDAL.

THE LITTLE WALK.

OH, dear me! what a great big hat!
Suppose we were all to wear hats like that!
And see Mab's bonnet and peacock plume—
I hope her head will find plenty of room!
But Mab is kind, and gives Baby a ride,
The Baby that wears the hat so wide.
They won't have to walk too far or too long,
Unless sister Mab is uncommonly strong,
For Baby looks heavy, and so does her hat—
The Baby who's sucking her fingers so fat!

THE LITTLE WALK.

Digitized by Google

RIGHT OF WAY.

"RIGHT OF WAY."

"BAA, baa, there's no road this way!"
"Pretty sheep, do let me pass, I say,
It's too late to go back again to-day;
Nice little sheep, please do go away!"

"Baa, baa, we won't let you by;
It's no use for you to begin to cry.
You can't come this road—no, not if you try,
And never mind asking the reason why."

SKIPPING.

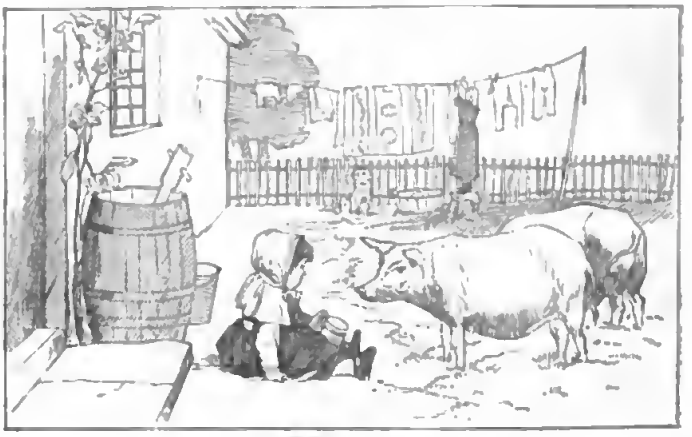
AIRILY, airily, skip away:
Set to work, all of you, trip away!
Over your head, and under your toes,
That's the way the merry rope goes!
Aprons flap in the breezy air;
Fly away, lessons, this holiday fair!

THE NURSERY CHAIR.

EDITH sits up in her chair so high;
How busy she looks with her down-bent eye!
What is she doing? Can you not guess?
With her little bare feet, and her little night-dress.
She is plucking the raisins so rich and so nice
From out of her cake that is flavored with spice.

AN UNINVITED VISITOR.

ROSIE was breakfasting out on the grass,
When two pigs on a walking tour happened to pass.
One pig with rude manners came boldly in front,
And first gave a stare, and then gave a grunt,
As much as to say, "What is that you have got?
Just let me have a taste out of your pot."
But Rosie said, "Go away, horrid old pig!
I am so little, and *you* are so big!"



AN UNINVITED VISITOR.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK CITY.

I have a little girl who has derived a great deal of pleasure from YOUNG PEOPLE. She has had every number since the beginning, and when through with them she sends them to children who are too poor to buy papers.

Perhaps some of the readers of this paper could amuse themselves by trying to form a word—said to be the only one possible in the English language—from the following combination of letters: H E C S T Y.

S.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

My dear companion-readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, let me tell you something about Dresden, the capital of Saxony, in which city I now live. Dresden is situated on the Elbe—a river of about one-seventh the size of the Hudson. The city is sometimes called Elb-Florence, as it contains picture-galleries, museums, nice architectural buildings, squares, theatres, and handsomely built churches. The Prager Sea and the Schloss Strasse are the most crowded streets, and as I am living on the first one, I enjoy seeing all the passers-by from my lofty stone balcony. Many good concerts are given here, and in the summer season the open-air concerts are visited by all the best people of Dresden.

The city has many lovely promenades and parks. The Zoological Garden is a gem, and wild and tame animals of all kinds may be seen there. Very often queer people, such as Esquimaux, Indians, Nubians, and Hindoos, come to Dresden, and have an exhibition, and many strangers may be seen in the streets. To-day the Chevalier Blondin, the celebrated tight-rope walker, created a great sensation, and many people attended his daring performance, rewarding his dangerous and difficult feats with enthusiastic applause.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. The new serial, "Who was Paul Grayson?" by Mr. Habberton, is excellent. Many of the incidents remind me of some I myself have witnessed. I remember the school-boy fights, and the teasing of new scholars. The other stories are also very interesting, and the jokes are sometimes capital. I like the cuts very much, and I hope both those and YOUNG PEOPLE—may it flourish for a long time!—will always remain as nice as now.

LOUIS G. E.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I wish to tell the boys and girls that take this beautiful little paper about our sesquicentennial, or the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Baltimore. On Monday, October 11, the procession illustrated the history of Baltimore. In one wagon was an Indian scene, to represent Indian life. In another wagon was a large vessel with men in it in early Spanish costume, to represent Christopher Columbus and his crew. The Corn Exchange had several wagons, two of which were very amusing—one had a large bull in it, and the other a great ugly bear, which walked restlessly around the pole to which it was chained. A florist was represented by a beautiful garden, with trees, flowers, and grass, and right under the tree a funny little monkey was tied. It jumped all about, and looked very cunning, for it was very small.

Among the tableaux was a representation of Neptune drawn in a shell by two dragons in the water. Of course it was not real water, but it looked exactly like waves. At the other end of this wagon was a mermaid, half out of water. It was a very beautiful scene. Every trade was on parade, and some were working in their wagons. The butchers were making sausages, and throwing them to the people, and the bakers threw cakes and biscuit. The procession was ten miles long, and it was five hours passing a given point.

On Tuesday all the different societies, and the public and private school children, were on parade. All the houses and stores and public buildings were decorated with black and orange—the colors of Maryland—and with the American flag. The city looked very bright and beautiful. I am very proud of being a Baltimore girl. I am thirteen years old.

JESSIE H. L.

COOPERSBURG, KANSAS.

The first thing I read when my little paper comes is the Post-office Box. I live on a big prairie. I have a pet kitty, and lots of chickens and turkeys.

ADELLA T.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I wish some little girl would give me a good recipe for johnny-cake. My father has offered a prize to my sister and myself for the best johnny-cake.

MARY G.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since my seventh birthday, which was the 15th of March. I like it very much, and I want papa to take it another year. I like the "Story of George Washington."

I have two little brothers, Fred and Walter. Fred is four years old, and goes to a Kindergarten. Walter and I go to the public school. We have a velocipede and a rocking-horse, but no live pets.

LOUIS EDWIN E.

GRANVILLE, WISCONSIN.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much indeed.

My brother Allie and I are raising two calves. Their names are Rosa and Jim, and now when we call them they will come running.

The other day I found some very pretty stones. I carried them in the house and put them in a tumbler filled with water, and set them in the sun. If any little girl wishes to do this, a large-mouthed bottle will answer as well as a tumbler; and if the stones have bright, pretty colors, and there are some arrow flints scattered among them, the effect when the sun shines on them is very beautiful.

ROSA C.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mamma, Georgie, and Frank went fishing down to the Point yesterday, and Georgie caught two smelts and a crab. Frank also caught two smelts, but while they were in the basket a crow came along, and took them both off.

JAKIE T.

LAKE VIEW, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

I have a great many dolls, and I have a pet parrot that is very fond of me. He can not talk very much, but he will learn. I had a pet cat, but it got lost.

GRACE D. C.

COLUMBUS, NEW YORK.

I am taking YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am delighted with it.

I have two pet cats, and I have some house plants. This summer there were some small insects at work on their roots. I wish some one could tell me what they were.

I am taking music lessons, and like to practice very much.

I have quite a large collection of birds' eggs.

BERTHA G. M.

PHILLIPSBURG, NEW JERSEY.

I have three old rabbits and two young ones. I used to have twenty-six, but I sold some and lost some. Rabbits have very interesting habits. Sometimes they sit up on their hind-feet and wash their faces with their fore-feet.

I am trying to make a fresh-water aquarium. I had a fresh-water lobster, two lizards, and some minnows, but they all died. Can you tell me how to take better care of them?

JUDSON S. T.

We can not give you any fuller directions than are contained in the papers on aquaria in YOUNG PEOPLE, Nos. 42 and 43.

MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I have never written to the Post-office before, but now I wish to say how very much I like this valuable little paper. I only commenced taking it myself with No 41, but before that I borrowed it from a friend. I can not tell you how much I enjoy it. I believe I liked the story called "Moonshiners" best of all.

I live on the Mississippi River in a very pretty little town.

GARFIELD P.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am so much obliged to YOUNG PEOPLE for all the stories and poems.

I wish all the children could see my parrot. She is the wonder of the age. Every one that comes to our house is convulsed with laughter at her laughing, crying, singing, and talking. She is very impudent; and after imitating any one, which she does capitally, she will roar with laughter, and cry out, "Oh, Polly, how funny!" Sometimes she swears. Then she laughs again, and cries, "Oh, you bad Polly!"

Will you tell me of some books of fairy tales for older children? I think the story of "Photogen and Nycteris" was lovely.

MAY.

There are a great many books of fairy tales which even grown-up children enjoy very much. *The Rose and the Ring*, by Thackeray, is delightful. Miss Johnson's *Cuttaseil Fairies*, relating how they amused a little boy who was blocked in by a snow-storm, is a very fascinating book. Then there are the fairy-books of Laboulaye and Macé, *Puss-Cat Mew*, *Queer Folks*, *Tales at Tea-Time*, and other books by Knatchbull-Hugessen. *Alice in Wonderland* is also very entertaining; for although it is the most absurd nonsense ever written, we pity the person too old to enjoy it. *The Snow-Queen*, and other fairy tales by Hans Christian Andersen, are charming books for readers of any age.

ACCORD, NEW YORK.

The Post-office is a mile and a half away from where I live, but I get YOUNG PEOPLE every Tuesday, and I can hardly wait for it. I learn ever so much from it.

I have a little brother Henry, four years old, and a little sister Eleanor, who is ten months. She is a great pet. My papa has two mills here, and he is very busy, but he devotes a great deal of time to our comfort and enjoyment.

MOLLY C. D.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have seen so very many letters about pets in the Post-office Box that I thought I would write the story of a poor, lone, forlorn chicken a friend of mine had.

This chicken was orphaned and thrown upon the tender mercies of this world at the tender age of two days. Jet discovered it, and brought it into the house. She fed it, and every night wrapped it up in a flannel rag, and put it into a snug corner near the stove, and took it out again in the morning. At last it grew so large Jet considered it in the way, so one night she took it out to roost with the other fowls on the grape-vine trellis. The next day Jet found her Majesty waiting to be fed as usual, and every night she had to lift her up on to the trellis. This continued about a month, when Jet's patience gave way, and the poor chicken was beheaded.

I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. The stories I have liked the most are "Photogen and Nycteris," the series by "Jimmy Brown," Bessie Maynard's long-worded letters to her doll, and "Who was Paul Grayson?"

BESSIE.

I have a collection of twelve hundred and fifty postage and revenue stamps, and I would like to exchange with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE residing in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or in any part of Canada. Correspondents will please give the number of stamps in their collection.

H. A. BLAKELEY,
54 West Eighth Street, Topeka, Kansas.

I have no pets, but I have the dearest little brother that ever lived, and I am going to have a present of a kitty. I like "The Moral Pirates" and "Who was Paul Grayson?" very much.

I will gladly exchange flower seeds with Grace Denton, as I live very far West.

LAURA C. MARSHALL, Greeley, Colorado.

We have been pressing a great many autumn leaves and ferns, and would be glad to exchange them for flower seeds with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please mark the name plainly on each package of seed.

BESSIE G. and EMMA B. BARTLETT,
Greensburg, Green County, Kentucky.

I have a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with Harry Austin, Eddie De Lima, Horace C. Foote, or with any other readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please send a list of stamps they have to exchange, and of those they would like in return.

E. M. DEVOE, P. O. Box 149, Mount Vernon,
Westchester County, New York.

Will "Wee Tot," or some other subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, send me some sea-shells in exchange for feathers of the white crane and of some other wild birds? I have also a petrified buffalo's tooth which I will exchange for shells or quartz.

THEODORE PETERSEN,
Herman, Grant County, Minnesota.

I am collecting stamps, postmarks, and shells. I have to exchange a good many Greek stamps and some shells.

ANDREW GENARI,
Care of P. Genari, New Rochelle, New York.

I enjoy knitting lace very much, but I would like some new patterns. I have two that are wide, the oak-leaf and Normandy, and one that is narrow and very easy. I will be glad to exchange any of these for something new.

A class of the pupils in this school have just listened to "The Moral Pirates," and enjoyed it very much.

ALICE C. LITTLE,
Institution for the Blind, Janesville, Wisconsin.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any of the readers of this interesting paper. I have some very rare stamps to exchange.

FRANK F. RICE,
100 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

I like to read the letters in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have three kittens, and a canary which is very tame. I go to school, and am taking drawing lessons.

I will exchange postage stamps with any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I am ten years old.

ARLINE M. SKIFF,
37 College Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

I would like to exchange eggs, copper ore, postmarks, and stamps for coins or Indian relics.

S. B. FOSTER, Knowlton, P. Q., Canada.

HENRY R. H.—Yale College was chartered in 1701, and in the autumn of that same year the school was opened in Saybrook, Connecticut. It was removed to New Haven in 1716. In the first years of its existence it was known as

Digitized by Google

"The Collegiate School of Connecticut," but in 1718 the name was changed to Yale College, as a recognition of gifts of valuable books and considerable sums of money from Elihu Yale, who was a native of New Haven, but who left his birth-place when a boy, and resided all his life in either London or India. He amassed great wealth, and was for some time Governor of the East India Company. He died in London in 1721.

LEWIS D.—In early numbers of the Post-office Box, especially in No. 5, are directions for the care of a pet tortoise. And in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 27, in the article entitled "A Letter from a Land Turtle," you will find interesting facts about the habits of these creatures.

ROBERT G. S.—Rabbits, as a rule, obtain all the moisture they require from the leaves of lettuce, cabbage, and other succulent plants upon which they feed. They like bread or cracker soaked in milk, and we have known rabbits that would drink water, but it is not supposed to be required by the little beasts when they are in a healthy state.

MINNIE W.—Vancouver Island was named from Captain George Vancouver, a British naval officer, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first and second voyages round the world. In 1790 he was put in command of a small squadron, and sent to take possession of the Nootka region, then in the hands of the Spaniards. The island which now bears his name was surrendered to him by the Spanish commandant Quadra in 1792. Vancouver was instructed by the English government to institute a search for a northern water connection between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans after taking possession of Nootka, but he was unable to discover what many navigators before and after him sought for in vain. It was not until 1850 that the Northwest Passage was finally discovered by Sir Robert McClure. Captain Vancouver died in England in 1798.

JENNIE C. A.—The cover for YOUNG PEOPLE is strong, and very prettily ornamented. It is not self-binding, but any book-binder will put it on for you for a small charge. See answer to C. B. M. in Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53.

DUDLEY.—The standard value of the foreign coins about which you inquire is subject to slight variation in the United States, but as used in the computation of customs duties on January 1, 1880, it was as follows: Chilian peso, or dollar, ninety-one cents; Peruvian dollar, eighty-three cents; Norwegian crown, twenty-six cents; India rupee of sixteen annas, thirty-nine cents; Brazilian milreis of one thousand reis, fifty-four cents; Austrian florin, forty-one cents; German mark, twenty-three cents; Turkish piaster, four cents; Italian lira, nineteen cents; Russian ruble of one hundred copecks, sixty-six cents. We have not given the fractions of a cent, which in business transactions are added to the above amounts, for as you are simply a coin collector, we do not think you will require them.—The Spanish silver "quarter," the "elevenpence," worth twelve and a half cents, and the "fi'penny-bit," worth six and a quarter cents, were in general circulation in the United States, especially in the West, about forty years ago. These coins were marked by the two pillars of the Spanish coat of arms, between them the two castles and two lions rampant of Castile in a shield surmounted by a crown.

"YOUNG SAILOR."—The first light-house of which there is any record in history was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus about 300 B.C. It was a tower on which wood fires were kept blazing at night. It was built on Pharos, a small island in the bay of Alexandria, and was one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It is an interesting fact that the modern French and Spanish names for light-house—the one being *phare*, the other *faro*—still preserve the memory of the island where the first attempt at sea-coast illumination was located. The ruined tower in Dover Castle, England, erected about A.D. 44, is claimed by some authorities to have been built for a light-house, upon which an enormous wood fire was kept burning.

The light-house on the southern end of the island of Conanicut, at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, is said to be the oldest in the United States. The present structure is comparatively modern, but the first one was erected in 1750, and for nearly one hundred years previous a watch-tower with a beacon fire had existed at the same point.

This light-house bears the odd name of Beaver Tail. The southern portion of Conanicut Island is shaped something like a beaver, with its tail pointing southward, and in early times it was known by that name, the two extremities being called head and tail.

Previous to 1789 the few light-houses existing in the United States were maintained by the States in which they were situated, but from that date the expense was assumed by the general government, and in 1791 the first light-house under the new law was erected at Cape Henry. There are now nearly six hundred and fifty light-houses, lighted beacons, and light-ships on the coast and waters of the United States.

JACK NEMO.—If you paid a year's subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE, you will receive your paper until January, 1881. Subscriptions may begin with any number, and the paper will be sent the length of time for which the subscription is taken, without reference to the beginning or close of a volume.

Favors are acknowledged from Frank L. L., Joseph Henry C., S. V. B., A. R. Reeves, Lloyd Elliot, "Bo-Peep," Mary Burns, Hattie Vanable, Bertha M. Hubbard, Nellie M. S., Amy L. G.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Nellie Brainard, Jennie C. Ridgway, "Jupiter," G. Dudley Kyte, A. H. Ellard, Alfred C. P. Opdyke, George M. Fluckel, G. Volckhausen.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 51.

No. 1. C-hestnut.
E-lm.
D-ogwood.
A-sh.
R-ose-wood.

No. 2.
```
      B         H
    F L Y     D O E
  B L O O D - H G U N D
    Y O N     E N D
      D         D
```

No. 3.
```
  I R I S   R A C E
  R O S E   A C I D
  I S L E   C I T E
  S E E R   E D E N
```

No. 4. Lemon.

No. 5.
```
      P A R T N E R
        G O R G E
          F E E
            N
          A T E
        S T O I C
      L E O N A R D
```

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMOND.—(*To Bolus*).

1. A letter. 2. To loiter. 3. A plant. 4. The kingfisher. 5. Merrily. 6. Shy. 7. A letter.

ZELOTES.

No. 2.

EASY SQUARES.

1. First, an easy seat. Second, to unfold. Third, measures. Fourth, insects. S. F. W.

2. First, a quantity of wood. Second, scent. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, a cart. C. H. McB.

No. 3.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—(*To Zelotes*).

A city in Great Britain. A city in India. A city in Switzerland. A lake in Scotland. A letter. A city in Germany. A city in France. A city in Russia. A city in Asia. Centrals read downward spell the name of a port on the Mediterranean Sea.

GWLET.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in Paris, but not in the Seine.
My second is simple, but not in fool.
My third is in Frankfort, but not in the Main.
My fourth is in labor, but not in tool.
My fifth is in trouble, but not in grief.
My sixth is in fortune, but not in fate.
My seventh is in robber, but not in thief.
My eighth is in malice, but not in hate.
My ninth is in gymnasium, furnished with ropes and bars.
The secret of my whole is hid in sun and moon and stars. TOM.

CHARACTER TREES.

1. What is the sociable tree?
2. The tree where ships ride?
3. The languishing tree?
4. The chronologist's tree?
5. The fisherman's tree?
6. The tree warmest clad?
7. The tree that fights?
8. The housewife's tree?
9. The lazy tree?
10. The dandy's tree?
11. The tree that supplies wants?
12. The tree that invites to travel?
13. The tree that forbids to die?
14. The tree always near in billiards?
15. The Egyptian plague tree?
16. The tree in a bottle?
17. The tree in a fog?
18. The busiest tree?
19. The most yielding tree?
20. Tree neither up nor down hill?
21. The tree nearest the sea?
22. The tree that binds ladies' feet?
23. The tree cockneys make into wine?
24. Tree that warms cold meat?
25. Tree offered to friends when we meet?
26. The treacherous tree?

THROWING LIGHT.

BY E. MASON.

I AM white, I am black, I am all colors save blue, green, and purple, and all lengths, yet when I am grown I am of uniform size. I run with great swiftness, but have no motion of my own; am carried round by my possessor, and worn according to the taste of my owner. I don't know how *I* can be worn, though the outer covering of me is put to some use, I believe. I am very hard to tame, though gentle and timid, yet I submit to being pulled, tied, cut, dressed, burned, without rebelling; in fact, I might be called inanimate, though I never cease growing; but the truth is, in a year I attain my full growth.

I am excellent eating, and esteemed a delicacy, yet should I make my appearance in the food of a delicate person, or even of anybody, disgust would certainly ensue. I can be dressed according to fancy, though there is but one way of cooking me; still, I do not need cooking, except when taken from my natural place; then I am baked to preserve me; but I am only cooked to be eaten, not preserved; and as to dressing me, my garment must be taken off before I can be made palatable, and that I never am, for I can't be chewed or swallowed, though lovers of me declare me to be a toothsome morsel.

Men hunt and persecute me, yet they do not like to be without me, and are very apt to feel when I leave them that it is a sign of age. I can belong to people in two ways—either by inheritance or by purchase; when in the latter manner, every one tries to conceal the fact, and pretend that I am a gift of nature, though extravagant sums are paid for me, as there are fashions in me in color, and I am often dyed, though that process would render me worthless and unmarketable.

Soft and silky, fine and coarse, harsh and wiry, of a sleek coat, running on four legs, having no legs at all, capable of suffering and being killed, a theme for poets, having no feeling of pain, yet dying, I am a part of man, yet an animal.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid; Cover for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

TWO MOTHERS.

NELLIE. "Annie, the season has commenced, and we must fix up our children's party dresses."

THE WONDERFUL DRAWING LESSON.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

MANY years ago a very funny pantomime was performed by the Ravels, or some other talented actors, that astonished every one who saw it, and no one could guess how it was done. We propose first to give a sketch of the action of the scene, and then to describe a very simple manner of doing the trick upon which it depends. By careful attention to the description any boy can prepare it in a few hours in such a way that it can be often used for home and hall, and will give as much pleasure in preparation as in performance. The pantomime requires an old man, an old woman, and a stupid boy—the latter it is often easy to find in any family. The old parts can be assumed by young people, as they can be made venerable by powdering their hair with flour. They must borrow their grandfather's and grandmother's clothes, if possible, but the boy can wear an old dressing-gown, and the girl a long skirt trained over her own dress, looped up at the sides with bows of ribbon; she should have an old-fashioned bonnet, or a broad hat tied down to resemble one, a kerchief, and a cane. The boy should borrow a suit of a smaller boy that is too short and tight for him, and should brush his hair down over his eyes, and wear a paper ruffle around his neck. The boy who wears the dressing-gown or old dress-coat should also have a palette, brush, a piece of chalk, and some other artistic implements with which to decorate the room, which can be very prettily arranged if for a public performance. The most conspicuous object is a large blackboard, standing on the floor at the rear of the room, behind which another boy is concealed, and upon which all the mystery depends. The artist is discovered walking around the room in a nervous manner, as if expecting a pupil. A knock is heard, and he admits the lady, who salutes him with an old-fashioned bow in response to those with which he greets her. She leads in the boy by the hand, who hangs back, as if very bashful. She puts her hand behind the boy's head, and compels him to bow to the artist, of whom he seems afraid.

The mother consoles him, and persuades him to look at some pictures which the artist shows him. The boy expresses great interest, and the artist points to the blackboard, as if offering to teach him to draw. The boy seems eager to begin, and seizes a piece of chalk from the table. The artist takes the chalk from him, and puts the palm of his left hand with three fingers of his right, to signify that he wants some money. The mother pays very unwillingly, and the artist keeps demanding more, until she shakes her head very forcibly, and points to the board, as if refusing to pay any more money unless she is satisfied with her son's progress in art.

The boy is then furnished with chalk, and the artist holds up a pattern before him, and points from it to the board. The boy slowly draws the face of a man on the top of the board, near the centre. The mother seems much pleased, and claps her hands in delight. The boy goes on with his work, and finishes the body, with the arms extended, and the artist then demands more money, which the mother refuses, when the arms which have just been drawn move up and down with violent gestures, and the mother becomes so much alarmed that she pays him, and the arms then remain still. The boy goes on with his work, and draws the two legs of the figure, which is supposed to be facing the audience.

At the completion of the work the mother and boy contemplate it with wonder and delight, and the artist renews his demand for more money, which the old lady refuses. The right leg then kicks out violently, the other does the same toward the left, the arms go up and down, and the chalk man thus appears to be alive, and to be dancing a jig, as the movements of the legs and arms increase in speed, although they can only swing up and down on the board. The mother and son hold up their hands as if struck with horror, and the former rushes out of the room, pulling the boy by the arm. The artist follows, demanding more money, and the curtain falls.

The blackboard is made of any smooth board painted; the arms and legs of the figure are cut out in outline of common pasteboard, and are fastened to the blackboard by a peg, upon which their weight is balanced, and upon which they move. The limbs are moved by means of bits of black thread attached to them, and passing through small holes in the board to the boy behind it. They are fastened on after the board has been painted, and the whole is made of a uniform dull black with common paint, so it does not show when the light is between it and the spectators.

The boy may make the figure of the man in any style, taking care only to match it to the limbs, the outline of which he draws on the edges of the pasteboard profiles. A little practice will enable the performers to arrange animals and other figures on the same plan, to the delight of themselves and their friends.

OPENING OF THE FALL HUNTING SEASON—LITTLE TOMMY'S NIGHTMARE AFTER A BUSY DAY SETTING RABBIT SNARES.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 55. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, November 16, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE FOX-SKIN COAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"IT'S a dark night, Jenny," said Dr. Putnam to his wife, as he tied on a pair of coarse socks over his boots.

"Dark and cold too, David," said Mrs. Putnam.

"Don't fret, little woman. I've been out in many a worse. I only spoke of it because I doubted whether or no I should take the lantern; but I think I will, since it won't be lighter before I come back."

"Sam!" called Mrs. Putnam, and a curly dark head was thrust in at the door, "fetch father the lantern; light it first."

The Putnam children were trained to prompt obedience. Sam was almost sixteen, but he made neither delay nor objection. When he brought in the old-fashioned tin lantern you saw that he was a tall boy, with an earnest, pleasant face. He followed his father out of the door, hung the lantern by the side of the wagon seat, and tucked in the worn and ragged buffalo-robe as carefully as possible. His father nodded and smiled as he drove off. Sam stopped a moment to inspect the weather: the air was bitter enough, and not a star to be seen.

"Father 'll have an awful cold ride," he said, as he re-entered the house; "the wind's northeast, right in his face, and everything is frozen up hard and fast."

IN THE WOODS.

Digitized by Google

"Poor father! he has a hard time winters," sighed Mrs. Putnam.

And indeed he did. A country doctor's life is hard enough; day and night he must drive, in all weather and all seasons; nor does there come to him a time of rest and vacation, for people are always ill somewhere. Dr. Putnam had even a harder time than many others, for the district where he lived was among the hills and forests of upper New Hampshire, where roads were rough, winters bitter, inhabitants few, and doctors scarce. But he had a wife and three children to support, and he could not help himself. Besides, he was a hardy, brave, kindly man, and no night was too stormy, no road too long, if sickness called him. He had always been well till the year before, when an attack of pleurisy took hold of him sharply, and warned him that flesh and blood can not endure more than a given amount of exposure.

All this went through Sam's curly head as he mended the fire in the stove, brought in wood, and then went over to the next neighbor's after Mary Ann, his sister, two years younger than he, who had gone out to take tea. Teddy, the baby of the family, was asleep long ago. Mrs. Putnam still sat by the fire knitting when the children came back, rosy, cold, and laughing.

"Oh, mother, it's awfully cold," said the girl. "I'm so sorry father's gone 'way out to Accomac!"

"Mother," said Sam, "Joe Allen says when he was down to Haverhill last year he saw a man driving stage who had a big coat on all made of fox-skins: wouldn't that be perfectly splendid for father?"

"Yes, indeed, Sam. My father had one; he gave it to Uncle John when he got command of that whaler I've told you about, the *Emmeline*."

"I wish he hadn't," said Sam. "It's down at the bottom of the sea now; and if you'd had it, just think how warm father might have been!"

"No 'ifs,' Sam; you know we don't allow that little word here."

Sam laughed, and went after his old tin pail of butternuts, and the hammer and stone; but while he cracked them he was thinking very hard indeed, and inside his curly head a plan blossomed which in due time fruited. The little village of Ponds, on whose edge Dr. Putnam's homestead and small farm stood, was nestled in the very heart of the New Hampshire hills. Five miles off a railway ran from the mountains to the sea-board, and there was a station nominally belonging to the town of Sabatis, which lay at least a mile and a half beyond. Ponds, however, was so shut in by the hills that nobody would have suspected a railway near it, except when the south wind brought a shriek of the whistle now and then. North of it lay higher hills, and real mountains miles away, while long stretches of wild forest harbored bears, foxes, even now and then a wild-cat, sometimes a deer, and plenty of smaller game.

Sam had been learning to shoot this summer that was just past, and had become a fair shot. More than one partridge had helped out the meals at home, and many a rabbit pie, for he was skillful also at snaring; but he had never tried his hand at larger game. Now, he thought, if only he could kill foxes enough, his father might have a coat. It is true, he had no hound, and he really did not like to go alone fox-hunting; for although he was no coward, the hills were full of precipices, and the woods of windfalls, where, if his gun should accidentally go off and injure him, or his foot slip on a dangerous edge, he might lie till death came without possible help; and his father had taught him long ago the difference between courage and recklessness—taught him that no man has a right to throw away his life or carelessly risk it. Sam had the best sort of courage, that which is considerate and calm.

But when he had thought over the matter till he fell asleep, and woke up still busy with it, the dawn seemed to have brought counsel: he remembered old Peter Dupont, a Canadian coal-burner, who lived in a shanty half way up Pine Hill, had a pair of fine hounds, and was said to be one of the best hunters about the village. Sam knew him very well; he had gone up to the shanty many a time with medicine from his father when Pete lay sick with a fever, and he had carried gruel and custard and beef tea from his mother as the old man grew better. It was from him Sam had learned all his tricks of woodcraft, and he remembered now how many fox-skins he had seen nailed against the outside of the little shed—skins that Pete sold at Sabatis when he was out of a coal job, and thereby provided himself with many a bag of meal and kit of salt pork.

But Sam must get his mother's consent before he could go hunting with Peter, and it took much coaxing, and many representations of how much his father would enjoy such a coat, to induce her to set aside her fears, and say yes to his repeated prayers. It was harder for her, because both she and Sam did not wish to have the Doctor know anything about it till the success came—if ever it did.

"But, Sam dear," said Mrs. Putnam, "have you ever thought how you shall get it made? Even if you get the skins, it will take a good deal of money to pay for lining and making and all."

Sam's face fell. "I never thought of that, mammy dear; but I am sure there'll be some way. You know what father's always saying—'God helps those that help themselves'; and I'll help myself as hard as I can, and you'll see if there doesn't come a way."

Mrs. Putnam stroked the curly head fondly; she would not say a word to disturb that honest, child-like faith. Perhaps it taught her a lesson, for she was naturally a doubting, grieving woman.

And, to be sure, the very next day the way Sam looked for was opened. A man drove over from Sabatis with an Irish girl who wanted the Doctor to pull a tooth out, for Dr. Pomeroy had gone to New York to see his dying father, and there was no one nearer than Dr. Putnam at the Ponds. But he had gone to the minister's to see a croupy child, so the girl sat down by the fire to wait. As she looked about, her eye fell on a long soft garland of the coral ground-pine which Sam had brought in the day before.

"Sure an' isn't that splindid!" she exclaimed.

"Did you never see any before?" asked Mrs. Putnam.

"'Deed an' I did. I seen it to Bostin—heaps av it; they brings it in from the counthry before Christmas-time, in big wreaths an' strings, an' sells it be the yarrd surely, twinty-five ciuts for a yarrd, an' it tied no bigger 'n me arrm, to hang up in churches an' houses. An' scarrce it is, too, for there's so many wants it."

A thought flashed across Mrs. Putnam's mind: it was the last day of October now; bitter as the cold was, there would probably be yet many thaws and days of sunshine before winter came, and the hills about them were fairly carpeted with these beautiful trailing evergreens. She gave her idea to Sam in a private interview, and he was greatly pleased with it; then they took Mary Ann into their counsels, and the matter worked so nicely among the three that by the time Sam had killed his first fox there were set away in the cellar two large rough board boxes filled with wreaths, crosses, and coiled lengths of garland beautifully tied by Mrs. Putnam, who had a natural taste for such things. Some were all of the soft coral pine, rich and velvety; some of the lighter ground-pine, darkened with clusters of the white-veined pipsissewa at even distances; and some wreaths were made of glittering kalmia leaves alone, others of all the sorts mixed together, while one or two crosses of tree-pine were set with snow-white bosses of the wild amaranth—"life-everlasting"—a store of which Mary Ann had picked when

Digitized by Google

it first budded, intending to use it for home decorations. These boxes were sent by an obliging neighbor to the Sabatis station, and from there as freight to a cousin of Mrs. Putnam's mother, who kept a variety store in Boston, as specimens, the arrangement having been previously made with him that he should exhibit and dispose of these, and receive orders for others.

It was very lucky for Sam's projects that his father was a doctor, and absent from home three-quarters of the time.

Sam's first fox was a triumph; it repaid him well for a cold and anxious day's work; and as he helped Peter nail the handsome skin against the shed it seemed to him an easy task that lay before him, but he did not find it so. The evergreen business was far more successful: the beautiful and graceful decorations found a rapid market; orders flowed in: Mrs. Putnam and Mary Ann got up early and sat up late to fill them; Sam drew the boards from the saw-mill, sawed them into lengths himself, and nailed the slight boxes together; but this was all he could do on frosty days, though whenever it thawed he worked bravely at gathering the greens and plucking the kalmia boughs; but the foxes were his own peculiar work: he must divide the glory and the gift of the coat with mother and Mary Ann, but after all it was he who would shoot the foxes.

Yet the foxes did not care to be shot by him; his patience and his strength almost gave out as week after week the cunning animals eluded his search and evaded his fire. It was the last week in December before he shot another, and that happy day two fell before him. It was not easy work at all. The long tramps through snow and rain, the treacherous windfalls, the cold winds and freezing mists, were not pleasant accompaniments; but they did not daunt him.

In the mean time the golden returns of their labor had come to mother and Mary Ann. Twenty-five dollars had been sent by Cousin Jakeway, and were carefully hidden away in a cracked tea-pot under the paper of nutmegs.

In January, Sam shot two more; but the first week in February, as he was standing on a high and icy rock watching for a big gray fox to leave her den, into which the hounds had tracked her by another entrance, where Pete was stationed, in a moment of careless excitement he leaned too far, slipped, and lay helpless at the foot of the rock, with his left leg doubled under him, just as the old fox darted out, actually brushing his cap as he lay senseless. Peter heard no report of the gun, and hastening to see why Sam had not fired, found that his leg was broken, and he badly bruised all over. Luckily it was not far to the shanty, and Pete, by aid of a long light hand-sled he used to fetch wood on, contrived to get the boy on his own bed, and restored to consciousness, before he went for the Doctor.

But Sam could not be moved. And as he lay there day after day his father wondered why he did not mend faster: he was low and feverish, could not sleep, and evidently fretted. Dr. Putnam thought he was homesick.

"He don't get well, Pete," he said to the old man, shaking his head. "I think he is fretting for home."

A sudden gleam lit the old fellow's dark eye, but he said nothing till the Doctor was gone; then he went in to Sam. "Ho! ho! I ketch you, mine boy! The Docteur he say you fret. I tink an' tink why; then I have idea. Oh, you one big fool, mine boy! You tink, 'I get not mine fader skins for coat.' Ho! ho! you tink old Pete forget dat leetle boy fetch tings so much time to him long ago? Pollidge, pill, sweet-stuff, tisane, soups? No, Pete remember. Dem fox-skin I shoot is for Sam, just so many as he want; all, if coat want all. Now you get well, sar, pretty quick, eh?"

Sam turned his face into the pillow and cried. Forgive him—he was weak; but he got well rapidly now, and when the next November came mother and Mary Ann and Sam made a solemn presentation of the long handsome fox-skin coat to Dr. Putnam. The Doctor looked at it with astonishment and genuine pleasure. It meant more to him than any of them knew, for he had already had one secretly endured pleuritic twinge. Then he put it on, and turning round and round, surveyed himself, and looked up with a smile.

"I can't be cold in this," he said, with a sort of thrill in his voice; "but there's something about it more warming than the fox-skins."

"ALICE" AND THE WOLVES.

NEARLY fifteen years ago, when the far West was much more wild and unsettled than it is now, a little party of seventeen men were travelling through the almost unknown Territory of Arizona. They were the remnant of a government exploring party that had originally numbered fifty members; but some had been killed by the Indians, and others had turned back at Santa Fe, dreading to face the unknown dangers of the approaching winter amid the mountains of Arizona.

In this party was one boy—a smooth-faced, brown-haired lad, barely sixteen years of age, who had left his home in New England fired with the ambition of seeing life on the plains, and who had joined the explorers in Kansas. Although effeminate-looking, he was a stout-hearted fellow, as merry as the day was long, and a universal favorite with the other members of the party. His appearance was in such contrast to that of the bearded men in whose company he was that it seemed to them almost girlish, and he had—partly on this account, and partly because one of the party declared that the boy looked enough like his sweetheart, Alice Mason, of St. Joe, to be her twin brother—been from the outset called "Alice," to which nickname he had at first made strong objections, but to which he now answered as readily as to his own, which was Charlie Adams.

The little party were now nearly two months out from Santa Fe, the month was November, and the weather in the mountains to which they had penetrated—the Sierra Madre—was growing very cold. At night, when the camp was quiet, great gaunt mountain wolves would come down into the valleys, and sneak about as close as they dared, in hopes of finding something to eat; or they would go off to a little distance, and, sitting on their haunches, point their long noses high in the air, and give vent to the most dismal and blood-chilling howls. These sounds would be taken up by the coyotes, which were always hanging about near camp, and which would join in with a chorus of quick barks, ending in a prolonged wail, and these sounds would be echoed and re-echoed from the hills and mountains until the night would be full of the most horrible yells and howlings imaginable.

One very cold evening camp was pitched beside a beautiful spring known as Agua Fria, or cold water, that bubbled up from the bottom of a narrow valley filled with great Norway pines, and hemmed in by tall mountains. Although there was no snow on the ground in the valley, it had already reached more than half way down the mountain-sides, and the wild animals that lived up them had been driven down, so that in the valleys wolves were more plentiful than usual, and they began to howl around the little camp almost before the tents were up. "Alice" had often wished, as he lay at night shivering under his thin blankets, and listening to the howlings of the wolves, that he had two or three of their thick warm skins to roll himself up in; but there had been too much work to do for the men to devote any time to wolf-hunting, and "Alice" had not been allowed to go out alone after them. This evening, however, the wolves were so much more noisy than usual that the attention of the men, who sat smoking their pipes about the roaring camp fire,

Digitized by Google

"ALICE" SPRANG FROM HIS CONCEALMENT.

was attracted to them, and "Alice" thought it a good time to put in his plea for some wolf-skins. His friend, old George Waite, a giant of a man, who acted as carpenter and blacksmith to the party, listened patiently to him, and told him that if he could get some arsenic from the doctor he thought they could manage to get hold of some wolf-skins before long. The doctor had in his chest a quantity of arsenic that he used for preserving the skins of rare birds and beasts, of which he was making a collection, and he willingly gave a small package of it to "Alice," though with many cautions as to its use.

Taking the heart and lungs and some other portions of a deer that had been killed that afternoon, old George rubbed over them the arsenic that "Alice" brought him, until half a dozen pieces of meat were thus prepared. Then he made a torch of a long sliver of pine, the end of which he split, and into the opening thrust a quantity of birch bark. This torch flared up with a brilliant blaze as he lighted it at one of the fires and handed it to "Alice." Old George then gathered up the pieces of prepared meat, and he and "Alice" scattered them along the banks of the stream about a quarter of a mile from camp. Having thus set their trap, they retraced their steps somewhat hurriedly, as their torch had burned itself out, and already stealthy footfalls could be heard on the dry leaves very unpleasantly near to them.

At the first break of day "Alice" had turned out, and waking old George, the two started off to gather up their wolves. They were surprised, on nearing the place where they had left the poisoned meat, to hear the sound of voices and see smoke curling above the bushes.

"Step lightly," said old George; "let's see if the wolves have gone into camp, and are cooking the meat we so kindly left them."

The two crept cautiously forward, until they could peer through the bushes into the open space where they had left the meat the night before; and "Alice" started and almost uttered an exclamation as he saw, not an encampment of wolves, but of Indians, within a hundred feet of where they were crouched. He and old George could hardly believe their eyes, for Indians rarely travel after night-fall, and there had certainly been none there the evening before.

But there they were—a dozen men crouching over two very small fires that they nearly hid with their blankets, and two squaws preparing breakfast. "They are Navajoes," said old George, who had lived long in the Indian country, "and they are at peace with the whites now; but I don't think it would be very safe for us to go unarmed into their camp."

Hardly had old George said this in a whisper to his companion, when, with an exclamation of dismay, "Alice," who had been watching the movements of the two squaws, sprang from his concealment, and rushing up to one of them who was just lifting a large piece of meat to her mouth, dashed it from her hand with a quick blow.

Old George followed after him, and was beside him in an instant.

The women screamed, and in another moment had scuttled away into the bushes, leaving the two men surrounded by a group of angry Indians, who had gained their feet and their weapons at the first alarm.

"It was the poisoned meat, George," gasped "Alice," "and she was just going to eat it."

As both old George and the Indians could talk Mexican, an explanation was soon made and understood. Their opportune appearance probably saved the lives of all the Indians, and averted the war that would have certainly followed had this band of Navajoes been destroyed.

KITTY WON'T PLAY.

KITTY, dear Kitty, I want you to play,
For I'm awfully lonesome when sister's away;
They've sent her to school, and I really would cry
If I were not ashamed when my dollies are by.

You are not as good fun as you once were, you know,
Poor Kitty; you're growing too lazy and slow;
But spring for my ball; let us have a good race;
You'd like it, I'm sure, I can tell by your face.

And here is a bit of such nice sugar-cake,
So sweet, Kitty—try it; 'twon't make your teeth ache.
No? Well, then, I'll eat it, and you shall have meat
If you'll scamper and frisk on your four pretty feet.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER X.

RECAPTURED.

ON the morning after Benny Mallow's party hardly a boy started for the brook or the woods. This was not because the dissipation of the previous night had made them overweary, or too heavy and late a supper had induced headaches, or the party itself had to be talked over. Each of these reasons might have kept a boy or two at home, but the real cause that prevented the majority going about their usual diversions was fear of meeting the escaped counterfeiter. Where the information came from no one thought to inquire, but the report was circulated among the boys quite early in the morning that the criminal was armed with two heavy revolvers that some secret confederate had passed through the window to him, and that he would on no account allow himself to be captured alive.

This story justified the stoutest-hearted boy, even if he owned a rifle, in preferring to keep away from any and all places in which such a person might hide, but the story seemed afterward to have been only half told, for as it passed through Napoleon Nott's lips a bowie-knife, a sword-cane, a bottle of poison, and a long piece of a prison chain were neatly added to the bad man's armament, so no boy felt ashamed to confess to any other boy that he really was afraid to venture beyond the edge of the town.

"You can never tell where such fellows may hide," said Sam Wardwell to several boys who had gathered at the school wood-pile, which was a general rendezvous for boys who had nothing in particular to do. "I've read in the police reports in the New York paper that father takes of policemen finding thieves and murderers and other bad men in the queerest kind of places. They're very fond of hiding in stables."

"Then I know one thing," said Ned Johnston, promptly—"our hens may steal nests all over the hay-loft, and hatch all the late chickens they want to, to die as soon as the frost comes, but I won't go inside of our barn again until that man is found."

"And I'll stay out of our stable," said Bert Sharp, "though it is fun to go in there sometimes, when a fellow hasn't anything else to do, and tickle the horse's flanks to see him kick."

"You ought to be kicked yourself for doing such a mean trick," said Charlie Gunter. "Where else do they hide, Sam?"

"Oh, all sorts of places," said Sam—"sometimes inside of barrels. And just think of it! there's at least twenty empty barrels in the yard of our store, besides a great big hogshead that would hold six counterfeiters."

"Perhaps he's in that hogshead now, with his confederate," suggested Charlie Gunter. "Can't we all get on the roof of the store and look down into it?"

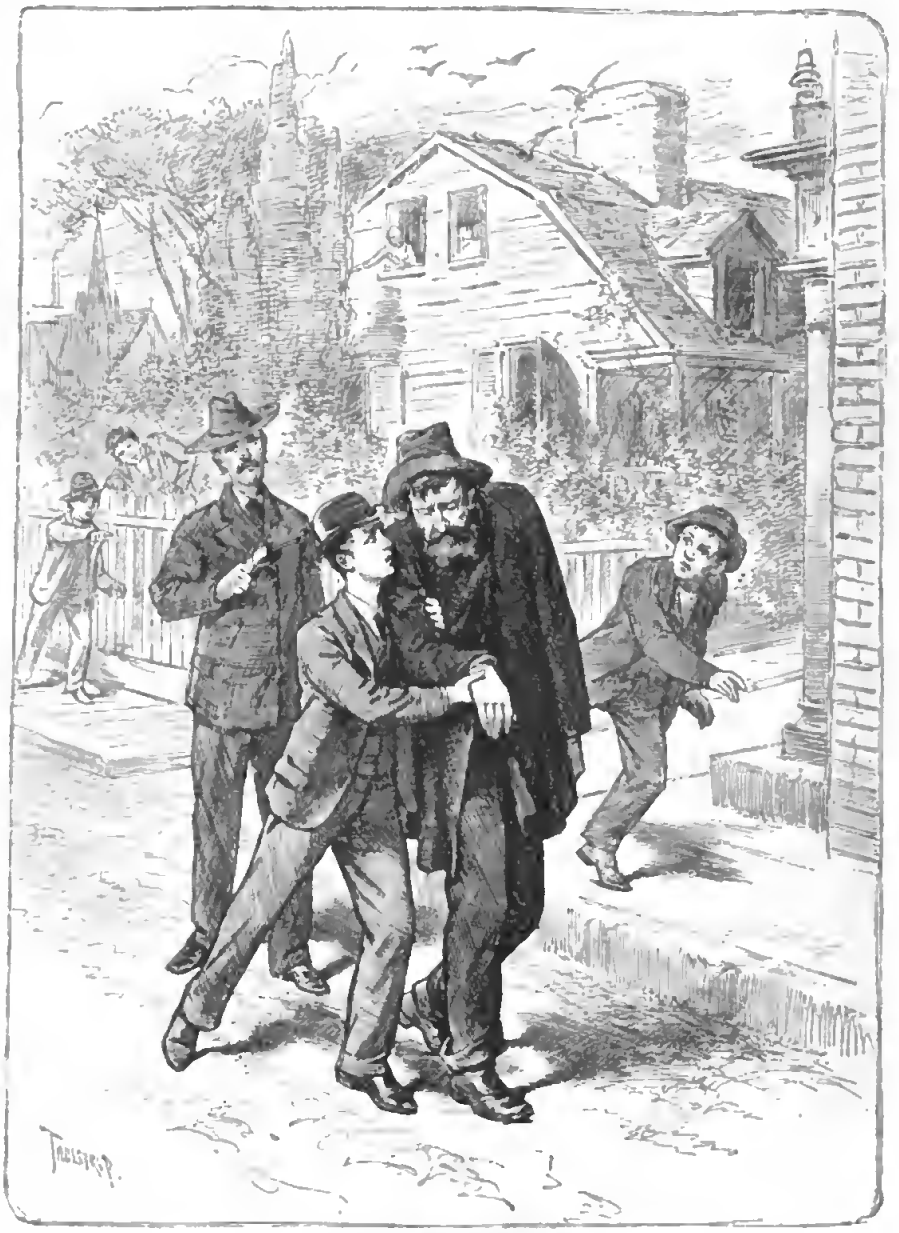
"I won't go," said Ned Johnston, very decidedly; "they might shoot up at us."

"One fellow," continued Sam, "was found buried just under the top of the ground; he just had his nose and mouth out so he could breathe, but he had even those covered with some grass so as to hide them."

"How did he bury himself?" asked Canning Forbes.

"The paper didn't say," answered Sam. "I suppose his pals dug the hole and covered him up."

"My!" exclaimed Benny Mallow. "I won't dare to



PAUL AND THE COUNTERFEITER.

Digitized by Google

go out into the garden to gather tomatoes or pull corn for mother."

"Perhaps he's behind that very fence," suggested Napoleon Nott. "I had a book that told about a Frenchman that laid so close against a fence that the police walked right past him without seeing him, and then he got up and killed them, and buried them, and—"

"Keep the rest for to-morrow, Notty," suggested Canning Forbes; "but put plenty of salt on, so it won't spoil. We've got as much of it as we can swallow to-day."

"I wonder why Paul don't come out?" said Will Palmer.

"He isn't at home," said Benny; "and Mr. Morton is very much worried about him, too; but I told him that he needn't be afraid; that Paul could take care of himself even in a fight with a counterfeiter."

"Good for you, Benny!" exclaimed Will Palmer. "If Paul only had his rifle with him, I'd back him against the worst character in the world. But say, boys, while we're lounging about here the fellow may have been captured and brought back to jail. Let's go up and see."

All that could be learned, when the jail was reached, was that the Sheriff had sworn in ten special deputies, and these, with the Sheriff himself, were scouring the town and the adjacent country. The Sheriff had wanted to make a deputy of Mr. Morton, for men who were sure they could recognize the prisoner at sight were very scarce; but the teacher had excused himself by saying he was not yet legally a citizen of Laketon. Mr. Wardwell said to two or three gentlemen that this was undoubtedly a mere trick to cover the teacher's foolish tenderness toward the prisoner whom he had visited so often, and some of the gentlemen said that they shouldn't wonder if Mr. Wardwell was right.

When dinner-time came an unforeseen trouble occurred to the boys: they could not go in a crowd to dinner, unless some boy felt like inviting the crowd to take dinner with him, and no boy felt justified in doing that unless he first asked his mother whether she had enough for so many; so the party divided, each boy retaining his trusty stick, and going with beating heart past every fence and wood-pile behind which he could not see.

Benny Mallow had just reached home, with his heart away up in the top of his throat, and stuck there so tight that he was sure he could not swallow a mouthful, no matter how nice the dinner might be, when he saw, crossing his street, and at least a quarter of a mile away, three people, one of whom he was sure must be Paul. He shaded his eyes, looked intently for an instant, and then became so certain that it was Paul, whom he felt himself simply dying to see, that he forgot his heart and his dinner, and even the danger that might lurk in any one of a dozen places by the way; he even dropped his stick as he sped away as fast as he could run. By the time he reached the place at which he had seen the men the party was two squares farther to the left, and Benny was panting terribly; but as he now saw that it was indeed Paul whom he had seen, he continued to run.

After gaining considerably on the trio, however, Benny suddenly stopped, for he noticed that one of the three carried a pistol. What could it mean? Could it be?—why, yes, certainly; the man was one of the deputy-sheriffs, and the man beside whom Paul was walking—holding by one arm, in fact, as if he were dragging him along—must be the prisoner.

Benny was no longer afraid. Paul, he was sure, could protect him against at least six desperate criminals if necessary, even without the help of a deputy-sheriff with a pistol. "Mister," gasped Benny, as he overtook the officer, who walked a little in the rear of the others, "did—Paul—oh, my!—did Paul—catch the—the prisoner?"

"No, Benny, no," exclaimed Paul, who had looked backward on hearing Benny's voice; "I hadn't anything to do with catching him."

"He would have done it, though; I'll bet a hundred to one he would," said the deputy, "if he had met him before I did. I don't believe that boy knows what it is to be afraid."

"Of course he doesn't," said Benny, proudly.

"Benny," said Paul, "come around here by me; don't be afraid."

Benny obeyed, though rather fearfully, for the prisoner, with his face rather dirty, and bleeding besides, was not an assuring object to be so close to.

"Benny," said Paul, "don't you go to telling the boys that I had any share in catching—in catching this man. You know how such stories get about if there's the slightest excuse for them."

"I won't," said Benny; "but I can tell that you helped bring him in, can't I? because you're doing it, you know."

"Don't say that either," Paul replied. "I'm not helping at all—not to bring him in, that is. The man is very tired; he's been in the woods all night, lying on the ground, and he's had no breakfast; he is weak, and I'm helping him, not the Sheriff. Don't you see how the poor fellow leans against me?"

"Yes," said Benny. Then he dropped his voice to a whisper and said, "Would you mind telling him that I'm sorry for him too, even if he did—"

"Tell him yourself," said Paul, quickly. "And go on the other side of him and give him a lift."

Benny obeyed the last half of Paul's instructions, but the strangeness of his position made him entirely forget the first part, and he was wicked enough to wish that, as they reached the more thickly settled part of the town, people who saw them might think, if only for an hour or two, that he and Paul, two boys, had caught the dreadful counterfeiter. And his wish was gratified even more than he had dared to hope, for suddenly they came face to face with Ned Johnston, who gave them just one wondering look, and then flew about town and told every boy that the prisoner had been caught, and that Paul and Benny did it.

Arrived at the jail, the deputy pointed with his pistol to the still open door.

"One moment, please," said the prisoner. "Boys, I am very much obliged to you. Will you shake hands?"

He put out his hand toward Benny as he spoke, and Benny took it; then he gave a hand to Paul, and Paul looked him straight in the face so long that Benny was sure he was going to make certain of the man's looks in case he ever broke loose again and had to be followed. Then the man went into his cell, and Paul stood by until he saw the three great bolts securely shot, after which he and Benny went together toward their homes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Our Father, from the heaven's bright dome
  Look down on us this day;
Hallowed Thy name, Thy kingdom come,
  Thy will be done alway.
Give us this day our daily bread,
  Forgive, as we forgive,
And let our hearts be also fed,
  That we in Thee may live.
Into temptation lead us not;
  Deliver us from ill;
May life's hard trials be forgot,
  Or borne as Thou dost will!
O lend us of Thy strength to bear
  The burdens Thou dost send,
That we break not beneath the care,
  Enduring to the end!
For Thine the kingdom is, and Thine
  The glory and the power;
While day by day our lives decline,
  To meet the mortal hour.

Digitized by Google

THE ROVERINGS AND THE PARADE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

THE family had just moved into apartments on the Avenue; that is, they had one room in Mrs. Smilley's tall and narrow boarding-house, the window of which looked out on the most fashionable street in the city. The two Eds slept in a trundle-bed that in the daytime could be pushed out of sight underneath the big bedstead. So everything was very neat and compact.

It was the year of a Presidential election, and one morning at breakfast Mr. Rovering looked up from his paper to remark, "My dear, I see there's to be a torch-light procession to-night, and—"

"Oh my! what fun!" cried Edward, dropping his fork into his coffee-cup, and stirring vigorously in his excitement. "It 'll go past here."

Edgar too was preparing to exclaim joyously as soon as he should become rid of the potato he had in his mouth, when Mr. Rovering suddenly made a severe gesture of disapproval, and said, "No, no, my son, we must not look at it; it is in honor of the other party."

Thus that point was settled, and the two Eds tried hard all day to forget there was going to be a parade in the evening, and to console themselves with the promise that they should be taken to a country circus some time next summer.

Mrs. Rovering entirely approved of her husband's honorable resolve, and that night saw that the blinds were closely drawn, and the trundle-bed pulled out promptly at nine o'clock.

The Eds, in spite of their circusy anticipations, wore rather long faces as they prepared to retire, and both Mr. and Mrs. Rovering, in their parental kindness of heart, felt glad as they reflected that the uproar of the procession would probably be made at so late an hour as not to awaken their obedient darlings.

The fond father, indeed, even went so far as to add to the already tempting next summer's programme the promise of purchasing five cents' worth of pea-nuts before the show began.

Under this soothing treatment the two Eds presently dropped off to sleep in the most obliging fashion possible, and their elders were congratulating one another on the dark spot their window would make in the general illumination, when there came a knock on the door, and callers for Mrs. Rovering were announced.

The horrified lady gave one glance at the card, which read "Hon. Fielding Rollup," and another at the trundle-bed, and then she and Mr. Rovering bent down and shoved the latter out of sight, with the Eds still sleeping peacefully within it.

The next instant the visitors were ushered in, consisting of the whole Rollup family, father, mother, and five children, and as the latter at once made for the window, it speedily transpired what they had all come for—to see the parade!

Mr. Rovering grew quite pale as this conviction was forced upon him, for the Rollups were large purchasers of Rovering & Co.'s fire-works every July, so it would never do to offend them. And yet how could Mr. Rovering be so disloyal to his own party as to have his window not only thrown wide open, but full of enthusiastic spectators of the other party's procession?

In the midst of these dismal reflections there was another knock at the door, and the Boxes "just dropped in," as they expressed it.

Fortunately there were only three of them; but Master Freddie Box proved to be a whole family in himself, for while the rest of the party—eleven in all, including Mr. and Mrs. Rovering—kept edging nearer and nearer to the window, he occupied himself in exploring every nook and corner of the room in search of fire-crackers. He peered into the vases on the mantel-piece, crawled under the sofas, looked behind the fire-screen, and tilted everything movable in the apartment.

Meanwhile the hands of the clock had crept around to nearly ten, the street below swarmed with surging crowds, and every time a shout arose the seven Rollups and the two Boxes all tried to put their heads out of the window at once, while Mr. and Mrs. Rovering were obliged to content themselves with a fine view of the latest style in back hair.

It was during one of these false alarms that a cry from young Master Box attracted the general attention within-doors.

"Robbers! thieves! murder!" he shrieked, withdrawing his hand from under the bed, from whence there now began to issue the most dismal succession of howls.

"The Eds!" exclaimed Mr. Rovering.

"The trundle-bed!" moaned his wife, and at that moment the parade began to appear.

Meanwhile the two Eds had been released from their odd prison-house, and were staring about them with wondering eyes.

"Is it the circus?" queried Edgar, seeing the crowd in the room and hearing the music in the street.

"Where are the pea-nuts?" demanded his brother; but as at that instant Mrs. Rovering recovered, and bethought herself that her sons were still in their night-clothes, they were hurried behind the screen to be dressed.

It appeared on examination that the only reason the two Eds had not been smothered outright was that the mattress in the trundle was a very thin one, having, in fact, been expressly manufactured for a boarding-house, and thus there was room for enough air to come in over the sides to keep breath in the boys' bodies until Freddie Box woke them up.

But now everybody's attention was turned to the street again, for torches were waving wildly, boys shouting, men cheering, and the crowd pushing in a way that everybody loves to watch.

The young Rollups, who were not particularly little if they were young, hung half out of the window in solid double layers; then behind them, and clutching their sacks and jackets to prevent accidents, were the Honorable and his wife; next stood Mr. and Mrs. Box, each very short, trying to see over the shoulders of Mr. and Mrs. Rollup, who were both very tall; and in the rear of them tip-toed Mr. and Mrs. Rovering, who had by this time overcome their political scruples, and were now trying by every possible means to obtain a glimpse of the reflection from a lantern or to spell out a word now and then on a banner, which by dint of dodging to look under this one's elbow, over that one's head, and around another's arm, they sometimes succeeded in doing.

As for Freddie Box and the two Eds, they would never have known whether it was men or kangaroos that were parading if a brilliant idea had not suddenly presented itself to the ever-active brain of Master Fred. This he made haste to confide to his young hosts, whereupon they all three hurried off down stairs, and presently came staggering back with a tall step-ladder, which they proceeded to set up behind the crowd at the window in stealthy triumph. Then they quickly scrambled to the top, where they had such a magnificent view of everything that Box junior could not refrain from giving vent to a crow of delight.

At the same instant there was a louder shout than usual in the street below, and Mrs. Box, in her absorbing curiosity to know what was going on, turned to see if there was anything upon which she could stand, when her eye fell on the step-ladder. And then, as another round of applause was given by the throng, she mounted to the step below the Eds in a flash.

"Hip, hip, hurrah! zip, bang, boom!" went the pro-

cession until nearly midnight, and the group at the Roverings' window looked and cheered and screamed and waved their handkerchiefs until the last torch zigzagged out of sight. Then they all turned away, and discovered Mrs. Box on the step-ladder.

"Come, my dear," said her husband, when he had overcome his astonishment, "it's time we were going;" but no sooner had Mrs. Box made a movement to descend than the step-ladder creaked so terribly that she declared it would fall if she did not remain perfectly quiet.

Mr. Box begged and entreated her to come down, but she obstinately refused to move hand or foot lest she should precipitate her boy to the floor.

"I care not for myself," she affirmed, "but for him—and them," indicating the two Eds.

"Let Freddie creep around you and come down first," finally suggested Mr. Box, looking quite wild with despair and sleepiness; but this too proved of no avail.

What was to be done? Here it was past midnight, the house was being locked up, Mr. and Mrs. Rovering were yawning, and the trundle-bed waited to be filled.

Still the fact remained that the step-ladder had creaked, and Mrs. Box vowed she would remain where she was until broad noon before she would bring down her son and her friends' sons with violence to the floor.

"Look! look, somebody!" cried Freddie. "I guess another p'rade's coming."

THE STORY OF A

That was sufficient. Mrs. Box went down the ladder even quicker than she had gone up, rushed to the window, and stared up and down the street. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Freddie, hustling the two Eds in front of him, descended to the floor with such speed that just as the three were clear of it the step-ladder tottered and fell with a crash.

Master Fred's drums turning out to belong to a section of the paraders moving homeward through the next avenue, the

Digitized by Google

CTORIA CROSS.

oxes speedily hurried off in that direction, leaving the Rover-
igs to settle for the broken step-ladder and give their landlady
otice that they had decided to move into back rooms on a side
reet.

HOW "QUIET QUENTIN" WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

"SO you want me to tell you somethiug about the Victoria Cross, eh?" said Private Jack Phillips, of the ——th Lancers, as he sat over his bread and cheese outside the door of the "First and Last," amid a circle of open-mouthed listeners. "Well, I can just do that; for although I never got it myself (worse luck!), I've got a friend who did, only the other day; and he wasn't a soldier, neither, but only a sort o' clerk. Think o' that, now!

"There's a many different kinds of crosses, but I can only call to mind three or four just this minute. First and foremost, there's our own Victoria, made o' gun-metal (the guns taken in the Crimea, you know). There's a V to support the cross, which hangs from a clasp with two laurel branches on it; and upon the cross there's the English lion and crown, with 'For Valor' underneath, 'cause it's only given for some special feat o' bravery in presence of the enemy. The ribbon's red for the army, and blue for the navy; and there's a pension of ten pounds" (fifty dollars) "goes along with it.

"Then there's the Iron Cross of Germany, given for bravery in action, same as our own Victoria. Mr. Archibald Forbes, the great war correspondent that you've all heerd of, got it in the war of 1870 for bringin' in a wounded German under fire. Then there's the French Cross o' the Legion of Honor, started by old Napoleon Bonaparty when he was a-fightin' against *us;* but that's given to painters, and writers, and inventors, and all sorts o' fellows besides soldiers. They say old Nap used sometimes to give the cross off his own breast to any man that he

saw do anything werry good; and the man that got it was fit to jump out of his skin for joy.

"Then there's the Rooshian Cross of St. George, the biggest of all their orders, which is more to any Rooshian soldier than if he'd been made a General. I've heerd tell of some battle where one o' them Rooshian Marshals, seeing his men giving way, pulled a lot o' these Georges out of his pocket, and shied 'em right in among the enemy, callin' out, 'Lads, who's for the Cross of St. George?' The minute his men saw *that*, for'ard they all went like mad, and swept the enemy all to nowhere. Pretty 'cute of the old chap, wasn't it? We found one of 'em on the body of a Rooshian officer that was killed at Balaklava; but none of us liked to take it, 'cause we thought that as he'd never have parted with it living, he ought to keep it dead; and so we just buried it with him. 'Twas a cross with all four sides equal, and the figure o' St. George and the Dragon in gold on a white ground, and very pretty it looked.

"But I was a-going to tell you about that man who got the Victoria Cross without bein' a soldier. You see, just before the Mutiny, a lot of us were quartered at a little place on the Upper Ganges called Huttee-Bagh. The chief of the station (who's like what a district magistrate 'ud be in England) had a young fellow for under-secretary whose father had run through all his property, and died without leavin' enough to bury him; so the lad had to come out to India and work for a livin'.

"Quentin Masterton his name was; it's one I won't forget in a hurry, nor my comrades neither. Some of our officers used to call him Quentin Durward, after that feller in Sir Walter Scott; but the most of 'em called him 'Quiet Quentin,' 'cause he was always so quiet and gentle that he seemed to have nothin' in him at all. But hadn't he, just? Wait a bit.

"Well, the Mutiny broke out, and one morning, first thing we knew, the whole place was full of sepoys, yellin' and firin' like so many madmen. Most of our men were killed before they knew what hurt 'em, and the rest of us fought our way down to the river, with the ladies in the centre, and got on board one o' them big rice boats that they have out there. But before half of us were aboard, a fresh lot o' the villains came howling down upon us, and we had to turn to and fight 'em again.

"*Then* you should have seen 'Quiet Quentin'!—he did the work of five men all to himself. When our two officers were killed, *he* led us on, and gave the black rogues sich a dose that they fairly turned tail and ran. Before they could rally again we were all in the boat; but she wouldn't budge, and then we found she was hard and fast to a rope under the water.

"Quick as lightning Quentin Masterton jumps overboard, cuts the rope, and *shoves the boat away from him*, right out into the stream, just as another gang of the rascals came pouring down upon him. There was a crackle of musketry along the bank, and down went poor Quentin. We saw his head rise once, and then, bang! there came another volley, and down he went for good.

"*That* was a sore sight for us all, I tell ye. Some of the ladies cried outright, and we men felt the biggest cowards that ever was for lettin' him do it. But we soon had something else to think about, for all that night and all the next day we were drifting along, with nothing to eat, seeing the smoke of the burning villages all round us, and expecting to be attacked every minute.

"At last, by God's mercy, we fell in with a British detachment, which brought us safe across country to General S——'s division; and when we got there, whom should we see, all alive and jolly, but 'Quiet Quentin'?

"Sich a hurrah as we gave then you never heerd in your life; and we crowded about him, and nearly pulled him to bits, tellin' him that we'd all thought him dead.

"'Not a bit,' says he, laughing; 'there's plenty of life in me yet. You see, I dived as they fired at me, and then let my cap float up to the top, keeping myself well in the shadow of the bushes; and while they were peppering the cap I got off.'

"Just then the old General (who'd been listening with his eyes wide open) asked what all this meant; and when we told him he faces round on Masterton and says, quite angry like, 'Why didn't you tell me all this before?'

"'How could I?' says Masterton; 'twould be blowing my own trumpet.'

"'Well,' says the General, 'I'll blow it for you, and pretty loud, too. You shall have the Victoria Cross for this, my boy, as sure as my name's Richard S——.'

"And so he *did* have it, sure enough; and if you can find me any man that deserves it better, why, I'll be werry glad to see him, that's all."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, November 2.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER III.

WE have now reached the fourth year of the Revolution. The British were getting ready to leave Philadelphia. Should the Americans allow them to march across New Jersey unharmed, or should they be followed, and, if possible, be beaten? Lafayette strongly urged that they should be closely chased, and that, if any chance offered, a battle should be fought. General Lee, a very able man, who was next to Washington in rank, opposed this idea. Washington sided with Lafayette, and sent him, with a strong body of men, to follow the British, and take the first opportunity to give them battle. Then Lee changed his mind, and wanted the command which the young Frenchman possessed. "My fortune and my honor depend upon it," he said, and the generous Lafayette gave up the command.

Lee managed badly. He retreated when he should have attacked, and ordered Lafayette to give way at the moment that the enemy was about to yield. Lafayette, angry and disgusted, sent word to General Washington that he was needed on the field. Washington galloped forward, took the command from Lee, reformed the troops, and won, after a hard day, the battle of Monmouth. From dawn till midnight Lafayette was in the saddle, now in the thick of the fight, now attending by Washington's side, and when the battle was over, the two lay down under the same blanket, beneath the summer stars, and talked of the morrow. When the morrow came the British had stolen away, and all the comfort that Washington and Lafayette had was that though—through no fault of theirs—they had not stopped the enemy, they had rescued the American army from the jaws of defeat.

Then they turned their thoughts to the French fleet, which was on its way to the United States. Great hopes were felt that this, with the American army, could capture the British in New York. The Count d'Estaing, a brave and faithful man, was in command of the French. He was very much attached to Lafayette, and had a father's love and a soldier's admiration for the boy hero. He took greatly to the project of capturing New York; but the water was not deep enough at the entrance to the harbor to let his vessels enter. So it was concluded to undertake the capture of Newport, on Rhode Island, where the British had a strong garrison. Lafayette was sent forward with an advance guard to aid in the enterprise, and after a rapid march of 240 miles reached the point of meeting. Then commenced one of the most annoying and unpleasant chapters of Lafayette's experience in America. The French fleet sailed out of Newport to attack an English fleet which had just arrived. In the midst of the fight, when victory seemed sure, a heavy

Digitized by Google

storm arose, scattered the French fleet, tore away masts and rudders, and left most of the vessels helpless. The Count d'Estaing was deeply chagrined, and was compelled to go to Boston for repairs to his fleet. Many of the American officers were angry at this. General Sullivan, in a general order, accused the French of having "abandoned" their allies. A protest against the course of Count d'Estaing was drawn up and signed by the American officers. Lafayette was indignant. He would not, of course, sign the protest. He declared to General Sullivan that the slur cast on the Count d'Estaing was a personal insult, and demanded an apology for it. This he obtained. Then he started for Boston, to try to prevent any ill-feeling there toward his countrymen. His letters to Washington at this time are very long, and full of grief and shame that his countrymen should have been so misunderstood. His feelings were expressed in the queerest of English, but they were very sincere. Happily, Washington shared them. Everything was done to keep the peace between the allies, and finally with success. While he was in Boston Lafayette heard that a battle was likely to take place at Newport, where the Americans had landed on the north end of the island, and were attacked by the British. Lafayette mounted his horse, and after riding eighty miles in less than eight hours, reached the field in time to take an honorable part in the retreat which had become necessary. All further operations with the fleet appearing unlikely, he made up his mind to go back to France for a while to join the French army, and fight in the war which seemed about to take place on English soil.

A curious incident detained him. During the year 1778 Commissioners had come over from England to offer terms of peace to Congress. But no terms short of independence for the United States would be accepted. Lord Carlisle was the chief of the Commissioners. In one of his letters he warned the Americans not to trust the French, "whose perfidy was too well known to need further proof." Lafayette's fiery blood boiled at this insult to his nation. He straightway challenged Lord Carlisle to a duel. "I demand of you," he wrote, "an apology as public as was the insult. I hope to add to the glorious privilege of being a Frenchman that of proving to one of your nation that mine can not be attacked with impunity."

It was a foolish thing, this challenge. Lord Carlisle very properly replied that he was responsible for his public words only to his government. Washington, in the kindest manner, reminded Lafayette that the chivalrous spirit he had shown was a little out of date, and might make him seem ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men. Besides, even if the duel were to be fought, chance rather than courage often decided this sort of contests, and justice in no case was helped by the result. He could not bear to see a life risked which should be kept for greater and better service. And the brave old Count d'Estaing wrote earnestly to Washington to put a stop to this boyish adventure, and not to permit such a needless exposure of so precious a life.

Lafayette returned to France in the early part of 1779. He had left his country in disgrace, under an order of arrest for disobedience to his King. Even his friends had condemned his action as fool-hardy and useless. Nearly all his family had joined in bewailing what they regarded as the ruin of a promising career by enlisting in a hopeless cause. He came back famous and honored. He had won high military rank, and had proved himself, in the words of the American Congress in parting with him, "wise in council, brave in battle, patient amid the fatigues of war." The hopeless cause he had taken up was on the point of victory, and the King who had ordered him to prison for joining it had become the open ally of the new nation.

Lafayette was welcomed with open arms, and though still but twenty-one, his advice was sought by both the American and French governments with high respect. Still ardently devoted to the American cause, he sought some opportunity to serve it. He planned first an expedition against the wealthy commercial cities of the English coast, in which he was to command the land-forces, and John Paul Jones, the gallant American sailor who was to be so famous, was to command the fleet. When this fell through, on account of the timidity of the French ministers, Lafayette proposed an attack upon Canada, but this also was a failure. Then, with characteristic independence and courage, he staked all his hopes on getting money, a fleet, and an army for the United States. He had been instructed by Congress not to ask for an army, for the Americans were afraid of the jealousy which foreign troops would excite. But Lafayette believed that a French army might arrive in the nick of time, and decide the result of the war. The event proved that he was right. He returned to America in April, 1780, a few weeks in advance of the French forces, of the coming of which neither the English nor the Americans had any suspicion. Then opened the last year of real war in the struggle for independence. Lafayette was to take a great part in its events, and of this we shall hear in the next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHILD'S VICTORY.

BY C. H.

ON the rug before the open fire sat Pussie, her head against her aunt's knee, her Skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a silence of at least two minutes she drew a long breath—so long that Aunt Kitty laughed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation the little girl answered, in a very sad voice, "Because it is almost time to go to bed."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Because—because— I don't want to say."

"Then I will tell you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, you don't know. You can not even guess why."

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whispered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how did you know?"

"I once was a little girl myself, dear."

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never felt as I feel about the dark."

"Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What should you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel as you do now?"

Still incredulous, Pussie shook her head, saying, "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything now?"

"Come here, and I will tell you," and taking the child on her knee, Aunt Katherine told her this little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to me as the dark. A familiar room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with

Digitized by Google

EXPLORING THE ATTIC.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS.

their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features to me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know." And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

"Oh, auntie, it always frightens me so! I am glad it frightened you too." And with a closer cuddle she said, "Please go on."

"Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicule or of reproach, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Some little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed through my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o'clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had at that moment. 'The Dark' was quite as unknown a region to me as the north pole to them, and set thick with terrible risks and perils; but having made up my mind to do it, the possibility of retreat did not occur to me, for I remember I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a promise to my father; so I walked out of the room where all the family were sitting by the fire-light, and began to go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two rooms—the outer one finished but never occupied; the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbed the steep stairs, closing the door at the foot, and at last found myself groping my way into the inner attic through the door I have just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the eaves, breathless and trembling; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once, to be sure that I had not 'shirked.' In this way I went into every room, crawling under every bed, which was an especial horror to me; I don't know why—do you, Pussie?"

"Oh, auntie, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is concealed there who will hurt you?"

"No, indeed; I don't know *what* it is, but I always feel that *something* is hidden there, auntie—something awful."

"Well, Pussie, so did I, and as I crawled out from each bed I felt that I had had a narrow escape, expecting the next would reveal the dreadful thing. And all this time the windows seemed to grin at me; but I thought of my father, and of his telling me that I could 'conquer if I tried,' and I went on, closing the door of every room as I went in, going faithfully into every closet, and feeling with my hands under every piece of furniture which was not set close to the floor. It was such a long time to me! I felt as if I had not seen my father and mother for hours; but at last I began to feel that I was near the end, and I recall going back and exploring for the second time the unknown region under the last bed, because I felt in my heart that I had not been honest about it. I was conscious that the left corner nearest the window had not been *really* investigated. At last it was finished, and I can remember how I felt when I opened the door of the room where the others were laughing and talking, with bright lights and the fire—I can remember my bewil-

Digitized by Google

dered feeling, as if waking from sleep, and the sensation of having been saved from something; and when my father put his hand out to me and drew me to his side, asking where his little girl had been all this time, and I cuddled up to him as you are doing now, dearie, I was so happy as I whispered back so softly that none of the rest could hear, 'I have been everywhere in the dark, under the beds and all.' I shall never forget the look he gave me as he drew me closer to him, and kissed me, whispering back, 'My brave little girl!' And when by-and-by my mother's lovely eyes beamed upon me as she stooped and kissed me, I felt quite repaid for all my distress; and, my darling, I never afterward suffered in the same way. Of course I had little thrills and panics, but lasting only for a moment. I could always send them away when I thought of my father's kiss. If I have any courage, it is due to my dear father's loving reasoning, to his patience and his sympathy."

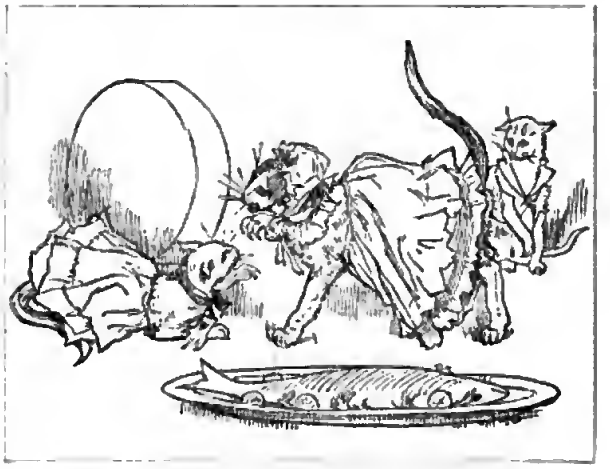
Both arms were round Miss Katherine's neck, and Pussie said, gently, "Auntie, I will try." And she did try, and did conquer her foolish fears so thoroughly that the dark has lost all its terrors for her, and a braver little girl can not be found in the country.

SEÑORITA CATITA MALTESA.

BY AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.

SEÑORITA CATITA MALTESA
Declared there was nothing would please her
But the daintiest mouse
To be found in the house,
And that anything else would but tease her.

Señor Don Tomaso Felini
And Señora the grand Grimalchini
Brought her cream in a dish,
But she only said, "Pish!"
With the air of a young Tigerini.

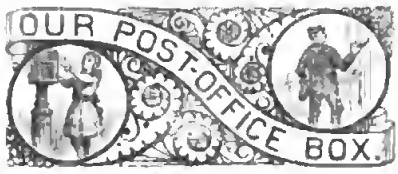


Then they fried her a salmon in batter,
And brought her a cheese on a platter;
But she laughed them to scorn,
And she bade them begone,
Or her nerves they would certainly shatter.

Then Señor and Señora were wroth,
And declared that from now and henceforth
Their cantankerous child,
Who had driven them wild,
Should have nothing but buttermilk broth.

But a knight of the house of Angora,
Who had long been Catita's adorer,
Took her home to his house,
Brought the daintiest mouse,
And gallantly placed it before her.

Digitized by Google



SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am almost six years old. I had two lovely little kittles to play with this summer. Their names were Ringy and Daisy. Their mother's name was Diogenes Praxiteles Demosthenes Gosnold.

I have a velocipede and a railroad track. I almost cried when I heard about poor "Coachy's" fate. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am always going to take it. I sent it to my little cousin in Woonsocket for one year as a Christmas present, and he likes it too. FRANK GETCHELL N.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I have a pet kitty, and a bird named Cherry, but it does not sing.

A little baby friend of mine, when told that she must act like a little lady, said she was not a little lady, but only a girl. MAY C.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I love YOUNG PEOPLE. This year mamma paid for it, but next year I am going to pay for it myself. I earned the money helping papa. We all enjoy it. I read it aloud to mamma while she is sewing. I like best the history of "Old Times in the Colonies," because it tells so much about my country.

I have no pets now, for my dog Beauty and my bird Jenny both died.

I am nearly ten years old, and this is the second letter I ever wrote to go by mail.

HOWARD K. M.

The following three letters are from three little boys, companion scholars, in a school at Evansville, Indiana:

I will be nine years old on Thanksgiving-day, and hope to celebrate my birthday by eating plenty of turkey and oysters.

We all brought a nickel to school, and had our teacher get HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it very much. We like to read the letters the little boys and girls write, and hope you will print ours.

JOHN A. J.

I am eight years old. I attend the public school, and am in the Fifth Reader, A grade.

Our teacher reads HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to us every Friday. We all fight for the paper when it comes, for the pictures are so pretty! WILLIE H.

I love to read the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and we all love the stories.

I have a fine dog named Scout. He chewed up my hat. It was the only one I had, so mother gave me money to buy a cap. I also have a pet rooster, but he is sick. I gave him butter, as some one said it would cure him. CHARLIE D. M.

MUSCOGEE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

We are twin sisters only nine years old. Our mamma and papa take HARPER'S WEEKLY for themselves, and YOUNG PEOPLE for us. We like it very much, but we like the "Jimmy Brown" stories the best of all.

We see a great many Indians here, but they never hurt us. We saw lots of blanket Indians go by when we were at Sunday-school this morning. Their faces were all painted red and yellow.

We go to school, and study algebra, arithmetic, English history, grammar, geography, Fifth Reader, and spelling. There are lots of tamed little Indians go to the school. They are a great deal better when they first come than they are after they have been here a while.

We have a great many ponies. We ride a great deal, and have lots of fun. We have no pets but our two little sisters and a black cat. Our little sisters' names are Edith and Millie. They are one and three years old. They are real cunning.

KATY and JESSIE W.

SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.

The plant that Roscoe E. E. speaks of answers the description of the cotton-plant exactly. I am pretty well acquainted with cotton, for I live in the midst of a two-hundred-acre field, and sometimes go out with my brothers, and pick it for amusement.

MATTIE P.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I thought I would write and tell you what a sweet, lovely pet I have. It is a baby brother one month old. I am seven. I go to school, and I love to go very much.

Mamma reads to me in YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am going to have it bound. EDWIN L. W.

MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.

We would like to tell Reba H. something that we think quite as odd as peach blossoms in September. On the 9th of October we had nine ripe strawberries brought to us from Columbia County, which grew out on the vines. On October 20 we picked from a vine hanging over the fence in our back yard a small china saucerful of beautiful red raspberries of a delicious flavor, and on the 26th of the same month nine more large ripe ones.

We are three little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, who are very anxious to find out who Paul Grayson is.

GERTY, WILL, and BERT.

ALDEN, MINNESOTA.

I send to subscribe to YOUNG PEOPLE for another year. I like it so much! especially "Old Times in the Colonies."

I live on a farm in this cold State. There is a snow-drift in our yard to-day (October 17) four feet deep.

I raised some early potatoes, and sold them to get money to pay for my paper. I have a nice Berkshire pig to sell. He is a real beauty.

I have a pony named Billy, and he and I have herded cattle part of every day this fall, but we can not to-day, because of the snow-storm.

I have saved all my papers, and mamma is going to put them in a cover for me. I am almost nine years old. ARTHUR G. W.

MOUNT HOLLY, VERMONT.

I am a little girl four and a half years old. Only a few weeks ago I had a dear sister, who was, oh, so very kind to me! Now she is in heaven with the angels, and I am so lonesome I don't know how I can live. She was almost nine years old, and she used to be very happy when YOUNG PEOPLE came, and would read all the pretty stories to me, and tell me all about the pictures. We have had such nice times together it makes me cry to tell you about it. In one corner of our large yard we had a swing, and a little arbor close by among the lilacs and rosebushes. All our mud pies we made there, and our two kittles, Pet and Jet, used to come every day to visit us. Rainy days we had a room up stairs where we played school, kept store, dressed our dolls, and did lots of other things. She used to play on the piano, and she taught me to sing a different part from what she sung. The last time she went to Sabbath-school she sang, "Suffer the children to come unto Me" all alone. I have ever so many things I want to tell you about her, but mamma is writing this for me, and it makes her cry so she can't see.

Papa is going to get a binding for all of Nenna's YOUNG PEOPLE, and have her name put on it. I am going to take it now. I want to thank all the boys and girls for writing such nice letters.

MABEL M. A.

DALLAS CENTER, IOWA.

I want to tell the Post-office Box something funny that one of our hens did. We had an old hen that wanted to set in a box. In one end of the box our old cat had three little kittens. The old hen left her eggs, and would set on those kittens all the time. The old mother cat did not like that much, so she moved her kittens to another place. The old hen soon found the kittens, and set on them again. Finally the cat concluded she would not be imposed upon in that way, and she moved her kittens into a third place, where the old hen could not find them. ALBERT D. S.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have two brothers and two sisters, and we are very much obliged to Mr. Harper for publishing such a nice paper for us.

We have a rabbit and a duck and three chickens for pets. The chickens are very tame. They were hatched by artificial heat. So was duckie. I had a pretty white kid last year, but it grew too big for me to keep. I was born on St. Valentine's Day.

CAROLINE V. K.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.

I have a little sister two years old, and I think there could be no nicer pet. I have a bird named Dick, and three kittles; but they have no names, because two of them are so much alike that I can not tell them apart.

I live near the mouth of the Saginaw River. I am twelve years old. JESSIE M.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

I dearly love to read YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa says he thinks it is just the best little paper for girls and boys he ever read, and so do I. I want very much to know if Bessie Maynard went to Europe and carried her doll Clytie.

Mamma's birthday is very soon, and we are all going to make her a present, but I can't think what my present to her shall be. I wish you would tell me something nice for a gift. I am eight years old.

FLORENCE D. F.

If you know how to embroider, even in plain cross stitch, work your mamma a pincushion cover with her initial in the centre, or some other pretty thing she can use. She will value the work of your little fingers a thousand times more than anything you could buy for her.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and think I shall take it always. I am ten years old. I go to school, but I have been sick this week.

I had three pets last summer: a pretty green parrot; a sweet, gentle ring-dove named Coocoo; and Willie, my canary. All are dead now but Willie. I took good care of them, but they would die.

We have nice times now getting hickory nuts, and it is such fun to hunt them among the brown leaves. I am learning to ride. My horse is named Frank.

ISABELLE McH.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

I am ten years old, and having no brothers or sisters I find a great deal of company, as well as comfort, in my dear little paper. I like every part of it. How I did enjoy reading the story of Bessie and her pet hen Coachy, although it made me cry. But I was not the only one in our house who cried over it. Then there is Paul Grayson. I can hardly wait to know more about him.

Last night, after ten o'clock, a company of boys passed our house making a great deal of noise and talking very improperly. I wished they had HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, so that they might find more pleasure in staying at home to read than they could find on the street. MINNIE E. M.

I am making a collection of postage stamps, and would like to exchange with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. LOUIS C. LaROY, JUN.,
236 Fifth Street, New York City.

I would like to exchange foreign stamps, minerals, and fossils for other minerals and fossils.
ORMOND PERLEY,
P. O. Box 466, Emporia, Kansas.

I have a lot of one, two, three, six, fifteen, and ninety cent Treasury Department stamps, which I wish to exchange for stamps of the Navy and Agricultural departments. R. L. PRESTON,
P. O. Box 327, Lynchburg, Virginia.

I would like to exchange petrified moss and iron ore with any correspondents for sea-shells or relics. I can get moss in three stages, when it is just beginning to petrify, when it is half petrified, and when it is wholly so. Correspondents will please mark distinctly anything they may send me, and state the locality from which it came.
JOHN H. BARTLETT, JUN.,
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg, Green County, Kentucky.

I regret to inform the correspondents that I have lost my collection of stamps by fire, and will be unable to carry out the exchange I proposed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53. W. H. PIKE,
20 Edinboro' Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

I would like to exchange postage stamps, both United States and foreign, with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. HERMANN BORGS,
Care of Millard & Collingwood,
No. 7 Murray Street, New York City.

I have a large quantity of rare stamps and United States postmarks to exchange. I am very anxious to get good United States postmarks, but will exchange in any way to accommodate.
SUSIE C. BENEDICT, Little Falls,
Herkimer County, New York.

I am collecting birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with any of the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have eggs of the cat-bird, bobolink, goldfinch, Savannah bunting, and others. I am anxious to obtain eggs of the scarlet tanager, cardinal-grosbeak, brown thrush, fish-hawk, and woodcock. Correspondents, when answering, will please send a list of eggs they wish to exchange.
JAMES R. BENTON, P. O. Box 538,
Clinton, Oneida Co., New York.

I am making a collection of stamps, and would like to exchange with the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Canada, British Columbia, Newfoundland, or in any part of the United States.
WILLARD CHURCH, Topeka, Kansas.

I am a Brooklyn boy ten years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I liked the story of "The Moral Pirates" very much indeed, and I like "Old Times in the Colonies" next.

I would like very much to exchange postage stamps with any boy reader of YOUNG PEOPLE.
ALFRED W. HASKELL,
33 Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have now about three hundred and sixty. I am twelve years old.
W. D. JUDD,
P. O. Box 56, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

I would like to exchange foreign and United States postage stamps with any collector. I have about six hundred and fifty.
WILLIAM T. BRANIGER,
P. O. Box 243, Boston, Massachusetts.

I live in the country, and am very fond of trapping, at which I am very successful.

I have a young dog named Rover, and I think a great deal of him. He can hunt very well, for he is a hound. He was given to me, and he ran away twice, but I got him again, and kept him tied several

days. Now he is used to staying with me, and does not try to run away.

I like the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I am going to take it another year, for I do not know how to get along without it.

We had several snow-storms here in October.

I have written to some of the boys who offered to exchange stamps, and would like to exchange stamps and postmarks with any one. To whoever will send me four old coins, or fifteen stamps, I will send in return twenty-eight postmarks.

FRANK A. HARMONY,
P. O. Box 1255, Lockport, New York.

I should like to exchange foreign postage stamps with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. Or I will give twenty-five foreign stamps, or ten foreign stamps and a piece of satin spar from Iceland, in exchange for two Indian arrow-heads or five birds' eggs.

W. B. WYMAN,
108 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

I would like to exchange postage stamps for minerals. I also have about twenty varieties of eggs which I would like to exchange in the same way.

LEWIS B. HILLIARD,
P. O. Box 209, Clinton, Connecticut.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and enjoy reading the stories and letters. Sometimes I take it to school, and my teacher reads it to the scholars.

I will be happy to exchange mosses, ferns, or shells of California and the Pacific coast with any correspondent for those of the East.

EDITH DRENNER,
Santa Cruz, California.

I have a fine collection of sea-shells, and petrifactions of fish scales and other things, all gathered on the Pacific coast at Fort Macon, Alaska, which I will exchange for foreign postage stamps.

W. H. EGENOY, New Oxford,
Adams County, Pennsylvania.

I live in the oil regions of West Virginia, and I have a lot of oil sand that came from eight hundred and seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth. It was taken from an oil-well. I will exchange one ounce of this sand for five foreign postage stamps, or I will give some of it in exchange for minerals, ocean curiosities, coins, or Indian relics.

WILLIE B. PRICKITT,
Volcano, Wood County, West Virginia.

I would like to exchange minerals with any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. "COMMERCIAL,"
P. O. Box 625, Penn Yan, Yates Co., New York.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have a small black pony with four white feet and a white nose, and two yellow Cochin China chickens, for my pets. I have some postage stamps that I would like very much to exchange. G. C. WIGGINS,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

I have some leaves which I would like to exchange for leaves from the South.

ANNIE DRYDEN, care of Mr. John Dryden,
Brooklin, Ontario, Canada.

I am twelve years old. I live near the Wissahickon. I have a few English birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with some correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE for Western or foreign eggs.

CHARLES HOPPER, West Walnut Lane,
Germantown, Pennsylvania.

I should like to exchange minerals with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. My brother and I have a cabinet. It is not large, but we hope to increase it. We have only about thirty specimens, but some are rare, such as lava from Mount Vesuvius. We have also some pressed flowers. We are making a scrap-book of natural history pictures. I am thirteen years old.

HARRY F. JONES,
St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I have two little eight-year-old sisters, named Lucy and Eleanor, but we call them Dove and Bly. And I have a little brother of six years. When YOUNG PEOPLE comes, it is given first to the one who has behaved the best during the past week.

Can you tell me how the Black Prince died? I have looked in several histories, but none of them state the manner of his death. C. C. B. M.

There was nothing remarkable about the death of the Black Prince. He died in England in 1376, after a long and lingering illness, which is said to have been the result of exposure and overexertion during the campaign against the French. After the battle of Navarete in 1367, in which the Black Prince won a victory which restored Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Spain, he returned to his home in Bordeaux sick of an incurable disease, and four years later he resigned the government of Gascony to his brother, and returned to England, where he declared himself on the side of popular reforms, but his health allowed him to take but little part in public affairs. He was a very popular prince, and was sincerely mourned by the whole English nation.

ELSIE M. K.—Needles were undoubtedly the invention of prehistoric man, as they have been discovered among the oldest remains of human life. Some rude specimens, made of horse's bone, and evidently intended for sewing skins, were found not long since in a cave in France, together with other traces of primitive life. Needles have also been discovered in the oldest Egyptian tombs, and among the remains of the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. The date of the invention of steel needles is unknown, but judging from the rich embroidered garments described in ancient record, it would appear that fine needles, of steel or some other material, were in use at a very early period.

JOHN R. G.—An etching is an engraving on a hard metal plate, usually on copper. The plate is first covered with a thin coating of wax and asphaltum, which is allowed to dry. The etcher then makes his drawing with a fine point, called an etching needle, cutting all the lines through the wax coating to the copper. A weak solution of nitric acid is then poured over the drawing, which eats into the lines where the copper has been laid bare by the etching needle. The plate is then cleaned, and the wax coating melted off, when impressions may be taken, as from any other engraving. If the action of the acid has been imperfect, the plate may be finished by using what is termed the "dry point," a sharp-pointed steel instrument capable of making the most delicate lines on the surface of the plate. Pen-and-ink drawings are sometimes called etchings, simply because they resemble that peculiar style of engraving.

GEORGIE V. R.—See answer to Mark M. in Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53.

CORA E.—We fear you could not exchange living birds, especially in the winter season, as these delicate household pets are very sensitive to changes of temperature. If you can propose any safe way of effecting the exchange, we will gladly publish your request, provided you send us your full address, which this time you neglected to do.

ANNA and THOMAS.—By great patience and persistency you may succeed in teaching your pet crow to speak a few words, but the experiment is not often successful with the common American bird. The English raven is more easily taught to imitate the human voice.

BOB WHITE.—Gray's *Lessons in Botany* is much used in elementary classes.—The educational works on art by J. D. Harding, the English artist, are excellent drawing-books, and will also give you some idea of handling colors. There are several volumes in this series, but each can be bought separately.

A CONSTANT READER.—The recipe you require involves the handling of so many dangerous and explosive chemicals that we are unwilling to place it before our young readers.

BESSIE H. S.—Your first letter arrived too late for acknowledgment among others of its class, but your name was in the list of favors in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26.

"MAB."—It is immaterial what kind of paper you use when preparing copy for printing, but it should be written only on one side.

FLORA D.—Transparent tracing-paper may be made by saturating any kind of paper with boiled oil, or oil and varnish mixed, or with a solution of colorless dammar resin in benzole. It may also be made so as to receive washes of India ink by varnishing ordinary writing-paper with Canada balsam dissolved in oil of turpentine. The sheets should be hung on a line to dry, and if not sufficiently transparent, a second coat of varnish may be applied.

MATTIX P., GRACIE S., LLOYD E., AND OTHERS.—The puzzles with which you favor us are excellent, but unfortunately the answers are the same as those of puzzles which have already appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE, and it will therefore be impossible to print them.

J. T. MORGAN AND ARTHUR L. V.—We regret that we can not print your communications. If you will read the introductory note to the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 45, you will see that it is contrary to our rules to print letters offering stamps or other things for sale.

Favors are acknowledged from Lizzie Frenzel, G. Follier, G. W., L. Waechter, Lizzie Burt, Luis M. Jay, William P. Anderson, Clara M. Greene, Henry Van Dusen, Allie Hughes, Fred Huntoon, C. H. T.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Isabel L. Jacob, W. H. Wolford, "Lamar, Mississippi," O. Volckhausen, O. Dudley Kyte.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ANOMPOID.

Across.—An admirer. Pertaining to the government of the seas. Pleasanter. A mechanical help. What every street has.

Down.—A letter from Gil Blas. A preposition. A wagon. Calamity. Breeds. A man's name. A color. A prefix. Another letter from Gil Blas.

BOLTS.

No. 2.

DIAMONDS.

1. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. A useful plant. A river in France. An insect. In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. ARISTOTLE.

2. In table. A fluid. A bird. Cunning. In table. CASE (10 years).

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A flowering shrub. A voracious bird. A color. Unvaried. Something often heard in a lortress. Harmony. Ferocious. Primals and finals spell the names of two spring flowers. LUCY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 52.

No. 1.

```
B A B Y   S L A T
  A R E A   L I F E
  B E A R   A F A R
  Y A R D   T E R M
```

No. 2.

```
C A U L I F L O W E R
H   E D I T O R I A L   M
O D   F A L S I T Y   N U
R E P   C O S E Y   B E L
S C R M   T I N   A J C T
E R O U D   L   B C V R I
R E C R I M   J   N A T I O N
A M T A N   F   N O O L O
D E O L   K E O   R U O M
I N R   L A R C H   S G I
S T   J A C O B I N   Y A
H   O B S C U R E L Y   L
  I M P E R S O N A T E
```

No. 3. Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

I HAVE been spending a portion of this autumn at the house of some old friends in the country. They are not exactly farmers, but they own a farm, so there were lots of cream and new milk, and fresh eggs and poultry, and red apples and nuts, and such country luxuries. I was paying them a long-promised visit with my wife, my two daughters, and my son. My friend's family consisted of himself, his wife, their son aged twenty, their daughter and her two children. Well, you see this made a pretty good party to start with. There were five of us and six of them—five and six are eleven.

Well, one evening we were seated round the table trying to amuse ourselves with dominoes, wiggles, and such things, when in came the young minister—a nice, amiable gentleman, whose cravat was generally twisted round to the back of his neck, but who reminded you somehow of a host of gentle characters in Dickens and Thackeray: Traddles, Dobbin, Toots, Mr. Dick, the Pale Young Gentleman (in *Great Expectations*), Tom Pinch, and several others. Not that he was precisely like either of them, but there was an air about him which reminded you of some pleasant book. Well, he came in and chatted a little while, when another ring was heard at the door, and a party of neighbors announced themselves, all fresh and frosty, viz., two Misses

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

Larkin, two boy cousins, and two young gentlemen visitors from the city. Now, indeed, we *had* a party—eighteen in all.

First we talked, then we asked some riddles, then we played games—the Bachelor's Kitchen and such like. Then there was a pause; perceiving which, one of the young men from the city whispered to one of the boy cousins, he whispered to the daughter, and they all slipped out of the room. Conversation was resumed. Presently the door was thrown open, and in hopped the queerest-looking bird that any one ever saw out of a nightmare.

"This," said the young man from the city, "is the celebrated adjutant bird of the East Indies. This bird is to be seen familiarly walking about the streets of Calcutta, where he is, in fact, the Street-cleaning Bureau, Board of Health, and Captain Williams all combined. There are no ash barrels there, no garbage carts, no nothing; he gobbles up everything himself. He will swallow a leg of mutton at one gulp, and as for tomato cans, they are like strawberries to him. He can impale a man on his strong bill, and has done it before now—"

So went on the young man from the city, acting as showman, all the company roaring with laughter meantime, for the bird was irresistibly ludicrous, as you may partly judge by his portrait above (Fig. 3).

When they retired I went too, and saw how the bird was built, and this was the way they did it. First of all they procured a sheet of stiff brown paper, which they rolled into a cornucopia; then with a paper spill dipped in ink they marked on it a saw-like line to represent the mouth. Then they made a hole in the mouth, and passed through it a piece of picture cord; this was supposed to represent a worm or a snake (see Fig. 1). Then they fastened this cornucopia on the face of the boy cousin, as represented in Fig. 2. Then they procured a pair of yellow slippers, on which they pinned some slips of brown paper; these they put on the feet of the boy. Then they twisted a sheet around him, so as to hump his back and fill him out generally, and over this they fitted a rough gray shawl, which completed the bird, all except the eyes, which were made out of two round pieces of paper, with inked eyeballs, and fastened into their proper places with pins.

We had lots of fun that night. I can not pretend to tell you all we did; but one or two things I must describe, because they are worth doing again. A sheet was procured from the daughter, and spread on the floor. Each of the two boy cousins was blindfolded, and had an apron tied around his neck like a bib; then each was provided with a long wooden spoon and a bowl of bran, and they were placed opposite each other, as represented in our picture, and told to feed each other with the bran, encouraged by the promise that if they each succeeded in getting a mouthful of the bran, they should receive a very large piece of cake by way of reward. The struggles of these two boys were funny to the last degree. We all laughed and laughed till our sides ached again.

Another performance of the evening, though less funny, was quite entertaining. One of the gentlemen from the city arranged a kind of proscenium in one of the doorways, as represented in our engraving, where he performed many simple tricks of sleight of hand and illusion. Among others he took two walking canes, and played on them as you would on a fiddle, producing all the notes of the musical instrument. He took a common lead-pencil, and whistled on it most perfectly; and a bell without a clapper, and rang it distinctly. This astonished the audience very much, but the secret was very simple: he had a confederate in the other young man from the city, who, concealed behind the scenes, with a real fiddle, a real whistle, and

a perfect bell produced the sounds, whilst his friend went through the motions in presence of the audience.

The illusion was perfect, and the trick is well worth trying at any little social gathering when you want amusement.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 56. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, November 23, 1880.
Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance

LITTLE SAMUEL.—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

THE BOYHOOD OF SAMUEL.

BY THE REV. BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, D.D.

A LONG time ago—more than three thousand years—a little boy was born to a loving mother. She was a Jewess, and in those days it was the custom to be called by only one name. Her name was Hannah, or Anna. She lived with the father of her little boy in a mountain village six or eight miles north of the city of Jerusalem.

Hannah was a tender-hearted woman, and as good as she was gentle. She longed to have a little boy who might grow up and be trained to be a teacher of the true God among the people around her, who were very ignorant and wicked in those days. So she prayed, and God heard her prayer. Upon the birth of the little fellow she named him Samuel, which means *Asked of God*. So happy and grateful to God was this Jewish mother that she wrote a wonderful song, which has been preserved all these years, and may be still read in the Bible.

When her boy was two or three years old she carried him to the place where the people of the country met to worship God, where was the great tent called the Tabernacle, with its different coverings, of which we are told in the second book of the Bible, and where the priest of God and those that assisted him lived. Here she left him, with many warm kisses and tears, that he might be taught by these religious men, and be fitted to become in after-years a prophet or teacher of the true God. His school had no vacations; but once a year regularly his mother came to see him, bringing him a new, rich mantle as a gift of love, and a proper robe for one who assisted in public worship, although a child, to wear.

Every one saw that he was a remarkable boy. The old priest loved him as a son. The blessed God in heaven also loves children, and knows how to express His love to them so that they will understand it. He sometimes intimates to them, when He is about to call them to some great work, that they are by-and-by to become His ministers. Many a little fellow as young as Samuel has felt in his mind, he hardly knew how or why, that he would some time be a preacher of the Gospel.

When Samuel was about twelve years of age this wonderful thing happened to him. He had a little room by himself within the great tent where the people worshipped. The aged priest, whose name was Eli, had another quite near to him. In the night, while the lamps were still burning in the Tabernacle, and he had fallen asleep on his bed, he was suddenly awaked by a voice calling him by name. He supposed, of course, it was Eli calling, and he hurried to the old man's chamber, saying, as he entered, "Here am I."

"I did not call you," said Eli; "go, lie down again."

He had hardly dropped into slumber once more, when the same voice awaked him again: "Samuel, Samuel," it said.

He ran again to the room of Eli, and said, "Here am I; for thou didst call me."

The old man thought, probably, that he was disturbed by terrifying dreams, and said to him, "I called not, my son; lie down again."

A third time the voice called. It is wonderful that the lad was not affrighted. But if one loves God and does right, there is nothing that can harm him. The open-faced child of the Tabernacle, obeying without hesitation, although answering twice in vain, hastened to the chamber of Eli with his ready and filial response, "Here am I; for thou didst call me."

The aged minister then knew that it was not a human voice, but the voice of God. He said to the child, "Go, lie down, and if the voice is heard again, say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.'"

He went alone to his chamber and to his bed in the silence of the night, and once more the voice came, so sweet and gentle as not to terrify him, "Samuel, Samuel."

"Speak, Lord," he answered, as he sat up on his bed, "for Thy servant heareth."

Then God gave him a message to his master, and to the people, and made him at this early age a teacher and a prophet of the Lord.

It was just at this moment, when the boy sits up, solemnly, with his eyes wide-opened, listening to the Divine voice, that the great English painter Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his well-known picture, represents the prophet-child. It is at this moment that his wondering and prayerful face is caught by the artist in the beautiful picture which is given in this paper.

God does not now speak audibly in the sleeping-rooms of little fellows; but when they kneel, night by night, by their bedsides, and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," He comes into their minds and leads and teaches them just as if He called them by name. There is no prayer goes up to Heaven more readily heard or answered than the simple words of a sincere, praying child.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, November 2.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the courier who brought the news that Lafayette had landed again in Boston was introduced to the presence of General Washington, those who were standing by saw tears of joy run down the cheeks of the veteran soldier; and when Lafayette came to him, bearing the glad tidings that ships and men and money were on their way from France to aid in the common cause, the happiness of Washington was beyond words. And well it might be. The help the French had sent the year before was of little use. The country had again fallen into a weary and grumbling mood. The army had shrunken until it was the mere ghost of an army. There was no money in the Treasury. Washington wrote to Lafayette that he had not enough cash at his disposal, or in the whole army, to pay one messenger to ride fifty miles. And here came back the dearly loved friend from France, whose zeal and talent had won from the French government promises of the most generous help. No wonder that the brave American commander welcomed Lafayette with a heart filled with gratitude and love.

The young Marquis resumed his old place at the head of the advance guard of chosen troops. He had brought back from France a thousand little gifts for his old corps—badges for the soldiers, swords for the officers, a bright new silken flag for each battalion—kindly proofs of the affection with which he had constantly remembered them.

The French fleet, and an army under the Count de Rochambeau, followed quickly after Lafayette, and great efforts were made to agree upon a common plan for the campaign. Unluckily only a part of the fleet came at first, and this part got shut up by a larger English fleet at Newport, and was of little value, except that the English ships which were watching it could not ravage the American coasts.

Just at this moment happened one of those little incidents which sometimes have great effect. Washington had gone from near New York over to Connecticut to hold a meeting with the French commanders. On his way back he turned off his road to show to Lafayette the forts at West Point on the Hudson River, of which he was quite proud, and which had been laid out by an intimate friend of Lafayette's. Benedict Arnold, who was in command at West Point, had just arranged to betray the post to the English. Major André, an English officer, had

Digitized by Google

been sent up to close the bargain. On his way back to New York he was captured as a spy, and all the papers on his person were sent to General Arnold, whose treason no one suspected. Arnold received them a half-hour before he expected General Washington. Had he not looked for Washington's arrival he could have released André, and carried out his wicked plan. Instead, he fled straightway to the British camp; so that Washington's love for Lafayette, which made him wish to show him the forts at West Point, was, in this curious fashion, a means of saving the American cause. Had the British captured West Point, and cut off the Eastern from the Central and Southern States, the Americans might easily have been subdued.

The year 1780 passed without any events of importance. But early in 1781 Washington sent Lafayette south into Virginia with a couple of thousand men to capture an English garrison at Portsmouth, near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. This he was to do with the help of a French fleet, which was to arrive there at the same time. But an English fleet got ahead of the French fleet, and beat it in a sea-battle off Cape Henry. Lafayette was about to return, when Washington wrote him to stay and try to protect the State of Virginia, which the British were about to overrun. Lafayette staid, of course, but he had a hard time of it. His troops had not expected to remain, and were inclined to desert and go home, the more because they were very badly clothed. Lafayette borrowed $10,000 in his own name, and got them new clothing and shoes. Then he issued an order telling them that he was about to start on a dangerous business, and any man who was afraid to go with him would be sent back. That put a stop to desertion.

Meanwhile, Lord Cornwallis, the ablest General the British had in America, made his appearance with an army much stronger than Lafayette's. He was "a cool, active" man, and was bent on capturing the young Frenchman. Lafayette drew back slowly before him, trying to deceive him as to his real strength.

At last Cornwallis had pushed the little army of Americans away northward to the foot of the mountains, and wrote to New York, "The boy can not now escape me." But marching all night by a back road through the woods, and leaving his baggage and tents and heavy guns behind him, Lafayette appeared to the astonished eyes of the British commander in a strong position, from which he could not be driven. Just at this point Lafayette got some more men from Washington's camp and from Virginia, and then commenced one of the most remarkable campaigns ever known. Lafayette, still much weaker than Cornwallis, was so active, and appeared so confident, that the English slowly withdrew toward the coast. Always seeming anxious to fight, yet never risking a general battle, Lafayette followed Cornwallis until he got him into the village of Yorktown, between the York River and the James River. There the British felt safe, thinking that they could at any time get to New York by water, or with a few more men could sally out and drive Lafayette from Virginia.

But Lafayette expected a French fleet off the coast, and contented himself with carefully watching his enemy, and writing to Washington to hasten south with his army and make the capture of the British certain. At last the French fleet came, and poor Cornwallis, with all his skill and courage, was surrounded. He could hardly believe his eyes, and tried in one way and another to break through; but it was of no use. The French landed in large force, and their commanders urged Lafayette to take Yorktown by storm. They appealed to his love of fame. He had foiled Cornwallis, and shut him up in Yorktown: he ought to have the glory of his capture. But the humane young hero put aside this temptation, and refused to waste his men's lives in a venture which might not succeed. He knew that Cornwallis could not escape, and that when Washington arrived with his army the British would have to surrender, with little or no bloodshed—so admirably combined in his character were courage, prudence, and kindness. At last Washington came, with Count de Rochambeau and a large army, and Cornwallis on the 19th of October was compelled to lay down his arms. And this practically ended the war, although it was not until two years after that peace was declared, and the United States were acknowledged to be free and independent.

Lafayette sailed for France on the 23d December, 1781. He had the proud satisfaction of knowing that the greatest victory of the war which had made a nation free had been due to the aid he had got from his own country, and to the patience, fortitude, and genius with which he had himself commanded in the last campaign.

From on board the ship on the eve of sailing he wrote to his beloved Washington: "Adieu, my dear General. I know your heart so well that I am sure that no distance can change your attachment for me. With the same sincerity I assure you that my tenderness, my respect, my gratitude for you are beyond all expression; that at the moment of quitting you I feel more than ever the force of those bonds of friendship which bind me forever to you; and that the dearest wish of my heart is to show you by my zeal and my services how great are my respect and my affection."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW CHINESE CHILDREN LOVE THEIR PARENTS.

IN the Chow Dynasty (about three thousand years ago) there was a man named Laou Lai-tsze. When he was seventy years of age he used to put on bright and many-colored clothes, and then he would play about like a child. Sometimes he would carry water into the hall, and pretend to stumble, and fall flat on the ground; and then he would cry, and run up to his parents' side to please the old people, and all to make them forget, for a time at least, their own great age.

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said, "I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to *hurt* me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes one weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read this story." Who does not long to have the dear vanished hand back again, and the still voice speaking again, if even to punish and reprove?

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Ong, who, when a child, lost his father, and lived alone with his mother. Civil war broke out, and he carried his mother off on his back to escape the confusion. Many a time, when he was out searching for some food for his mother, he met the banditti, who seized him and threatened to drag him off. But he wept, and told them of his old mother at home depending on him; and even these rough robbers had not the heart to kill him.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Mao, who entertained a friend, one Koh, and kept him to spend the night. Early on the following morning Mao killed a fowl for breakfast, and Mr. Koh flattered himself that it was for *him*. But no! it was for Mao's old mother; and Mao and Koh sat down to nothing but greens and rice. When Koh saw this he rose up from the table, bowed low to Mao, and said, "Well done, illustrious man!"

Digitized by Google

"HAPPY ORPHANS."

BY CORA A. D. WYCKOFF.

A HUNDRED little chicks or more,
Downy, soft, and yellow,
Were peeping out their discontent
In voices far from mellow.
I looked around in wonderment—
No mothers were at hand
To gather 'neath their outstretched wings
The doleful little band;

And as I gazed, a small wee voice
From one chick seemed to say:
"Perhaps you think we like it,
This fine new-fangled way;
But it's very disagreeable,
For, strange as it may seem,
We never had a mother—
They hatched us out by steam;

"And they call us 'Happy Orphans,'
When we're ready all to weep,
For no answering cluck comes back to us,
Though we peep, and peep, and peep.
They say it's scientific,
And I've no doubt it is true,
But I would rather have a mother—
Now really wouldn't you?"

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER XI.

THE TRIAL.

"WHAT do you think was the counterfeiter's excuse for running away?" asked Sam Wardwell of Canning Forbes, on meeting him at the Post-office, to which both boys had been sent by their parents.

"I give it up," said Canning, who had not the slightest taste for guessing.

"He said he would have come back and given himself up after court had met and adjourned, but he didn't want to be tried now."

"He wanted to wait for some new evidence in his defense, perhaps," suggested Canning.

"New grandfather!" ejaculated Sam, very contemptuously. "He wanted to stay in jail here, doing nothing, for the next six months, rather than go to the Penitentiary and work hard. That's what my father says."

"Perhaps your father is right," said Canning; "but what does he think of Paul?"

"What does he think?" answered Sam: "why, just what everybody else thinks; he thinks Paul is the greatest boy that ever was, and he says he wishes I would be just like him."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Canning.

"How can I?" said Sam, in an aggrieved tone. "I can't do just as I please, as Paul can, and I haven't got any great mystery to keep me up, as everybody knows Paul has."

"Didn't you ever have a great mystery?" asked Canning.

"Never but once," said Sam; "that was when I hooked a big package of loaf-sugar out of father's store, and had to keep finding new places to hide it in until it was eaten up."

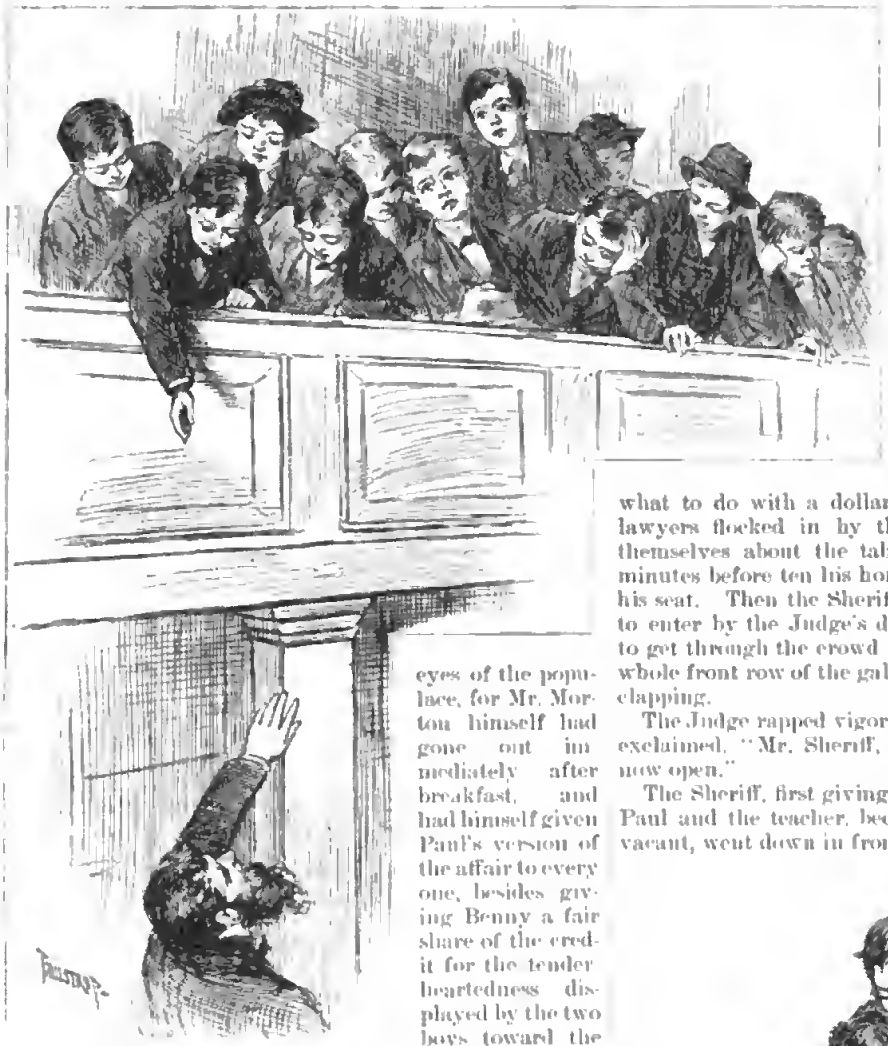
"I suppose that mystery helped keep you up?" suggested Canning.

"Well, you see— Oh, look! there comes father; I suppose he's wondering why I don't bring his letters. Good-by;" and Sam got away from that very provoking question as fast as possible.

As for the other boys, they simply sat on the sidewalk opposite old Mrs. Battle's, and worshipped the house, from which their hero had not been successfully coaxed to come out. In spite of Paul's caution to Benny, and the promises that he received in return, the deputy had talked so enthusiastically about Paul to all the men he met, that the story sped about town that Paul had done as much toward recapturing the prisoner as the officer had. This story might have been spoiled had Benny acted according to the spirit of his promise, but the little fellow had been so elated by the looks that people gave him, as he marched with Paul and the counterfeiter through the street, that he could not bear to deliberately rob himself of his fame, as of course he would do as soon as Paul's story had been told. So Benny refused to be seen; he went to bed very early, and before breakfast he had hidden himself in the unused attic of his mother's cottage, where he nursed his glory until he felt that he was simply starving for something to eat.

And all this while his fictitious valor was nowhere in the

Digitized by Google



THE SHERIFF ENFORCES ORDER.

eyes of the populace, for Mr. Morton himself had gone out immediately after breakfast, and had himself given Paul's version of the affair to every one, besides giving Benny a fair share of the credit for the tender heartedness displayed by the two boys toward the captive, so that when Benny finally entered the world again he found he had lost some hours of praise to which he was honestly entitled. As for Paul, the teacher begged every one to say nothing at all to him about it. The boy was somewhat peculiar, he said; the affair had made a very painful impression upon him, and any one who really admired him could best prove it by treating him just as before and not reminding him in any way of Laketon's most famous day.

Mr. Morton had not yet decided whether to open his school again, and the boys, although they would have been sorry to have him go away from Laketon, hoped he would not decide before court opened, for now that the counterfeiter had been mixed up in some way with two of their own number, the boys with one accord determined that they would have to attend the trial; indeed, it seemed to some of them that the trial could not go on without them, for did they not know the two boys who had helped bring the prisoner back from the woods? They thought they did.

When the day for the trial came, and the Sheriff opened the court-room, the doors of which had been kept locked because of the immense crowd that threatened to fill the house in advance of the hour for the session, he was surprised to find seventeen boys in the front seats of the gallery. On questioning them, he learned that most of them had entered through a window before sunrise, and that two had slept in the gallery all night. He was about to remove the entire party, but the boys begged so hard to be allowed to remain, and they reminded him so earnestly that they all were particular friends of Paul, that the Sheriff, who once had been a boy himself, relented and let them remain.

It was about six in the afternoon, according to the boys, but only a quarter before ten by the court-house clock, when the front doors were opened and the crowd poured in. Within the next five minutes any boy in that front gallery row could have sold his seat for a dollar, but not a boy flinched from what he considered a public duty, although every one knew just what to do with a dollar if he could get it. Soon the lawyers flocked in by the Judge's door, and grouped themselves about the table inside the rail, and at five minutes before ten his honor the Judge entered and took his seat. Then the Sheriff allowed Mr. Morton and Paul to enter by the Judge's door, because they were unable to get through the crowd in front. At sight of Paul the whole front row of the gallery burst into a storm of hand-clapping.

The Judge rapped vigorously with his little mallet, and exclaimed, "Mr. Sheriff, preserve order. The court is now open."

The Sheriff, first giving chairs in the lawyers' circle to Paul and the teacher, because there were no other seats vacant, went down in front of the gallery, and shouted to

"FATHER!"

Digitized by Google

the boys that if they made any more disturbance he would throw them all out of the window and break their heads on the pavement below.

No lighter threat would have been of any avail, for a more restless set of boys than they were during the next half-hour never was seen. It seemed to them that the trial never would begin; lawyers talked to the Judge about all sorts of things, and the Judge looked over papers as leisurely as if time were eternity; but finally his honor said,

"Mr. Sheriff, bring in John Doe."

Every one in the front row of the gallery stood up, two or three minutes later, as Ned Johnston, who sat where he could look through the open door by which the Judge had entered, signaled that the prisoner was coming. Many other people stood up when the Sheriff and the prisoner entered, for all were curious to have a good look at the man whom but few of them had seen. The Sheriff placed John Doe in the prisoners' box, where, to the great disgust of the boys, only the back of a head and two shoulders could be seen from the gallery. His honor nodded at the clerk, and the clerk arose, cleared his throat, and said,

"John Doe, stand up."

The prisoner obeyed; and as his head was slightly turned, so as to face the clerk, the boys had a fair view of it. It did not seem a bad face; indeed, it was rather handsome and pleasing, although there was a steady twitching of the lips that prevented its looking exactly the same from first to last.

"John Doe," said the clerk, turning over some of the sheets of a very bulky document he held in his hand, "a Grand Jury appointed by this Court has found a true bill of indictment against you for passing counterfeit money, to wit, a five-dollar note purporting to have been issued by the Founders' National Bank of Mechanics' Valley, State of Pennsylvania, the same note having been offered in payment for goods purchased from Samuel Wardwell, a merchant doing business in this town of Laketon, and for passing similar bills upon other persons herein resident. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," answered the prisoner.

A sensation ran through the house, and at least half a dozen of the fifty or more citizens who had hoped to be drawn on the jury whispered to their neighbors that it was a shameful trick to appeal to the Judge's sympathy, and get off with a light sentence; but they hoped that his honor would not be taken in by any such hypocritical nonsense.

"John Doe," said his honor, solemnly, "I have been informed by an old acquaintance of yours of your entire history. You are well born and well bred; you had promising prospects in life, and a family that you should have been proud of. But you gambled; you fell from bad to worse; and a bullet aimed at you by an officer of the law, in the discharge of his duty, struck and killed your loving, suffering wife. Such of your family as remains to you would honor any one, even the highest man in the land, and I am assured that you are sincerely desirous of forsaking evil courses and devoting your life to this—family. Old friends, classmates of yours, who are held in high respect wherever they are known, are ready and willing to assist you to regain your lost manhood; so in consideration of your plea, your professions of penitence, and the responsibilities which your misdeeds have increased instead of lessened, I sentence you to confinement in the county jail for the shortest period allowed by the law covering your offense, to wit, six months. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

The prisoner bowed to the Judge, and then looked toward Mr. Morton and Paul. He tried hard to preserve his composure as the Sheriff led him through the lawyers' circle and toward the Judge's door, but somehow his eyes filled with tears. Perhaps this was the reason that Paul, in spite of Mr. Morton's hand on his arm, sprang from his chair, threw his arms around the prisoner's neck, and exclaimed,

"Father!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S VISION.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

THERE'S the bell for "recess over," time for stupid books again;
But how *can* a fellow study with Thanksgiving on his brain?
When I read of Turks and Turkey, little heed to them I pay,
While my mind is full of visions of the near Thanksgiving-day.

I can only hear the "gobble" of a turkey, fat and nice,
Which, my grandpa writes, is waiting to be *gobbled* in a trice,
Just as soon as Sis and I and all the family are able
To be off and spend Thanksgiving round the dear old farm-house table.

That's a study, now, of Turkey that a fellow likes, I'm sure,
But put it in geography, and that I can't endure;
It has a different flavor somehow on the dear old farm,
And "cramming" then or "stuffing" never does one any harm.

Now there's a class in spelling: Bobby White has tripped on "skates,"
And that's something *I* don't do. I remember how my mates
And I went off together, with our skates upon our feet,
For a race across the mill-pond, and 'twas only *I* who beat.

Oh, Thanksgiving-day is jelly on the dear old farm, and so
It knocks study in the head for a week before we go;
And I pity any fellow, be he black, or white, or brown,
Whose grandpapa and grandma are not living—*out of town.*

Well, I s'pose I *ought* to study while my book before me lies,
But it's hard upon a fellow new to have to shut his eyes
Upon such charming visions. Did you speak, sir? can I tell
Where Turkey is? Oh yes, sir, I have learned *that* lesson well.

THIS IS NOT INTENDED TO SHOW HOW OUR PRECIOUS BOY LOOKED AFTER HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER, BUT HOW HE SAID HE FELT.

AN ANCIENT WEDDING.

A FRANKISH noble named Sigismer, who lived A. D. 600, was to marry a Visigothic princess. A Roman soldier saw their wedding, and gave the following description of it in a letter to a friend:

"As you are so fond of beholding war and armor, it would have been a great pleasure for you if you had seen the royal youth Sigismer dressed as a bridegroom, according to the custom of his people, walking to his father-in-law's house. His horse was decorated with brilliant housings, and other horses went before and behind him all glittering with precious stones. The bridegroom, however, did not ride, for it was considered more becoming that he should go on foot among his comrades, dressed in bright purple, with ornaments of red gold and white silk, while his hair, complexion, and skin were in keeping with these ornaments. But the appearance of his comrades was formidable even in peace: their feet up to the ankles were

Digitized by Google

incased in rough boots, above which their shins, knees, and thighs were bare. Besides these, they wore a short tight-fitting tunic of many colors, which did not reach down to the knees. The sleeves reached only to the elbows, the bright green tunic contrasting sharply with the ruddy limbs. Their swords were suspended by straps from their shoulders, and stuck close to their fur-clad hips. The same dress which serves them for ornament serves also for defense. In the right hand they carried barbed lances and battle-axes, which can also be used as missiles; and in the left a shield, with a snow-white rim and yellow boss. This shield is evidence of the wealth of its owner, as well as of the skill of its maker. Altogether everything was so arranged that the whole seemed to be not merely a bridal procession, but a military one also."

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-BOAT.

IT is now time, boys, to house your canvas canoe, and put your miniature sloop and steam-yacht out of commission. No doubt you have become quite nautical in your habits the past season, and it seems a pity that you should be obliged to give up being a jolly tar, with your blue shirt and tarpaulin, just because the weather is a little cooler, and the wind inclined to be rather fresh.

But there is no necessity for becoming a thorough landlubber. Why not have a boat for the winter—an ice-boat; not one in miniature, but one that you can sail in yourself? The construction is simple enough. With a few tools, the aid of your friends the carpenter and blacksmith, and last, but not least, a little ingenuity, you may continue to scud over the "briny," and not forget all your nauticalities.

Perhaps you remember that model ice-boat at the Centennial, the *Whiff*. Yours need not be as large nor as elaborate, but it will serve your purpose. The principal parts of the hull consist of eight pieces in all, and straight at that, viz., keel, runner plank, mast bench, two side boards, and three runners. That certainly don't look like a great undertaking. Now look at the drawings on the plate, and see what is to be done, and then how to do it. As in all boats, the keel (K) comes first, made of white pine, twelve feet long, one and three-quarter inches thick, and four inches deep; runner plank (RP), of pine, seven feet in length, six inches wide, and one and a half inches thick; mast bench (MB), three feet long, six inches wide, and one inch thick; side boards (SB), seven feet long, three inches deep, and one inch thick. Runners and rudder to be made of ash, the former two feet long, five inches deep, and one inch thick; the latter twenty-one inches long, four and a half inches deep, and one inch thick. Let your carpenter get the timber for you, and see that it is all well-seasoned, free from knots and checks, and straight-grained.

When you have all your pieces nicely planed, be careful to follow your dimensions, lengths, etc., and don't saw off an inch too much. Now for the keel and bowsprit. Measure off from the right-hand end of the keel four feet six inches on the under edge; then cut to the right hand with draw-knife down to two inches; finish with plane. There's your bowsprit. On the upper edge of the keel, five feet from the end of the bowsprit, cut a place for the mast bench one inch deep and six inches wide. Go to work on your runners and chocks (for inside of runners) with draw-knife and key-hole saw. All your pieces being cut out, the next thing is putting them together. Place the keel on the centre of the runner plank, and mark with a pencil; then turn it over, and nail the RP to the keel. This is simply to hold it in place until you get your mast bench and side boards bolted to the runner plank. Use quarter-inch bolts six inches long for this. Fig. 1 shows detail, cross section of side board, and longitudinal section of RP and MB. The plan gives the position of the bolt holes. Screw bolts up firmly, the nuts on the under side of the RP. Put a couple of two-inch screws through the MB to the keel.

Now for the stern. Bend a piece of inch stuff from the ends of the SB, and nail it firmly to keel and SB. You will notice the end of the keel projects a little. If you find this hard to do when the wood is dry, steam it; or if not that, just saw off a bit of your keel, and make the stern straight across. It does look a little more ship-shape, though, to have a curve in the stern. Turn the boat over, and nail the flooring (F), of half-inch stuff, firmly to SB and K. Your boat is now good and stiff; but, remember, don't attempt to turn your hull over before you've got the side boards fastened to the stern piece, and that again to the keel; the other ends of the side boards are supposed to be bolted to the rudder plank. You have the main part of the hull done. Make full-size drawings of runners and rudder iron-work, and show these drawings to your blacksmith, and let him attend to that part of the business. Be careful in drawing the details of the runner irons, rudder-post, etc., to use the right scale—that marked B.

Now for your spars. Mast, white pine, eight feet nine inches from end to end, four inches at base, one inch at head. Put the stick in your bench vise, and shape it with a spokeshave. Boom, eight feet six inches long, one and a half inches thick at the middle, and one inch at either end; fasten it to the mast with a staple and screw-eye; Fig. 4 shows it. Put a brass ferrule on the end of the boom to prevent it from being split by the staple. Gaff, four feet long, and an inch and a quarter thick. Make the throat as in Fig. 4. Jib-boom, four feet eleven inches long, an inch and a quarter thick; fasten it to the bowsprit by a staple and eye, the former to be driven in the bowsprit. Topmast, two feet three inches long, one inch at foot, narrow it half an inch, and screw it to the mast. That completes the sparring.

The standing rigging is next in order. For shrouds and back and jib stays use hemp line; heavy cod line will do. Fasten to eyes in the mast bench and side board, as shown in Fig. 2. Brass eyelets suitable may be got at the sail-maker's.

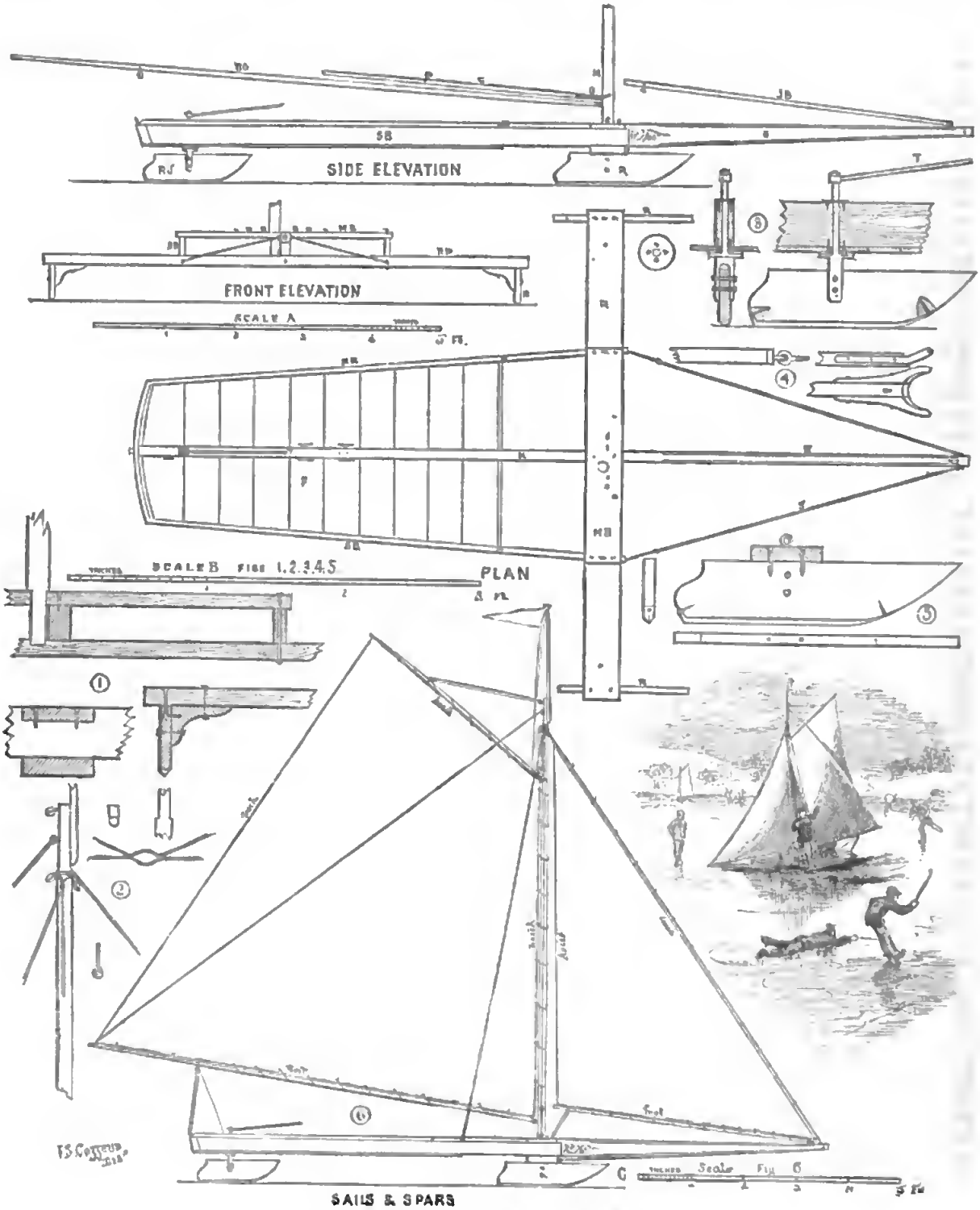
In shaping the mast you must leave a shoulder for the shrouds and stays to rest on. The jib stay runs through the bowsprit, and is fastened to the runner plank in the same way as the shrouds. The bowsprit stays extend to the runner plank, under the ends of the side boards. The front elevation gives the position.

Make sails out of heavy unbleached muslin; when hemmed to be of the following dimensions: mainsail hoist, six feet six inches; head, four feet two inches; leech, nine feet four inches; foot, eight feet six inches. Jib hoist, six feet nine inches; leech, eight feet eleven inches; foot, five feet.

The running rigging hardly needs a description. Small single blocks, either of wood or metal, may be used, with the exception of the blocks for the main and jib sheets, which should be double. The peak and throat halyards run from blocks through screw-eyes in the mast bench, thence to cleats on the side of the keel; jib halyards through eyes, and then to the cleat; jib sheets fastened to eyes, then through double pulley, and back to the cleat—one on either side, of course. For the topping lift use bluefish line; and for the running rigging, the same.

Before you put your sails on, or, in fact, any of the spars, standing or running rigging, you must remember that you have not put the runners on yet, nor got the rudder in place. See that the blacksmith has made the iron-work according to the drawings. Bolt the rudder to the rudder-post, screw the irons to the runners, the chocks to the under side of the runner plank, and then to the runners. Look at the detail drawings, and see that everything is all right; then you may begin to put on the finishing touches.

Digitized by Google



WORKING PLANS FOR AN ICE-BOAT.

Sand-paper every part so as to get the finger-marks off, and then give your wood-work, spars and all, a coat of shellac. Step your mast; draw taut as you possibly can the standing rigging; but don't forget to put brass rings on your mast and jib stay, or you'll have to unrig. Then bend your sails, reeve your running rigging, and, with a little oil on the working parts of the rudder, you are ready to run a race with a locomotive if one is at hand and you've got a clear sheet of ice under you.

Don't forget that this craft of yours is inclined to speed at times, and requires a steady hand, a quick eye, and ready nerve to manage it, or you'll be running into Bill A. or Charlie B., perhaps shooting yourself out as from a catapult, or driving high and dry up the side of a hill. Nobody knows what may happen if you don't keep your wits about you. Above all, don't smash your boat, because it can be put to good use when the boating season opens again. We will tell you how by-and-by.

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE ANTIQUITY.—[DRAWN BY MISS C. A. NORTHAM.]

Digitized by Google

JIM'S THANKSGIVING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"IS that your dog?"

Jim looked around. A bright-looking boy of eight years was sitting in a carriage which stood before a six-story dry-goods store. He was gazing admiringly at the pretty terrier Jim held in his arms. He moved toward him, drawn by the quickly established chord of sympathy between two boys on the subject of dogs.

"Ain't he a beauty! Well, yes, I s'pose he's mine. He fell off the box of a big style carriage, somethin' like that o' yourn, one day. I picked him up and run after it, but I couldn't ketch it. I *didn't* steal him," added Jim, earnestly.

"Course you didn't."

"I've done some mean things, but I promised mother I'd never steal. He was lame for a while, poor little creetur, but I nussed him very careful, and he's well now."

"How'll you trade? I'd like to have him."

But Jim hugged the dog closer to him, as the small boy drew various treasures from his pockets.

"There's a top 'll spin for fifteen minutes; and look at that knife—four blades and a nut-pick; then there's these carnelians—look—nine; they're worth a quarter apiece. I'll give 'em all for him."

Jim shook his head. "He's all I've got, you see, and I'm fond of him. I've fed him when I went hungry myself."

"I'll give you some money, then. See, you could buy —some clothes."

Jim looked down at his pitiful rags, but stood firm.

"Take this anyhow," said the boy, with a look of sympathy, holding out a half-dollar. "Get something good for you and the dog."

Jim eyed the coin wistfully. "Won't your father care?" he asked.

"No, no," laughed the boy; "he isn't here, though. Been gone away for six months, and he's coming home to-night, and we're going to have the *jolliest* Thanksgiving. Where's *your* home?"

"I ain't got no home. There's no Thanksgivin' for me anywheres."

"Dear me!" the bright face lengthened into an expression of surprise and dismay. "But my mamma says everybody has something to be thankful for"; but he looked at Jim as if he thought there *might* be cases in which this was to be doubted. "I'll tell you what," he went on, after a pause. "You come to our house to-morrow afternoon, and I'll give you *such* a dinner! Say, now, will you?"

"I don't know," said Jim, slowly. "I'd like to. Where is it?"

"No. —— —— Avenue. You come there and ask for Johnny Welford. Now do; promise, won't you?—and bring your dog. Say, what's his name?"

"Well," said Jim, in a half-apologetic tone, "his whole name's George Washington, but I call him George for short. You see, I ain't got no folks, and I make b'lieve *he's* folks, and I talks to him, and he 'most knows all I say, and it seems 'most like he was my brother. I had a little brother once, and my mother was a real good woman, and—"

"There's *my* mamma," said the boy in the carriage. "Just show her that dog."

But Jim drew back as a lady approached, and nodding to Johnny, "I'll come," mingled in the crowd. He soon sought a poorer street.

"Ho, ho, George my boy, what do you think of that?" he said, showing him the money. "What 'd you like for supper to-night? B'lony-sassage and crackers, eh? Yes, I knowed you'd say that," as George, wagging his tail vigorously, licked his master's face. "Or what 'd you say to a reg'lar baker's roll and a bit o' hot steak?" George's attention was just here riveted on a cur of low degree passing by, and the short hair on his back stood up as he answered his growl. "No," went on Jim, "I thought you'd say that was too extravagant for the likes o' we; so we'll have the b'lony, George.

"And where shall we put up to-night, little feller, eh? Shall we go to the United States, or to the Jefferson Club House? Or shall we go out to the junction, where we slep' las' night? It's gettin' a leetle cold for country lodgin's, but they might be expectin' us, and we wouldn't like to disappoint 'em, eh, George? The warm side o' that straw-stack wa'n't bad, you know. We might take our supper out there and eat, eh?"

George wagged his hearty approval of the plan, and Jim took his way to a suburban dépôt. Here he awaited the making up of a freight train, and in the gathering twilight took his place on a platform unperceived. Night closed down as the train wound its slow length out of the city, and in the course of an hour Jim alighted amid a perfect wilderness of cross tracks, side tracks, coal heaps, and a wonderful quantity of freight-cars. He sought out his straw pile, and the two enjoyed a hearty meal. Then his quick eye was attracted by the half-open door of a box-car near.

"Let's see, now," he said, going up to it. "P'r'aps they've been a-keepin' one of their style rooms for us, George."

He lit a match and peered inside. It contained a few articles of shabby furniture, and an old carpet rolled up in one corner.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I knowed they'd be a-lookin' for us, George, but I'm blamed if I thought they'd fix up for us like this. Quit now; don't you be a-waggin' yourself all over the keer, and a-rappin' your tail agin the fine furnitur'. Be genteel now."

Jim rolled himself and his pet in the carpet, and both were comfortably settled for the night, when voices were heard.

"What's here?" A man looked in, and then climbed up, followed by another.

"It's only me and my dog," said Jim.

"Ah, room for more, I guess."

Jim had thought he was going to have a fine night's rest; but he lay awake long, his thoughts going back to the little boy who had liked his dog, who had given him more money than ever he had had at one time before, and who had promised him a Thanksgiving dinner. He liked the idea of going very much, not only for the good dinner, which was quite an attraction to the poor hungry little tramp, but he wanted to see the nice little fellow again, and see where he lived, and perhaps talk more about dogs. The thought of giving him his dog crossed his mind for a moment, but was cast aside as a thing impossible, the very idea producing an almost unconscious hug so fervent as to extort a patient howl from George.

He wished, though, that he could "slick up" a little to go to Johnny Welford's house. He wondered if he could get a pair of second-hand shoes for what was left of his half-dollar, and made up his mind to search among office sweepings early in the morning for the cleanest paper collar he could find. He had an indefinite hope that some good might come to him from this visit. Perhaps Johnny's father might help him to something to do. He did odd jobs now, ran errands, swept steps and crossings, but it was his great ambition to get "somethin' reg'lar" to do.

As he lay thinking, the men who shared his shelter were talking, but he paid little heed to them till he heard the words "John Welford"—"coming on that train," and then he listened with every nerve on a tension, till his heart was filled with fright and horror at what he heard.

Digitized by Google

He heard the whole plan. A large bowlder lay close to the track a short distance from the junction, and crowbars were hidden near. The men were to wait till the watchman had made his last patrol out that way before the time for the passing of the train, when they would quickly hoist destruction into its path.

"He sent me up for four years, but I'll send *him* up for longer than that," said the man, with a laugh and an oath which made Jim shudder.

When the two at last left the car he waited till they were beyond hearing, and crept cautiously out. He knew that if they suspected his intention they would think no more of crushing out his life than of treading on a worm, but he was resolved on saving that train if he died in doing it. It was bright starlight, but dark enough to admit of his watching the men without much danger of being discovered. He saw them finish their work, and hide in the bushes near. Then, with trembling hands, but full of firm purpose, he set about carrying out *his* plan.

Running back to the straw pile, he quickly made up a bundle of it, and slipping off his old shoes, sped noiselessly along the track, past the wreckers. Just beyond the bowlder the road made rather a sharp curve, bringing a high bank between the two men and Jim's selected place of action, and this, he hoped, would conceal from them what he was doing, at least long enough to insure success.

He divided his bundle of straw, and laid a heap on the track. Then he waited and listened, with his heart beating too loudly for him to hear any other sound. He looked up at the stars over his head. "My mother is up there somewheres, p'r'aps," whispered the little fellow; "maybe she'll ask some 'un to help me."

As the head-light at last appeared in the distance he set a match to his heap, and saw it blaze up brightly. Lighting by it the portion still in his hand, he ran wildly forward, waving it to and fro. But the engine came steadily forward: would it never, *never* stop? He reached a short bridge over a culvert, and sprang on the abutment at its side, still brandishing his beacon, and, scarcely knowing it, shrieking at the top of his voice. His hands were burning, the smoke blackened his face and took away his breath; but, yes—it surely *was* slowing. The engine passed him; he listened, and could hear the brakes worked by the desperate strength of frightened men. Passengers crowded out on the platform, and saw the little figure still waving the last sparks of his safety-light. And then a dark form stole up to him, a cruel blow sent him crashing against the last car, and he fell. Its wheels had not stopped moving.

Men sprang down, raised him, and carried him into the car, where he was laid upon a seat.

"It's the one who stopped the train—a boy. Why did he do it?—what's the matter?" The conductor had sent men forward on the track, and soon knew the terrible reason. It spread through the cars like wild-fire. Women cried and fainted, and strong men turned pale. Every one knew that it might have been his or her life which had gone out ere now but for the boy who lay there. A woman wiped the blood and smoke from his face with shaking hands and quick-dropping tears.

Presently a boy's clear voice cried out, "Johnny Welford's father?—Johnny Welford's father?"

A tall man turned in surprise, and bent over him. "Did you call my name, my boy?"

"Be you Johnny Welford's father?"

"Yes, I am John Welford."

"Be you a-goin' home to Thanksgivin'?"

"I—hope so"—his voice broke—"thanks to you."

Jim smiled. "I guess mother sent some 'un to help me. Where's George?" The dog had crept close to his master, and no one had driven him away. "Hello, old feller.—Give Johnny Welford my dog—he'll know. Tell Johnny Welford I can't—come to his house—for—Thanksgivin'." The voice died away.

Jim had his Thanksgiving dinner at Johnny Welford's house, but it was a few spoonfuls of wine, given by the white hands of Johnny Welford's mother. And he was the only guest, for there was no merry-making in the beautiful house where the poor little street Arab lay in the balance between life and death. And from many other hearts in the city went up, with fervent thanksgiving, the earnest prayer that the little life which had been so freely offered for others might be spared.

"And you lost your poor foot, my boy," some one said, months after. "You'll have to go without it all your life."

"Why, yes," said Jim, with a laugh; "but, bless me! I'm enough sight better off with one foot 'n ever I was with two. Why, it's been Thanksgivin' for me and George all the time ever since. Eh, old feller?"

MRS. NOVEMBER'S DINNER PARTY.

BY AGNES CARR.

THE widow November was very busy indeed this year. What with elections and harvest-homes, her hands were full to overflowing; for she takes great interest in politics, besides being a social body, without whom no apple bee or corn-husking is complete.

Still, worn out as she was, when her thirty sons and daughters clustered round, and begged that they might have their usual family dinner on Thanksgiving-day, she could not find it in her hospitable heart to refuse, and immediately invitations were sent to her eleven brothers and sisters, old Father Time and Mother Year, to come with all their families and celebrate the great American holiday.

Then what a busy time ensued! What a slaughter of unhappy barn-yard families—turkeys, ducks, and chickens! What a chopping of apples and boiling of doughnuts! what a picking of raisins and rolling of pie-crust! until every nook and corner of the immense store-room was stocked with "savory mince and toothsome pumpkin pies," while so great was the confusion that even the stolid red-hued servant, Indian Summer, lost his head, and smoked so continually he always appeared surrounded by a blue mist, as he piled logs upon the great bonfires in the yard, until they lighted up the whole country for miles around.

But at length all was ready; the happy day had come, and all the little Novembers, in their best "bib and tucker," were seated in a row, awaiting the arrival of their uncles, aunts, and cousins, while their mother, in russet-brown silk, trimmed with misty lace, looked them over, straightening Guy Fawkes's collar, tying Thanksgiving's neck ribbon, and settling a dispute between two little presidential candidates as to which should sit at the head of the table.

Soon a merry clashing of bells, blowing of horns, and mingling of voices were heard outside, sleighs and carriages dashed up to the door, and in came, "just in season," Grandpa Time, with Grandma Year leaning on his arm, followed by all their children and grandchildren, and were warmly welcomed by the hostess and her family.

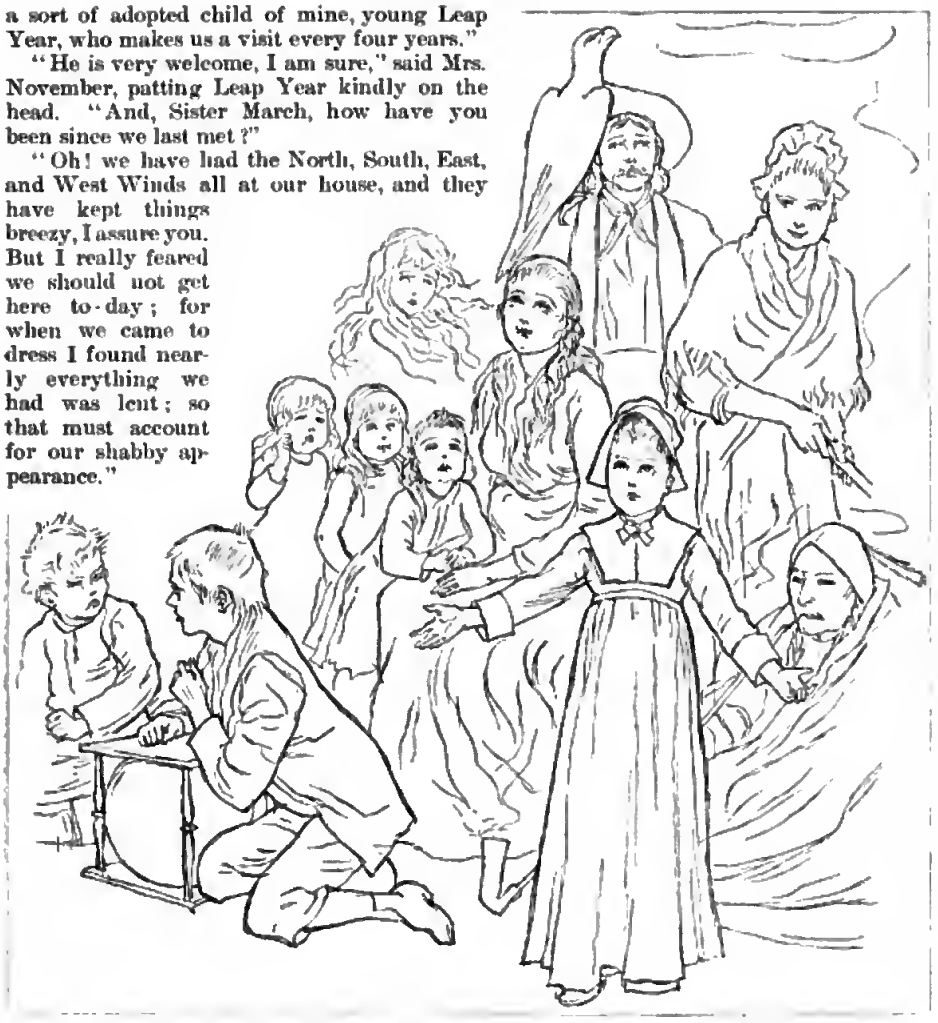
"Oh, how glad I am we could all come to-day!" said Mr. January, in his crisp, clear tones, throwing off his great fur coat, and rushing to the blazing fire. "There is nothing like the happy returns of these days."

"Nothing, indeed," simpered Mrs. February, the poetess. "If I had had time I should have composed some verses for the occasion; but my son Valentine has brought a sugar heart, with a sweet sentiment on it, to his cousin Thanksgiving. I, too, have taken the liberty of bringing

a sort of adopted child of mine, young Leap Year, who makes us a visit every four years."

"He is very welcome, I am sure," said Mrs. November, patting Leap Year kindly on the head. "And, Sister March, how have you been since we last met?"

"Oh! we have had the North, South, East, and West Winds all at our house, and they have kept things breezy, I assure you. But I really feared we should not get here to-day; for when we came to dress I found nearly everything we had was lent; so that must account for our shabby appearance."



MRS. NOVEMBER'S GUESTS.

"He! he! he!" tittered little April Fool. "What a sell!" And he shook until the bells on his cap rang; at which his father ceased for a moment showering kisses on his nieces and nephews, and boxed his ears for his rudeness.

"Oh, Aunt May! do tell us a story," clamored the younger children, and dragging her into a corner, she was soon deep in such a moving tale that they were all melted to tears, especially the little Aprils, who cry very easily.

Meanwhile, Mrs. June, assisted by her youngest daughter, a "sweet girl graduate," just from school, was engaged in decking the apartment with roses and lilies and other fragrant flowers that she had brought from her extensive gardens and conservatories, until the room was a perfect bower of sweetness and beauty; while Mr. July draped the walls with flags and banners, lighted the candles, and showed off the tricks of his pet eagle, Yankee Doodle, to the great delight of the little ones.

Madam August, who suffers a great deal with the heat, found a seat on a comfortable sofa, as far from the fire as possible, and waved a huge feather fan back and forth, while her thirty-one boys and girls, led by the two oldest, Holiday and Vacation, ran riot through the long rooms, picking at their aunt June's flowers, and playing all sorts of pranks, regardless of tumbled hair and torn clothes, while they shouted, "Hurrah for fun!" and behaved like a pack of wild colts let loose in a green pasture, until their uncle September called them, together with his own children, into the library, and persuaded them to read some of the books with which the shelves were filled, or play quietly with the game of Authors and the Dissected Maps.

"For," said Mr. September to Mrs. October, "I think Sister August lets her children romp too much. I always like improving games for mine, although I have great trouble to make Equinox toe the line as he should."

"That is because you are a school-master," laughed Mrs. October, shaking her head, adorned with a wreath of gayly tinted leaves; "but where is my baby?"

At that moment a cry was heard without, and Indian Summer came running in to say that little All Hallows had fallen into a tub of water while trying to catch an apple that was floating on top, and Mrs. October, rushing off to the kitchen, returned with her youngest in a very wet and dripping condition, and screaming at the top of his lusty little lungs, and could only be consoled by a handful of chestnuts, which his nurse, Miss Frost, cracked open for him.

The little Novembers meanwhile were having a charming time with their favorite cousins, the Decembers, who were always so gay and jolly, and had such a delightful papa. He came with his pockets stuffed full of toys and sugar-plums, which he drew out from time to time, and gave to his best-loved child, Merry Christmas, to distribute amongst the children, who gathered eagerly around their little cousin, saying,

> "Christmas comes but once a year,
> But when she comes she brings good cheer."

At which Merry laughed gayly, and tossed her golden curls, in which were twined sprays of holly and clusters of brilliant scarlet berries.

At last the great folding-doors were thrown open. Indian Summer announced that dinner was served, and a long procession of old and young being quickly formed, led by Mrs. November and her daughter Thanksgiving, whose birthday it was, they filed into the spacious dining-room, where stood the long table, groaning beneath its weight of good things, while four servants ran continually in and out, bringing more substantials and delicacies to grace the board and please the appetite. Winter staggered beneath great trenchers of meat and poultry, pies and puddings; Spring brought the earliest and freshest vegetables; Summer, the richest creams and ices; while Autumn served the guests with fruit, and poured the sparkling wine.

All were gay and jolly, and many a joke was cracked as the contents of each plate and dish melted away like

Digitized by Google

snow before the sun; and the great fires roared in the wide chimneys as though singing a glad Thanksgiving song.

New Year drank everybody's health, and wished them "many happy returns of the day," while Twelfth Night ate so much cake he made himself quite ill, and had to be put to bed.

Valentine sent mottoes to all the little girls, and praised their bright eyes and glossy curls. "For," said his mother, "he is a sad flatterer, and not nearly so truthful, I am sorry to say, as his brother George Washington, who never told a lie."

At which Grandfather Time gave George a quarter, and said he should always remember what a good boy he was.

After dinner the fun increased, all trying to do something for the general amusement. Mrs. March persuaded her son St. Patrick to dance an Irish jig, which he did to the tune of the "Wearing of the Green," which his brothers Windy and Gusty blew and whistled on their fingers.

Easter sang a beautiful song, the little Mays "tripped the light fantastic toe" in a pretty fancy dance, while the Junes sat by so smiling and sweet it was a pleasure to look at them.

Independence, the fourth child of Mr. July, who is a bold little fellow, and a fine speaker, gave them an oration he had learned at school; and the Augusts suggested games of tag and blindman's-buff, which they all enjoyed heartily.

Mr. September tried to read an instructive story aloud, but was interrupted by Equinox, April Fool, and little All Hallows, who pinned streamers to his coat tails, covered him with flour, and would not let him get through a line; at which Mrs. October hugged her tricksy baby, and laughed until she cried, and Mr. September retired in disgust.

"That is almost too bad," said Mrs. November, as she shook the popper vigorously in which the corn was popping and snapping merrily; "but, Thanksgiving, you must not forget to thank your cousins for all they have done to honor your birthday."

At which the demure little maiden went round to each one, and returned her thanks in such a charming way it was quite captivating.

AT THE DINNER TABLE.

Grandmother Year at last began to nod over her tea-cup in the chimney-corner.

"It is growing late," said Grandpa Time.

"But we must have a Virginia Reel before we go," said Mr. December.

"Oh yes, yes!" cried all the children.

Merry Christmas played a lively air on the piano, and old and young took their positions on the polished floor, with grandpa and grandma at the head.

Midsummer danced with Happy New Year, June's Commencement with August's Holiday, Leap Year with May Day, and all "went merry as a marriage bell."

The fun was at its height, when suddenly the clock in the corner struck twelve. Grandma Year motioned all to stop; and Grandfather Time, bowing his head, said, softly, "Hark! my children, Thanksgiving-day is ended."

Digitized by Google

ROCKY LAKE, HALIFAX.

My sister and brother wrote a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I want to write one too. I am ten years old, and my sister Nettie is seven. She can read better than I can, but I write the best.

This is a very wild country, and very cold. We have nearly a foot of snow here, although it is only the 29th of October. We hear the wolves howl, and we get lots of deer. My brother has quite a number of horns, which are very pretty to hang on the wall.

We are sixteen miles from the Post-office, and we get our papers only every two or three weeks. We like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Mamma makes out all the puzzles and enigmas, and we love to read the stories. We are very grateful to the kind gentleman in New York who sends it to my sister. He comes here every fall with some other gentlemen to hunt, and that is the only time in the whole year when we see many people. We have no little girls to play with, for our nearest neighbor, who lives six miles away, is an old man seventy years old, who lives all alone. Twelve miles away there is one more family, but we have to cross three lakes to get there. They have two little girls. They had three, but the oldest one went out in a boat about three weeks ago, and was drowned. We were very sorry to hear of it.

I have a loon's egg, and I can get a gull's eggs, and if Harry F. Haines, who asked for those eggs, will send me a doll in return, I will send him the eggs, together with some pretty moss which grows on the rocks in Muskoka, near where we live.

AGNES R. LOCKMAN, Dorset P. O.,
Muskoka District, Ontario, Canada.

WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have two little sisters. The youngest is not named yet. I go to school, and am in the Second Reader. I know the table, two and three, and up to twelve. I enjoy reading YOUNG PEOPLE. Please excuse this letter, because it is the first time I ever did try to write with a pen and ink. MABEL.

PUEBLO, COLORADO.

We had a parrot, and I could take him and hug him, and touch his black tongue, and do anything I wanted to him. He knew when it was time for our meals, and would eat with us at the table. He was very fond of butter. He would walk all around the fence, and would go to the kitchen door to get in if the sitting-room door was shut. When Polly Parrot was walking along the floor, pussy would run after him, and pat his tail, which made Polly angry.

ELEANOR MCG.

WARSAW, INDIANA.

My brother has taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it started, and now we could hardly do without it. I like "Who was Paul Grayson?" best of all the stories.

We have a juvenile band here, and we can play some very fine music. We have a drum-major and all, and when we parade we look something like the picture "Sons of the Brave." The band consists of fourteen boys, all about the same size and age.

LOGAN H. W.

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.

I am seven years old. I have a very pretty rooster, I wish some little girl would name him for me.

I think the story about Cuchy was very pretty. My sister Allie has a hen like Cuchy. JOHNNY B.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I am a little boy not quite nine years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it a great deal better than any paper I have ever seen. I have a pair of pigeons, which are very tame. I expect soon to get a guinea-pig from Charlottetown. I get my paper from Halifax. F. R. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am six and a half years old. I live in Cranberry, New Jersey, but I am on a visit to my papa now. He has sent me YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. I have wanted to write to the Post-office Box for a long time, and I have at last coaxed papa to do so for me, as I can not write very well yet, although I am fast learning.

I have two dogs at home, one black and tan named Gyp, which papa says is nicer than I am, and a hound named Juno. I also have a cat named Pinkie, who does not love my dogs as well as I do YOUNG PEOPLE. I save all my papers to send to a hospital, where they will amuse some poor sick boy or girl.

"PUDGIE" VAN H.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I read in the Post-office Box a request from Roscoe E. E. for information about the cotton plant.

I live five miles from Beaufort. Cotton is planted here every year. If they are in good soil the plants are usually four or five feet high. Marsh grass, which grows between the salt creeks, is sometimes used as a fertilizer for "Sea Island" cotton, which is the only kind raised here. This fertilizer makes it grow broad and tall. My father had some cotton once that was from six to eight feet high, and the branches bore from twelve to sixteen pods. It grew on what we call salt ground.

Cotton is planted in March and April. It begins to blossom about the 1st of June. The flowers are pale yellow when they first open, but become reddish after the first day. The picking of cotton is begun in August, and is continued until the first frost, which comes about the middle of November. A. L. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE since it was first published. The first thing I do on Tuesday morning when I get out of bed is to look for the letter-carrier, who brings my paper. Then mamma reads it to me until school-time. And at night when I go to bed she reads me to sleep with it. I like the stories very much, but the one I like best is "The Moral Pirates." My papa and mamma like the paper very much too, and often at night they try to work out the puzzles. Sometimes they find them out, and sometimes they don't. I can not read or write yet, but I hope I shall take YOUNG PEOPLE until I am old enough to read it myself. H. E. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I wish Jimmy Brown would have a story in every number of YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma reads to us about that queer Mr. Martin, and laughs till the tears roll down her cheeks. If the Post-office Box knows Jimmy, I would like to tell him that I am very sorry for him. ARTHUR W.

The following verses are from a young correspondent:

MY FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY.

I've grown to be a great, great girl,
I'm eight years old to-day.
Ted says I'm only a baby,
And have too much to say.
Brother Ted don't know everything,
If he *is* twelve years old;
He thinks he's nearly a man now,
'Cause his watch is real gold.

I'm going to have a party,
We'll have ice-cream and cake;
There is no end to the nice things
My dear mamma did bake.
Then we shall have nice music,
Uncle John is going to play;
He sent me a wreath of flowers,
Just like the Queen of May.

And we shall play all kind of games,
And maybe I'll catch some beaux,
For sister Kate always says that
When to parties *she* goes.
There goes the bell, some one has come;
No—a large box for me;
Why, it's just the sweetest wax doll
That ever I did see. J. V.

NEW YORK CITY.

If Georgie G. S., of Dubuque, Iowa, will put a handful of clean white pebbles and five or six clean sea-shells in her globe, the gold-fish are more likely to keep healthy. The water should be changed every day. VANDERBILT O.

CHAMPION, NEW YORK.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the stories of "The Moral Pirates," and "Who was Paul Grayson?" I have no pets except a little dog I call Watch. We have had a snow-storm here (October 24). I am thirteen years old. WARREN B.

I am eleven years old, and I have fourteen dolls. I have a little kitten for a pet. I call it Bob Short, because it is a rabbit kitten, and hasn't any tail.

My cousin sent YOUNG PEOPLE to my brother Warren and myself as a present for two years, and we think she is very kind. EVA E. B.

PLATTE CITY, MISSOURI.

I wish to notify my little friends that I can not send them any more samples of crochet trimming. I have no time now to make it, as I am going to school and taking music lessons. I have received a great many requests, and I can not possibly get time to crochet enough to answer them all.

GRACIE MEARS.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think it is a very useful paper. I live on Big Sandy Creek near the railroad, six miles from any neighbor. There are antelopes, buffaloes, wolves, wild-cats, rabbits, owls, and eagles here. There are also some splendid specimens. I have some bullion out of a mine at Leadville, also some petrified wood, topaz, moss-agate, and other things. I sent "Woe Tot" some specimens of wild flowers and grasses, and if she will send me some ocean curiosities I will be much pleased, and will send her some of my specimens. I will also exchange some of them with any little girl or boy for ocean curiosities.

CLARA F. R. SWITT,
Aroya Station, Colorado, K. P. R. R.

I can never thank my grandfather too much for subscribing for this delightful little paper for me.

Here is a recipe for keeping barberries and mountain ash for Christmas decorations. Fill a large jar with a strong solution of salt and water—cooking salt is best. Put the berries in the brine, and cork it. It need not be air-tight.

I have three hundred and sixty-four postage stamps, and have exchanged successfully with many of the boys and a few of the girls. I have now some white moss which came from Muskosh Mills, a little village on an island in the Muskoka River, which I would gladly exchange for curiosities from the ocean or the far South. W. C. V. CHADWICK,
44 St. George Street, Toronto, Canada.

The correspondents you inquire about have probably sent you sufficient address, and you would better try the experiment of answering them. If they do not receive the letters, it will not be from any fault of yours.

I would like to exchange foreign and United States postage stamps and postmarks with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALFRED C. P. OPDYKE, Hotel Bristol,
Corner Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

I would like to exchange minerals for stamps, postmarks, seeds, shells, stones, or any other thing worth putting in a museum. I wish to get a collection of flints from every State and from Canada, and I will send a stone from Virginia in exchange. I will also exchange postmarks for others. I have some from England, Canada, and nearly every State.

H. H. TUCKER, Box 75, Richmond, Virginia.

I have a small collection of stamps, and would like to exchange. I will also exchange a stone from Pennsylvania or from Caen, France, for others from different States. ALFRED W. STOCKETT,
P. O. Box 119, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.

I am collecting curiosities, and would be happy to exchange with any correspondent. I have about one hundred and fifty varieties of birds' eggs. I would be glad to supply any one with a list of the eggs of Canada. J. F. WELLS,
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

I would like to exchange postmarks, minerals, fossils, birds' eggs, or coins with any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE for minerals, fossils, coins, birds' eggs, or shells. I very much desire to obtain specimens from foreign countries.

FRANK H. LATTIN,
Gaines, Orleans County, New York.

I have a large number of stamps and rare postmarks, and would like very much to exchange with readers of this paper.

A. W. MOORE, Cheltenham Academy,
P. O. Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania.

I want to tell you about my collection. It consists of an Indian mortar, an Indian axe and hatchet, a large number of arrow-heads, a nail from "Old Fort Massac," a French bullet weighing an ounce, and a piece of a French sword. I have also a fine collection of minerals, and I would like to exchange some specimens of purple spar for copper ore, crystallized quartz, or shells. WILLIE B. MORRIS,
Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Illinois.

I would like to exchange postage stamps for birds' eggs. Correspondents will please state the kind of eggs they have to exchange, and the varieties of stamps they wish in return. I have over one thousand stamps in my collection.

FRANK MADISON, 206 Stockton Street,
San Francisco, California.

We are making a collection of postmarks and stamps, wood, minerals, pressed leaves and ferns, and the soil of different States and countries, and will exchange any of these things with other boys or girls. We will also exchange flower seeds or slips for ocean curiosities or Indian relics.

MARY, LOWIS, MINNIE,
Care of E. M. Frazier, Lock Box No. 12,
Caldwell, Noble County, Ohio.

I will be very glad to exchange foreign postage stamps with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Correspondents will please send a list of their stamps for exchange. O. L. WELCH,
49 Bank Street, New York City.

I live on the San Jacinto River. My papa has a plantation on the Trinity. He has a plum orchard, and we go up there and eat plums. Mamma is going up there to preserve some. I am collecting small shells. I have about four hundred.

I would like to exchange birds' eggs or postage stamps with any little boy or girl. I am nine years old. PEARL A. HARE,
Lynchburg, Harris County, Texas.

I have stamps from Venezuela and Curaçao I wish to exchange for others.

CHARLES DE SOLA, care of R. De Sola,
23 William Street, New York City.

I will exchange twenty-five kinds of postmarks from Georgia for twenty-five kinds from any other State. I will also exchange foreign stamps for their

Digitized by Google

equivalent value in birds' eggs, shells, minerals, curiosities of all kinds, or for other stamps.

LOUIS J. BRUMLY,
P. O. Box 126, Athens, Georgia.

I will exchange postmarks and French stamps for any American and European stamps except English and Canadian. To any one who will send me ten stamps, all different, I will send by return mail twenty postmarks.

WILLIE GURNETT,
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

I live near Niagara Falls. I have a white pony. She is very gentle, and can do a great many tricks. She will lie down and let me get on her back.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it so much I can hardly wait from one week till the next for it. I would like to exchange specimens of rock from Niagara Falls for shells or sea-weed. I would also like to exchange coins. I am eleven years of age.

HARRY SYMMS,
The Grove, Drummondville,
Near Niagara Falls, Canada.

E. MCGARRAH.—It is said that Robert Burns, when a youth of nineteen, became acquainted with Douglas Grahame, an honest farmer who lived at Shanter, and who afterward figured as Tam o' Shanter in the wonderful poem of that name. A merry story told of Grahame by his friends served as the material which Burns long afterward turned to such good account. The original story was as follows: Grahame had a friend named John Davidson, the Souter Johnnie of the poem, with whom he often made merry when in town on market-day, frequently lingering so late at night as to cause severe displeasure to the good dame waiting at home. It happened once, when returning later than usual, on a very dark, stormy night, Grahame had the misfortune to lose his "bonnet," or cap, in which was all the money he had made that day at the market. Fearing the scolding which he knew awaited him, he took advantage of his wife's superstition and credulity, and invented a terrible story of a band of witches which had appeared to him at Alloway Kirk, and from which he had barely escaped with his life. The dame was satisfied with his explanation, and gave thanks for the miraculous preservation of her husband. Honest Douglas Grahame, however, quietly returned by daylight to Carrick Hill, where he was fortunate enough to find his "bonnet" and money safe in the bushes near the Bridge of Doon. Grahame and Davidson, the originals of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, are buried in the church-yard at Kirkoswald.

MANSFIELD.—In earliest times skins, cattle, corn, and other articles were used as money. According to Homer, certain numbers of oxen were paid for the armor of warriors; and even our modern word *pecuniary*, the etymology of which is traced directly to the Latin word *pecus*, signifying cattle, is a convincing proof that those beasts were used as money by the ancient Romans.

Precious metals were also given and taken in payment at a very early age. Abraham is represented in Genesis as coming up out of Egypt "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold," and payments made in so many pieces or shekels of silver are frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. It is supposed that at this period the precious metal was in the form of lumps of different weights, but bore no stamp. Wrought jewels are also mentioned as serving for money.

The first coined money is supposed to have been used by the Lydians about 700 or 800 B.C. Greek coins appeared at a little later period, the earliest being those of Ægina. The first coins were very rough in appearance, a rude device being stamped from a die on a lump of metal of a certain weight by a blow of a hammer. The early Lydian coins bore a lion's head, and the Æginetan a tortoise on the obverse, the other side being marked only by an indentation caused by the blow.

The oldest extant Jewish coins, specimens of which may be seen in the British Museum, are the shekel and half-shekel of Simon Maccabæus, "the priest and prince of the Jews," to whom Antiochus VII., the son of Demetrius I., granted the right of coining money about 139 B.C. The silver shekel and half-shekel had for their devices on one side the almond rod with buds (Numbers, xvii. 8, 10), with the legend, "Jerusalem the Holy"; and on the other the pot of manna (Exodus, xvi. 33), and the legend, "Shekel of Israel," or "Half-Shekel." This early coinage never bore a head, as that would have violated the law forbidding idolatry. The value of the Maccabæus silver shekel may be estimated at 2*s.* 6*d.* sterling, or 60 cents.

LYDIA C.—You can buy the cover for YOUNG PEOPLE of Harper & Brothers for thirty-five cents, or forty-eight cents if sent by mail, but they can not bind your copies for you.

NEWMAN G.—In YOUNG PEOPLE No. 36, in the story entitled "The Mohawk Bowmen," you will find directions for making bows and arrows, and in the Post-office Box of No. 51 the process of feathering arrows is described. In the Post-office Box of No. 19 are instructions for making a kite.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BOTANICAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. Plant a youthful Virginian before it can walk, and what comes up?
2. Plant a piece of bantling, and what comes up?
3. Plant a wise man, and what comes up?
4. Plant a large, inclosed basin, and what comes up?
5. Plant a ruminant's lips, and what comes up?
6. Plant an egg, and what comes up?
7. Plant a color, and what comes up?
8. Plant a sea-shore, and what comes up?
9. Plant yourself, and what comes up?
10. Plant a muff, and what comes up?

A. and T. J.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

First, a dead body. Second, a bay-window. Third, still. Fourth, a net. Fifth, a shrub. BOLTA.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in corn, not in grain.
My second in hall, not in main.
My third is in lamp, not in light.
My fourth in darkness, not in night.
My fifth is in well, not in sick.
My sixth is in cane, not in stick.
My seventh in maple, not in pine.
My eighth is in back, not in spine.
My ninth is in green, not in red.
My tenth is in needle, not in thread.
My eleventh in archer, not in bow.
My whole was an emperor long ago.

MAY E. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 53.

No. 1.

```
        S       M
      A T E   D I M
    S T O R M I N E R
      E R R I M R W
        M I S E R
      Y A M E N O W
    M A N O R O B I N
      M O B   W I T
        R       N
```

No. 2. Marseille.

No. 3. 1. Winnipiseogee. 2. Niagara Falls.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

THE early history of America is always a subject of great interest to boys and girls; and although they may get ahead very slowly in the school history, which is invariably dull, as its statements are of necessity as condensed as possible, put a volume in their hand in which the story of their country is told in picturesque and easy style, and made more interesting than many works of fiction, and the rapidity with which it is absorbed by young readers is wonderful. A new and very interesting book of this description is *Old Times in the Colonies*,[1] by Charles C. Coffin, whose earlier works, *The Boys of '76* and *The Story of Liberty*, are favorite volumes with boys and girls. From this new book children will learn about the hardships and sufferings of the pioneer settlers of the United States—how they fought with frost and snow, and desolate, rocky lands, living in constant fear of attacks by Indians, to whose tomahawks many a brave man and many women and little children fell victims; and how, in spite of all obstacles, they struggled ahead with the courage of true men, never faltering and never stopping until the liberty and prosperity of this great country were firmly established.

The few passages from this volume which have appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have found universal favor with young readers throughout the country, and we are sure all those children who find this handsome book in their bundle from Santa Claus will count it among their best gifts. The volume is printed in type so large and clear that no little eyes will ever ache over it, the illustrations are very numerous and exceedingly attractive, and the binding is handsome and substantial.

ONE of the most delightful stories ever written for boys is *The Moral Pirates*,[2] which is now published in a small, neat volume, with fifteen full-page illustrations. This has been one of the most popular serials published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and many of the little friends of Harry Wilson, Tom Schuyler, and Joe and Jim Sharpe, will be happy to renew their acquaintance with them in this pretty little book, while those who have not read the story have some delightful hours in store. The cruise of Harry and his three friends in the *Whitewing*—a neat little boat, well stocked with provisions and camping-out comforts by Harry's uncle John—is accompanied by many innocent and amusing adventures. It takes the boys some time to learn how to manage themselves and their boat, as new difficulties are constantly arising; and when at last they reach Benedt Lake, and have become experienced "moral pirates," their adventures come to a sudden end in a very unexpected manner. This charming story has a new incident and new interest on every page, and will induce many boys to attempt next summer a cruise in the style of these young mariners of the *Whitewing*.

ALL children are by nature fond of small living pets. There is scarcely a child who, if it has a home, does not spend hours in petting its old Maltese cat or aged dog, and the smallest tricks performed by these common domestic animals are matters of intense interest to the youthful master or mistress. Books containing stories of animals are always welcome, and one of the best writers of books of this description is Olive Thorne Miller, whose last publication, entitled *Queer Pets at Marcy's*,[3] is destined to be very popular with young readers. There are stories of all kinds of animal pets from frogs to mice: parrots climb about, making all sorts of funny speeches, mischievous crows make havoc in peaceful households, and dogs and cats do most wonderful and intelligent things. There are stories of funny baby-owls, prairie-dogs, opossums, bears, deer, and many kinds of birds and reptiles. Indeed, Marcy and her neighbors appear to have transformed a whole menagerie into household pets. Delightful and wonderful as these stories are, they are given as facts, and in reading them children will gain not only amusement, but learn many things about the habits of birds and beasts when domesticated. The book is beautifully bound, and contains many fine illustrations.

[1] *Old Times in the Colonies.* By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 460. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *The Moral Pirates.* By W. L. ALDEN. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 148. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[3] *Queer Pets at Marcy's.* By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Illustrated by J. C. BEARD. 8vo, pp. 296. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $5 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 12 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

MACHINE SONNETS.

ALTHOUGH this species of poetry has been considered hard to write, and oftener harder to read when written, a simple recipe is here given by which sonnets by any one, with very little effort, can be produced. One person selects a sonnet from the works of any author—the less known the better—and covers the printed lines with a sheet of paper, leaving the last word of each line only visible. He then reads aloud the word which concludes the first line, and waits until every player has composed a line ending in this word in any metre, and on any subject. When all are ready he reads the next word, and so on until every person present has composed a poem, all of which differ in every way excepting that the last words are alike. This game will be found interesting alike to children and their parents, and is well worthy the attention of the most experienced players.

STILL THERE.

Place a small card upon the tip of one of the fingers of the left hand, and on the card, immediately above the finger, put a coin. Now give a smart blow to the card with the second finger of the right hand, and it will be whirled from under the coin so swiftly that the latter will be left on the tip of the finger. A similar feat can be performed with two wine-glasses. Place a sheet of card-board over both, and then, with a smart fillip, send it spinning from under the coins you have placed upon it, and they will drop into the glasses.

LIGHT FROM OYSTER SHELLS.

IT has long been known that certain compounds of lime and sulphur had the property of absorbing light, and giving it out again when placed in the dark. A simple way to do this is to expose clean oyster shells to a red heat for half an hour. When cold, the best pieces are picked out and packed with alternate layers of sulphur in a crucible, and exposed to a red heat for an hour. When cold, the mass is broken up, and the whitest pieces are placed in a clean glass bottle. On exposing the bottle to bright sunshine during the day, it is found that at night its contents will give out a pale light in the dark. Such a bottle, filled more than a hundred years ago, still gives out light when exposed to the sun, proving the persistency of the property of reproducing light. The chemicals, ground to a flour, may now be mixed with oils or water for paints, may be powdered on hot glass, and glass covered with a film of clear glass, or mixed with celluloid, papier-maché, or other plastic materials. As a paint it may be applied to a diver's dress, to cards, clock dials, signboards, and other surfaces exposed to sunlight during the day; the paint gives out a pale violet light at night sufficient to enable the objects to be readily seen in the dark. If the object covered with the prepared paint is not exposed to the sun, or if the light fades in the dark, a short piece of magnesium wire burned before it serves to restore the light-giving property. The preparation, under various fanciful names, is being manufactured on a large scale.

LITTLE TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING NIGHTMARE AFTER A BUSY DAY PULLING "WISH-BONES."
RETRIBUTIVE CHORUS. "Now, then, all together!"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 57. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, November 30, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK; OR, HOW THE WIDOW'S APPLES WERE GATHERED.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"I SAY, mother, Bill Joyce has run away!" cried Eddie Stevens, rushing into the kitchen swinging his school-bag over his arm.

"Has he, indeed? Well, I'm not very much surprised, for he has behaved very badly ever since his father died. I'm sorry, though, for poor Mrs. Joyce. She'll be all alone now, and I don't know how she'll get through the winter."

Digitized by Google

"She wanted Bill to pick the apples, an' he wouldn't, an' so he jes' got his best clothes, an' went down the road to Moorfield Station, an' he told Sammy Brown he was a-goin to sea; an' he had lots of money, for Sammy Brown seen it, an' I seen Mrs. Joyce a-sittin' by the—"

"Stop! stop! Eddie, say 'saw,' not 'seen,'" said his mother.

"Well, I saw Mrs. Joyce a-sittin' by the winder, an' a-cryin' like a house a-fire, an' I guess Bill stoled—"

"Stop again," interposed Mrs. Stevens. "Say 'I think' and 'stole.'"

"Well, anyhow I guess—I mean, I think—he's got her money."

"Poor woman, she has trouble indeed. A drunken husband, who dies and leaves the place mortgaged for more than it's worth; a fire that burns her barn; and now a bad son, who runs away with what little she has saved to get through the winter with. I'll go and see her to-morrow."

The next afternoon when Eddie came home his mother looked very thoughtful. She said, "Don't you think you could persuade the boys to pick Widow Joyce's apples on Saturday?"

Eddie said nothing, but looked very dubious, for the widow was not liked by the boys.

"Do you think you will ever become so bad that you will want to run away, Eddie?" and his mother looked into his eyes anxiously.

"No, indeed, mother. But you ain't like Bill's mother. She used to lick him awful," replied Eddie.

"Say 'whip,' and 'very hard,' my son."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, will you ask the boys?"

"I'll try 'em, ma."

When Eddie started for school the next day his mind was full of the mission his mother had given him to the boys.

"What ye lookin' so serus about, Ed? 'Pears like ye'd lost all yer best friends," exclaimed the blacksmith, as Eddie passed his open door.

Tom the smith and the little boy were excellent friends, despite the former's remark, and Eddie told him all about Bill, and the widow, and his mother's wish.

"Well, now, ef that ain't a right good idee! You tell the boys ef they'll git the apples onto the ground in piles, I'll hitch up to one of these wagons an' fetch 'em to the mill."

"Can we all go an' see 'em grinded into cider?"

"See here, Ed, your mother'll scold you for usin' sech langwige. What makes ye say 'grinded'? I have to despise folks as don't treat their grammar proper."

"No, mother won't scold me, neither, Tom. She says she rules with love; an' when she talks to me after I've done anythin' bad, it's worse 'n bein' licked. Did your mother lick you when you was little, Tom?"

Somehow the sturdy smith was the sober one now, and he only answered, "Jest you get along to school, and mind you let me know ef the boys are agreed."

Before Eddie had gone far, however, the smith whistled and beckoned him back.

"Sit here a minnit, Ed, I want to tell you somethin'. When I was a little feller I lived on t'other side of the sea, an' one day my mother kept me in, an' that night I did jest what Bill Joyce's done—I *run away*. I went to sea, too, jest like most little fools as believe all the stuff they read about 'life on the ocean wave.' I had mighty hard times, and often wished I could die. It was nigh eight years afore I got money enough to git home with, an' then I found strangers in the house, Ed, who thought I was a tramp. My mother was in her grave, an' the rest was scattered. I never seen none of 'em since."

"Say 'saw,' not 'seen,' Tom," said Eddie, mindful of his own teaching at home.

Tom did not heed, however, but continued. "I want you to look me in the eye, an' promise to *never run away*."

"I promise, Tom," said the boy, promptly.

When Eddie looked up he saw a big crock mark over one of Tom's eyes.

"That's square; an' now mind, Ed, ef the boys won't help, why, I'll shet the shop, an' you an' I'll tackle them apples ourselves."

The next moment Tom's hammer was making lively music upon his anvil, and Eddie was again on his way to school.

The disappearance of Bill Joyce was the one topic of interest at the school-house. Jim Pennell, the biggest boy, did most of the talking. "You bet, I wish I was in Bill's boots. He served the old woman right. He'll have a hully time, and in a couple of years he'll come back a captin of a ship; you see if he don't."

Eddie had just joined the group in front of the school steps. "My mother says—she says—" Poor Ed! here his tongue stuck fast.

"Well, she says she'll put you to bed before supper, and switch you well if *you* run away, don't she?" sneered Jim.

"No, she don't!" exclaimed Eddie, hotly. "I tell you what it is, fellers, I say it's mean an' unfair to make fun of Bill's mother; an' he'll be sure to wish himself back pretty quick. What's more, Tom the smith an' I are goin' to pick Mrs. Joyce's apples on Saturday, and take 'em to the cider mill. You can help if you want to. We'll have lots of fun, an' be doin' a good—"

Just at this moment the school bell rang, and the boys hastened to their desks.

When the roll had been called, Miss Winslow, the teacher, told Jim Pennell to go to the blackboard. "Now," said she, "write 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' That will do. Now, Eddie, you put under it 'Do right, and fear not.'"

Jim and Eddie each wondered if Miss Winslow had overheard the talk at the door. Jim's cheeks turned very red, and so did Eddie's, but it was when he looked up and met his teacher's smile.

After school the subject was renewed.

"I won't go," said one. "Didn't she set the dog onto us one day?"

"Neither will I," insisted another. "Don't I remember how she sassed us for gettin' chestnuts in the wood patch back of her corn lot?"

Three boys, however, were waiting for Eddie a little way down the road, who promised to help him, but were very anxious that Jim Pennell should not know about it.

Eddie reported his experience to Tom and to his mother.

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning, Tom, as good as his word, locked his shop, and hung out an old sign which read, "Gone a-fishin'," and drove away with four boys in the wagon. Five others ran and clambered in as the party went merrily down the village street, and finally Tom protested that he would not have any more along.

What a time they had, to be sure, in the orchard! Some climbed out on the limbs and shook them vigorously, while others held sheets to catch the apples.

At two o'clock they were all collected in heaps—big red Spitzenbergs, plump greenings, brown russets, and luscious Baldwins. "Seventy bushels of 'em if there's one," said Tom.

Two trips were made to the cider mill, the boys going along and helping to unload, though it must be confessed some of them were a great deal better pleased to put long straws into the open bungs of the barrels, and suck the fresh sweet cider until they could not hold another drop.

There is nothing the country boy likes more than to watch the men at work in a cider mill. If you, my reader, live in the city, it is likely that you have never seen such a place, so I will venture to tell you how it looks.

Digitized by Google

A great ponderous frame stands under a shed, with two heavy screws of oak standing upright in a cross-piece. The apples are heaped on all sides, and are first crushed between wooden cog-wheels and caught in tubs. This is called "cheese."

Then a layer of straw is put upon the base of the screw press, and next a layer of "cheese," and upon this more straw, and then again "cheese" and straw clear up; after which planks are put on top, and the "cheese" is "built." Now the screws are turned alternately with a long sweep. Then the cider begins to trickle out, and runs around the little channel cut in the base, and finally into a large tub, from which it is dipped into the waiting barrels.

The leavings, after the juice has all been expressed, is called "pummy," which I suppose is from *pomum*, a Latin word meaning an "apple." The "pummy" is fed to horses and cattle, and they are very fond of it.

A barrel of cider requires about twelve bushels of apples, and is generally worth about a dollar and a half, and the barrel as much more.

The owner of the cider mill paid Tom for the apples, and the party started back. Upon the way Tom put the money into Eddie's hands, insisting that he should carry it in to the widow, while he put a barrel of cider he had bought with his own cash into the cellar. Eddie agreed, upon the condition that all the boys would go in.

When they left the house, after this had been done, somehow they were all very quiet, until Sammy Brown exclaimed,

"Tell you what 'tis, boys, I wish the orchard was bigger, or else there was more poor widows like Bill's mother round here, don't you?"

And no one answered "No."

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 53, November 2.]

THE BOY-GENERAL.

BY EDWARD CARY.

Chapter V.

ALTHOUGH Lafayette and Washington both thought that the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, and the failure of the British to take the State of Virginia, would prove a death-blow to the King's cause in America, neither of them ceased for a moment his efforts to keep up the war. They knew that if peace were indeed coming, much better terms could be had if the Americans showed that they could and would still fight. So while Washington was trying to arouse the people at home, and to get a still larger army, Lafayette sailed for France to seek fresh aid from the government of that country. He succeeded bravely, and was put at the head of an expedition of sixty war vessels and 24,000 men, who were to sail for the United States early in 1783. But while these splendid efforts were being put forth peace was declared; the independence of the United States was recognized by Great Britain; the long struggle was over, and Lafayette was able by his own hand to send the first tidings of its glorious ending to Congress. The next year, on the invitation of Washington, he visited the United States, and was everywhere received with the most joyous signs of love and respect.

When he returned to France he straightway engaged in new efforts for the cause of liberty. Slavery then existed in the French colonies. Lafayette, who had spent over a quarter of a million dollars for the United States, now devoted another large part of his fortune to the freedom of the negroes. He bought a large plantation in Cayenne, and made the slaves free, and founded schools to teach them. In the same way he labored for liberty at home. The French people were sorely oppressed, far worse than the Americans had ever been. Lafayette joined with large numbers of his countrymen in demanding that this oppression should cease, and he did gain great concessions for them. But one July night in 1789 the people of Paris, restless with their slow progress toward liberty, rose and stormed the Bastile, the great royal prison, where many political prisoners had been shut up, and asked of the Assembly, which was in session, that they should be armed. The prayer was granted, and a popular army was raised, called the National Guard, three millions strong. Lafayette was made their commander-in-chief. He used his enormous power with great patience and courage and skill, and to him France largely owed the wonderful victories which she afterward won.

The revolution went on. The King was dethroned and beheaded. A government republican in form but very despotic in spirit followed. Lafayette, who was on the border of Austria fighting his country's foreign foes, was hated by the men in power because he opposed their cruelty, their thirst for blood, and their gross injustice. They conspired to seize and kill him. In 1793 he saw that his life was no longer safe, and fled in disguise across the Austrian frontier. But here he was seized by the Austrian government, at that time one of the most despotic in the world, and put in prison, first in one place and then in another, and finally in a fortress at Olmütz.

The Austrian rulers saw in him their most dangerous enemy, for he was not only an able soldier, but a skillful statesman, and no man in Europe could so well guide the peoples to a complete overthrow of tyranny. So it was resolved to break down his spirit once for all. He was put in a deep, damp cell alone. No books or papers were allowed him. He was told that his whereabouts should be held secret, that no one of his family or friends should know whether he were living or dead, and that so long as he lived no word of what was doing in the world outside should reach him.

But though he wasted to a skeleton, and his hair whitened and fell from his head, he never lost heart of hope and daring for a moment. The Austrian tyrants had overrated their power. Love was stronger than hate. A gallant friend, a Bavarian doctor, found out where Lafayette was, and planned his escape, assisted by a young American, the son of the Major Huger who had welcomed Lafayette when he first set foot on American soil. But the attempt failed. Lafayette and his friends were betrayed and captured and thrown into prison. The world, however, had learned where Lafayette was. Washington, now President of the United States, wrote an appealing letter to the Emperor of Austria, beseeching him to release the almost dying prisoner.

In the English House of Commons, members who had fought Lafayette in Virginia and been defeated by him, denounced the cruelty of Austria, and implored the British government to intercede for him. Lafayette's wife, who had narrowly escaped death on the scaffold from the enemies of her husband in France, went to Vienna, and with prayers and tears got the privilege of sharing her husband's cell. Finally, Napoleon Bonaparte, who had become the ruler of France, and had badly beaten the Austrians at many points, compelled them to free Lafayette before he would grant them peace.

After five years of a prison almost worse than death he returned to find his beloved land oppressed by the iron rule of Napoleon. This great despot sought to win the support of Lafayette, and offered him wealth, honor, and power; but the steadfast friend of freedom refused everything, and retired, almost in want, to a farm near Paris, where he lived in quiet until Napoleon's reign was over. When the Emperor fell, and a new government was set up in France, Lafayette again entered public life, and labored hard to persuade the new government to treat the people justly, but in vain.

In 1830 the people again arose in revolution, and the King fled. The National Guard was again set on foot,

Digitized by Google

and again Lafayette was put at its head. Still another new government came into power, this time with Louis Philippe as King, who was pledged to do whatever the people through their representatives should demand. Lafayette was seventy-three years old when he led this last revolution. His life was near its close, but he was destined to see much of what he had worked for and fought for and suffered for brought about.

The government of King Louis Philippe brought with it almost complete liberty for France. In a short visit made to America in 1824 Lafayette had found the country peaceful and prosperous, and free government firmly set up. He died in 1834, being seventy-seven years of age. Surely no life was ever better spent. From his boyhood to his old age he had always striven to reform abuses, to overthrow injustice, to win liberty for all mankind, and at the same time to teach his fellow-men to use justly and kindly the liberty which they secured.

In our own history his name will always be linked with that of Washington. They were both brave, faithful, just, and generous, and both honored the name of American citizen—a name which Lafayette proudly claimed so long as he lived.

THE END.

"UP WENT THE CANOE."

AN ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "There is a deep pool near Kalmunai, in the Batticaloa district of Ceylon, famed for its alligators, so much so in fact that a friend and I shot eighteen there in the course of a week without apparently diminishing the number.

"There was one enormous brute that had the reputation of having devoured four natives, and cattle without end. The villagers begged us to shoot him, and for some time we watched for him, and often saw him as he came up to breathe; but so cunning was he that the instant he saw either of us raise a rifle, down he would sink, with scarcely a ripple to mark the place of his disappearance.

"Now this pool swarmed with fish, but the dread of the alligators kept the natives from netting them; at length, however, emboldened by our presence, three men paddled in from the stream and began operations. At first they kept close to the bridge, but growing bolder they moved up to some reeds which bade fair to reward their boldness, when all of a sudden, splash! up went the canoe; and but for the outrigger it would have capsized, men and all.

"They had run upon the alligator, which was lying on a sand-bank just below the surface. The yells of the lookers-on and the smack with which the brute's tail struck the canoe showed how narrow an escape the men had had. However, this was my opportunity, and a moment afterward I had the satisfaction of killing the alligator with a bullet in the brain."

[Begun in No. 46 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, September 14.]

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON?

BY JOHN HABBERTON,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF IT.

SO Paul Grayson's secret was out at last, and now the boys wished there never had been any secret at all.

"I've had lots of fun trying to puzzle it out," said Ned Johnston to Napoleon Nott on the afternoon of the day of the trial, "but now I wish that I hadn't. Think of poor Paul!"

"I wish he had been a prince in exile," said Napoleon Nott, "for then he wouldn't have had a chance to tell on himself. Princes' sons never have their fathers tried for passing counterfeit money. But I'll tell you what; the way that Paul looked when he said 'Father!' that day was just like a picture in a book I've got, named *Doomed*

Digitized by Google

to Death; or, the Pirate's Protégé. I'll bring it to school some day and show it to you all."

"I'll break every bone in your body if you do," said Will Palmer.

Notty suddenly remembered that his mother had sent him to the market to order something, so he hurried away from society that he had mistakenly supposed might be congenial, while Ned Johnston made the round of the residences of the various boys who had been at school with Paul. The end of it all was that the entire school met in the school-yard that evening after supper for the purpose of formally drafting resolutions of sympathy. Condolence also was suggested by Sam Wardwell, but Canning Forbes said that the meeting should not make a fool of itself if he could prevent it.

If the roll of Mr. Morton's school had been called that evening at that meeting, not a single absentee would have been reported. Even Charlie Gunter, who had begun half an hour before to shake with a chill, was present; and although his remarks were somewhat jerky, and his sentences bitten all to pieces by his chattering teeth, he spoke so feelingly that no one manifested the slightest inclination to laugh.

It had been intended that the meeting should be organized in as grand style as any town-meeting to consider the dog-tax question had ever been, but somehow there was a general unloosening of tongues, and no one thought to move that the assemblage should be called to order.

"It's easy enough now to see why Paul played so splendidly in that tableau of 'Civilization,'" said Will Palmer.

"Yes, indeed, it is," said Canning Forbes, "and easy too to understand why he fought so hard against taking the part when every one asked him to do it."

"No wonder he wasn't afraid to walk beside the prisoner after the Deputy-Sheriff had captured him," said Sam Wardwell. "I don't believe I'd have been afraid myself, if my father had been the counterfeiter. And, say, Mr. Morton came into the store this morning and offered father a five-dollar bill to make up his loss by the bad bill that Paul's father passed on him, and what do you think father said?"

"We give it up," said Canning Forbes, quickly. "Tell us what it was."

"Why," Sam answered, "he said that he wouldn't touch it for a thousand dollars, and if ever the prisoner needed money or anything during his six months, all he needed to do was to send to him. Father was telling mother about the whole thing last night when I went home, and when I went in he jumped up and hugged me and kissed me. He hasn't done that before since I was a little boy."

"Now I know why Paul used to forget his game and stare at the jail windows so hard," said Benny Mallow.

"Ye—es," chattered Charlie Gunter, "and why he—he was al—always wh—wh—wh—whistling when he passed the jail."

"And why he never could be happy unless a game of ball was going on in the lot by the jail," resumed Benny. "If I'd only known all about it, I would have sweated to death on the hottest day of the summer rather than not have obliged him."

"Some of the girls thought it was very unmannerly for Paul to have been the first to leave Benny's party the night of the escape," said Will Palmer. "I'm going to call specially on each one of those girls and make her take it back."

"And if any of them refuse," said Sam Wardwell, "just you tell me. She sha'n't ever eat another philopena with me while she lives; not if she lives for a thousand years."

"He begged me to tell all of you boys that he hadn't anything to do with the catching of the prisoner," confessed Benny, for the first time. "I wish I'd gone and done it right away! Oh dear; I do think I'm the very wickedest boy that ever lived—except Cain."

"I wonder who told the Judge so much about Paul's father?" asked Ned Johnston.

"Why, Mr. Morton, of course," replied Canning Forbes. "Haven't you seen through that yet? Mr. Morton told in school one day, you know, that Paul was the son of an old friend of his."

At least half of the boys had not put the two ends of this thread together before, but they all admitted that Canning had done it correctly.

"Certainly," said Will Palmer, "and that explains

THE MEETING IN THE SCHOOL-YARD.

Digitized by Google

why Mr. Morton was so frequent in his visits to the prison."

"Yes, and why Paul felt so dreadful after he had been there the first time," said Benny. "It just used him up completely; you'd hardly have thought him the same boy."

Mention of that incident recalled to the boys the manner in which Paul had come to go to the prison, so one after another looked at Joe Appleby, who had not yet said a word, but Joe did not seem angry; on the contrary, he said,

"Boys, of course I didn't know how what I said was affecting Paul, but I know now, and I'm going to apologize to him the first chance I get. I'm going to ask him to forgive me, or to take it out of me, if he'd rather; and," continued Joe, after a short pause, "I'm not going to wait for the chance, but I'm going to make it."

"Hurrah for Appleby!" shouted Will Palmer, and as three cheers were given Will crossed over to the big boy of whom he had long been jealous, and shook hands with him, and all the other boys understood it, so when Canning Forbes cried "Three cheers for Palmer!" they too were given with a will.

"I want to make a suggestion," said Canning Forbes, when the cheering had ended. "We came here to adopt resolutions for Paul Grayson, but I'm sure he'd be better pleased if we would say nothing about the matter; any reference to it would be certain to give him pain. The best we can do is to treat him with special kindness hereafter, if he stays, and never, by any word or deed, make reference to the past. If there is any one who insists on resolutions, let him adopt them for himself and about himself. In spite of having had a father who was a gambler and a criminal, Paul is the most sensible, honest, honorable, pleasant fellow in this town. Let each one of us make a resolution that if a boy can become what Paul is, in spite of such dreadful trouble, those of us who have honest fathers and happy homes ought to do at least as well."

"I'll do that," said Benny Mallow, "right straight away, and I'll write it down in a book as soon as I get home, so as to be sure never to forget it."

"So will I," said Napoleon Nott. "I'll write on the first page of *The Exiled Prince*, so I'll be sure to see it often."

Such of the boys as did not agree verbally to Canning's suggestion seemed to be making the resolution quietly, and the meeting soon broke up. As Benny started for home it suddenly occurred to him that, now the secret was out, Paul might go away; he certainly would if Mr. Morton did not open school.

This was too dreadful an uncertainty to be endured, so Benny hurried to old Mrs. Battle's and asked to see the teacher. Mr. Morton quickly quieted his mind by saying that the school would continue for at least the half-year that Paul's father remained in the jail. Of course Paul would be one of the class; indeed, Mr. Morton was willing that Benny should tell every one that the only reason he had opened school at Laketon at all was his desire to be near the old friend whom he could not desert in his trouble, and to have near the prisoner, whose real name was Paul Gray, the son for whom, since the death of his wife, Paul Gray had felt an affection that Mr. Morton knew would make a good man of him when again he had a chance to start in the world.

When Paul Gray's term of imprisonment expired he and Paul went away together, and no one was so unmannerly as to ask them where they were going. Some of the people of the town talked of taking up a subscription for the unfortunate man, but Mr. Morton said it would not be necessary, as Gray's old friends had arranged to start him in business. All of the boys were as sorry to part with Paul as if the boy had been going to his grave, particularly because Canning Forbes had reminded them that it would not do to ask him to write to them, because his father would prefer that no one who had known his old history should know where he began his new life.

But every one begged Paul's picture, which pleased Paul greatly, and after a supper given expressly in Paul's honor by Joe Appleby, Canning Forbes arose and presented Paul an album containing the portraits of all the members of the old class. The pictures were not remarkably good, having been done by a carpenter who sometimes took "tin types" merely to oblige people, he said, but the album was handsome, having been ordered from New York, regardless of expense, by Sam Wardwell's father, and on the cover was the inscription, in gold letters, "Don't forget us, for we can't forget you."

THE END.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"*By-and-by*" is a very bad boy:
  Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "*By-and-by*"
  Soon come to the house of "*Never*."

"*I Can't*" is a mean little coward:
  A boy that is half of a man
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
  That the world knows and honors—"*I Can*."

"*No Use in Trying*"—nonsense, I say:
  Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "*I Forgot*" by the way,
  He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"*Don't Care*" and "*No Matter*," boys, they're a pair,
  And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "*Yes, we do care*," and would be "*Great matter*,"
  If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

BARNEY'S FOOT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"COME on, Barney."

"You're on our side. We knew you'd get here, and we counted you."

"And Sid Thayer, he said you belonged with them this time, but we said you wasn't an up-town boy, and we wouldn't stand it."

There was something rueful in the face of Barney Powell as he stood there with his hands in his pockets looking across the village green.

There was a game of foot-ball just about to begin, and Barney was conceded to be the best kicker for his size in all Hackerton.

Then he had always played as a down-town boy, although his father kept the drug store in the middle of the village, and lived next door to it, and the up-town boys said the drug store was on their land. It was two rods north of the middle stone-walk across the green.

"Well, no, boys, I guess I won't play foot-ball to-day."

"Not play!" exclaimed Wash Handy, opening his mouth unusually wide. "Anything the matter? Got new boots on?"

"Guess he's got a sore toe," remarked Sid Thayer. "He did kick like everything Saturday."

"I don't know as I want to kick any more all this vacation. Not unless my foot gets over it."

"Gets over what, Barney?"

"What? why, kicking."

"Which foot is it?"

"I don't seem to know exactly. Mebbe it's one, and then I ain't half sure it isn't the other."

"Queer you can't tell."

"Well, you know how we played last Saturday, nigh all day?"

"Best day for foot-ball there ever was in this town."

Digitized by Google

"Well, I kicked and I kicked, and I was awful tired when I got home; but I didn't know anything was the matter with my feet till after I got to bed."

"Did they hurt you then?"

"Hurt? no, not a mite. But little Phin, he sleeps with me, and I don't know just how long it was before I was waked up by a great squall. It was dark as pitch, but I knew it was Phin's voice, and I felt around the bed for him."

"Did you find him?"

"No, sir! He wasn't there; he was drawing his breath for another squall away out on the floor. And mother, she came running in, and so did grandmother, and Aunt Jane, and old Mrs. Wiggles. She's a-visiting at our house, and she does eat! You never saw anything like it, and she's as long as a bean-pole, and just about as fat. And father, he waked up, and he wanted to know what the matter was, but he didn't come in."

"Well," said Wash Handy, "what was the matter?"

"Matter? I guess you'd ha' said so. I'd just took Phin for a foot-ball, and I'd kicked him half way across the room. He's round and fat, and he lit on a soft place, I guess, for he didn't squall any more, except when old Mrs. Wiggles hugged him. He was more scared than hurt, for I'd taken my boots off before I went to bed."

"Oh, pshaw! Barney, what of all that? Let's go in. We'll have the tallest kind of a game."

"Well, no, Wash, I guess not. I haven't got through yet. Mother let Aunt Jane take little Phin into her bed, and father he said something about hobbling me if I couldn't mind my hoofs any better'n that; but I guess I didn't do anything worse'n kick the clothes off till morning. But you see, boys, I was pretty sure they'd all be laughing at me at breakfast, and I guess I wasn't in any too good a humor, and there was the big rug at the dining-room door all rolled up in a wad. You couldn't ha' guessed that Aunt Jane's brindle-yellow tomcat was inside of it. That is, you wouldn't have guessed it before you heard the yowl he gave when he dropped into the big rose-bush in front of the dining-room door."

"Did you kick him as far as that?" asked Sid Thayer, doubtfully. "Come, now, Barney, play on our side to-day."

"No, sir! But you ought to have seen Aunt Jane run out to pick up her cat, and he making a brindle-yellow streak for the back fence."

"Didn't kill him, then?"

"Kill him? No, sir! You don't kick anything more'n a howl out of a cat with a big rug wrapped 'round him. But you see, boys, after that I hadn't a word to say, and the rest of them could say just what they wanted to. I kept an eye on my feet, and I couldn't say which was which, only there's more leather worn off the right toe than the left.

"By-and-by it was time to go to meeting, and I went, and our pew was jam-full, and I had to sit as straight as a ramrod, and I had both my feet right before me on the foot-bar. Nothing happened all the morning, but when we went again in the afternoon Mrs. Wiggles, she came along, and there wasn't room for me in our pew. So I slipped into Deacon Clark's, just ahead of ours, and none of his folks came, and I had it all to myself."

"But you didn't dare to lie down?" said Wash.

"I guess not; but it was dreadfully warm, and I'd heard Mr. Simmons preach that sermon three times, only with different texts, and it kind o' made me feel sleepy to hear it again; but I can't guess what sort of wood they made that pew out of."

"Why, of course not; it's all painted black walnut," said Sid Thayer.

"'Tisn't the paint, Sid: and there isn't any wood I know of that has that amount of racket in it."

"Now, Barney Powell, what on earth do you mean?"

"Mean? You'd have said it was mean if you'd been waked up in the middle of a sermon the way I was. I must have been dreaming of foot-ball seems to me, for I'd tried to put one of my toes right through the back of the next pew, and the noise it made was—well, boys, I can't say how much there was of it, but they must have started that pew for a drum. I sat straight up and looked at Mr. Simmons, but he'd stopped preaching, and he was looking at me, and I heard father coughing fit to kill himself; and ma, she had her head down, and Mrs. Wiggles whispered, 'Sakes alive!' to Aunt Jane, and she said, 'Any boy that'll abuse a cat like mine'; and if I didn't wish that pew was curtained in you may eat me."

"Did they turn you out?"

"Well, no; but on the way home I heard Mrs. Wiggles tell ma she was afraid how I would turn out if I grew up the way I'd begun. I walked slow all the rest of the day, for fear one of my feet would get away from me again."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Sid Thayer. "Foot-ball didn't do it. I tell you what's the matter. There's too much kick in you naturally. You can't help it. And if you don't play foot-ball or something of that sort you'll never work it out, and it'll be always making some sort of trouble for you."

"Do you s'pose that's it?"

"Of course it is. I've heard people say such things ever so many times. Just you come right along now, on our side, and there won't be half so much kicking in you when you get through."

"No, sir!" shouted Wash Handy. "Barney's on our side. We've got the ball mended, Barney. It kicks beautiful!"

"If I thought Phin 'd be any safer to-night," hesitated Barney. "But then there's that pew! You never heard such a bang. I don't think the cat 'll let me come near enough again unless he's rolled up in something. Did you sew up the rip in the ball, Sid?"

"I? Sew that seam? Look at it! Old Quin did it, the harness-maker. Isn't it lovely? Every stitch as hard as wire! Come on, Barney."

"Well, Sid, the way my feet feel just now I must kick at something, and the down-town boys chose me on their side. We can choose sides over again after the first game. I don't know but it might be good for me."

"Of course it would," shouted Wash Handy. "Hurrah, boys, Barney 'll play, and he's on our side. Let's go in and give 'em a whitewashing!"

A HAPPY PAIR.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

There was a bull-dog and a cat
  Who, strange as it may seem,
Together by the shining stove
  Would fall asleep and dream.

Whene'er in fun he'd rush at her,
  Her eyes would never glare;
Nor would she scratch his honest face,
  Or elevate her hair.

And when the sky was bright with stars,
  His comforts to begin,
Upon her back, so warm and soft,
  He'd lay his shaggy chin.

And in this way he'd fall asleep,
  And all his cares would cease;
While Tabby, most good-naturedly,
  Would purr and dream in peace.

They were the very best of friends,
  They never had a fray;
And probably they are the same
  Unto this very day.

Digitized by Google

eighteen inches above the ground, and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of the stream they contrive to drop into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman; those which are more distant are cut up by their teeth into pieces which can be dragged to the water. These trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore, and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending drift, and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built "by hand," the sticks and mud when placed receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel. The habitation or hut of the beaver is almost bomb-proof, rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness in the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without enemies. The wolverine, which is as fond of beaver tail as an old Nor'wester, would walk into his hut if he could only get there; but having the same distaste for water as the cat, he must forego the luxury.

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the submarine communication with his dwelling, though formed, and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a frost-proof house large enough to contain his family supply; but if he did, it would wither, and lose its nutriment: therefore he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable matter of vital importance to the beaver. Some say that the pilot beaver sleeps with his tail in the water, in order to be warned of the first mishap to the dam; but as there is no foundation for such an assertion, it may be set down as a very improbable tale. The Indians avail themselves of this well-known solicitude to catch them; having broken the dam, the risk is immediately perceived by the lowering of the water in the hut, and the beaver, sallying forth to repair the break, is slaughtered in the breeches.

As the supply of food in the vicinity of the dam becomes diminished, the beaver is obliged to go higher up the stream and more distant from its banks to procure his winter stores, and this necessity gives rise to fresh displays of his lumbering and engineering resources. In consequence of the distance and the limited duration of the high-water period favorable to transport, the wood is collected into a sort of raft, which, as lumbermen assert, is manned by the beaver, and steered by its tail, in the same manner as Norway rats are known to cross streams of water. When the raft grounds, a temporary dam is immediately thrown across the stream below the jam, by which the waters are raised and the raft floated off and brought down to the dam, which is then suddenly torn away, and on the crest of the accumulated body of water the raft is carried safely down to where it is to be used.

HOW THE BEAVER BUILDS.

IF our little readers would learn something of the ways of this four-footed builder, let them in imagination accompany a beaver family, on some fine evening in May, when they start in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons and sons-in-law, wife, daughters, and daughters-in-law, and, it may be, grandchildren, sallies forth "prospecting" the country for a good location; that is, a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favorite food, the silver-birch and poplar, growing as near the river as possible. Having selected these limits, the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep, still water being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling, this is obtained by the construction of a dam, and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and economically. The dam and dwelling are forthwith commenced, the materials employed in both being roots, mud, and stones, the former two being dragged by the teeth, the latter carried between the fore-paws and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole trees are gnawed down, the largest of which are of the diameter of an ordinary stove-pipe, the stump being it is for this that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to obtain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon its surface. Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption; and he must secure it at the season when the bark is able evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason is one which is not commonly mentioned by naturalists. His pond, we have seen, must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and his dam, in case of any accident to the latter requiring repairs; but how does he keep his food—which has been floated down to his pond—from floating, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice?

Now in gnawing down a tree, the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon; the fallen tree has the same form, for the beaver cuts like a woodman—wide at the surface, and meeting in an angle in the centre—with this distinction: the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all around the log, while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends; and when brought opposite his dwelling, he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them; while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper point of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.

From what has been said, it will be readily seen that the mainte-

SEA-BREEZES.

LETTER No. 6 FROM BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

ON BOARD STEAMER "MAIN," *October*, 1880.

I LIKE to think of you, my dear little Clytie, as safe at home in your own corner of the baby-house, instead of rolling about on the briny deep with me, though of course I felt awfully when I found that I couldn't take you abroad. 'Way out here on the ocean we do not call it the sad sea waves, but the briny deep. Isn't it a kind of an awful name? It made me shiver when I first heard it. It was Mr. Stevens said it when we were all going to our state-rooms that first night.

"Well," he said, "there's no doubt but we're launched, for good or bad, out on the briny deep."

You know how I hated to leave you at home, and how it seemed at the last minute as if I *must* take you! If you could have seen me the next morning you would have been as glad as I was that you had been left behind. I felt very queer even before I went to bed that first night, but when I woke up in the morning I felt queerer still. It was worse than mumps, and full as bad as measles. Poor mamma could not get up at all, and for a whole week had one of her awful sick-headaches. You know we sailed Saturday. Well, all day Sunday I had to lie still in my berth, and couldn't so much as peek over the edge at mamma without feeling as if my head was full of bees! Everything seemed perfectly terrible, and I almost wished I hadn't come.

Just after breakfast some one tapped at our state-room door, and I heard Randolph's voice saying: "Why don't you get up, Bess? Come out here in the saloon. You never saw such a boss place to play 'I spy'; and there's four children besides us, so hurry up."

I could hardly answer him, but managed to say: "Oh, Ranny, I can't come. I sha'n't ever play 'I spy' any more. I'm going to die, Ranny, and you'll play with that black-haired Nettie that sat next us at dinner last night, and you'll forget all about me. Oh, Ranny! Ranny!"

I couldn't keep the tears back any longer, but cried as hard as I could cry.

"Pooh!" he answered, "you ain't so bad as that. You're only seasick. Lots of 'em are, but they don't cry about it. I hope you ain't a-going to be a girl-*baby*, that cries at everything, 'cause if you are I shall *have* to play with Nettie, for I *hate* girl-babies! Nettie laughs all the time, and is awfully jolly. Good-by, Bess; get well as quick as you can, and for mercy's sake *don't* be a *baby!*"

Wasn't it cruel of him to speak so to me, Clytie? I was too missable to answer him, and he wouldn't have heard me if I had, for he ran away as fast as he could to play with Nettie. Mamma reached up her hand to me, and talked till I felt better. *Dear* mamma! she always makes me better.

In the evening I was lying there wide-awake, wondering what they were doing out in the saloon. I could hear some one playing on the piano, and I thought maybe they were dancing. I was getting real missable again, when I saw a card slipping in under our state-room door.

Mamma was asleep, so I slid down out of my berth as easy as I could, and picked it up. My head was so dizzy I had to lie still two or three minutes before I could make out a single word that was written on it, but at last this is what I read:

"Didn't mean to be cross. *Hate* girl-babies, that's all. Course *you* ain't one. Didn't mean you was. Get well quick. I've got a cocoa-nut cake in my pocket for you, and a fillupene. Hurry up!"

I didn't feel missable any more, Clytie; and the next morning papa wrapped me up in mamma's blue and white afghan, and carried me up stairs, and put me in his big sea chair on deck.

Then, my Clytie, I wished you were with me, for it was so lovely with the water all round us, and the sunshine, and the blue sky seeming to touch the ocean all round. Randolph and Nettie and two other boys came and sat on the floor by me, and talked so fast I couldn't understand a word they said. Ranny fillupened with me, and Nettie gave me a big bunch of grapes; and before I knew it almost I was as well as anybody.

This all happened a week ago, and now nobody is seasick, and we have perfectly elegant times every single minute. There is a band on board, and they play splendid things every day when we are at dinner, and every evening on deck; and sometimes we dance, and it is just like a garden party or a picnic all the time. To-morrow is the Captain's birthday, and we're going to have a real Thanksgiving dinner, and a concert in the evening, and a ball at the end of it, and we children are going to dance as well as the grown-up people. If I can, I will write you about it afterward, but must say good-by for to-day, my sweet child. It is such a comfort to me to be able to trust all the other dolls to you. I *know* you will take good care of them. Be sure to have an eye to Mopsy with her broken arm, and Jack with his cracked nose. Above all, *don't* let Leonora snub Chloe—poor little black Chloe, who is just as dear to me as Leonora with her lily-white hands and rosy cheeks. *See* that she lets her alone, won't you, Clytie? Give my love to them all.

Your affectionate and anxious mamma,

BESSIE MAYNARD.

PARLOR MAGIC.

DURING the long winter evenings our readers may find some of these simple tricks amusing to themselves and their friends:

TO MAKE A CIRCLE OUT OF WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO JUMP.

Take a piece of chalk, and ask, if you make a circle, whether any boy standing in it thinks he can jump out of it. As soon as one proposes to do so, bring him into the centre of the room, draw a circle with the chalk around his jacket, and say, "Now jump out of it!"

AN IMPOSSIBLE WALK.

Ask one young lady in the company whether she thinks, if she clasped her hands, she could walk out of the room. On her saying she could, request her to pass her arm round the leg of the table or piano, join her hands, and walk away.

THE HAT TRICK.

Fill a small glass with water, cover it with a hat, and profess your readiness to drink it without touching the hat. Put your head under the table, make a noise as if drinking, rise, and wipe your lips. The company thinking you have drunk the water, one of them will certainly take up the hat to see. As soon as the hat is removed, take up the glass and drink its contents. "There!" say you, "you see I have not touched the hat."

THE INCOMBUSTIBLE THREAD.

Wind some linen thread tightly round a smooth pebble, and secure the end; then, if you expose it to the flame of a lamp or candle, the thread will not burn; for the caloric (or heat) traverses the thread, without remaining in it, and attacks the stone. The same sort of trick may be performed with a poker, round which is evenly pasted a sheet of paper. You can poke the fire with it without burning the paper.

AN IMPOSSIBLE JUMP

Take a ruler, or any other piece of wood, and ask whether, if you laid it down on the ground, any of the

Digitized by Google

company could jump over it. Of course one or two will express their readiness to jump over so small an obstruction. Then lay the ruler on the ground, close against the wall, and tell them to try.

HOW TO MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO CARRY A MATCH OF WOOD OUT THE ROOM.

Take a piece of wood, such as a lucifer-match, and say to one of the company, "How long do you think it would take you to carry this piece of wood into the next room?" "Half a minute," perhaps one will reply. "Well, try, then," say you; "carry it." You then cut off little pieces, and give them to him one by one. He will soon be tired of the experiment.

TO TURN A GLASS OF WATER UPSIDE DOWN WITHOUT SPILLING ANY OF ITS CONTENTS.

Fill a glass carefully, place a piece of paper on the top, place your hand on the paper, and tilt the glass round sharply, when it will be found that the pressure of the air upward on the paper will retain the water. The glass may then be held by the foot.

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No II.

WHENEVER you find any pretty outline pictures, whether figures, flowers, or little slate pictures, see if they can be used for stem-stitch embroidery. They are just what you want for doyleys, or for squares, like tiles, to insert into brackets, and it will be much pleasanter for you to find your own designs. Doyleys can be cut from eight to twelve inches square, and they should be worked and pressed before fringing. Anything worked in cotton or wools should be pressed; but if worked in silks, it should be pressed as little as possible. Doyleys for common use are made of coarse linen or duck, white or gray, and are worked in crewels, outline crewels, or embroidery cottons. Either red or brown cotton will wash well. Dainty doyleys, only intended to keep very choice china from being scratched by the finger-bowls, are made of exquisitely fine linen, first washed to remove the dressing, and wrought in silks that have been scalded. Fine sewing silk, a single strand of letter D button-hole twist (this silk is twisted of three strands), or a single thread of "filoselle," or filling silk, are good for this work.

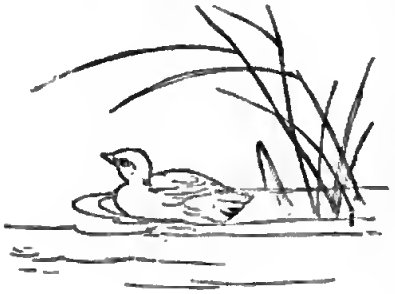


FIG. 7.

For your first half-dozen doyleys in coarse linen or duck get your little sister's set of slate pictures: a coffee-pot, a clock—any picture will do, no matter what it is, so long as the lines are few and simple, and tell their own story. You want every one to see instantly that your pear with two leaves is a *pear*, and not a pumpkin. Of course you can not see to trace the design through your thick linen, so trace it off neatly on a piece of thin paper, and prick the lines of your tracing carefully with a fine needle. Place this pricked pattern, rough side uppermost, in the middle or in one corner of your linen, just where it will look best, not forgetting to allow for fringe. Then rub a little charcoal powder over the pricked pattern with a wad of soft cotton-wool. Lift off the tracing carefully, and follow the dotted charcoal lines with a soft sharp pencil or with a pen dipped in liquid bluing. Don't smudge your work by resting your hand on the charcoal powder. When you have drawn over all the lines, blow off the powder, and rap the linen smartly on the back two or three times to get thoroughly rid of the charcoal. If you know how to draw, so much the better: trust your eye, and do away with tracings altogether.

FIG. 8.

The coarse pictures of which I have been speaking look best when worked in but one or two colors at the most. If you like Japanese pictures, as I hope you do, you can make a set of birds (see Fig. 7), worked all in one color, or of little figures (see Fig. 8) in bright-colored silks. You can find such designs in Japanese drawing-books for sale at the Japanese shops, on advertisement cards, or on fans. Japanese figures may be brightly colored, if you like; but in working outline pictures like Bo-peep (Fig. 9), or like Miss Greenaway's (YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51, p. 753), one or two of which might be worked, use several shades of dull blues, brick reds, or gold browns, remembering that the outlines of clothes and hair must be darker than those of the flesh.

FIG. 9.

Digitized by Google

BURGLARS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

SOME people are afraid of burglars. Girls are awfully afraid of them. When they think there's a hurglar in the house, they pnll the clothes over their heads and scream "Murder father Jimmy there's a man in the house call the police fire!" just as if that would do any good. What you ought to do if there is a hurglar is to get up and shoot him with a douhle-barrelled gun and then tie him and send the servant out to tell the police that if they will call after hreakfast you will have somethiug ready for them that will please them. I shouldn't be a hit frightened if I woke up and found a strange man in my room. I should just pretend that I was asleep and keep watching him and when he went to climh out of the window and got half way ont I'd jump up and shut the window down on him and tie his legs. But you can't expect girls to have any courage, or to know what to do when anything happens.

We had been talking about hurglars one day last week just before I went to bed, and I thought I would put my bownarrow where it would be handy if a robber did come. It is a nice strong bow, and I had about thirty arrows with sharp points in the end about half an inch long, that I made ont of some hig hlack pins that Susan had in her pincushion. My room is in the third story, just over Sue's room, and the window comes right down on the floor, so that you can lie on the floor and put your head out. I couldn't go to sleep that night very well, though I ate about a quart of chestnuts after I went to bed and I've heard mother say that if you eat a little something delicate late at night it will make you go to sleep.

A long while after everybody had gone to bed I heard two men talking in a low tone under the window, and I jumped up to see what was the matter. Two dreadful ruffians were standing under Sue's window, and talking so low that it was a wonder I could hear anything.

One of them had something that looked like a tremendous big squash, with a long neck, and the other had something that looked like a short crowbar. It didn't take me long to understand what they were going to do. The man with the crowbar was intending to dig a hole in the foundation of the house and then the other man would put the hig squash which was full of dynamighty in the hole and light a slow-match and run away and blow the house to pieces. So I thought the best thing would be to shoot them before they could do their dreadful work.

I got my bownarrow and laid down on the floor and took a good aim at one of the hurglars. I hit him in the leg, and he said "Ow! ow! I've run a thorn mornamile iuto my leg."

Then I gave the other fellow an arrow, and he said "My goodness this place is full of thorns, there's one in my leg too."

Then they moved back a little and I began to shoot as fast as ever I could. I hit them every time, and they were frightened to death. The fellow with the thing like a squash dropped it on the ground and the other fellow jumped on it just as I hit him in the cheek and smashed it all to pieces. You can just believe that they did not stay in our yard very long. They started for the front gate on a run, yelling "Ow! ow!" and I am sorry to say using the worst kind of swear words. The noise woke up father and he lit the gas and I saw the two wretches in the street picking the arrows out of each other hut they ran off as soon as they saw the light.

Father says that they were not hurglars at all, hut were only two idiots that had come to serenade Sue; hut when I asked him what serenading was he said it was far worse than hurglary, so I know the men were the worst kind of robbers. I found a hroken guitar in the yard the next morning, and there wasn't anything in it that would explode, hut it would have been very easy for the rohbers to have filled it with something that would have blown the house to atoms. I suppose they preferred to put it in a guitar so that if they met anybody nobody would suspect anything.

Neither mother nor Sue showed any gratitude to me for saving their lives, though father did say that for once that boy had showed a little sense.

When Mr. Travers came that evening and I told him about it he said, "Jimmy! there's such a thing as being just a little too smart."

I don't know what he meant, but I suppose he was a little cross, for he had hurt himself some way —he wouldn't tell me how—and had court-plaster on his cheek and on his hands and walked as if his legs were stiff. Still, if a man doesn't feel well he needn't be rude.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE WOODS.

Digitized by Google

Kissing through the Chair.

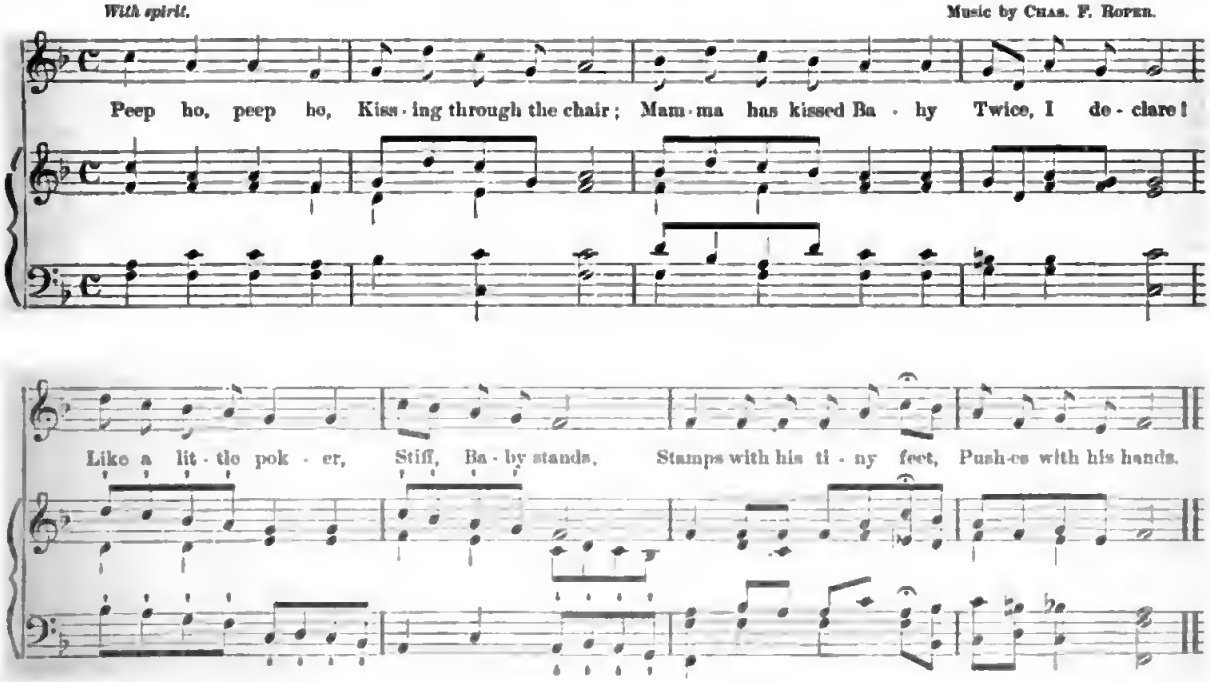
BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PEEP-HO! peep-ho!
Kissing through the chair;
Mamma has kissed Baby
Twice, I declare!
Like a little poker,
Stiff, Baby stands;
Stamps with his tiny feet,
Pushes with his hands.

Peep-ho! peep-ho!
What a funny chair!
Baby is as tall as
Mamma, standing there!
Quite upon a level—
And so very grand;
Baby might be Prince of Wales,
Or king of any land!

Peep-ho! peep-ho!
Just another kiss!
Then he may run away
After some new bliss;
So wide his world is!
So long his year!
Baby has no end of joys;
Mamma's joy is—here!

With spirit. Music by CHAS. F. ROPER.



Digitized by Google

THE next Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will contain the opening chapters of two new serials—"MILDRED'S BARGAIN," by Mrs. John Lillie, a delightful story for girls, full of incident, and inculcating a principle which all little maidens should learn as early in life as possible; and "TEN WEEKS WITH A CHECK," a story overflowing with experiences of exciting interest to boys, and showing how "all is not gold that glitters."

Those correspondents whose letters offering exchange have been once printed are desired not to repeat their requests, except in cases where an entirely different article is offered. In justice to the new exchangers, we can not make room for repetitions. If any boy finds that his offer to exchange postage stamps, for example, having been published several months since, is now overlooked, he can continue adding to his collection by answering the new offers which appear weekly in the Post-office Box.

We can not undertake to rectify mistakes and settle disputes between those who are exchanging. Considering the very large number of requests for exchange which have been printed in the Post-office Box, we have received very few complaints of unfairness, and in those few cases, as we can not hold court and allow both sides a hearing, it is impossible for us to judge of the justice of the accusation. Very satisfactory reports are given by nearly all of the boys and girls of the successful and pleasant manner in which they have added to their different collections, and we are gratified to find that, with two or three exceptions only, packages of stamps and curiosities of all kinds have been safely and pleasantly exchanged by our young friends. Remember, boys, that these small exchanges you are now making with each other represent in miniature the large business transactions to which you will be parties when you are men. Act always honestly and honorably, and instead of trying to gain an undue advantage for yourselves, make it your constant study to give a fair equivalent for what you receive. In that way you will form characters which will help you to become upright men, and entitle you to the respect of all with whom you may have dealings.

In spite of our oft-repeated advice to correspondents in regard to the care necessary in addressing the letters they send, as well as to give their own address in full, we receive communications constantly from boys and girls who are the recipients of letters they can not answer, as the sender has given only his name, and neither the town nor State in which he lives, and in many cases no signature whatever. The young exchangers who receive these unsigned epistles are so honorable as to feel much distressed because they can make no acknowledgment of the favor, and request help from the Post-office Box in obtaining the address of their negligent correspondent. We can not give up space to the rectification of these acts of carelessness, and the writer of the unsigned letter will realize, when he receives no answer, that inattention will surely bring its own penalty.

SCONVER, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I am going to write this letter all by myself. I go to school with three other little girls. Last Thursday night we all went to see the *Juvenile Pinafore*. All who acted were children, and we enjoyed it very much. We are having Michaelmas holidays just now (September 28).

I tried Nellie H.'s and Sadie McB.'s recipes for candy, and I liked them very much. I send a recipe for sugar-biscuits: Mix together a pound of flour, six ounces of butter, two tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of sugar, three eggs, and a pinch of salt. Mix well the flour, sugar, powder, and salt, rub in the butter, then add the eggs, well beaten. Add enough milk to make a dough. Roll it out thin, cut it into small round biscuits, and bake in a hot oven.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We never get it here until a month after it is printed. GERTIE H.

DANSBY, SARGOY.

My young friends, if you would like to make glass slides for your magic lanterns, I will tell you how to put any drawing you wish on the glass. Take a glass of the required size, put a thin layer of wax on it, and after having heated it for a while over a candle flame draw the figures or landscapes in the wax with a knife point or a pointed stick until your instrument touches the glass. Then take a lead vessel with an opening almost as large as your piece of glass. Put into this vessel a small quantity of fluoride of calcium, and mix it with sulphuric acid. When this is all prepared cover the lead vessel with the glass plate, the waxed side downward, and heat the vessel a little. While heating it you will perceive bitter-smelling vapors of hydrofluoric acid, which come in contact with the glass where the wax has been scraped off. After about fifteen or twenty minutes take away the plate, heat it, and wipe off the wax. You can also wash it off with spirits of wine. When the glass is cleaned you will find your drawing engraved on it, and you may afterward color the design to suit your taste.

One thing must not be overlooked. When you try this chemical experiment, do not inhale the vapors of the hydrofluoric acid, for they are very injurious, and burn the skin very badly. Always experiment in a room to which plenty of fresh air has free access.

I wish you much success, and hope you may thus have some pleasant hours during the coming winter days. If any one of you knows some other experiment, I should be ever so glad to see it in the Post-office Box. LOUIS G. E.

We hope the members of our Young Chemists' Club, who will no doubt try this pretty experiment, will not overlook for an instant the dangerous qualities of the chemicals, and bear constantly in mind the caution given by the correspondent, as a little carelessness might lead to very serious trouble. If Louis G. E. knows any easy method of coloring the glass slides for a magic lantern so that the paint will be sufficiently transparent and yet firmly set on the glass, he would confer a favor upon many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE by describing it.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. The stories and the little letters are all pretty. I intend to have volume first bound before Christmas. If I knew enough readers of the paper who lived near me, I would begin a society right away like the one N. D. wrote about.

I have four pet rabbits which I can lay on their backs like kittens. Their names are Jerry, Billy, Dicky, and Bessie. Jerry is white with pink eyes, Billy is gray with black eyes, and Dicky and Bessie are black with blue eyes. T. P. G.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have been reading it in bed, for I have been sick for two months. I have had the scarlet fever. I have made a waltzing fairy, and a cuenius out of cork

I had a pet bare, and once I forgot and left it tied in the hot sun. It had a sunstroke and died. It used to sit on its hind-legs, and take its fore-paws and wash its face real clean. I had a pet deer, too, that was sent me from the White Sulphur Springs, but he would cut me with his fore-hoofs, and he was so wild he broke off his young horns, and we had to kill him.

I have a collection of Indian arrow-heads and minerals. I am eleven years old. DAVIS C.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

I will tell Jessie Lee B. how I make scrap-books. I get some large volume that is worthless—an old agricultural report or book of advertisements will do—and cut out every other leaf. I make paste or starch, and lay it on the scraps with a brush or a knife. After pasting, it is a good plan to lay clean paper between the leaves until the paste is dry. It is better to let the leaves dry slowly under heavy pressure than to iron them. MAY L.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I went to Cincinnati lately, and I visited the Zoological Garden. I bought some candy, and gave it to the monkeys and the Rocky Mountain grizzly bears. They would stick their mouths through the bars, and open them for me to throw in the candy. There was a white polar bear who was swimming all the time. When I threw a stone in his tank he would dive after it, and bring it up and throw it at me. N. P. G.

OSWEGO, NEW YORK.

I am fourteen years old. I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I always read all the stories and all the letters. I wish some little girl would tell me how to make some Christmas presents, some that would be pretty and not very expensive. I have made almost everything I can think of.

I am going to try the hanging basket described by Daniel D. L., which I think will make a very pretty ornament. I would like to ask him if it is necessary to empty the cup, and put in all fresh water every morning, or if only to fill in what has evaporated is sufficient. CARRIE V. D.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We have had a big snow-storm here. It began in the night, and lasted until noon to-day (November 6).

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and now I am beginning the second volume. I am going to take it always. J. T. M.

BELLE BROOKS, OHIO.

Correspondents wishing a catalogue of birds' eggs can obtain one by sending ten cents in stamps or silver to W. J. Knowlton, 168 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts. MILTON D. C.

All boys from eleven to sixteen are invited to become members of a debating society on a legal basis. The debates are carried on by mail. For further particulars address, inclosing a three-cent stamp for answer, the recording secretary,

A. G. NORRIS,
2222 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We hope this new society will meet with better success than the one noticed in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 52. The idea is very good, and if well developed might prove beneficial to the youthful debaters. We are requested by N. L. Collamer, to whom communications for the first society were to be addressed, to inform those from whom he received answers to his proposition, that in spite of all his efforts, and much to his regret, the club he tried to form was not successful. Correspondents will please accept this statement as an explanation why their letters to him have remained unanswered.

I wish to inform those boys with whom I have been exchanging that as the nesting season is over I have no more eggs.

I have two United States half-cent pieces, one of 1804 and one of 1825, which I will exchange for some United States Department stamps, or old issues of postage stamps. WALLACE ROSS,
Lock Box 97, Rutland, Vermont.

I have a collection of birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with any subscriber of YOUNG PEOPLE. I will exchange the egg of a king-bird for one of a martin. I would request all correspondents to label distinctly all eggs they may send.

CHARLES MATTHEWS, P. O. Box 15,
Fort Covington, Franklin County, New York.

I would like to exchange postage stamps. I have some very rare stamps from Greece and from South America. PAYTON A. SAVIA,
1302 Lexington Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street,
New York City.

I have a collection of nineteen hundred and twenty stamps, and a great many duplicates. I would like to exchange with Charles H. W., of Brooklyn, New York, who has such a large collection. If he will send me his address and a list of his duplicates, I will send him a list of my best ones. K. S.,
P. O. Box 203, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

I live in a little town of about eighteen houses, on the Champlain Canal, thirty miles from Saratoga. I have a printing-press, a collection of birds' eggs, and some white bantams and some rabbits. I have to go five miles every morning to a military school. I stay there all day, and ride home in a stage at night.

I would like to exchange flower seeds, birds' nests, and specimens of quartz for postmarks, stamps, birds' eggs, or curiosities.

Will you please tell me how to mount postmarks properly? GEORGE E. BAKER,
Comstocks, Washington County, New York.

Postmarks should be mounted in the same manner as stamps. You will find directions for mounting specimens neatly and conveniently in the paper entitled "Stamp Collecting," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 54

My brother and myself are collecting coins, minerals, birds' eggs, shells, and stamps, and will be glad to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Some one sent us a box of shells and a star-fish, but unaccompanied by any address. If we can find out who sent it, we will be glad to send something in return. L. F. BARNES,
Penn Yan, Yates County, New York.

Harry Gustin, of Bay City, Michigan, is also troubled because he has received several unsigned letters which he wishes to answer, and can not for want of an address. Leon M. Fobes, of Portland, Maine, has sent stamps and written several times to a correspondent, but has re-

Digitized by Google

ceived no answer. All this trouble is the result of carelessness and negligence on one side or the other. Always remember to *direct your letters properly*, and to give *your full address*.

I like very much to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I, too, am trying to make a collection of stones, one from each State. I would like to exchange with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I will give a stone from either Wisconsin, Illinois, or Colorado for one from any other locality.

MAMIE H. BALL,
Augusta, Eau Claire County, Wisconsin.

I would like to exchange a box of good paints for a little engine. E. BENSON,
Care of W. H. Francis,
749 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey.

We wish very much to get a bow from the Indian country, and if any boy or girl living there would send each of us an Indian bow about five feet long, with a few arrows, we will give in return pressed leaves, or a winter bouquet of Minnesota grasses, or any curiosities we can get in this locality, or in the spring we would send in return a collection of birds' eggs. MAUD POOL and PERRY EDDY,
Morristown, Rice County, Minnesota.

We are compelled to condense the following offers for exchange:

Coins and postage stamps.
WILLIE T. KNOX,
2315 Third Avenue, New York City.

Postage stamps and eggs.
PERRY S. BURR, Freeport, Maine.

Postage stamps for postal cards and stamps.
ANITA R. NEWCOMB,
1836 Eleventh Street, Washington, D. C.

Ohio postmark for postmarks from any other State, and old issues of United States postage and revenue stamps for foreign stamps.
GEORGE E. FRAZIER,
Caldwell, Noble County, Ohio.

Postmarks for different kinds of buttons.
MARY P. BICE,
39 Second Street, Utica, New York.

P. S. B.—A cheap, substantial squirrel cage may be made in the following manner: Take a piece of board about eighteen inches wide and three feet long for the bottom. Fasten upright boards about three feet high at each end. These end pieces must be rounded at the top. Now buy from any dealer in hardware a piece of coarse strong wire netting long enough to go over your wooden frame, and nail it securely to the bottom board on one side, and to each of the end pieces, bending it over the rounded top. If you fasten it with stout tacks, it will be strong enough, and there will be no danger of splitting the wood of the ends. On the front of the cage the netting should stop within three inches of the bottom, so as to leave room to put in a drawer, like the drawer of a bird-cage, which you must pull out and clean every morning. Make the drawer of a sheet of tin. Any tinsmith will turn up the sides for you, leaving the front a little higher than the others, so as to overlap the netting. If you can procure the wire netting only of a certain width, grade the length of your cage accordingly.

If you can get a stout branching bough of some hard wood, fasten it securely from end to end of the cage before putting on the wire covering, as your pet will enjoy climbing about on it much better than running in a revolving cylinder, which is neither healthy nor natural exercise for a squirrel. The end boards must also be of some hard wood, or the sharp teeth of your little pet will soon make sad havoc with them.

Now for the sleeping apartment. Cut a round hole in one of the end boards near the bottom, and fasten on the outside a neat little box, the bottom of which must be level with that of the cage, so as to present the appearance of a tiny extension. In this box there must be a hinged door large enough to allow you to change the bedding, which must be clean dry moss or cotton-wool, and through which you can feed your pet. You can also cut a small hole in the wire netting at the top of the cage large enough to admit a nut, and the squirrel will soon learn to climb up and take food from your hand. After cutting the hole, bend back the ends of the wires, so as to leave no sharp edges. Give the squirrel a little milk occasionally. You can put it in a dish like a canary's bathing-cup, which is low enough to slide out and in with the drawer. If you are ingenious, you can make a neat and comfortable cage at a very trifling expense.

VICTOR L.—The first of the historical sketches entitled "Old Times in the Colonies" is in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 35.

E. M. H.—Your "first attempt" is correct and very pretty, but unfortunately the same solution appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 22, therefore we can not use it.

L. B.—Mexico has so much commercial intercourse with the United States that Mexican postage stamps are as easy to obtain as those of any Spanish-American country.

L. B. S., Hempstead.—It is contrary to the rules of our Post-office Box to print letters offering articles of any kind for sale.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Isabel L. Jacob, John N. Howe, Emma R., Allie Maxwell, Alice Ward, G. Volckhausen, Bell, Annie Volckhausen.

Favors are acknowledged from H. L. J., Arthur H. Gould, Theresa Morro, Harry McG. Wood, Edith Bidwell, Agnes D. C., Charles De Gaugue, Bessie Goyton, Clyde E. Marsh, Gilbert P. Coleman, F. L. Van Valkenburgh, S. P. Duffield, Mary Louisa Olmstead, E. W. Rice, Nellie Anderson, R. D. Brittoo, E. A. De Lima, Percy Cunningham, Mary F. Wright, Winifred Serl, Arthur Kramer, Libbie M. Hayes, Josie A. Dole, Thurman Allen, Charlie L. Lewis, Louis E., M. Leona N., May P. Brinckerhoff, Freddie Barnes, Harry Clark, Eddie Williams, Grace A. Lindsey, Dora A. Knobel, Bertie Reid, H. W. S., Frank E. Boyd, Josie M. Patten, Arthur D. Thaller.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 54.

No. 1.

```
        H
      L A G
    L I L A C
  H A L C Y O N
    G A Y L Y
      C O Y
        N
```

No. 2.

```
S O F A   C O R D
O P E N   O D O R
F E E T   R O S A
A N T S   D R A Y
```

No. 3.

```
E D I N B U R G H
  B E N A R E S
    B E R N E
      E C K
        E
      U L M
    L Y O N S
  B A R N A U L
S I N O A P O R E
```

No. 4. Astronomy.

CHARACTER TREES.

1. Pear. 2. Bay. 3. Pine. 4. Date. 5. Crab. 6. Fir. 7. Box. 8. Broom. 9. Sloe. 10. Spruce. 11. Bread-fruit. 12. Orange. 13. Olive. 14. Mace. 15. Locust. 16. Cork. 17. Hazel. 18. Plantain. 19. Cedar. 20. Plane. 21. Beech. 22. Sandal. 23. Vine. 24. Red ash. 25. Palm. 26. Judas.

Throwing Light.—Hair, hare.

Anagram in letter on page 30—Scythe.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose joined, and get separated. Transpose a cave, and get a coward. Transpose a language, and get an eating-trough. Transpose a person of rank, and get to confuse. Transpose indifferent, and get a soup-dish. Transpose a species of gems, and get curious. Transpose brutal, and get profit. Transpose to continue, and get displeased. Transpose a chief, and get a current. BOTTS.

No. 2.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a bird composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 8, 3, 6 is part of a wheel.
My 8, 2, 1 is an opening.
My 7, 2, 5, 9 is to venture. ARISTOTLE.

2. I am an animal composed of 9 letters.
My 8, 2, 4 is a fish.
My 1, 6, 3 is a pronoun.
My 6, 7, 5, 9, 3, 2 is a bird SNOWDROP.

No. 3.

EASY SQUARES.

1. First, to resound. Second, a company. Third, a part of the body. Fourth, birds. G. B. D.

2. First, a shining body. Second, a story. Third, a tree. Fourth, to stagger.

3. First, a bird. Second, something always found in ships. Third, a jewel. Fourth, a spring.

4. First, a river in England. Second, employed. Third, a gem. Fourth, a collection of ancient poetry. BELL.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In stocking, not in shoe.
In white, not in blue.
In grave, not in merry.
In bright, not in dreary.
In foot, not in arm.
In tropic, not in palm.
In denial, not in yes.
In gown, not in dress.
In breast, not in pie.
In laugh, not in cry.
In second, not in third.
The whole a singing-bird.
MAGGIE L.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" has drawn to its pages a large number of the best writers for youth in this country and England; and an extensive corps of artists is constantly employed in providing pictures for the entertainment of its readers. Among those who will contribute stories, poems, sketches, etc., during the coming year, we may mention Mr. F. W. Robinson, of London, Miss Louise M. Alcott, Mrs. D. M. Craik (Miss Mulock), Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mr. John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies*, Mr. William L. Alden, author of *The Moral Pirates*, Miss Virginia W. Johnson, author of *The Catskill Fairies*, "Sherwood Bonner," Mr. David Ker, the Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, Mrs. John Lillie, Mr. James Payn, of London, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Margaret Eytinge, Mrs. Helen S. Conant, Mrs. W. J. Hays, "Mary Densel," Mr. Edward Cary, Mr. Benson J. Lossing, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. W. O. Stoddard, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mrs. Mary D. Brine, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mr. C. C. Coffin, Mr. A. A. Hayes, Jun., "Sydney Dare," Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Miss Mary A. Barr, Miss Lillie E. Barr, Miss Sarah O. Jewett, Miss Josephine Pollard, Mr. Frank H. Taylor, Mrs. Lizzie Champney, Mrs. E. H. Miller, Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, the Rev. Bradford K. Peirce, D.D., Mr. G. B. Bartlett, and W. Elliot Griffis.

Among the artists who will contribute during the year to the pictorial attractiveness of YOUNG PEOPLE we may name Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. C. S. Reinhart, Miss M. R. Oakey, Mr. A. B. Frost, Mr. J. E. Kelly, Mr. Howard Pyle, Mr. F. S. Church, Mr. Thomas Nast, Mr. J. O. Davidson, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, Mr. S. G. McCutcheon, Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jun., Mr. W. H. Beard, Miss C. A. Northam ("C. A. N."), Mr. W. A. Rogers, Mr. Charles Graham, Mr. H. P. Wolcott, Mr. Frank Bellew, Mr. W. M. Cary, Mrs. Charles H. Sheppard (Jessie Curtis), Mr. M. Woolf, Mr. J. W. Champney, Mr. Palmer Cox, and Mr. W. P. Hooper.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid; Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 18 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

FIG. 1.

THE NUN.

BY tracing Fig. 1 very carefully on a piece of white card, cutting it out, and painting with black ink as indicated, drawing in the beads and cross, then folding at the dotted lines, and afterward painting the hood and prayer-book, also the arms and hands, pasting the two sides of the book together, folding the two small pieces of the soles of the feet inward, and mounting the whole on a card, you can produce the representation of a nun as shown in Fig. 2.

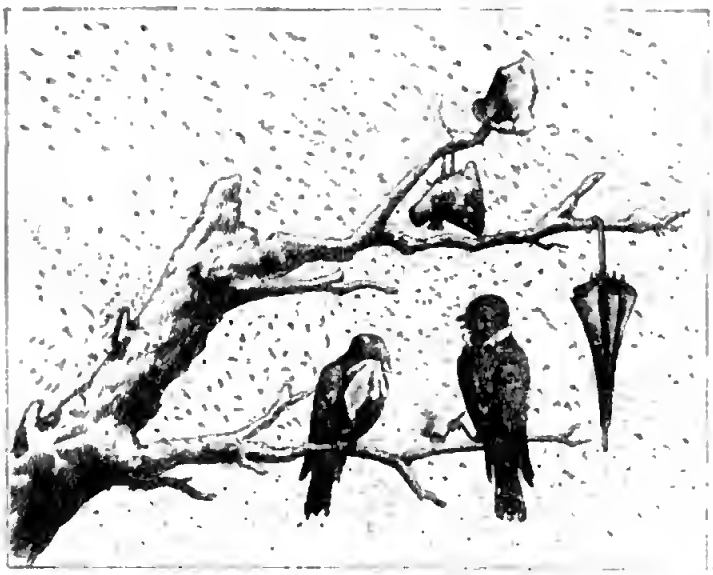
FIG. 2.

A RARE STONE.

THE cat's-eye (so called from the changing pearly light it exhibits, which is not unlike that observed to emanate from the eye of a cat) is a variety of the precious or noble opal. It is a transparent quartz, of a yellow hue, slightly tinged with green, and is full of minute fibres of "asbestos"—a term denoting its incombustible quality, for which it was used by the ancients for wrapping round dead bodies on the funeral pile, so as to prevent their ashes from mingling with those of the fire. The finest cat's-eyes in the world are obtained from Ceylon, and a perfect gem is of great value. The Hindoos esteem it next to the diamond. Its average size is that of a hazel-nut, and it is a favorite stone with jewellers. In 1820 one of these precious gems, about two inches broad, was sold for £400. The largest now known is one inch and a half in diameter, and formerly belonged to the King of Kandy, but is now in the possession of Mr. Beresford Hope.

Among the Marlborough gems one of the most curious is a monster cat's-eye, an inch and a half high, admirably cut into the form of a lion's head.

De Boot describes the cat's-eye as good for all diseases of the eye, being placed under the lid, and allowed to work its way into the corner.



THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Oh, what shall we do? cried a sad little bird—
Oh, what shall we do? cried she;
For the fields lie white in the morning light,
And there's never a leaf on a tree—
Tree, tree, tree—
And there's never a leaf on a tree.

Oh, let us be off to the fair sunny South—
Oh, let us be off, said he;
For they tell me down there they've enough and to spare
For my dear little wifey and me—
Me, me, me—
For my dear little wifey and me.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

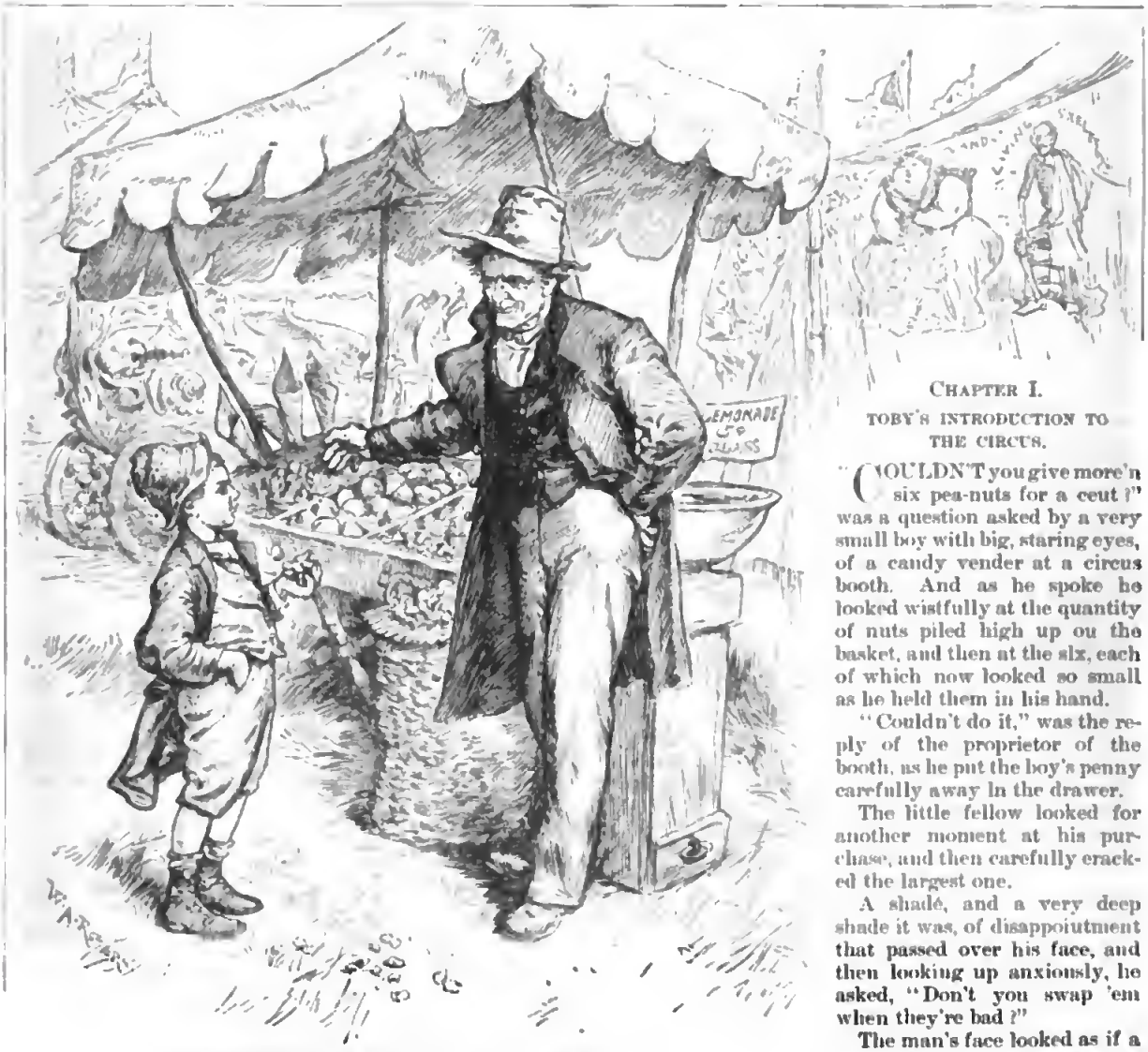
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 58. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, December 7, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

TOBY TYLER; OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.



TOBY STRIKES A BARGAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.

Chapter I.

TOBY'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CIRCUS.

"COULDN'T you give more'n six pea-nuts for a cent?" was a question asked by a very small boy with big, staring eyes, of a candy vender at a circus booth. And as he spoke he looked wistfully at the quantity of nuts piled high up on the basket, and then at the six, each of which now looked so small as he held them in his hand.

"Couldn't do it," was the reply of the proprietor of the booth, as he put the boy's penny carefully away in the drawer.

The little fellow looked for another moment at his purchase, and then carefully cracked the largest one.

A shade, and a very deep shade it was, of disappointment that passed over his face, and then looking up anxiously, he asked, "Don't you swap 'em when they're bad?"

The man's face looked as if a smile had been a stranger to it

for a long time; but one did pay it a visit just then, and he tossed the boy two nuts, and asked him a question at the same time. "What is your name?"

The big brown eyes looked up for an instant, as if to learn whether the question was asked in good faith, and then their owner said, as he carefully picked apart another nut, "Toby Tyler."

"Well, that's a queer name."

"Yes, I s'pose so, myself; but, you see, I don't expect that's the name that belongs to me. But the fellers call me so, an' so does Uncle Dan'l."

"Who is Uncle Daniel?" was the next question. In the absence of any more profitable customer the man seemed disposed to get as much amusement out of the boy as possible.

"He hain't my uncle at all; I only call him so because all the boys do, an' I live with him."

"Where's your father and mother?"

"I don't know," said Toby, rather carelessly. "I don't know much about 'em, an' Uncle Dan'l says they don't know much about me. Here's another bad nut; goin' to give me two more?"

The two nuts were given him, and he said, as he put them in his pocket, and turned over and over again those which he held in his hand, "I shouldn't wonder if all of these was bad. Sposen you give me two for each one of 'em before I crack 'em, an' then they won't be spoiled so you can't sell 'em again."

As this offer of barter was made, the man looked amused, and he asked, as he counted out the number which Toby desired, "If I give you these, I suppose you'll want me to give you two more for each one, and you'll keep that kind of a trade going until you get my whole stock?"

"I won't open my head if every one of 'em's bad."

"All right; you can keep what you've got, and I'll give you these besides; but I don't want you to buy any more, for I don't want to do that kind of business."

Toby took the nuts offered, not in the least abashed, and seated himself on a convenient stone to eat them, and at the same time to see all that was going on around him. The coming of a circus to the little town of Guilford was an event, and Toby had hardly thought of anything else since the highly colored posters had first been put up. It was yet quite early in the morning, and the tents were just being erected by the men. Toby had followed, with eager eyes, everything that looked as if it belonged to the circus, from the time the first wagon had entered the town, until the street parade had been made, and everything was being prepared for the afternoon's performance.

The man who had made the losing trade in pea-nuts seemed disposed to question the boy still further, probably owing to the fact that trade was dull, and he had nothing better to do.

"Who is this Uncle Daniel you say you live with—is he a farmer?"

"No; he's a Deacon, an' he raps me over the head with the hymn-book whenever I go to sleep in meetin', an' he says I eat four times as much as I earn. I blame him for hittin' so hard when I go to sleep, but I s'pose he's right about my eatin'. You see," and here his tone grew both confidential and mournful, "I am an awful eater, an' I can't seem to help it. Somehow I'm hungry all the time. I don't seem ever to get enough till carrot-time comes, an' then I can get all I want without troubling anybody."

"Didn't you ever have enough to eat?"

"I s'pose I did, but you see Uncle Dan'l he found me one mornin' on his hay, an' he says I was cryin' for something to eat then, an' I've kept it up ever since. I tried to get him to give me money enough to go into the circus with; but he said a cent was all he could spare these hard times, an' I'd better take that an' buy something to eat with it, for the show wasn't very good anyway. I wish pea-nuts wasn't but a cent a bushel."

"Then you would make yourself sick eating them."

"Yes, I s'pose I should; Uncle Dan'l says I'd eat till I was sick, if I got the chance; but I'd like to try it once."

He was a very small boy, with a round head covered with short red hair, a face as speckled as any turkey's egg, but thoroughly good-natured-looking, and as he sat there on the rather sharp point of the rock, swaying his body to and fro as he hugged his knees with his hands, and kept his eyes fastened on the tempting display of good things before him, it would have been a very hard-hearted man who would not have given him something. But Mr. Joh Lord, the proprietor of the booth, was a hard-hearted man, and he did not make the slightest advance toward offering the little fellow anything.

Toby rocked himself silently for a moment, and then he said, hesitatingly, "I don't suppose you'd like to sell me some things, an' let me pay you when I get older, would you?"

Mr. Lord shook his head decidedly at this proposition.

"I didn't s'pose you would," said Toby, quickly; "but you didn't seem to be selling anything, an' I thought I'd just see what you'd say about it." And then he appeared suddenly to see something wonderfully interesting behind him, which served as an excuse to turn his reddening face away.

"I suppose your uncle Daniel makes you work for your living, don't he?" asked Mr. Lord, after he had re-arranged his stock of candy, and had added a couple of slices of lemon peel to what was popularly supposed to be lemonade.

"That's what I think; but he says that all the work I do wouldn't pay for the meal that one chicken would eat, an' I s'pose it's so, for I don't like to work as well as a feller without any father and mother ought to. I don't know why it is, but I guess it's because I take up so much time eatin' that it kinder tires me out. I s'pose you go into the circus whenever you want to, don't you?"

"Oh yes; I'm there at every performance, for I keep the stand under the big canvas as well as this one out here."

There was a great big sigh from out Toby's little round stomach, as he thought what bliss it must be to own all those good things, and to see the circus wherever it went. "It must be nice," he said, as he faced the booth and its hard-visaged proprietor once more.

"How would you like it?" asked Mr. Lord, patronizingly, as he looked Toby over in a business way, very much as if he contemplated purchasing him.

"Like it!" echoed Toby; "why, I'd grow fat on it."

"I don't know as that would be any advantage," continued Mr. Lord, reflectively, "for it strikes me that you're about as fat now as a boy of your age ought to be. But I've a great mind to give you a chance."

"What!" cried Toby, in amazement, and his eyes opened to their widest extent, as this possible opportunity of leading a delightful life presented itself.

"Yes, I've a great mind to give you the chance. You see," and now it was Mr. Lord's turn to grow confidential, "I've had a boy with me this season, but he cleared out at the last town, and I'm running the business alone now."

Toby's face expressed all the contempt he felt for the boy who would run away from such a glorious life as Mr. Lord's assistant must lead; but he said not a word, waiting in breathless expectation for the offer which he now felt certain would be made him.

"Now I ain't hard on a boy," continued Mr. Lord, still confidentially, "and yet that one seemed to think that he was treated worse and made to work harder than any boy in the world."

"He ought to live with Uncle Dan'l a week," said Toby, eagerly.

"Here I was just like a father to him," said Mr. Lord, paying no attention to the interruption, "and I gave him his board and lodging, and a dollar a week besides."

"Could he do what he wanted to with the dollar?"

Digitized by Google

"Of course he could. I never checked him, no matter how extravagant he was, an' yet I've seen him spend his whole week's wages at this very stand in one afternoon. And even after his money had all gone that way, I've paid for peppermint and ginger out of my own pocket just to cure his stomach-ache."

Toby shook his head mournfully, as if deploring that depravity which could cause a boy to run away from such a tender-hearted employer, and from such a desirable position. But even as he shook his head so sadly, he looked wistfully at the pea-nuts, and Mr. Lord observed the look.

It may have been that Mr. Job Lord was the tender-hearted man he prided himself upon being, or it may have been that he wished to purchase Toby's sympathy; but, at all events, he gave him a large handful of nuts, and Toby never bothered his little round head as to what motive prompted the gift. Now he could listen to the story of the boy's treachery and eat at the same time, therefore he was an attentive listener.

"All in the world that boy had to do," continued Mr. Lord, in the same injured tone he had previously used, "was to help me set things to rights when we struck a town in the morning, and then tend to the counter till we left the town at night, and all the rest of the time he had to himself. Yet that boy was ungrateful enough to run away."

Mr. Lord paused as if expecting some expression of sympathy from his listener; but Toby was so busily engaged with his unexpected feast, and his mouth was so full, that it did not seem even possible for him to shake his head.

"Now what should you say if I told you that you looked to me like a boy that was made especially to help run a candy counter at a circus, and if I offered the place to you?"

Toby made one frantic effort to swallow the very large mouthful, and in a choking voice he answered, quickly, "I should say I'd go with you, an' be mighty glad of the chance."

"Then it's a bargain, my boy, and you shall leave town with me to-night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS.

A RECENT report from the Cape of Good Hope states that a diamond weighing 225 carats has been found at the Du Toits Pan mine, and a very fine white stone of 115 carats in Jagersfontein mine, in the Free State.

The lucky finders of these stones are vastly richer than they were a few weeks ago, for if these diamonds are of the best quality, they will be worth thousands upon thousands of dollars.

It is only ten years ago that all the world was taken by surprise at hearing that some of these precious stones had been found in the African colony; and this is how it came about. A little boy, the son of a Dutch farmer living near Hope Town, of the name of Jacobs, had been amusing himself in collecting pebbles. One of these was sufficiently bright to attract the keen eye of his mother; but she regarded it simply as a curious stone, and it was thrown down outside the house. Some time afterward she mentioned it to a neighbor, who, on seeing it, offered to buy it. The good woman laughed at the idea of selling a common bright pebble, and at once gave it to him, and he intrusted it to a friend, to find out its value; and Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town, was the first to pronounce it a *diamond*. It was then sent to Cape Town, forwarded to the Paris Exhibition, and it was afterward purchased by the Governor of the colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for £500.

This discovery of the *first* Cape diamond was soon followed by others, and led to the development of the great diamond fields of South Africa.

THE HEART OF BRUCE.*

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

BESIDE Dumbarton's castled steep the Bruce lay down to die;
Great Highland chiefs and belted earls stood sad and silent nigh.
The warm June breezes filled the room, all sweet with flowers and hay,
The warm June sunshine flecked the couch on which the monarch lay.

The mailèd men like statues stood; under their bated breath
The prostrate priests prayed solemnly within the room of death;
While through the open casements came the evening song of birds,
The distant cries of kye and sheep, the lowing of the herds.

And so they kept their long, last watch till shades of evening fell;
Then strong and clear King Robert spoke: "Dear brother knights, farewell!
Come to me, Douglas—take my hand. Wilt thou, for my poor sake,
Redeem my vow, and fight my fight, lest I my promise break?

"I ne'er shall see Christ's sepulchre, nor tread the Holy Land;
I ne'er shall lift my good broadsword against the Paynim band;
Yet I was vowed to Palestine: therefore take thou my heart,
And with far purer hands than mine play thou the Bruce's part."

Then Douglas, weeping, kissed the King, and said: "While I have breath
The vow thou made I will fulfill—yea, even unto death:
Where'er I go thy heart shall go; it shall be first in fight.
Ten thousand thanks for such a trust! Douglas is Bruce's knight."

They laid the King in Dunfermline—not yet his heart could rest;
For it hung within a priceless case upon the Douglas' breast.
And many a chief with Douglas stood: it was a noble line
Set sail to fight the Infidel in holy Palestine.

Their vessel touched at fair Seville. They heard upon that day
How Christian Leon and Castile before the Moslem lay,
Then Douglas said, "O heart of Bruce! thy fortune still is great,
For, ere half done thy pilgrimage, the foe for thee doth wait."

Dark Osmyn came; the Christians heard his long yell, "Allah hu!"
The brave Earl Douglas led the van as they to battle flew;
Sir William Sinclair on his left, the Logans on his right,
St. Andrew's blood-red cross above upon its field of white.

Then Douglas took the Bruce's heart, and flung it far before.
"*Pass onward first*, O noble heart, as in the days of yore!
For Holy Rood and Christian Faith make thou a path, and we
With loyal hearts and flashing swords will gladly follow thee."

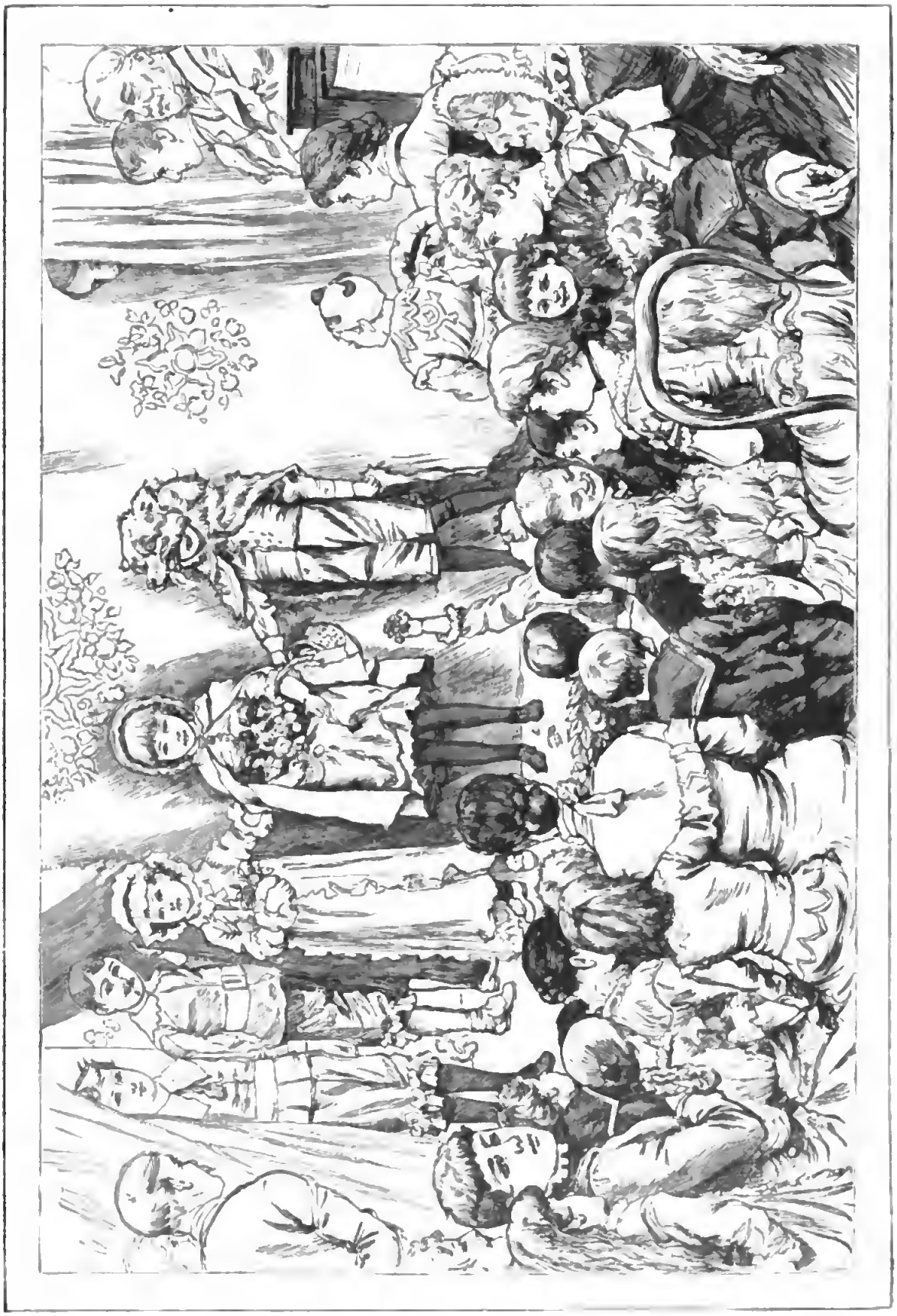
All day the fiercest battle raged just where that heart did fall,
For round it stood the Scottish lords, a fierce and living wall.
Douglas was slain, with many a knight; yet died they not in vain,
For past that wall of hearts and steel the Moslem never came.

The Bruce's heart and Douglas' corse went back to Scotland's land,
Borne by the wounded remnant of that brave and pious band.
Fair Melrose Abbey the great heart in quiet rest doth keep,
And Douglas in the Douglas' church hath sweet and honored sleep.

In pillared marble Scotland tells her love, and grief, and pride.
Vain is the stone: all Scottish hearts the Bruce and Douglas hide.
The "gentle Sir James Douglas" and "the Bruce of Bannockburn"
Are names forever sweet and fresh for years untold to learn.

* See Kerr's *History of Scotland*, Vol. II., p. 499.

Digitized by Google



AMATEUR THEATRICALS—THE CALL BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

Digitized by Google

THE KANGAROO.

IN the large island of Australia—an island so vast as to be ranked as a continent—nature has produced a singular menagerie.

The first discoverers of this country must have stared in amazement at the strange sights which met their eyes. There were wildernesses of luxuriant and curious vegetable growths, inhabited by large quadrupeds which appeared as bipeds; queer little beasts with bills like a duck, ostriches covered with hair instead of feathers, and legions of odd birds, while the whole woods were noisy with the screeching and prating of thousands of paroquets and cockatoos.

The largest and oddest Australian quadruped is the kangaroo, a member of that strange family, the Marsupialia, which are provided with a pouch, or bag, in which they carry their little ones until they are strong enough to scamper about and take care of themselves.

The delicately formed head of this strange creature, and its short fore-legs, are out of all proportion to the lower part of its body, which is furnished with a very long tail, and its hind-legs, which are large and very strong. It stands erect as tall as a man, and moves by a succession of rapid jumps, propelled by its hind-feet, its fore-paws meanwhile being folded across its breast. A large kangaroo will weigh fully two hundred pounds, and will cover as much as sixteen feet at one jump.

The body of this beast is covered with thick, soft, woolly fur of a grayish-brown color. It is very harmless and inoffensive, and it is a very pretty sight to see a little group of kangaroos feeding quietly in a forest clearing. Their diet is entirely vegetable. They nibble grass or leaves, or eat certain kinds of roots, the stout, long claws of their hind-feet serving them as a convenient pickaxe to dig with.

The kangaroo is a very tender and affectionate mother. When the baby is born it is the most helpless creature imaginable, blind, and not much bigger than a new-born kitten. But the mother lifts it carefully with her lips, and gently deposits it in her pocket, where it cuddles down and begins to grow. This pocket is its home for six or seven months, until it becomes strong and wise enough to fight its own battles in the woodland world. While living in its mother's pocket it is very lively. It is very funny to see a little head emerging all of a sudden from the soft fur of the mother's breast, with bright eyes peeping about to see what is going on in the outside world; or perhaps nothing is visible but a little tail wagging contentedly, while its baby owner is hidden from sight.

The largest kangaroos are called menuahs or boomers by the Australian natives, and their flesh is considered a great delicacy, in flavor something like young venison.

THE HOME OF THE KANGAROO.

For this reason these harmless creatures are hunted and killed in large numbers. They are very shy, and not very easy to catch; but the cunning bushmen hide themselves in the thicket, and when their unsuspecting prey approaches, they hurl a lance into its body. The wounded kangaroo springs off with tremendous leaps, but soon becomes exhausted, and falls on the turf.

If brought to bay, this gentle beast will defend itself vigorously. With its back planted firmly against a tree, it has been known to keep off an army of dogs for hours, by dealing them terrible blows with its strong hind-feet, until the arrival of the hunter with his gun put an end to the contest. At other times the kangaroo, being an expert swimmer, will rush into the water, and if a venturesome dog dares to follow, it will seize him, and hold his head under water till he is drowned.

Kangaroos are often brought to zoological gardens, and are contented in captivity, so long as they have plenty of corn, roots, and fresh hay to eat.

Digitized by Google

DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

A GREAT variety of material abounds in our woods that can be utilized for Christmas decorations.

All trees, shrubs, mosses, and lichens that are evergreen during the winter months, such as holly, ink-berry, laurels, hemlocks, cedars, spruces, arbor vitæ, are used at Christmas-time for in-door ornamentation. Then come the club-mosses (*Lycopodiums*), particularly the one known as "bouquet-green," and ground-pine, which are useful for the more delicate and smaller designs. Again, we have the wood mosses and wood lichens, pressed native ferns and autumn leaves: and, if the woods are not accessible, from our own gardens many cultivated evergreens can be obtained, such as box, arbor vitæ, rhododendron, ivy, juniper, etc.

Where it is desirable to use bright colors to lighten up the sombreness of some of the greens, our native berries can be used to great advantage. In the woods are to be found the partridge-berries, bitter-sweet, rose-berries, black alder, holly-berries, cedar-berries, cranberries, and sumac. Dried grasses and everlasting-flowers can be pressed into service. For very brilliant effects gold-leaf, gold paper, and frosting (obtainable at paint stores) are used.

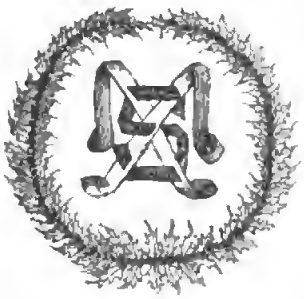


Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 represents a simple wreath of holly leaves and berries, sewn on to a circular piece of pasteboard, which was first coated with calcimine of a delicate light blue, on which, before the glue contained in the calcimine dried, a coating of white frosting was dusted. The monogram XMS is drawn on drawing-paper highly illuminated with gold-leaf and brilliant colors, after which it is cut out, and fastened in position.

Fig. 2 consists of a foundation of pasteboard, shaped as shown in the illustration. The four outside curves are perforated with a darning-needle. These perforations are desirable when the bouquet-green is to be fastened on in raised compact masses. The four crescent-shaped pieces of board are colored white, and coated with white frosting. On the crescents are sewn sprays of ivy and bunches of bright red berries. From the outer edge of the crescents radiate branches of hemlock or fronds of dried ferns. For the legend in the centre the monogram I.H.S.,* or "A merry Christmas to all," cut out in gold paper, looks well.

Fig. 3 consists of a combination of branches of apple wood, or other wood of rich colors and texture, neatly joined together so as to form the letters M and X. (In selecting the wood always choose that which has the heaviest growth of lichens and mosses.)

Fig. 2.

For the ornamentation of the rustic monogram I use wood and rock lichens, fungi, Spanish moss, and pressed climbing fern. Holes are bored into the rustic letters, into which are inserted small branches of holly in full berry. By trimming the monogram on both sides it looks very effective when hung between the folding-doors of a parlor, where the climbing fern may be trained out (on fine wires or green threads) in all directions, so as to form a triumphal archway. By using large fungi for the feet of the letters M and X (as shown in the illustration), the monogram can be used as a mantel-piece ornament, training fern and ivy from it and over picture-frames. The letter S in the monogram is composed of immortelles.

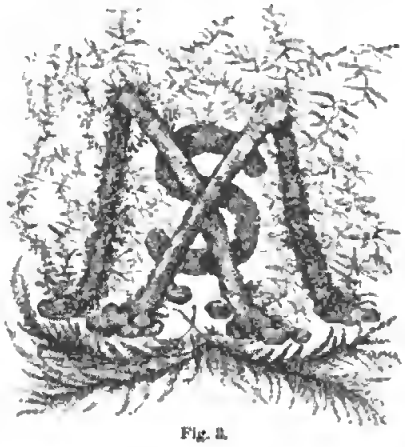


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 consists of a narrow strip of white muslin, on which is first drawn with a pencil in outline the design to be worked in evergreens. For this purpose only the finer and lighter evergreens can be used, as the intention of this design is to form a bordering for the angle formed by the wall and ceiling. This wall drapery is heavily trimmed with berries, to cause it to hang close to the wall, and at the same time to obtain richer effects of color.

Fig. 4.

The evergreens and berries are fastened to the muslin with thread and needle.

Fig. 5 is composed of a strip of card-board covered with gold paper on which the evergreens are sewed. This style of ornementation is used for covering the frames of pictures.

Natural flowers formed into groups can be made to produce very beautiful effects for the mantel-piece and corner brackets of a room. The pots should be hidden by covering them with evergreens, or the wood moss that grows on the trunks of trees. For mounting berries fine wire will be found very useful. I have always used, and with good effect, the rich brown cones of evergreens and birches for Christmas decorations.

Fig. 5.

Very rich and heavy effects of color can be produced by using dry colors for backgrounds in the following manner. On the face of the pasteboard on which you intend to work the evergreen design lay a thin coating of hot glue; before the glue dries or chills dust on *dry* ultramarine blue, or any of the lakes, or chrome greens. As soon as the glue has set, blow off the remaining loose

* Jesus Hominum Salvator.

Digitized by Google

color, and the result will be a field of rich "dead" color. To make the effect still more brilliant, touch up the blues and lakes with slashings of gold-leaf ("Dutch metal" will answer every purpose), fastening the gold-leaf with glue. Don't plaster it down, but put it on loose, so that it stands out from the field of color.

W. HOLMAN HUNT'S "FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

THE double-page picture which appears in this week's YOUNG PEOPLE is well worthy of study, alike for the school to which it belongs, the subject which it seeks to portray, and the manner in which that subject is treated by the artist. The original painting, of which the reproduction (save, of course, in the matter of coloring) is an admirable representation, is the production of William Holman Hunt. Few sermons have been so impressive as some of this artist's pictures. Everybody knows the beautiful one which he has called "The Light of the World," and no person of any intelligence can look upon that without having recalled to his mind these words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." But it may not be so generally known that this impression is thus strongly produced upon the spectator because it was first very deeply made on the artist himself. A friend of ours told us this beautiful story. The original painting of "The Light of the World" is in the possession of an English gentleman, at whose house one known to both of us had been a guest. While he was there the frame had been taken off the picture for purposes of cleaning, and the stranger had thus an opportunity of examining it very closely. He found on the canvas, where it had been covered by the frame, these words, in the writing of the artist: "*Nec me prætermittas, Domine!*"—"Nor pass me by, O Lord!" Thus, like the Fra Angelico, Mr. Hunt seems to have painted that work upon his knees; and it is a sermon to those who look upon it, because it was first a prayer in him who produced it.

Much the same, we are confident, may be said of the picture which is now before us. All our readers must know the story. When the "divine boy" was about twelve years of age he was taken by Joseph and Mary to the Passover feast at Jerusalem. They went up with a company from their own neighborhood, and after the feast was over they had started to return in the same way. But Jesus was not to be found. Still supposing that he was somewhere in their company, they went a day's journey, and "sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance." Their search, however, was fruitless, and so, "sorrowing" and anxious, they returned to Jerusalem, where they ultimately found him in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." They were amazed at the sight; and his mother, relieved, and perhaps also a little troubled, said, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." To which he made reply, "How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" These words are remarkable as the first recorded utterance of conscious Messiahship that came from the lips of our Lord. They indicate that now his human intelligence has come to the perception of his divine dignity and mission; and when he went down to Nazareth, and was subject to Joseph and Mary, it was with the distinct assurance within him that Joseph was not his father, and that there was ultimately a higher business before him than the work of the carpenter. Still, he knew that only through the lower could he reach the higher, and therefore he went down, contented to wait until the day of his manifestation came.

The artist has seized the moment when Jesus made this striking reply to his mother, and everything in the picture is made to turn on that. The scene is the interior of the Temple. The time is high day, for workmen are busily engaged at a stone on the outside, and a beggar is lolling at the gate in the act of asking alms. The Jewish doctors are seated. First in the line is an aged rabbi with flowing beard, and clasping a roll with his right hand. Over his eyes a film is spread, which indicates that he is blind; and so his neighbor, almost as aged as himself, is explaining to him why the boy has ceased to ask his questions, by telling him that his mother has come to claim him. Beside him, and the third in the group, is a younger man, whose face is full of eager thoughtfulness, and whose hands hold an unfolded roll, to which it appears as if he had been referring because of something which had just been said.

The other faces are less marked with seriousness, and seem to be indicative rather of curiosity; but we make little account of them because of the fascination which draws our eyes to the principal group. The face of Joseph, as Alford says, is "well-nigh faultless." It is full of thankful joy over the discovery of the boy; and though to our thinking Joseph was an older man than he is here depicted, yet everything about him is natural and manly. The Mary is hardly so successful. The narrative does not represent her as speaking softly into the ear of her son, but rather as breaking in abruptly on the assembly with her irrepressible outcry, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?" and there might well have been less of the soft persuasiveness and more of the surprised look of what one might call wounded affection in her face. But the portrayal of the boy Christ is admirable. We have never, indeed, seen any representation of the face of Christ that has thoroughly satisfied us, and we do not expect ever to see one. But this one is most excellent. The "far-away" look in the eyes, and the expression of absorption on the countenance, betoken that his thoughts are intent upon that divine "business" which he came to earth to transact. Exquisite, too, as so thoroughly human, is the playing of the right hand with the strap of his girdle in his moment of abstraction. In the far future the great business of his life is beckoning him on; but close at hand his duty to his mother is asserting its immediate claim. In his eager response to the first, he cries, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and his thoughts are after that meanwhile; but ere long the demand of the present will prevail, and he will go down with his parents, and be subject to them. This "righteousness" also he has to "fulfill," even as a part of that "business."

Take the picture, boys; frame it, and hang it where you can often see it. You will be reminded by it wholesomely of one who was once as really a boy as you; and when the future seems to be calling you on, and begging you to leap at once into its work, a look at the Christ-face will help you to seek the glory of the future in submission to the claims of the duties of the present, and will say to you, "He that believeth shall not make haste." Through the performance of the duties of a son to his mother Jesus passed to the business of saving men; and in the same way, through faithful diligence where you are, the door will open for you into the future which seems to you so attractive. It is right to have a business before you. It is right, also, for you to feel that the work you want to do in the world is "your Father's business." We would not have you fix your heart on anything which you could not so describe. But whatever that may be, rely upon it you will never reach it by neglecting present duty. On the contrary, the more diligent and faithful you are now as boys in the home and in the school, the more surely will the door into eminence open for you as men. Let the picture, therefore, stimulate you to holy ambition, and yet encourage you to wait patiently in the discharge of present duty until the time comes for your elevation. The way to come at your true business in life is to do well the present business of your boyhood.

Digitized by Google

"THE FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE."

Digitized by Google

ROM A PAINTING BY W. HOLMAN HUNT.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTAIN'S BOY ON THE PENNY BOAT.

BY H. F. REDDALL.

IMAGINE a side-wheel steamboat a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet long, her hull painted black, red, or red and white, with only one deck, entirely open from stem to stern; a hot, stuffy cabin below the water-line, her engines, of the cylinder pattern, entirely below the deck, and you have some idea of a London "penny boat"—a very different affair from our jaunty American river craft.

As most of my young readers are aware, the river Thames divides the great city of London into nearly equal parts. For nearly twelve miles the metropolis stretches along either bank, and, as might be expected, the river forms a convenient highway for traffic—a sort of marine Broadway, in fact. There are a number of bridges, each possessing from six to ten arches, and through these the swift tide pours with tremendous energy. From early dawn to dark the river's bosom is crowded with every description of vessel. Below London Bridge, the first we meet in going up stream, may be seen the murky collier moored close to the neat and trim East Indiaman, the heavy Dutch galiot scraping sides with the swift mail-packet, or the fishing-boat nodding responsive to the Custom-house revenue-cutter.

Above and between the bridges the scene changes, but is none the less animated. Here comes a heavy, lumbering barge, its brown sail loosely furled, depending for its momentum upon the tide, and guided by a long sweep. Barges, lighters, tugs, fishing-smacks, passenger steamboats, and a variety of smaller craft so crowd the river that were we to stand on Blackfriars Bridge a boat of some description would pass under the arches every thirty or forty seconds.

But by far the most important feature is the passenger-boats. These are apparently countless. They make landings every few blocks, now on one side the river, now on the other, darting here and there, up and down, and adding largely to the bustle. For a penny, the equivalent of two cents American currency, one may enjoy a water ride of five or six miles—say from London Bridge to Lambeth Palace. When we reflect that all this immense traffic is crowded between the banks of a stream at no point as wide as the East River opposite Fulton Ferry, New York, and impeded by bridges at that, the difficulties of navigation will be in some measure understood; and I have purposely dwelt on this that my readers may fully appreciate what follows.

Every one knows how, in America, the steamboat is controlled by a pilot perched high above the passengers in the "pilot-house"; how he steers the boat, and at the same time communicates with the engineer far below him by means of bells—the gong, the big jingle, the little jingle, and so on. But the penny boats of the Thames are managed far differently. The wheelsman is at the stern in the old-fashioned way; but on a bridge stretched amidships between the two paddle-boxes, and right over a skylight opening into the engine-room, stands the captain. Beneath him, sitting or standing by this skylight, is a boy of not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, who, I observed, from time to time called out some utterly unintelligible words, in accordance with which the engine was slowed, stopped, backed, or started ahead as occasion required. It took me a long time to discover *what* the boy said, from the peculiar sing-song way in which he called out, but it took me much longer to find out *why* he said it.

So far as I could see he had not as much interest in the boat as I had; apparently he observed the constantly changing panorama of river scenery—not an interesting sight on board escaped him, and yet as we neared or departed from each landing-stage the same mysterious sounds, only varied slightly, issued from his lips, and the boat stopped or went ahead as the case might be. I asked myself if this wonderful boy might not be the captain, but a glance at the weather-beaten figure on the bridge showed me the absurdity of the idea. So I watched the latter individual, from whom I was now sure the boy received his orders. But how? That was the question. The captain and his boy were too far apart to speak intelligibly to one another without all the passengers hearing them: how, then, did the one on the bridge communicate his wishes to the other at the skylight if not by speech?

By dint of long watching I became aware that though apparently the eyes of the lad saw everything there was to be seen, in reality he was most watchful of the captain, hardly ever lifting his gaze from the figure above him, and at last I discovered that by a scarcely perceptible motion of his hand, merely opening and closing it, or with a simple backward or forward motion from the wrist down, the captain conveyed his orders to the boy, who responded by shouting in his shrill treble through the skylight what, after much conjecture, I discovered to be "Ease 'er!" "Stop 'er!" "Turn 'er astarn!" "Let 'er go ahead!"

The gesture by the captain's hand was oftentimes so faint that I failed to see it, though I was on the look-out: much less could I interpret its meaning, yet the lad never once failed to give the correct order.

Only think of it! The safety of these boats, their crews, and thousands of passengers absolutely depends upon these youngsters, who in wind and rain, sunshine or storm, are compelled to be at their posts for many hours daily. If through inattention or inadvertence the wrong command should be given to the engineer, a terrible calamity might occur. That such is never or rarely the case speaks volumes for the fidelity and attention to duty of these boys, who have very little opportunity for training or education of any sort.

PACKAGE NO. 107.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

THE express agent in San Francisco smiled very pleasantly when the package was brought to him with a directed express tag properly tied on it. But it was not so strange for him to smile, since he knew all about that package, and had foretold the exact time required for a package to reach New York. But the clerk who pasted a green label on the tag, and marked on one end in blue ink "No. 107, Paid" so and so much, why should he be amused? And why should the two express-wagon drivers who were in the office at the time declare that that package would be something like a surprise?

Then an errand-boy came into the office to express a valise, having left seven other boys standing on the nearest street corner before a hand-organ that was playing the newest airs, which those seven boys were learning to whistle. But why should that errand-boy, who was usually a very quiet boy, immediately run to the office street door, and call, and beckon, and wave his hat furiously for those seven boys to come and look at package No. 107? Then those seven boys, in spite of the attraction of the hand-organ, came on a run, and stood eagerly around the express office door. And why wouldn't those boys go away until that package was taken with other packages to the railroad station in one of the express wagons? And what, also, greatly interested five other passing boys, a Chinese laundry-man, two apple-women, and a policeman?

Well, it was the same cause, which will soon appear, that made curious and smiling the express people of Omaha, Chicago, and other places where the package was seen on its way East to New York.

About a month previous to this, Mr. Benson had written to his wife from California that owing to the slow settle-

Digitized by Google

ment of the business that had taken him there, he was beginning to fear he and Guy would not be able to reach home even by the holidays. "But Guy says," wrote Mr. Benson, "that if we only had mother here we would get along splendidly."

A week later the unwelcome news came to Mrs. Benson in New York explaining that Mr. Benson's business would further detain him in California until the middle of March—three months to come. You may be certain that Mrs. Benson was very sorry to think of passing Christmas and New-Year's with three thousand miles separating her from her husband and boy. But she was forced to smile as she read Guy's letter—mailed with his father's—explaining how they might dine together on Christmas-day, notwithstanding the three thousand miles.

"I have found out," wrote Guy in his best handwriting, "that the difference in time between New York and San Francisco is about three hours and a quarter. So if you sit down to your dinner at a quarter past four o'clock, your time, and we sit down to our dinner at one o'clock, our time, we can in that way be dining together. We are going to have for dinner exactly what we had at home on last Christmas. But you will have the best time, for grandfather and grandmother will be with you, and Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary, and Ben, Tom, Bertha, Sadie, Uncle Seth, and all the rest of them."

A few days after this letter was sent Mr. Benson mailed another one, in which he told his wife that Guy had made a discovery on the previous day, and they were going to send her a pleasant surprise—in fact, a Christmas present. "The package will be sent by express, directed to your address in New York," wrote Mr. Benson, "and we have so timed its journey East that it will reach you some time on the day before Christmas."

This was package No. 107.

But didn't Mrs. Benson wonder and wonder what was coming to her for a surprise present? And didn't she imagine that it might be a nest of Chinese tables, or a package of fine Russian tea, or an ivory castle, or a bunch of California grapes weighing fifteen or twenty pounds, or five-and-twenty other possible things? Then Guy's New York cousins, when they heard of that expected package, didn't they all fall to guessing? And they guessed and guessed until, as we say in "Hot Butter and Blue Beans, please come to Supper," they were "cold," "very cold," and "freezing."

Cousin Ben finally decided, after changing his mind a dozen times a day, that the package would prove to contain either the skin of the grizzly bear that Guy, before leaving home, had thought he might find, or a big piece of gold that Guy had been kindly allowed to dig out of some gold mine.

"Heigho! this is the day the package is to come," said Cousin Bertha, the moment she awoke on that morning. But at noon-time Bertha, Ben, Jim, Sadie, and even little Tom, knew that as yet the package had not arrived. It had not arrived as late as four o'clock in the afternoon, when the first three just mentioned, together with some of their elders, went to Guy's mother's to supper. There Bertha, Ben, and Jim took turns vainly watching at the windows for the express wagon, until they were called to supper.

Jingle! jingle! jingle! went the door-bell during the course of the supper. And so much had that package been talked about and guessed about that all paused in their eating and drinking, and listened in expectation.

"Please, ma'am," said Katie, coming from answering the ring, "the expressman is at the door. He says he's got a most valuable package for you, and would you please come and receipt for it?"

Mrs. Benson found the expressman standing by the little table in the hallway where Katie had left him, though in the mean time he had gone back to his wagon and brought the package into the house. "Please sign there," he said, pointing to his receipt-book.

"It must be a very small package," thought Mrs. Benson, not seeing any package, but imagining it might still be in the expressman's overcoat pocket.

"I was to say, Mrs. Benson," said the man, "that you must be prepared for a very great, pleasant surprise."

"Oh! I'm prepared to be surprised," answered Mrs. Benson.

"Then please turn and look at the package standing there by the parlor door."

"Mother!"

"Oh, Guy! my dear boy!" joyfully called Mrs. Benson, as Guy, with an express tag tied around his arm, rushed into her arms, and clasped her around the neck.

"It's Guy himself," said Bertha, gleefully.

"Hurrah! it's Guy!" called Ben and Jim; and they all instantly left the supper table and hurried to greet him.

But the adventures of package No. 107 could not be quickly told. Of how it was discovered that it might be sent, how it had been directed like a bundle of goods, how it had been receipted for over and over again, how it had travelled all the way in the Pullman cars, how it was given as much care and attention as if it had been a huge nugget of gold, and very, very many more hows and whys.

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER I.

"SIX o'clock! Thank fortune!" exclaimed one of a group of girls in Mr. Hardman's store.

Mildred Lee glanced up with a sigh of relief, moving with quicker fingers at the thought of being so near the end of her day's work. She was a pale pretty girl about sixteen, with soft brown hair, dark eyes, and a something more refined in her air and manner than her associates. Perhaps it was that in her dress there were none of the flimsy attempts at finery which the other girls affected so strongly, or perhaps it was only her quiet, lady-like self-possession which had in it nothing of vulgar reticence or pride; but, in any case, there was a touch of something superior to all lowering influences, and the most flippant sales-woman in "Hardman's" lowered her tone of coarse good-humor, stopped short in any gay recital, when Mildred's pretty face and quiet little figure came in view.

"Six o'clock," said Jenny Martin, a tall, "striking-looking" young person, who was helping Milly to put away some ribbons. "Oh dear, now we'll be kept! There comes that lady from Lane Street. She'll stay half an hour."

"Young ladies, what are you about?" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Hardman's son and heir, a short, stout young man, very much overdressed, and who bustled up to the counter, dispersing the little group with various half-audible exclamations. Then he turned, bowing and smiling, to the late customer.

She was a plain, elderly woman, dressed in a quaint fashion, but bearing unmistakable signs of good-breeding: evidently what even Mr. Tom Hardman would recognize as a "*real* lady." Miss Jenner, of Milltown, was regarded by the store-keepers in her vicinity as a valuable customer. She was known to be very rich, although eccentric, and her great red brick house, a little back from the street, with its box-walked garden and tall old trees, was one of the finest and most respectable in the county. Miss Jenner had been two years abroad, and this was one of her first visits to any Milltown store. She received Mr. Tom's servile courtesies with rather an indifferent

Digitized by Google

manner, glancing around the big, showy store, scanning the faces of the tired young attendants, as she said, "Is not Mildred Lee one of your sales-women?"

"Miss Lee!" called out Mr. Tom.

Mildred moved forward quickly, looking at the new customer with an air of polite attention, but none of her employer's obsequiousness.

Miss Jenner met the young girl's glance with a swift critical stare.

"Here," she said, rather shortly, "I want some gloves, and I'd prefer your serving me."

Miss Jenner's wishes could not be slighted, and so Mr. Hardman hovered about deferentially, rather altering his tone of insolent command when he spoke to the young sales-women, and finally dispersing them while he walked up and down the cloak and mantle department, out of Miss Jenner's hearing, yet sufficiently within sight to be recalled by a look from his wealthy patroness.

As soon as she found herself alone with the shop-girl, Miss Jenner said, with a searching glance at the young face bending over the glove-box:

"So you are Mildred! Child, it seems strange enough to see your father's daughter here. How did it happen?"

"Oh!" Mildred exclaimed. She drew a quick breath, while the color flashed into her cheeks. "Did you know papa?"

"Yes." Miss Jenner spoke rather shortly.

"Well," said Mildred, "you see, after his death—we had almost nothing. Mamma is giving music lessons, and I came here, just because it was all I could get to do. Bertie is at school," the girl added, a little proudly.

"But your mother does not *live* in Milltown?" the lady inquired, with a frown of perplexity.

"Not quite *in* the town," said Mildred. "We have a little cottage on the Dorsettown road. Papa seemed to think, before he died, that he would like us to come to live here."

THE LATE CUSTOMER.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

Miss Jenner answered nothing for a few moments. She tapped the counter with her fingers, pushed the point of her parasol into the ground, and coughed significantly one or twice before she spoke.

"Well, Mildred," she said, finally, "I suppose you know the way to my house? I should like you to come to tea with me next Tuesday. I am expecting some young friends."

Mildred Lee could scarcely answer for a few moments. How often she had passed and repassed the fine old house in Lane Street, wondering what grandeur and comfort must repose between its walls, but never had she dreamed of receiving an invitation from its owner.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Jenner, drawing out her well-filled purse, "don't you mean to come?"

Mildred smiled, and drew a quick breath.

"Oh yes, thank you, Miss Jenner, very much," she contrived to say; and almost before she could revolve the question further in her mind Miss Jenner was gone, and she found herself face to face with Mr. Tom. Now this young man was Mildred's special aversion. Not that he was as overbearing with her as with the other girls, but that he seemed to have singled her out for attentions that Mildred found odious.

"It's rather late, Miss Lee," he said, with his insolent smile; "so I may as well walk home with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hardman," answered Milly—she never called him "Mr. Tom," as did the other girls—"I can manage very nicely by myself. I always walk fast, and I have always a great deal to think about."

"Then walk fast, and let me think with you," he said, with a laugh.

Mildred dared not offend him, and so she forced herself to accept his escort, although it was evident even to the self-confident young man she disliked it. They threaded the busy streets of Milltown, "Mr. Tom" raising his hat jauntily to passing acquaintances, Mildred keeping her eyes fastened on the ground, only anxious to reach the little white cottage where her mother and brothers and sisters were waiting tea for her return.

"There, Mr. Hardman," she said, trying to look good-humored, as he held open the gate; "I won't ask you to come in, because—"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Tom, with an easy laugh. "Because you think the guv'nor would not like me to be visiting any of the girls. Never you mind; he won't know."

"That has nothing to do with it, sir," answered Mildred, speaking with forced composure, though her face flushed scarlet. "It was because I knew my mother prefers I shall not receive visits from people whom she does not know; but if it *be* true that your father objects to your visiting any of his employées, that is an additional reason for your never forcing attentions upon me again."

And with a very stately bow Mildred moved past him, entering the little house, while "Mr. Tom," indulging in a prolonged low whistle, turned on his heel, with something not very agreeable in his expression.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

WINGY WING FOO.

BY C. A. D. W.

POOR Wingy Wing Foo is a bright little fellow,
With complexion, indeed, most decidedly yellow,
And long almond eyes that take everything in;
But the way he is treated is really a sin.
For naughty Miss Polly *will* turn up her nose
At his quaint shaven head and his queer little clothes,
And bestow all her love and affectionate care
On rosy-cheeked Mabel, with bright golden hair.

In vain do I argue, in vain do I cry,
"Be kinder, my darling, I beg of you, try."
But Polly shakes harder her wise little head,
And kisses her golden-haired dolly instead.
"Remember he's far from his kindred and home;
'Mid strange little children he's destined to roam,
And how sad is his fate, as no kind little mother
Will take him right in, and make him a brother

"To the fair baby dollies that sit on her knee!
Just think, my own Polly, how hard it must be.
So give him a hug and a motherly kiss,
'Tis one your own babies, I'm sure, never 'll miss."
She stooped quickly down, and raised from the floor
The poor little stranger, discarded before,
And said, with a tear in her bright little eye,
"I'm sure I shall love him, mamma, by-and-by."

Digitized by Google

I received a subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE for a present, and I like the paper better than any I ever had before. I like the Post-office Box and the puzzles especially, and the story of Paul Grayson I like very much.

I am collecting games and amusements, and I would be thankful to any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who send me any nice charades or games. In return I will send some of my own collection, with full directions for playing each one.

JAMES O'CONNOR,
287 Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Now that the season of long evenings has come again, pretty household games are a necessary recreation for our young friends. There have been directions in the columns of YOUNG PEOPLE for some entertaining winter evening amusements, and more are in preparation. Descriptions of games are generally too long for the Post-office Box, but if we receive any that are short enough, we will print them, unless they are of games already well known, or involve the pitching of knives or other dangerous actions.

There is a great deal of play-time by daylight, too, and it would be interesting if boys in Canada, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the West and in the South, would now and then describe their out-of-door sports during the winter. There will be skating, and coasting, and sleigh-riding for some; orange-picking, rowing, and picnicking for others. There is one amusement our boys and girls will all enjoy together, and that is reading YOUNG PEOPLE; and if in the Post-office Box they learn what are the pastimes of children in all sections of the country, even those little people who live in solitary places where they have no playmates, and see nothing all winter but ice-bound rivers and snow-covered plains, will feel less lonely, and have imaginary companionship during play-time.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Seeing a letter from Violet S. in the Post-office Box about a society, I thought I would write about a club we boys have here.

The club, which is called the G. G., is strictly a military organization, consisting of nine members, each having a gun. We drill every Saturday. Any member who speaks during the drill is confined to the "guard-house" for five minutes for each offense.

We have also a library of nearly a hundred books, which is a source of great pleasure to us. Every month we have an election for librarian and secretary.

Whenever an event of importance occurs concerning the club we have a meeting to settle the matter. We are now preparing a play for the Christmas holidays. BERT C.

BRIGHTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Reba H. wished to know if any correspondent had seen peach-trees blooming in September. I never saw peach-trees in blossom at that season, but was once had two pear-trees that blossomed in October.

I take great pleasure in reading YOUNG PEOPLE. I am eleven years old. JOHN B. G.

DARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.

I was very much interested in the account of sumac gathering in YOUNG PEOPLE No 51, and I thought you would like to know how it is done here in Prince Edward County.

The work of gathering begins in June, and lasts until some time in August. It is gathered here before it turns red, and the berries are not gathered at all. If the berries are mixed with the leaves and twigs, it is worthless, and it is worth very little anyway, as the price is only fifty or seventy-five cents a hundred pounds. There are two kinds of sumac, the male and female; the former is what the merchants want, but the negroes often try to cheat, for it is very hard to tell the difference between the two kinds when the sumac is dry. They do not dry it in a house, but lay it on the ground in the sun for about two days, and then leave it in the shade of the trees for about a week longer. HARRY J.

BELLE VERNON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live among the hills of Pennsylvania, where they get out great quantities of coal and sand. We have glass factories in our town, and it is so nice to see them make glass! We have a boat-yard here, too, and when the boats are launched we can get on them. It is a big slide when the boat goes into the river.

I am nine years old, and send greeting to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I tuck it under my pillow every night. MABEL M.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Have any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE ever seen the dove-plant, sometimes called the Espiritu Santo, or Holy Ghost flower? I saw one in a conservatory here. It is bell-shaped and pure white, and the petals form a perfect dove. PAUL DE M.

You will find a description and a picture of this wonderful flower, which is a native of the Isthmus of Panama, in HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for November, 1879, page 863.

SHORT HILLS, NEW JERSEY.

Here is our recipe for johnny-cake, which may be useful to Mary G., or to some other little girl: One tea-cupful of sweet milk; one tea-cupful of buttermilk; one table-spoonful of melted butter; one tea-spoonful of salt; one tea-spoonful of soda; enough Indian meal to make it stiff enough to roll out into a sheet half an inch thick. Spread it on a buttered tin, and bake forty minutes. As soon as it begins to brown, baste it with melted butter, repeating the operation four or five times, until it is brown and crisp. Do not cut the sheet, but break it, and eat it for luncheon or tea. FLORENCE S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Here is my mother's recipe for johnny-cake for Mary G. One cup of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of butter. Beat these together until they are light and creamy. Then add one cup of wheat flour, three cups of Indian meal (yellow is best), three tea-spoonfuls of Royal baking powder, one tea-spoonful of salt, sweet milk enough to make a cake batter. Beat until very light, and bake in a quick oven about thirty minutes. We like it best baked in little patty-pans, but you can bake it in a large sheet just as well. ETHEL W.

Recipes similar to the above have been sent by Louise H. A., Irma C. Terry, Lena Fox, Jaun L. Wilson, Ada Philips, Alexina N., and other little housewives; and all unite in the wish that Mary G. may win the prize offered by her papa.

DERBY, CONNECTICUT.

I would like to tell you how I get YOUNG PEOPLE. We have a very nice teacher at the school where I attend, and every week each scholar who is perfect in deportment gets a copy of YOUNG PEOPLE. All the scholars like the paper very much, and they all try to be good. I have had a copy every week since the teacher began to give them, and so have several other scholars. RUTH M. G.

OTSEGO LAKE, MICHIGAN.

I am eight years old. I live in Northern Michigan, between the two large lakes.

I have a pet fawn. I call it Beauty. It followed me to church last Sunday night; and although it behaved with perfect decorum, it attracted so much attention that papa had to put it out. I have every number of YOUNG PEOPLE. LOUIS S. G.

I belong to the Boys' Exploring Association, and last summer we discovered the finest cave in the Rocky Mountains. It was filled with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. I have some of the stalactites in my collection. The only living things we saw in the cave were a bat and two old mountain rats, one of which had young ones.

A few days ago I visited a coal mine about six miles from Colorado Springs. The coal there is soft, and lies in a narrow vein. Above and below the coal are veins or strata of sandstone, which is well covered with impressions of leaves, large and small. As I entered the mine I looked up, and right over my head there was a perfect impression of a palm-leaf, just like a palm-leaf fan. I tried to take it out whole, but it would break in pieces. There were also many impressions of small leaves, and I found pieces of the tree itself. I brought a great many of these impressions home with me. They must be many thousand years old, like the fossil shells, bacilites, and ammonites which I have in my collection. I would like to exchange some of the leaf impressions with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would like for them Florida beans, sea-shells, or moss, or minerals from California or New Mexico. I have also some new specimens of different minerals which I would exchange for others. HERBERT E. PEIRCE,
P. O. Box 296, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The Boys' Exploring Association alluded to in the above letter is a society largely composed of the members of a Sunday-school in Colorado Springs. Any boy in the school may become a member on the payment of a trifling sum, and any other boy whose name is proposed by a member is admitted by vote. The object of the society is to study the geology and natural history of the surrounding country, and at certain seasons to make exploring expeditions, under the leadership of the clergyman of the church. The members pledge themselves to abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks, to use no vulgar or profane language, and to carry no fire-arms while on exploring trips.

During the past summer some important discoveries have been made, and the boys, while deriving much pleasure from these camping-out excursions, have also gained physically, mentally, and morally.

We would be glad to receive reports of the future actions of this society, which will undoubtedly be of interest to our young readers, and will perhaps incite other boys to follow the example of these young naturalists by forming societies to study the botanical, geological, and other natural characteristics of the region in which they live. All places may not contain so much that is new and wonderful as Colorado, but everywhere nature has a great deal to teach, if boys and girls will only open their eyes and hearts to learn.

I have a few patterns of lace, and would be very glad to exchange with Alice C. Little, or any other correspondent of YOUNG PEOPLE. ANNA E. BRUCE,
Rimersburg, Clarion County, Pennsylvania.

I am a little boy ten years old. I live in Attleborough, where so much jewelry is made. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best of all the papers for boys and girls.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any correspondent. JAMES ARTHUR HARRIS,
Attleborough, Massachusetts.

I live in the Paper City, where they make seventy-five tons of paper in a day. I think some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to go through the mills with me.

I would like to exchange postage stamps with any one. I am eleven years old.
WILLIE H. P. SEYMOUR,
P. O. Box 210, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

I am seven years old. I am a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I love to have my mamma read the letters from the dear little children in the Post-office Box. I go to school, but have to stay home on rainy days. I have neither brothers nor sisters. I am a New Mexican boy by birth, and travelled over three thousand miles with my dear papa and mamma, mostly in stage-coaches, when I was less than a year old.

I have a large number of Mexican garnets, gathered by Indians upon the plains and in the mountains and cañons, that I will gladly exchange for choice sea-shells. CLAUDE D. MILLER,
Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have began to collect stamps, and I wish to procure as many rare ones as I can. I have two tiny shells which were picked up on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea by a lady missionary, and sent to America. I read letters from many shell collectors in the Post-office Box. I will send one of these shells to any boy or girl who will send me a reasonable number of foreign stamps in return.
EFFIE K. PRICE, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

I would like to exchange rare specimens, coins and stamps, with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would also exchange an arrow made by a great Indian chief near here for something of equal value.
ROBERT C. MANLY, P. O. Box 66,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I have taken it ever since it was published, and have learned a great deal from it.

In exchange for sea-shells, sea-weed, or curiosities or relics of any kind, I will send a piece of the marble of which they are now building the Washington Monument, or a piece of the granite of which the new State, War, and Navy departments are being built, or both if desired. I would like to exchange with some one on the Florida and California coast. I am eight years old.
T. BENTON RINGOLD,
1426 T Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

I will exchange stamps from Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Western Australia, Tasmania, Cuba, Barbadoes, Mexico, and other foreign countries, for others from New Brunswick, St. Lucia, Ecuador, Lagos, and Dominica. I will also exchange birds' eggs.
WILLIE FORD, Austin, Texas.

Exchanges are also offered by the following correspondents:

Postmarks for specimens of red shale rock.
SAM RISIEN, JUN.,
Groesbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

Digitized by Google

Stamps and postmarks for curiosities, coins, Indian relics, or shells. A. H. SPEAR,
167 Madison Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Shells for other curiosities. J. BATZER,
Avenue O, between 18th and 19th Streets,
Galveston, Texas.

Fossil shells for Indian relics.
SARAH H. WILSON,
Clermont, Columbia County, New York.

Foreign postage stamps with correspondents residing in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, or Prince Edward Island. B. HORNIG,
708 Fifth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps. WARREN S. BANKS,
207 East Eighty-third Street, New York City.

Soil of Texas for that of any other State.
JOS. L. PAXTON,
Taylor, Williamson County, Texas.

Twenty varieties of postmarks for five varieties of stamps from New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, or Prince Edward Island.
A. GRAHAM,
161 Somerset Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Postage stamps. C. M. HERSTERT,
108 South Fourteenth Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Birds' eggs, foreign postage stamps, and postmarks for eggs. HARRY H. SMITH,
833 Logan Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Foreign postage stamps for postmarks.
JAMES LEONARD,
95 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Pressed autumn leaves for foreign postage stamps.
DANIEL H. ROGERS,
Moorestown, Butte County, California.

Rare stamps of all kinds.
MORRIS STERNBACH,
129 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

Michigan postmarks and curiosities for postage stamps and minerals. TROOY SMITH,
641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Postage stamps. BERTIE C. SMITH,
Mapleton, Cass County, Dakota Territory.

Postage stamps from Japan, Egypt, Hungary, and other countries for stamps from China and South America. CLARENCE HOWE BARTON,
1996 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Postage stamps for postmarks, stamps, Indian relics, and other curiosities. H. BAYER,
976 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey.

Postmarks. ANNIE H. WILSON,
Care of Harold Wilson, Esq., Clermont,
Columbia County, New York.

Postmarks for minerals or postmarks.
WILLIAM H. MASON,
392 Sixth Avenue (near Tenth Street),
Brooklyn, New York.

Postage stamps. BEN S. DARROW,
545 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Soil of Maryland and Virginia for soil of the Northern and Western States.
D. FLETCHER,
Philopolis, Baltimore County, Maryland.

Five varieties of sharks' teeth for Indian arrowheads. F. H. WAYERS,
Philopolis, Baltimore County, Maryland.

Stamps, postmarks, and birds' eggs.
HOWARD S. MORRIS,
Cheltenham Academy,
Shoemakertown, Pennsylvania.

Postmarks and curiosities.
G. N. WILSON,
Bairdstown, Oglethorpe County, Georgia.

Stamps, minerals, and eggs of the crow, flicker, spotted tattler, and kingfisher, for eggs of a loon, eagle, gull, or snipe. W. A. WEBSTER,
394 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Foreign postage stamps, birds' nests, shells, and minerals for birds' eggs, shells, and foreign coins.
LAURA BINGHAM,
Lansing, Michigan.

Chinese curiosities, agates, and postmarks for rare birds' eggs and postage stamps.
C. H. GRINNELL,
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada.

Postage stamps and postmarks for stamps.
MARY H. KINGALL,
P. O. Box 493, Stamford, Connecticut.

Postage stamps. T. N. CATREVAS,
13 West Twentieth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps and coin.
SAMMIE P. CHAMAGE, Bay City, Michigan.

Postage stamps, especially specimens from Japan and Hong-Kong, for others.
F. L. MACONDRAY,
1916 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California.

Birds' eggs, stamps, and postmarks for the same, or for minerals, coins, or Indian relics.
RALPH J. WOOD,
30 (old number) Wildwood Avenue,
Jackson, Michigan.

Five foreign postage stamps for an ounce of soil from any State, or thirty foreign stamps for an Indian arrow-head. No duplicate stamp in either exchange. C. B. FERNALD,
1123 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Foreign postage stamps or United States postmarks for shells or minerals.
GEORGE E. WELLS,
40 Cottage Place, Hackensack, New Jersey.

Five rare foreign stamps for a good mineral specimen. C. C. SHELLEY, JUN.,
93 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Sea and fresh water shells and minerals for other minerals and Indian curiosities.
ROYAL FERGAUD,
141 Front Street, West, Detroit, Michigan.

WILLIAM TELL ARCHERS, NEW ORLEANS.—Bows vary in price from three dollars to ninety and even one hundred dollars each. It would be well to write to Messrs. Peck & Snyder, Nassau Street, New York city, importers of English archery goods, for one of their catalogues. E. I. Horsman, of 80 William Street, New York city, would also send his catalogue on application, and his list comprises all archery goods manufactured in this country, which are sold at lower prices than the English importations. We never heard of a whalebone bow on an archery field.

HENRY R. C., GEORGE E. B., AND OTHERS.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers will furnish the cover for YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I., at the price stated in the advertisement on this page, but in no case can they attend to the binding.

LOUIS H.—A stamp collection consists of stamps of *different denominations* from all countries. The special locality in the country from which the specimen is sent adds to the interest of a postmark, but not to that of a stamp. Different issues of the same denomination, when you can obtain them, should have a place in your stamp album. For example, there have been a good many issues, varying in design and color, of the United States three-cent stamp. Each one is a valuable specimen; but if you have two or more exactly alike, paste only one in your album, and reserve the duplicates for exchange.

B. B.—It is not often that we can make room in the Post-office Box for pictures, and we are constantly compelled to decline pretty and interesting drawings by our young friends. We can much more easily give space to a short description in writing of any curious phase of wild Indian life that you may notice than to a pictured representation.

W. E. L.—Your story shows imagination, but is not good enough to print.—Unless you have a natural gift for ventriloquism you will find it a difficult art to learn. Several books of instruction have been published, but they are not very satisfactory, and you would learn better by procuring a good teacher than by endeavoring to follow the directions of a hand-book.

E. A. DE L.—A badge expressing the motto of your society is not very easy to invent. A gold shield bearing the letters F. S. arranged as a monogram, in blue, white, or black enamel, would be very simple, and as appropriate, perhaps, as any more marked design.

Favors are acknowledged from Charles Werner, Ida L. G., Harry C. Earle, Pearl A. H., Isabelle T. Niven, Will S. Norton, Mary K. Bidwell, George K. Diller, Annie Wiernm, Mark Manly, Latham T. Souther, Maggie Behlendorff, Joey W. Dodson, Aaron W. King, Charlie, Hattie Wilcox, Clara Clark, Florence M. Donalds, Eddie L. S., Sarabelle, E. T. Rice, J. Fitzsimons, Cassie C. Fraleigh, Mary H. Longee, Coleman E. A., Fred S. C., Eddie R. T., Edgar E. Heiro, Emmer Edwards, Eunice Kate, Clarence D. C.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Lenn Fox, H. M. F., Stella Pratt, Mary L. Fobes, "Uncle Ravsler," C. Gaylor, William A. Lewis, C. H. McB., Cal I. Forny, The Dawley Boys, Mary S. Twing.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ANONYMOUS—(*To Stella*).

Across.—A portable dwelling; a kind of food; to inclose; a poem. Down.—A consonant; a printer's measure; novel; a genus of plants; to hit gently; one of a printer's trials; a consonant.

MARK MANLY.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My whole is a Latin quotation, composed of 24 letters, from the 2d book of Virgil's Æneid, which should be remembered by boys and girls.
My 8, 23, 18, 7, 13 is a city of South America.
My 9, 5, 24, 11, 22 is a city in India.
My 2, 14, 22, 20, 6, 19 is a town of Belgium.
My 1, 16, 24, 9 is a country of South America.
My 21, 16, 17, 10, 4 is one of the British West Indies.
My 15, 12, 11 is a town of Belgium, once a famous resort.

J. D. H.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE my first is hid.
In goat my second, but not in kid.
In letter my third, but the cunningest fox
Will never find it in Post-office Box.
My fourth is in apple, but not in tree.
My fifth in Newton will always be.
My sixth is in month, but never in day.
My seventh in lightning, but not in ray.
My eighth is in runic, but never in Goth.
My ninth is hidden away in moth.
My tenth is in cloth, which that insect destroys.
My eleventh is in racket, but never in boys.
My twelfth is in hearing, but is not in sight.
My thirteenth in shining, but never in bright.
The secrets I hide no man shall know
Though years may come and years may go.

DAME DURDEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 55.

No. 1.
L O V E R
N A V A L
N I C E R
L E V E R
S I D E S

No. 2.
S E
T E A G A S
S E I N E E A G L E
A N T S L Y
E E

No. 3.
A cacl A
R avn N
B in E
U nifor M
T etto O
U niso N
S nvag E
Arbutus, Anemone.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 19 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SOME ANSWERS TO WIGGLE No. 15, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 16.

THE following also sent in answers to Wiggle No. 15:

T. A. C., C. S. C., D. H. Freeman, Thomas William Allen, Madgie Ranch, Orin Simons, Norma Hall, L. C. Sutherland, Harry Lander, I. La Rue, J. R. Glen, Percy F. Jamieson, Cevy Freeman, Isabel Clark, Christiana Clark, Edna May Morrill, H. M. P., Long Legs, W. Bloomfield, Winthrop, M. E. Farrell, Isabel Jacob, Emma Shaffer, Charles A. Holbrook, Robert M., L. E. Torrey, Walter Doerr, Theo F. Muller, K. E. K., C. Halliday, H. F. S., E. De C., Athalia H. Daly, Kerfoot W. Daly, C. E. S. S., H. R., Ruby R. Carsard, Alexina Neville, Edward T. Balcom, Edwin Prindle, Dollie Kupp, A. J. Carleton, Fernando Gonzalo, Thomas Flaherty, John Flaherty, Alice Brown, Frank Eaton, Winthrop M. Daniels, W. G. Harpee, Pierre, Raba Thelin, Felix H. Gray, Freddie L. Temple, Winona D. Anderson, Harry V. Register, Albert L. Register, S. Croft Register, "Nelse Walton," W. H. C., John N. Howe, Dora K. Noble, Charles A. Tomlinson, Irving W. Lamb, Burton Harwood, I. R. Herrick, E. W. Little, Samuel von Behren, Harry Cowperthwait, Jack Nemo, Fanny Crampton, Mamie B. Purdy, Percy B. Purdy, J. P. H., Mary A. Hale, E. D. F., Nella Coover, F. Uhlenhuut, W. C. Siegert, P. N. Clark, Lillian Thomas, Annie E. Barry, Charlie Conklin, Mary Burns, Lottie Norton, Hattie Venable, Annie A. Siegert, E. W. Siegert, C. W. Mansur, G. W., "Bo-peep," Julius Backofen, Nellie Beers, Oliver Drew, Frank W. Taylor, Willie A. Scott, Reba Hedges, Arthur, Cora, Mark Manley, E. L. C., Thomas C. Vandervoet, Nellie Hyde, George St. Clair, L. C. H., Mary C. Green, Frank Miller, Helen S. W., P. R. A., Willie Dobbs, Charlie Dobbs, Agnes D. Cram, Carrie Rauchtuss, L. O. S., Fred. K. Houston, Howard Starrett, Bertha W. Gill, Willie R. Morris, Millie Olmsted, Nellie Cruger, F. J. Kaufman, May Longwell, "Masher" (G. H. Gillett), Hattie Wilcox, Everett C. Fay, C. H. T., Bennie Darrow, Claudius W. Tice, Lau, G. C. Meyer, Hugh Downing, Carrie Davis, M. O. Krum, Howard Rathbun, D. B. C., Jun., Newton C., J. B. D., Ida Belle, Agnes, Edith Williams, Herman Muhr, Big Brother, Tommy Roberts, Mamie Hornfager, Hattie Kerr.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 59. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, December 14, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

MY SISTER'S GRAPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PERHAPS you might not think Uncle Dick a "gentleman"—Aunt Emma did not, I know, though she kept her mind to herself, being his brother's widow, and the prudent mother of many children. Uncle Dick lived with them; that is, if he could be said to live anywhere, being always on the move, never liking to stay long in

Digitized by Google

one place, and somewhat restless-minded, as those are who have passed all their life in rambling about the world. A "rolling stone" he certainly was, though he could scarcely be said to have gathered no moss, as he had amassed two fortunes, one after the other: having lost the first, he was now enjoying the second in his own harmless but rather eccentric way.

I doubt if Aunt Emma really liked him, yet she was always very civil to him, her chief complaint being that he never would "take his position in the world"; that is, he avoided her balls, made himself scarce at her dinner parties, and no persuasion could ever induce him to exhibit his long, thin, gaunt figure, his brown hands and face, in evening clothes. What a "guy" he would have looked in them! as we boys always agreed, and sympathized with him, and not with Aunt Emma. But in his own costume we admired him immensely. His shooting-jacket, Knickerbockers, and Panama hat were to us the perfection of comfort and elegance.

As to his cleverness, that also was a disputed point with some folk. But we had never any doubt at all. And perhaps we were right. "A fool and his money are soon parted," says the proverb. But when they part to meet again—that is, when a man can bear the loss of one fortune, and set to work to make another—the chances are (without any exaggerated Mammon-worship I say it) that he is *not* a fool.

"Yes, I have really made two fortunes," said Uncle Dick, as we sat beguiling a sunshiny day, when the fish refused to bite, by plying him with innumerable questions, till at last he "rose" like a trout at a fly. "How old was I when I lost the first one? Well, about twenty-five. Yes, I remember it happened on my birthday, Michaelmas-day."

"Happened all in one day?" some of us inquired.

"Ay, in a day, an hour, a minute," said Uncle Dick, with his peculiar smile, half sad, half droll, as if he saw at once all the fun and all the pathos of life. "And now I remember it was not in the day, but in the middle of the night. I went to sleep a rich man; by daylight I was a beggar. Any more questions, boys?"

Of course we rained them upon him by the dozen. He sat composedly, watching his float swim down the stream, and answered none for ever so long: Uncle Dick had, when he chose, an unlimited capacity for silence.

"Yes," he said at length, "it was one night in the middle of the Atlantic on the deck of a sinking ship. There's a saying, boys, about gaining the whole world and losing one's own soul. Well, I gained then my soul, though I lost my fortune. And it was all through my sister's grapes."

Now Uncle Dick was in the habit of talking nonsense—at least Aunt Emma considered it such. In his long solitude he was accustomed to let his thoughts run underground, as it were, for a good while, when they would suddenly crop up again, and he would make a remark, apropos of nothing, which greatly puzzled matter-of-fact people, or those who liked elegant small-talk, of which he had absolutely none.

"Your sister's grapes?" repeated one of us, with great astonishment. "Then you had a sister? Where is she now?"

Uncle Dick looked up at the blue sky—intensely blue it was that day, as deep and measureless as infinity. "Where is she? I don't know: I wish I did. But He knows, and I shall find out some time." Then he added, briefly, "My sister Lily died of consumption when she was fifteen, and I about ten years old."

"And what about her grapes? Is it a story—a true story?"

"Quite true to me, though all might not believe it. Some might even laugh at it, and I don't like to be laughed at. No I don't mind; it can't harm me. I'll tell you, boys, if you like to hear. It may be a good lesson for some of you."

We did not much care for "lessons," but we liked a story; so we begged Uncle Dick to tell us this one from the very beginning.

"No, not from the beginning, which could benefit neither you nor me," said Uncle Dick, gravely. "I'll take up my tale from the point I mentioned, when I found myself at midnight on the deck of the *Colorado* Australian steamer, bound for London, fast going down. And she went down."

"You with her?"

"Not exactly, or how could I be here sitting quietly fishing? which seems odd when I think of the hurly-burly of that night. It had come quite suddenly after a long spell of fair weather, which we found so dull that we began drinking, smoking, gambling, and even fighting now and then; for we were a rough lot, mostly 'diggers' who, like myself, had worked a 'claim,' or half a claim, at Ballarat—worked it so well that they soon found they had made a fortune, so determined to go to Europe and spend it.

"I thought I would do the same. I was quite young, yet I had amassed as much money as many a poor fellow—a clergyman, or a soldier, or an author—can scrape together in a lifetime; and I wanted to spend it in seeing life. Hitherto I had seen nothing at all—in civilization, that is. I never had the least bit of 'fun,' until I ran away from home seven years before; and very little fun after, for it was all hard work. Now, having been so lucky as to make my fortune, I meant to use it in enjoying myself.

"I had never enjoyed home very much. My people, good as they were, were rather dull, or at least I thought them so. They always bothered me about 'duty,' till I hated the very sound of the word. They called my fun mischief; my mischief they considered a crime; so I slipped away from them, and after a letter or two I gradually let them go, or fancied they were letting me go, and forgot almost their very existence. I might have been a waif and stray drifted ashore from the sea or dropped from the clouds, so little did I feel as if I had any one belonging to me. My relations, even my parents, had all melted out of my mind; for weeks I sometimes never once thought of them—never remembered that I had a father, or mother, or brothers. Lily had been my only sister, and she died."

Uncle Dick stopped a moment, then continued:

"I don't wish, boys, to put myself forward as worse than I was, or better. People find their own level pretty well in this world. It's no good either to puff yourself up as a saint, or go about crying yourself down as a miserable sinner. In either case you think a great deal too much about yourself, which is as harmful a thing as can happen to any man.

"Certainly I was no worse than my neighbors, and no better. I liked everybody, and most people liked me. I troubled nobody, and nobody troubled me. I meant to go on that principle when I got back into civilization, to spend my money, and have my fling. Possibly I might run down to see 'the old folks at home,' whom we diggers were rather fond of singing about; but we seldom thought about them. At least I never did, and they formed no part of my motive for coming to England. I came simply and solely to amuse myself.

"I had just turned in with the rest—not drunk, as a good many of us were that night, but 'merry.' One hour after, we turned out, and stood facing one another—and facing death. A sudden hurricane had risen; one of our masts had gone overboard; we had sprung a leak; and work as we might at the pumps, the Captain said he believed we should sink or go to pieces before morning. He had been drunk too, which perhaps accounted for our disaster, in a good sound ship and the safe open sea; but

Digitized by Google

he was sober enough now. He did his best, and when hope was over, said he should 'go to the bottom with his ship.' And he went. I took his watch to his widow: he gave it me before he jumped overboard, poor fellow.

"Well, boys, what was I going to tell you? I forget," said Uncle Dick, drawing his long brown hand across his forehead. "Oh, about the ship *Colorado* going down, and all the poor wretches fighting for their lives in the boats—or out of them, which was about an equal chance. We could just see one another in the starlight or the white gleam of the waves—groups of struggling men (happily there was not a woman on board), some paralyzed and silent, others shrieking with terror, some sobbing and praying, others only cursing: for heaven, which we all were straight going to—or hoped to go—seemed to be the last thing we ever thought of. We only thought of life, dear life—our own lives—nobody else's.

"People say that a shipwreck brings out human nature in all its brutality: 'every man for himself, and God—no, not God, but the devil—for us all.' I found it so. To see those men, old, young, and middle-aged, some clothed, some half-naked, but all clinging to their bags, full of nuggets, which they had tied round their waists or held in their hands, eager to save themselves and their gold, and utterly reckless of everything and everybody else—it was horrible! Gradually it dawned upon some of the feebler among them that they would hardly save themselves, to say nothing of their money. Then they no longer tried to hide it, but frantically offered a quarter, a half, two-thirds, of their gold to any one who would help them. But in vain—utterly in vain.

"For me, I was a young fellow—young and strong. I had never faced death before, and it felt—well, sad and strange. I was not exactly frightened, but I was awed. I turned from the selfish, brutal, cowardly wretches around me; they had shown themselves in their true colors, and I was disgusted at myself for having put up with them so long. I didn't like even to go to the bottom with such a miserable lot. In truth, it felt hard enough to go to the bottom at all.

"The biggest of my nuggets I always carried in a belt round my waist, but the rest of my 'fortune' was in my bag. Most of us carried these bags, and tried to get with them into the boats, which was impossible. So some had to let them go overboard, but others, shrieking and praying, refused to be parted from their 'luggage,' as they called it. They were *not* parted, for both soon went to the bottom together. I was not inclined for that exactly, and so, after a few minutes' thought, I left my bag behind."

"How much was there in it?" some one asked.

"I don't know exactly, but I guess" (Uncle Dick still used a Yankee phrase now and then) "somewhere about seven or eight thousand pounds."

We boys drew a long breath. "What a lot of money! And it all went to the bottom of the sea?"

"Yes, but as the Bible says, 'What will not a man give in exchange for his soul?' or his life—for my soul troubled me mighty little just then. I hardly knew I had one till I lost my money; so you see it was a good riddance perhaps."

We stared. Uncle Dick talked so very oddly sometimes! And then we begged him to continue his story.

"Well, I was standing waiting my turn to jump into the boat—the last boat, for two had been filled and swamped. Being young, it seemed but right to let the older fellows go first; and, besides, I wanted to stick by the Captain as long as I could. He, I told you, determined to stick by his ship, and went down with her. He had just given me his watch, and his last message to his wife, and I was trying, as I said, to keep quiet, with all my wits about me. For all that, I seemed to be half dreaming, or as if I saw myself like another person, and felt rather sorry for myself to be drowned on my twenty-fifth birthday—drowned just when I had made my fortune, and was going home to spend it.

"Home! the word even had not crossed my lips or my mind for years. As I said it, or thought it—I can't remember which—all of a sudden I seemed to hear my mother's voice, clear and distinct through all the noise of the storm. And, boys, what do *you* think she said? Nothing wonderful, nothing strange. Only, '*Richard, how could you take your sister's grapes?*'

"It flashed upon me like lightning: something that happened when I was only ten years old, and yet I remembered it as if it happened yesterday. I saw myself—young wretch!—with the bunch of grapes in my hand, and my mother, with her grave, sad eyes, as, passing through the dressing-room into my sister's bedroom, she caught me in the act of stealing them. I could hear almost through the open door poor Lily's short feeble cough: she died two days after. The grapes had been sent her by some friend. She had so many friends! I knew where they were kept; I had climbed up to the shelf and eaten them all.

"Many a selfish thing had I done, both before I left home and afterward: why should this little thing, long forgotten, come back now? Perhaps because I was never punished for it. My mother, who at any other time might have boxed my ears, or taken me to father to be whipped, did nothing, said nothing except those few words of sad reproach, '*How could you take your sister's grapes?*'

"I heard them through the horrible tumult of the winds and waves, and poor souls struggling for life. *My* life—what had I made of it? If I went to the bottom of the sea, I and all my money, who would miss me? who would care? Hardly even my mother. If she ever heard of my death to-night, she might drop a tear or two, but nothing like the tears she shed over my sister, who in her short life had been everybody's comfort and joy, while I—

"'Mother!' I cried out, as if she could hear me these many thousand miles off—'mother, forgive me, and I'll never do it any more!'

"I had not said this when I was ten years old, and took the grapes, but I said it, sobbed it, at twenty-five, when the 'it' implied many a selfishness, many a sin, that my mother never knew. Yet the mere saying of it seemed to relieve me, and when directly afterward some one called out from the boat, 'Jump in, Dick; now's your turn,' I jumped in to take my chance of life with the rest.

"It was given me. I was among the eighteen that held on till we were picked up—almost skin and bone, and one of us raving mad from thirst—by a homeward-bound ship, and landed safely in England. No, boys, don't question me. I won't tell you about that time; I can't."

It was not often Uncle Dick said, "I can't"; indeed, it was one of his queer sayings that "can't" was a word no honest or brave lad ought to have in his dictionary. We turned away our eyes from him—he seemed not to like being looked at—and were silent.

"Well, I landed, and found myself walking London streets—not the rich, healthy, jolly young fellow who had come to have his fling there, but a poor shattered wretch almost in rags, and just a bag of bones. All that remained of my fortune were the few nuggets which I had sewed into my belt. I turned them, not without some difficulty, into food and clothing of the commonest kind, to make my money last as long as I could. I did not want to come home quite a beggar: if I had been, I should certainly never have come home at all.

"By mere chance—for I had altogether forgotten times and seasons—the day I came home was a Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and all the good folk going to church—my mother, too, of course. We met at the garden gate. She did not know me, not the least in the

Digitized by Google

world, but just bowed, thinking it was a stranger coming to call, till I said, 'Mother!' And then—

"Well, boys, that's neither here nor there. It's a commonplace saying, but one can't hear it too often, or remember it too well, that whatever else we have, we never can have but one mother. If she's a good one, make the most of her; if a middling one, put up with her; if a bad one, let her alone, and hold your tongue. You know whether I have any need to hold my tongue about your grandmother.

"But I can't talk about her, or about that Christmas-day. We did *not* go to church, and I doubt if we ate much Christmas dinner; but we talked and talked straight on up to ten o'clock at night, when she put me to bed, and tucked me in just as if I had been a little baby. Oh, how pleasant it was to sleep in sheets again—clean, fresh sheets—and have one's mother settling the pillow, and taking away the candle!

"My room happened to be that very dressing-room behind the nursery where Lily died: I could see the shelf where the grapes had stood, and the chair I climbed to reach them. With a sort of childish awe I recalled everything.

"'Mother,' I said, catching her by the gown, as she said good-night and kissed me, 'tell me one thing. What were you doing on my last birthday? that is, if you remember it at all?'

"She smiled: as if mothers could forget their boys' birthdays, even such scapegrace boys as I had been! Then a very grave look came into her face.

"'I was clearing out this room, turning it into a bedroom for any stray bachelor, little thinking the first would be you, Richard; but I did think of you, and, to tell you the truth, I was thinking of something very naughty you once did—here, in this very room.'

"'And you said, over again, How could I take my sister's grapes? I *heard* it, mother—heard it in the middle of the Atlantic.' Then I told her the whole story.

"Now, boys, I ask nobody to believe it, but she believed it—to the day of her death. It made her happy to believe it, to think that in some mysterious way she had helped to save me, as mothers never know how or when some word of theirs may save their wandering sons.

"For I was a wanderer still: I staid with her only a month, while my nuggets lasted; then I worked my way back to Australia, and began again in the same way, and yet a new way—new in one thing, at least, that on every Sunday of my life I wrote home to my mother. And when at length I came home, too late for her, alas! it was, I hope, not quite too late for the rest of you. Bad is the best, maybe, but I've tried to do my best."

"Oh, Uncle Dick!"—for he had been as good as a father to some of us—sent us to school and to college, and, what we liked a great deal better, taken us fishing and shooting, and given us all sorts of fun.

"So, boys," said he, smiling at our demonstrations of affection—and yet he liked to be loved, we were sure of that—"you have a sneaking kindness for me, after all. And you don't think me altogether a villain, even though I did take my sister's grapes?"

"I DON'T WANT A SWITCH IN MY TOCKING, SANTA CAUS."

NOTE.—It may interest readers to know that this incident is really "founded on fact"—one of those inexplicable facts that one sometimes meets with in real life, which are stranger than anything we authors invent for our "stories."

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER II.

TOBY RUNS AWAY FROM HOME.

TOBY could scarcely restrain himself at the prospect of this golden future that had so suddenly opened before him. He tried to express his gratitude, but could only do so by evincing his willingness to commence work at once.

"No, no, that won't do," said Mr. Lord, cautiously. "If your uncle Daniel should see you working here, he might mistrust something, and then you couldn't get away."

"I don't believe he'd try to stop me," said Toby, confidently; "for he's told me lots of times that it was a sorry day for him when he found me."

"We won't take any chances, my son," was the reply, in a very benevolent tone, as he patted Toby on the head, and at the same time handed him a piece of pasteboard. "There's a ticket for the circus, and you come around to see me about ten o'clock to-night. I'll put you on one of the wagons, and by to-morrow morning your uncle Daniel will have hard work to find you."

If Toby had followed his inclinations, the chances are that he would have fallen on his knees, and kissed Mr. Lord's hands in the excess of his gratitude. But not knowing exactly how such a show of thankfulness might be received, he contented himself by repeatedly promising that he would be punctual to the time and place appointed.

He would have loitered in the vicinity of the candy stand in order that he might gain some insight into the business; but Mr. Lord advised that he remain away, lest his uncle Daniel should see him, and suspect where he had gone when he was missed in the morning.

As Toby walked around the circus grounds, whereon was so much to attract his attention, he could not prevent himself from assuming an air of proprietorship. His interest in all that was going on was redoubled, and in his anxiety that everything should be done correctly and in the proper order he actually, and perhaps for the first time in his life, forgot that he was hungry. He was really to travel with a circus, to become a part, as it were, of the whole, and to be able to see its many wonderful and beautiful attractions every day.

Even the very tent ropes had acquired a new interest for him, and the faces of the men at work seemed suddenly to have become those of friends. How hard it was for him to walk around unconcernedly; and how especially hard to prevent his feet from straying toward that tempting display of dainties which he was to sell to those who came to see and enjoy, and who would look at him with wonder and curiosity! It was very hard not to be allowed to tell his playmates of his wonderfully good fortune; but silence meant success, and he locked his secret in his bosom, not even daring to talk with any one he knew lest he should betray himself by some incautious word.

He did not go home to dinner that day, and once or twice he felt impelled to walk past the candy stand, giving a mysterious shake of the head at the proprietor as he did so. The afternoon performance passed off as usual to all of the spectators save Toby. He imagined that each one of the performers knew that he was about to join them; and even as he passed the cage containing the monkeys he fancied that one particularly old one knew all about his intention of running away.

Of course it was necessary for him to go home at the close of the afternoon's performance, in order to get one or two valuable articles of his own—such as a boat, a kite, and a pair of skates—and in order that his actions might not seem suspicious. Before he left the grounds, however, he stole slyly around to the candy stand, and informed Mr. Joh Lord, in a very hoarse whisper, that he would be on hand at the time appointed.

Mr. Lord patted him on the head, gave him two large

TOBY AND HIS NEW FRIEND.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

Digitized by Google

sticks of candy, and what was more kind and surprising, considering the fact that he wore glasses, and was cross-eyed, he winked at Toby. A wink from Mr. Lord must have been intended to convey a great deal, because, owing to the defect in his eyes, it required no little exertion, and even then could not be considered as a really first-class wink.

That wink, distorted as it was, gladdened Toby's heart immensely, and took away nearly all the sting of the scolding with which Uncle Daniel greeted him when he reached home.

That night, despite the fact that he was going to travel with the circus, despite the fact that his home was not a happy or cheerful one, Toby was not in a pleasant frame of mind. He began to feel for the first time that he was doing wrong; and as he gazed at Uncle Daniel's stern, forbidding-looking face it seemed to have changed somewhat from its severity, and caused a great lump of something to come up in his throat as he thought that perhaps he should never see it again. Just then one or two kind words would have prevented him from running away, bright as the prospect of circus life appeared.

It was almost impossible for him to eat anything, and this very surprising state of affairs attracted the attention of Uncle Daniel.

"Bless my heart! what ails the boy?" asked the old man, as he peered over his glasses at Toby's well-filled plate, which was usually emptied so quickly. "Are ye sick, Toby, or what is the matter with ye?"

"No, I hain't sick," said Toby, with a sigh; "but I've been to the circus, an' I got a good deal to eat."

"Oho, you spent that cent I give ye, eh, an' got so much that it made ye sick?"

Toby thought of the six pea-nuts which he had bought with the penny Uncle Daniel had given him; and, amidst all his homesickness, he could not help wondering if Uncle Daniel ever made himself sick with only six pea-nuts when he was a boy.

As no one paid any further attention to Toby, he pushed back his plate, arose from the table, and went with a heavy heart to attend to his regular evening chores. The cow, the hens, and even the pigs, came in for a share of his unusually kind attention; and as he fed them all, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought that perhaps never again would he see any of them. These dumb animals had all been Toby's confidants; he had poured out his griefs in their ears, and fancied, when the world or Uncle Daniel had used him unusually hard, that they sympathized with him. Now he was leaving them forever, and as he locked the stable door, he could hear the sounds of music coming from the direction of the circus grounds, and he was angry at it because it represented that which was taking him away from his home, even though it was not as pleasant as it might have been.

Still, he had no thought of breaking the engagement which he had made. He went to his room, made a bundle of his worldly possessions, and crept out of the back door, down the road to the circus.

Mr. Lord saw him as soon as he arrived on the grounds, and as he passed another ticket to Toby, he took his bundle from him, saying as he did so, "I'll pack up your bundle with my things, and then you'll be sure not to lose it. Don't you want some candy?"

Toby shook his head; he had just discovered that there was possibly some connection between his heart and his stomach, for his grief at leaving home had taken from him all desire for good things. It is also more than possible that Mr. Lord had had experience enough with boys to know that they might be homesick on the eve of starting to travel with a circus; and in order to make sure that Toby would keep to his engagement he was unusually kind.

That evening was the longest Toby ever knew. He wandered from one cage of animals to another; then to see the performance in the ring, and back again to the animals, in the vain hope of passing the time pleasantly. But it was of no use; that lump in his throat would remain there, and the thoughts of what he was about to do would trouble him severely. The performance failed to interest him, and the animals did not attract until he had visited the monkey cage for the third or fourth time. Then he fancied that the same venerable monkey who had looked so knowing in the afternoon was gazing at him with a sadness which could only have come from a thorough knowledge of all the grief and doubt that was in his heart.

There was no one around the cages, and Toby got just as near to the iron bars as possible. No sooner had he flattened his little pug-nose against the iron than the aged monkey came down from the ring in which he had been swinging, and, seating himself directly in front of Toby's face, looked at him most compassionately.

It would not have surprised the boy just then if the animal had spoken; but as he did not, Toby did the next best thing, and spoke to him.

"I s'pose you remember that you saw me this afternoon, an' somebody told you that I was goin' to join the circus, didn't they?"

The monkey made no reply, though Toby fancied that he winked an affirmative answer; and he looked so sympathetic that he continued, confidentially:

"Well, I'm the same feller, an' I don't mind telling you that I'm awfully sorry I promised that candy man I'd go with him. Do you know that I came near crying at the supper table to-night; an' Uncle Dan'l looked real good an' nice, though I never thought so before. I wish I wasn't goin', after all, 'cause it don't seem a bit like a good time now; but I s'pose I must, 'cause I promised to, an' 'cause the candy man has got all my things."

The big tears had begun to roll down Toby's cheeks, and as he ceased speaking the monkey reached out one little paw, which Toby took as earnestly as if it had been done purposely to console him.

"You're real good, you are," continued Toby; "an' I hope I shall see you real often, for it seems to me now, when there hain't any folks around, as if you was the only friend I've got in this great big world. It's awful when a feller feels the way I do, an' when he don't seem to want anything to eat. Now if you'll stick to me, I'll stick to you, an' then it won't be half so bad when we feel this way."

During this speech Toby had still clung to the little brown paw, which the monkey now withdrew, and continued to gaze into the boy's face.

"The fellers all say I don't amount to anything," sobbed Toby, "an' Uncle Dan'l says I don't, an' I s'pose they know; but I tell you I feel just as bad, now that I'm goin' away from them all, as if I was as good as any of them."

At this moment Toby saw Mr. Lord enter the tent, and he knew that the summons to start was about to be given.

"Good-by," he said to the monkey, as he vainly tried to take him by the hand again; "remember what I've told you, an' don't forget that Toby Tyler is feelin' worse to-night than if he was twice as big an' twice as good."

Mr. Lord had come to summon him away, and he now told Toby that he would show him with which man he was to ride that night.

Toby looked another good-by at the venerable monkey, who was watching him closely, and then followed his employer out of the tent, among the ropes and poles and general confusion attendant upon the removal of a circus from one place to another.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

CAMBRIDGE SERIES

OF

INFORMATION CARDS FOR SCHOOLS.*

No. 4.—About Jack Frost.

BY W. J. ROLFE, A.M.

WITH the single exception of water, all substances expand, or become larger, when heated, and contract, or become smaller, when cooled. This is seen in metals better than in most other bodies. An iron ball which when cold will just pass through a certain ring will not do so after being put in boiling water. The tires of carriage wheels before being put on are heated in a fire, in order that their contraction in cooling may make them bind more tightly. On a railroad a little space is left between the ends of the rails to allow them to expand. If this were not done, their lengthening in hot weather would bend them outward or inward, so that they would not be exactly parallel, and this might be the cause of serious accidents. It has been proved that Bunker Hill Monument—a granite pile 220 feet high—is bent to one side by the expanding of the opposite side when the sun shines upon it; and similar changes must take place in every tower, or steeple, or other tall structure exposed to the sun's rays.

The least change in the temperature of any material produces a change in its *size*, though not in its *weight*; and if one part is heated or cooled more than another, the *shape* of the whole must be somewhat altered.

Water contracts until it is cooled down to 40 degrees Fahrenheit—that is, 40 degrees of our common thermometers, or 8 degrees above the freezing-point—and then it expands until it freezes. This is a wise provision of nature. If water kept on contracting with cold, it would begin to freeze at the bottom, where the coldest portions of it would settle by their weight, and this would go on until it was all frozen, so that in winter our lakes and rivers would become solid masses of ice. This would kill all fishes and other animals in the water, and all the heat of summer would not suffice to liquefy these great bodies of ice. As it is, the water begins to freeze at the surface, and the layer of ice keeps the water below it from freezing; for though the ice is itself cold, a wall of it will keep out the cold as well as a wall of stone or brick.

The force with which water expands in freezing is almost irresistible. The freezing of half a gill of water in a confined space will lift a weight of several tons. A thick iron bomb-shell filled with water will be split open by the freezing of the liquid as it would be by a charge of gunpowder. In winter the water-pipes in our houses are often burst by the freezing of their contents. In some parts of England advantage is taken of this property of water in the slate quarries. Large blocks of slate are placed where the rain will fall upon their edges. The water works its way between the layers, freezes, and splits the mass into thin plates.

Jack Frost has done a good deal of this rock-splitting on his own account. A large part of the soil of our world has been made by the freezing of water in the cracks and crevices of rocks. Mountains have thus been rent asunder and pulverized, and the work goes on every winter. And after the soil has been formed, it is broken up and crumbled by the action of frosts and thaws. Jack Frost is a good helper to the ploughman and the farmer.

He works also on a grander scale than this. In many parts of the earth, as you know, there are great rivers of ice called *glaciers*. They not only look like rivers, but they flow like them, though so slowly that we can not see the motion. In the course of a year they move only a few hundred feet, but with mighty force, grinding the sides and bottom of the valley as they go, breaking off huge masses of rock, and bearing them along, together with smaller stones, earth, and mud. Thus they are gradually tearing down the hills and filling up the valleys.

Ages ago vast glaciers swept in this way over a large portion of the Northern hemisphere, and in many places we can see how they ground and scratched the sides of mountains and surfaces of rocks on their way. The big stones known as "bowlders" that abound in many parts of the country were brought and dropped by these moving masses of ice, and in some cases we can tell just where they came from, perhaps hundreds of miles away.

On the other hand, some of Jack Frost's work is of the minutest and most delicate sort. With what exquisite patterns in ice he adorns the glass of our windows in winter! All that fine tracery is made up of tiny crystals, the lines and angles of which are more exact than a jeweller could cut them on a gem. Every snow-flake is a mass of such crystals, of many forms, yet all variations of one pattern. Let the flakes fall upon a piece of dark cloth, and you can sometimes see with the naked eye that they are regular six-pointed stars, but with a common magnifying-glass you can examine them much better. All ice is composed of these crystals closely packed together; and if a sunbeam is allowed to shine through a piece of it, the melting of the crystals makes the interior look as if it were studded with lovely little transparent flowers with six petals. In Russia a palace was once built of ice, and all the furniture and decorations were of the same material. It was very wonderful and very beautiful, but not so wonderful or so beautiful as the natural structure of the ice itself.

The change from water to ice is a familiar one to us, but to the ignorant natives of the tropics it seems almost like a miracle. It is only within a few years that ice has been imported into these tropical countries, and at first it was as great a curiosity as solid mercury or quicksilver would be here. This liquid metal, which is used in thermometers, does not freeze in our country, except very rarely in the coldest weather of the extreme north; but in the arctic regions this often occurs, and the solid mercury can be hammered and wrought like silver. Spoons might be made of it, but they would instantly melt if put into ice-cold water.

* By special arrangement with the author, the cards contributed to this useful series, by W. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head-Master of the Cambridge High School, will, for the present, first appear in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOW A SAILOR RODE WITH THE CZAR.

A FORECASTLE YARN.

BY DAVID KER.

"THE queerest scrape as ever I got into," said old Jack Hawkins, "was when I was quite a young chap, makin' my fourth voyage to Rooshia. *That's* a queer place, mates, if you like! and the lingo's as queer as the country. I'd larned to talk it a bit by the time I'm tellin' on, for one of our crew was a Rooshian, and I picked it up from him. But I tell ye, 'twas as tough a job as shapin' yer course in a fog, with no sun to take a hobservation by. When you want to say 'Thank you,' you've got to sing out 'Blackguard are you,' which don't sound purlite nohow. Then they call a speech a 'wretch,' and a visitor a 'ghost' (the last sort o' visitor *I* should like), and instead of 'Indeed!' they say 'Sam Daly'; and some o' their own names are things like 'Comb-his-hair-off,' and 'Blow-my-nose-off.'*

"Altogether it's a queer, twistified kind o' lingo, jist what you might expect from foreign lubbers. What riled me most when I fust went over was that everybody kep' on callin' me a *mattrass*, and I'd punched two or three fellers' heads for it afore I found out that 'mattrass' [matross] is their word for a sailor. Jist think o' that, now!

"I can remember as well as if 'twas only yesterday what an outlandish place St. Petersburg seemed when I fust set foot in it. Coachmen in blue frocks and red sashes, nurses with pasteboard crowns on, church towers plated with gold, policemen with swords by their sides, house porters rigged out in sheep-skin, wooden houses painted green and yeller—fact, there was no end to the queer sights all about. And when I got to know their talk a bit, it seemed quite as outlandish to hear 'em call each other 'John the son of Peter,' or 'Paul the son of James,' 'stead o' handlin' one another's names ship-shape.

"And then, again, talk o' bein' *thick!* why, this here plank 'ud be a joke to 'em. If one of our frigates was to be stuck all over with Rooshians' heads, she wouldn't want

* For the benefit of Mr. Hawkins's readers it may be as well to state that the real words are "blagodareu," "retsch," "gosst," "f'samoy dalay," "Komisfroff," "Lomonósoff."—D. K.

Digitized by Google

A FORECASTLE YARN.

no armor-platin'! Now I'll jist tell yer a thing as I seed with my own eyes, and you can believe it or not, as you like. One day, when we was a-lying in the river alongside o' the Ostroff Quay, our old man calls up a Rooshian lad that used to do odd jobs for him, and gives him two twenty-kopeck pieces (which are much the same as an English sixpence, or a 'Merican dime), tellin' him one on 'em's to go for bread, and t'other for 'baccy—which was all plain sailing enough, one would think.

"Well, away goes Dmitri, and doesn't come back. So then the old man he sings out for me, and he says, 'Hawkins,' says he, 'just go and see what's gone with Dmitri. I'll be bound the young dog has made a mess of that job.'

"So off I goes to the shop where we used to buy our things, and right at the very door I comes upon Mr. Dmitri, scratchin' his head, and lookin' as if he'd clean lost what few wits he ever had.

"Says I to him, 'Hollo, mate, what's up?'

"Says he, 'What ever am I to do? I've gone and *mixed* the two pieces, and now I don't know which was the one for the bread, and which was the one for the 'baccy.'*

* A fact.

"But I must coil up the slack o' my yarn, or I'll never git it all in; so now to tell yer 'bout that scrape o' mine.

"Right on the river-bank, near the Hadmiralty Building, there's a stattey of Peter the Great, put up by the Hempress Catherine 'bout a hundred years ago; and a real grand affair it is—for Rooshia. It stands on a big block o' gray granite, as was dragged all the way from Finland o' purpose. Peter's on a rearin' horse, pointin' across the river to where he fust began buildin' the town; and there's a sarpent crumpled up under his horse's feet,

Digitized by Google

in sign of his ridin' the high horse over the heathenish ways o' the country.

"Well, I was passin' this stattey one night, comin' back from a jollification with some o' my chums, when (I don't know how it was) it came into my head all to once what a joke it 'ud be to climb up and sit upon the horse. So I scrambles over the railin', and up I goes.

"It was no easy job climbin' over the slippery granite, I can tell yer; but presently I got hold o' the sarpent's tail, and then o' the horse's, and worked my way up as if I was climbin' the shrouds. The horse's hind-quarters was a ticklish bit, but I managed it somehow, and there I sat, cheek by jowl with old Peter, as snug as you please.

"But it warn't quite so snug in another minute or two; for a cold wind came sweepin' up from the river, and with that and the cold metal I was sittin' on, my very teeth rattled in my head. Time to be gittin' down agin, thinks I.

"Jist then I diskivered that 'git down' was easier said nor done. I couldn't turn round, and I couldn't see where to put my feet without it; and as for slidin' down at haphazard, 'tain't likely I'd try *that*, with a five-and-twenty foot fall 'tween me and the pavement. Fact, I was in a regular fix; and afore I could make up my mind what to do, I heerd the tramp of a police patrol. Just as they passed one fellow shouted, 'Hollo!' and they all stopped. I kept mum, hopin' they hadn't seen me; when what must I do but give a sneeze fit to wake the whole town!

"'I thought so,' cries the chap. 'Come down, you fellow, come down directly.'

"'All very fine sayin' come down,' says I, 'but how the dickens am I to do it?'

"'He must be an Englishman,' says one. 'Ivan, go for a ladder.'

"The ladder came, and up scrambled two fellows, and hauled me down like a sack o' flour. I was too numbed by this time to show fight, even if it had been any good; so the fellers jist marched me straight off to the watch-house, and locked me up for the night.

"Next mornin' I was had up afore the Judge; and when the old chap sees me, he says, with a grin, 'Aha! Angliski matross' [an English sailor], as if *that* was quite enough to account for whatever I might have done. When he'd heard the charge he axed if I spoke Rooshian, and finding I did, arter a fashion, he told me to spin my yarn. So I paid it out pretty much as you have it now.

"At every word I said the old fellow rubbed his hands and chuckled like anythin'; and the minute I'd done, he jist lay back in his chair, and laughed as if he'd bust all to bits.

"'Well,' says he, wipin' his eyes, 'that's the best story I've heard this year, or my name's not Phillipoff. But you really must not play such tricks *here*, my man; so I'll fine you five rubles [$3 75], and mind you don't do it again.'

"'Five rubles!' says I; 'that's a pretty high fare for a ten minutes' ride.'

"'Can't be helped,' says he: 'if you *will* ride with the Czar, you must expect to pay first-class fare.'

"'All right,' says I, 'here's the money; but the next time I ride with the Czar I'll git out afore they come round for the tickets.'"

A WONDERFUL RAILROAD.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

"OH, children, I have made such a wonderful discovery this afternoon on my shopping tour!" said Miss Thornton, laying off her bonnet and seal-skin, as she addressed an eager group of youngsters.

"What is it? what is it?—do tell us!" chorussed all the little Thorntons, gathering excitedly around her.

"Yes—wait a moment. Here, Nell, take my things up stairs; Harry, shoulder these packages, and go with her, and Bert will stir up the fire, while Edith runs down stairs and tells Bridget to serve dinner precisely at seven. Then we'll have my travels' history."

A little later, as they all sat before the blazing grate, with the red fire-light flickering on their faces, Miss Thornton commenced in a serious manner: "Once upon a time, just about a year ago, a benevolent gentleman was walking through one of the busiest thoroughfares in our city. It was Christmas-eve, and very late, when he saw twenty or thirty little girls and boys hurrying out of a great shop famous for its Christmas toys and gift counters of every description. The poor young things looked so pale and thin, and there was such a haggard expression on their small faces, that a strange pain filled his heart, and a longing to help these little cash boys and girls set him to thinking.

"The gentleman had two wee darlings of his own; he knew they were at this very moment tucked away, rosy and warm, in their snowy bed in the nursery, and he wished these tired young folks were as happily placed.

"'Shameful!' said he to himself: 'every one of you ought to have been in bed four hours ago. Something ought to be done—something *shall* be!'

"Just by the merest chance I went into that very store this afternoon, and what do you think I saw? The tiniest, prettiest little railroad you could imagine."

"A toy railroad?" queried Bert.

"Not at all; a veritable railroad running all around the store, filled with freight, passengers, and—money."

"Oh, aunty, 'upon your word and honor,' honest, now, was it a *real* true railroad with cars on it?" cried Harry.

"Yes, it is a real, wide-awake, lively, business, working road, as true as I sit here."

"Oh!" chorussed all the little Thorntons, in amazement.

"What made it go?" asked Harry.

"Who were the passengers?" chimed in Nellie.

"Could I ride on it, aunty?" asked Bert.

"Anyway, I should think it would run over folks, or trip them up," suggested Edith.

"Come, now, if you will give me 'elbow room,' and not crowd so, I'll tell you everything I saw, and explain it as clearly as possible," said Miss Thornton, smiling at the children's eager curiosity. "One day last year I went to that same store to purchase a bonnet; the place was thronged with customers at every counter; the floor-walkers were shouting, the girl clerks screaming 'C-a-a-sh!' 'Che-ck!' cash-girls and cash-boys with little baskets were running in every direction, calling out their numbers in reply. Such a jostling, crowding, noisy place I was never in."

"Well?" said Harry, with an air of deep interest.

"To-day I was very pleasantly surprised to find it as quiet and orderly as one could wish; just as many customers, to be sure, but none of the dreadful noise and confusion of last year—and all owing to this wonderful little railroad."

"Do tell us all about it, aunty," begged Harry, forgetting he was interrupting.

"Well, I heard a soft humming noise somewhere overhead, and looking up, there were a dozen or more little cars with polished wheels running on tracks that shone like silver. Each car was about eight inches long, just big enough for a couple of fairies to ride in. They were the cutest little things, and ran along their shining roads like magic; no horses, pulleys, nor wires to draw them. Some of them went right to the dépôt without stopping; others stopped at their stations just as the big 'elevated' cars do."

"I've guessed it: they went by steam," shouted Bert, triumphantly.

"No, not by steam," said Aunt Elinor.

"Then they're wound up like my mouse clock," cried Harry.

Digitized by Google

"No, it isn't that."

"I mean to go there and find out," said Bert.

"Some of these cars had curious wire cages hanging beneath them. A dozen of these were running along at full speed to their stations. I ought to tell you just here that the odd little 'cubby-house' where the cashier receives and changes money is the place where these cars take on and deposit their passengers and freight. The double track commences at the north, and sweeps around the store till it comes to the south end of the box which serves as the dépôt. This railway, made of bright steel, is just high enough from the floor to let a tall man pass under without knocking his hat off. These little cages reminded me of the car of a balloon, they swung along so airily. But what do you think? There was an ugly black bear in one of them. He looked ferocious enough to eat one, and his eyes fairly glittered as he rode past me. In the next car was a solemn baby-elephant, with immense ears, funny twinkling little eyes, and a very respectable trunk. Then came a pair of jumping-jacks, a savings-bank, two monkeys, a woolly dog, and some lop-eared rabbits, and these were followed by a company of wooden soldiers, some more elephants, two gray cats, and a sedate-looking parrot. The animals kept coming, till I made up my mind to find out the Noah's ark where they were coming from. I hadn't far to go before I found myself in one of the toy departments, in the midst of which stood a great fat jolly old Santa Claus loaded down with Christmas toys, and all powdered with snow. 'Oho!' thought I, 'my merry old saint, I've found you out: *you're* the president of this new railroad.' He must have read my thoughts, or else I fancied he gave me a knowing wink out of one of his blue eyes, as much as to say, 'Don't tell the children.'"

"Oh, Aunt Elinor, but you have told us already," screamed Nell, with delight.

"Well, well, after watching another menagerie embark on the railroad, I followed the crowd into the next department. Oh, Nell, you and Edith would have clapped hands for joy: it was like a glimpse into fairy-land—dolls here, dolls there, dolls everywhere. As for the railroad, it was crowded, up-trains and down-trains."

"Oh, aunty, tell us how they were dressed!" cried Edith.

"One was a bride. I begged the clerk to stop the little car, and let me have a good look at her ladyship. She wore a lovely princesse robe of cream-colored satin, trimmed with lace and pearl-bead fringe; an exquisite veil and a wreath of orange blossoms covered her golden curls. In another car sat a very pretty little lady, with a real seal-skin hat, cloak, and muff, and diamond earrings; her cheeks were as red as roses. A baby doll in a long white dress sat in front of her."

"Oh, aunty, a baby doll, without any hair on its head, and only two teeth like Min's?"

"Yes, Nell; and, by-the-way, it didn't look unlike our Min: the same little round eyes and pudgy nose—yes, and the two teeth exactly like hers."

"All this time, Aunt Elinor, you haven't told us what made the cars go, and what stops them," said Edith, thoughtfully.

"What a forgetful aunty I am! This is the way it is done. Harry Thornton wants to buy a dog; he has a fifty-cent piece; he stops at a toy counter over which is marked Station D, and selects a nice black-and-tan—"

"No, a Newfoundland, aunty."

"Well, a Newfoundland. He hands fifty cents to the young woman clerk. What does she do? She takes the car down off the track, using a long-handled contrivance like a fork to do it. She places Mr. Doggy—Carlo, if you please—in the lower wire cage, the money and her cash-book in the top car; then places the car and its baggage on the down-town track, and away it rushes. You see, one end of the track is higher than the other, making a gentle descent, down which the little car glides. A young lad hands Mr. Carlo over to the wrapping clerk, and in a second or two, all wrapped from top to toe in tissue-paper, he makes his appearance in car D, bound on the up-town track for Station D. He makes the trip in ten seconds."

"But what makes him stop just at Station D?" inquires Harry.

"A small steel peg under the car, called a brake, is fixed just where it will fit in a notch on the steel road, and every station car is provided with one."

"I know it now," exclaimed Edith. "It was the benevolent gentleman who said in the beginning of your story that the cash boys and girls ought to have been in bed hours ago. He was the one who invented it—the railroad, I mean. Who was he, aunty?"

"I am sorry I can not tell you his name; but he is a very bashful person," replied Aunt Elinor.

"I'll tell you who it is," shouted Harry, with an air of triumph: "it's old Santa Claus. Hurrah for old Santa Claus!"

"*Some* one's Santa Claus, undoubtedly, little man; but whose?—that is the question."

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER II.

A CLAMOR of young voices greeted Mildred's entrance into the tiny hall of the cottage. Three small boys and a girl of nine caught hold of the elder sister.

"Oh, Milly, do hurry tea!" and, "Oh, Milly, who came up to the gate?" and, "Oh, mamma said Milly was to go at once to her. She is in the parlor."

Mildred kissed each little face, and then, disengaging herself from them, pushed open the parlor door, while the children scampered off to assist the one old servant in her preparations for the evening meal.

Mrs. Lee was lying on the parlor sofa when her daughter entered, while near her stood a tall, hard-featured woman, who was displaying an open bundle of silks and laces, shawls and ribbons. The glittering array was spread all about the poor widow, who glanced at her eldest daughter with a mixture of hope and perplexity. Mrs. Lee was one of those women who take everything in life from a despondent point of view. She had begun her married life a fresh, pretty girl who had known very little real care or sorrow, but with no mental or spiritual force to meet even the trifling ups and downs of existence. She loved her children dearly, but in them she saw only so many additional causes for worry. When her husband died she had turned almost instinctively to Mildred as a sort of guide and counsellor, and the young girl had grown accustomed to be the controlling influence at home.

"My darling," Mrs. Lee exclaimed, as Mildred came up to her side, "do explain to this—lady that I don't want any of her things. Indeed, madam, we can't buy any of them;" and Mrs. Lee turned her face rather fretfully from her troublesome visitor.

Mildred gave the peddler a grave look of rebuke, but she said, civilly enough: "Please bring your things into the next room; I will talk to you there. My mother is not well enough to be disturbed."

The woman had very quickly measured Mildred's power. Moreover, she fancied she detected in the slim, pretty young girl a more promising customer than the wearied, faded lady on the sofa; so she was by no means unwill-

Digitized by Google

ing to gather up her things and follow Mildred into the little room which served as dining and school room, where her mother's piano, the children's books, and her own sewing-machine were kept.

"Now, miss," began the woman at once, shaking out some of her most brilliant wares, "do just have a look—not to *buy* unless it suits ye, but just to see what's pretty. Now here's *just* the thing would do yon for your life—a gray silk you couldn't match in all Milltown; and cheap—as cheap—"

"No, thank you," said Mildred, coldly, turning away from the dazzling offer. "I shall be *so* glad if you'll put up your things. I'm tired, and the children want their tea."

"Well, well," said the woman, with a coarse affectation of good-humor, "it 'll take me a minute or two; but first just cast your eye over that bit of silk—gray's your color; you're just pink and white and soft enough for it, and it's only thirty dollars for twenty yards—enough to make a dress now, and a jacket next spring. And I'll tell you how I manage with young ladies like you: I take *easy pay*—weekly installments, don't you see? But law! it's so little at a time—only fifty cents a week—keeps me waiting more'n a year; and you may say you get a year's wear out of your dress for nothing."

"I am very sorry," said Milly, still persistent; "I do not want the dress. I must take off my things. I am just up from the store."

"The store!" echoed the woman, eying her sharply. "Mr. Hardman's, I suppose? Yes, you're just the kind of pretty, genteel young figure they like to get. Now I dare say you are in the mantle department."

"Some part of the day," said Milly, shortly. The woman was busy tying up her parcel, folding the gray silk so that its sheen caught Milly's eye perpetually. It *was* a pretty silk, the young girl thought. Oh, why couldn't she have *just* such a dress to wear at Miss Jenner's party, instead of her old, often-washed white muslin! But Milly resolutely shut such a wild ambition out of her mind, and tried to look uninterested while the woman continued:

"Why, you must be earning at least five or six dollars a week down to Hardman's. He's good pay, I know. Fifty cents wouldn't be much. Well, well," she added, turning the pretty silk back and forth in shining ripples, "I'll find an easy sale for this anywheres: only I must say, *as a friend*, you're making a mistake."

A half-pang of regret shot through Milly's mind as the woman tied up the last article in her parcel, and the gray silk disappeared from view. During the busy occupations of the evening her mind kept recurring to the peddler's visit and her tempting offer. Before she went to bed she had made a rapid calculation of how long it would take her to save the required sum out of her earnings. It took nearly all she and her mother could earn to feed the four hungry little mouths as well as their own, and to keep a respectable roof over their heads.

"Still," argued Milly, "I work so hard, why shouldn't I have at least *fifty cents* a week for my clothes, and such a good silk, too! And to look well at Miss Jenner's!"

Visions of an impossible future, in which Miss Jenner would adopt all her little brothers and sisters, filled Mildred's mind, completely shutting out the fact that girlish vanity was at the root of her desire to possess the gray silk. Unfortunately Mildred had never been accustomed to go with her little perplexities to her mother, and so it did not now occur to her to seek any advice. Mrs. Lee was always "too tired" or too "blue" to be "bothered," and while Mildred had learned a habit of self-restraint and reserve, the younger children looked to her for every suggestion, so that Milly felt quite capable of governing her own actions when she was allowed to govern theirs. By the time the young girl awoke, she had, as she thought, reasoned herself into a belief that the most foolish mistake of her life was in letting that gray silk slip out of her possession. The sight of her limp old muslin in the wardrobe did not lessen this regret, nor did her mother's bemoaning at breakfast that "Milly would look a fright at Miss Jenner's party" help matters in the least.

"If you could only at least *look* like your father's daughter," sighed Mrs. Lee, "no knowing what might come of it."

Milly echoed these words over and again as she walked down to the store, varying them with her own unwise reflections. She was a little late, and received a half-sneering reprimand from "Mr. Tom" as she passed him at the desk. It was her duty to go to the mantle department, which was in a sort of L off the main part of the store. Milly, after hurriedly laying aside her things, turned to-

MILDRED'S TEMPTATION.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

Digitized by Google

ward the cloak-room. No other sales-woman was in it, but there, seated at the side, an expression of vulgar audacity on her face, was the peddler of last night!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. III.

THE Pilgrim women who sailed in the *Mayflower* brought with them the very old stitch, a magnified view of which is given in Fig. 11. I have seen a picture wrought by one of these same Pilgrim Mothers—rows of houses and trees something like this (you could any of you draw better), with a meeting-house in the middle; but the houses and trees were a marvel of crewel-work, the background of silk, all in this ancient stitch, which is also found in old Persian and Turkish embroidery. I know an old lady who has used it from her childhood, who calls it "pocket-book" stitch; it is really a kind of "fagotting," and there are remnants of old petticoats and curtains still to be found in out-of-the-way country towns of New England, exquisitely worked in this most economical of stitches, which, for convenience, I shall call the New England stitch. Turn the work over and you will see how economical the stitch is: all the wool, except just enough at the outline to catch in the stuff, shows on the upper side. By pushing your needle first toward you and then from you, as seen in Fig. 10, you get that pretty twisted look which you see very much enlarged in Fig. 11. The Janina stitch, as given in HARPER'S BAZAR, November 6, seems to be an imitation of this, though much inferior in effect and ease of working.

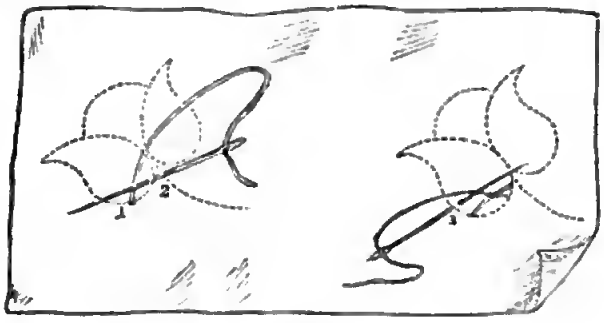


FIG. 10.

The design here given (Fig. 12) is suitable for a tidy, bureau-cover, curtain, or mantel lambrequin. For a bureau-cover take nice Russia crash, allow twelve inches to hang over each side, *besides* enough for fringe. Three flowers like the two in Fig. 12 are enough for crash of ordinary width. Trace off the pattern on a piece of paper, repeat the left-hand flower at X, stopping at R, and omitting the spray marked S. You can finish off the stem at R with Fig. 13 if you prefer. When your pattern is all ready on the paper, trace it on the crash, in the middle of the twelve inches, according to directions in No. II. This figure, designed expressly for the girls who read these articles, can be worked according to the directions for color given below, in New England stitch, or in three shades of one color, in either New England or stem stitch, following the same gradations of color.

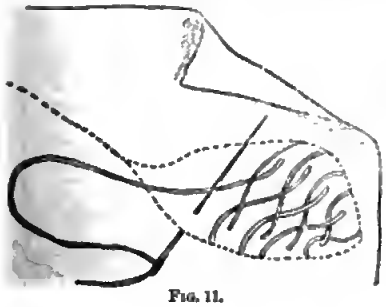


FIG. 11.

FIG. 13.

A genuinely old design used one hundred and fifty years ago will be sent to the girl under sixteen who first reports having finished the embroidery of Fig. 12, according to directions, in New England stitch.

COLORS.

A, very light yellow-green; B and C, darker shades; *a*, very light salmon pink; *b* and c, darker shades; *l*, light yellow; *n*, old gold; *m*, an intermediate shade of yellow.

Every other flower might be worked in old blues.

A
A
A

THE readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, whose letters give assurance of the pleasure and instruction they have received from the paper during the past year, will doubtless be glad to put others in the way of sharing in their enjoyment. This they can most easily do by speaking of the paper to their friends and acquaintances, showing them copies of it, and advising them to subscribe for the new volume. By thus extending its circulation they will be working for their own interest; because the larger the list of subscribers is, the better able the publishers will be to increase the beauty and attractiveness of the paper.

The next issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be a beautiful Christmas number. The serial stories and the Post-office Box will be omitted, and the entire contents will be suited to the holiday season. There will be a charming Christmas story, entitled "HOW IT ALL HAPPENED," by Miss Alcott, with illustrations by Jessie Curtis Shepherd; "WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE," a play for Christmas-eve, by Edgar Fawcett; a beautiful double-page Christmas picture by Thomas Nast; music; and other pretty things to please our young readers. The number will be inclosed in a special cover, designed by W. A. Rogers, and printed in dark red ink.

We must again call the attention of our correspondents to the fact that the Post-office Box can not be made a medium for buying or selling curiosities, stamps, or articles of any kind. Neither can we print requests for the address of any correspondent.

The requests for exchange should be made as short as possible. We can not publish lists of eggs, stamps, minerals, and other things; but would advise boys and girls to make out a neat list of the articles they have to exchange, and those they desire in return, and have copies always ready to send in answer to the letters they receive.

Requests for exchange are often accompanied by lengthy conditions, but we can not make room to print them, and shall invariably leave them for the exchangers to settle among themselves. In sending specimens great care should always be taken to mark them distinctly, and to state the locality from whence they came, otherwise the recipient may become the possessor of some valuable curiosity, and be unaware of its character.

Our puzzle contributors will please remember that a puzzle, in order to be accepted, must be not only good, but must have a solution not already used in YOUNG PEOPLE, and contain no slang, and no obsolete words. Read over your contributions and correct them carefully before sending them to YOUNG PEOPLE, as the misuse of a single letter spoils an otherwise excellent puzzle.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have been ill in bed for ten weeks, but now I am getting better.

I had a little dog named Bogey, but he bit a policeman, and we had to send him away.

We have lots of snow here now, and the sleigh-bells are tinkling all day. I wish I was well enough to have a snow-ball fight with the other boys. Now they have plenty of coasting and snow-shoeing and tobogganing, and it is great fun.

I can read all of YOUNG PEOPLE myself. I wish it would come oftener. BERTIE O.

NEW YORK CITY.

I want to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE how to make a bran pudding for the Christmas dinner. It is the nicest kind of pudding. Select some little gifts, pretty or ridiculous, for each person expected. Wrap them neatly, and write upon each the name, and a few lines appropriate to the present and the receiver. Place them in a large tin pan, and cover them with dry clean bran. After all the other good things have been served, have this placed before papa, and he will take out each package with a spoon, and read the name and verse aloud. Shouts of laughter and expressions of delight greet each one as the parcels are opened. If mamma or aunty will help write the verses, they can be made very funny, and be a jolly ending to a Christmas dinner. It is a dessert very much better than plum-pudding for little folks. BESSIE GUYTON.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

I get YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I am so pleased when it comes! I liked "The Moral Pirates" very much.

I have a brother a year younger than I am, and we each have a pet cat. His is all black except its paws, which are white, so we call it White Socks. Mine is all gray, and his name is Jenny. We have a very pretty little collie dog named Tyce.

I have four dolls, and a black doll for their nurse. I have never been to school. We have a governess. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box very much, and I should like to know if I am the first little girl who has sent a letter from Scotland. PEGGIE M.

The Post-office Box has received numbers of letters from Scottish lads and lassies.

MENDON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE only a little while, and I like it so much I would be very sorry not to have it now. When my papa brings it home I take it to school, and my teacher reads it to the scholars. There are fifty in our school. HOWARD L.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.

We had a present of a pair of white mice. They had four little ones, but my sister killed one of them. The mice have red eyes and pink feet. The mother mouse is very kind to the little ones. She picks them up in her mouth as a cat does her kittens. They are not large enough to eat yet, but the big ones eat cookies and apples, and drink milk. We have a tin cage to keep them in.

I do not go to school. Mamma teaches my sister and me at home. I am eight years old. MARY B. M.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

There are some very fine buildings in this city. The Parliament House and Departmental Buildings are situated on a beautiful hill about two hundred feet high. All three are built of marble. The ground, which is tastefully laid out with lawns and flower beds, is in the form of a square, with the Parliament House in the centre, and a Departmental Building on either side. From the rear of the Parliament House there is a fine view of the Chaudiere Falls and the surrounding country.

A bridge joining the provinces of Quebec and Ontario has just been completed, which is the second largest bridge in the world. EDWARD L.

DANVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I want to tell the Post-office Box of the fun I had this afternoon. We met at two o'clock, and went to the river. We coasted a long while on the large hills, then we went on the ice. The river is frozen hard, and the skaters took some of us riding on the ice. We had a splendid time. Afterward we went back to the hills, and built a large bonfire. The flames were about eight feet high, and we hurrahed and shouted. We went home about five o'clock.

I can not express in words how much I like YOUNG PEOPLE. The stories and pictures are elegant.

Will you please tell me which was the first railroad in the United States? COLDSOR S.

The first railway in the United States was constructed in 1826 from the quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the nearest tide-water. The cars were drawn by horses. The second American railroad was laid in 1827, from the coal mines of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, to the Lehigh River. With branches and turn-outs it was thirteen miles long. It was operated by gravity. Mules were used for drawing back the empty cars. The first passenger railway was the Baltimore and Ohio, fifteen miles of which were opened in 1830. During the first year the cars were drawn by horses, but in 1831 the first locomotive built in America was put on the track. It had an upright instead of a horizontal boiler. On its trial trip it drew an open car at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills. The next passenger line built was the Mohawk and Hudson, from Albany to Schenectady.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since No. 9, and I like it very much. I think "The Moral Pirates" and "Old Times in the Colonies" are the best stories.

We have a pet cat named Frisky, and she wears a very large ruffle around her neck, like Queen Elizabeth. We had two dogs, but we sent them away because there were too many about the Fort. Army posts are so dull, that we like to get all the pets we can.

Will you please tell me who first discovered the Antarctic Continent? CHESTER MAXWELL W.

The Antarctic Continent was discovered in January, 1840, by Captain Wilkes, of the United States navy, who was commander of an exploring expedition toward the south pole. He traced the coast for some distance, but was prevented from landing by the great masses of ice along the shore. In 1841, Sir James Ross, who commanded a British expedition, penetrated still farther south, and discovered Mount Erebus, which is the most southern volcano, so far as known, and which at the time of its discovery was throwing out smoke and flame. He also discovered Mount Terror, which is in appearance an extinct volcano.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK.

I shall be twelve years old next February. Willie W. and I got up a company of soldiers, and had a big parade in November. The Drum-Major was a boy very oddly dressed. The newspaper here said our parade made a smile on more faces than one. We do not expect to parade again until next summer; then, when all the city boys are up here, we will show them our regiment. NASH R.

NEWNAN, GEORGIA.

My uncle sends me YOUNG PEOPLE from Macon, and I like it so much! I am eight years old, but I have never been to school. My little cousin and I recite our lessons at home. I have a little pony named Dolly. FREDDIE B.

HERMAN, MINNESOTA.

I have received so many letters from parties wishing to exchange for my petrified buffalo's tooth that I hardly know what to do. I only had two specimens. But I have sent a number that were not petrified. I hope the correspondents will see this letter, and know why they did not receive just what they expected. I can not answer all the letters I have received now, but will do so as soon as possible.

THEODORE H. PATCHEN.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

For my winter sport I go to my uncle's sugar plantation, and see them make sugar. I have a pony and a colt up there, and have lots of fun. MONROE V.

I would like to exchange a few Hot Springs diamonds, and also some seeds of the cotton-plant, for ocean curiosities, shells, or Indian relics. My pa procured these diamonds at the Hot Springs of Arkansas last summer.

Pa has a jug which was taken from a mound thirty feet high. There were trees growing on the mound three feet in diameter. I asked pa how old the jug was, and he said the Mound-Builders put it there four thousand years ago, more or less.

ANNIE SIDNEY DUFFIE,
Princeton, Arkansas.

My grandpa sends us HARPER'S WEEKLY and YOUNG PEOPLE, and papa says, "It is the best reading we could have for our little ones." We children hope never to miss a number of our dear YOUNG PEOPLE. We keep them all nice, and some time we will have them bound.

If all the little folks who read this paper could come out here, we could get them plenty of curiosities. The winters here are very quiet, but in the summer the town is full of strangers.

I have some pressed ferns and leaves I will send to any little folks who would like them.

AGNES, P. O. Box 19,
Forest Lake, Washington County, Minnesota.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

United States internal revenue stamps for United States and foreign postage stamps.
CHARLES E. BARBOUR,
150 Centre Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Flower seeds. GERTY M. LOTHROP,
Topsfield, Washington County, Maine.

Sea-shells and minerals. BYRON HITT,
P. O. Box 171, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Birds' eggs. W. K. POST,
21 North Washington Square, New York City.

Brazilian, Canadian, and Cuban stamps for a solid piece of flint the size of an egg.
WILLIAM NALGREY,
501 East Eleventh Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google

Postage stamps. TOMMIE SAMUELS,
Care of G. W. Newman & Co.,
Emporia, Kansas.

Pressed ferns for autumn leaves or moss.
H. P. G., P. O. Box 1128,
Mankato, Blue Earth County, Minnesota.

Minerals and stamps for minerals and feathers.
HALLIE CRENSHAW,
Care of Postmaster, Marengo, Iowa County, Iowa.

French and English coins.
W. B. SHOBER, Cumberland, Maryland.

Postage stamps. H. C. PEARSON,
Fishersville, Merrimac Co., New Hampshire.

Postage stamps. F. W. TARBRIDGE,
160 Jennings Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postage stamps and postmarks.
CHARLES CARTER,
P. O. Box 1107, Titusville, Pennsylvania.

Shells and quartz for minerals.
MAGGIE CRESWICK,
2912 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

United States postmarks and pieces of the Washington Monument for foreign stamps, shells, coins, minerals, or relics. MABEL A. J. CORNISH,
810 First Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

A piece of rhinoceros skin for iron, lead, silver, or gold ore, or for petrifactions.
GEORGE L. OSGOOD, JUN.,
2 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Postage stamps and specimens of petrified wood for stamps. Old issues of United States and South American stamps especially desired.
J. R. BEDFORD,
5 Spencer Place, Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Postmarks for minerals, Indian relics, or curiosities of any kind. WILLIAM BRYANT,
171 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Postage stamps, stamped envelopes, and postal cards, especially with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE in foreign countries. EDWIN T. COLE,
804 Mahantongo Street, Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Any natural product of Western New York for rice and cotton as taken from the field, or for the moss found on trees in the Southern States.
CLIFTON R. GATES,
Ellington, Chautauqua County, New York.

Sea-shells, postage stamps, and curiosities.
PETER WELCH,
276 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Rare stamps or minerals for foreign coins.
SIDONIA STIRN,
125 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

Rare foreign and United States stamps for ocean curiosities and Indian relics.
JOHN A. MUNO,
Lock Box 68, Evanston, Cook County, Illinois.

United States War Department and foreign stamps for birds' eggs. JOSEPH R. HASKIN,
Fort Preble, Portland, Maine.

Fossils, gold, silver, and iron ore, and cocoons of the *Attacus cecropia*, for minerals, coins, fossils, Indian relics, or skulls of birds or animals.
FLETCHER M. NOE,
165 N. Ala. Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Twenty-five foreign stamps or minerals for fossils and minerals. THOMAS W. GILBERT,
23 Park Row (Room 67), New York City.

Danish stamps and Chinese coin for any other foreign stamps or coin.
GEORGE C. CODDING,
Petaluma, Sonoma County, California.

Postage stamps from Brazil, Hong-Kong, or Japan, for minerals. E. G. LATHERS,
P. O. Box 29, Pelhamville, New York.

OLIVE W. H.—We do not know. You would better write to some of our exchanges, or to some dealer in stamps.

ARTHUR N.—Write and ask your question of the correspondent herself. Her address was given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53.

MARGUERITE.—If you wish the cover, title-page, and index to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Volume I., sent to you by mail, you must send forty-eight cents to the publishers. The amount will be received in clean, unused United States postage stamps of any denomination.

J. M.—A translation of the hieroglyphs on the New York Obelisk is given in the London *Athenæum* of March 13, 1880, which you will find at any of the large reading-rooms. The same translation is reprinted in a volume entitled *The Obelisk and Freemasonry*, published by J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, New York city.

"SUBSCRIBER," RADNOR, OHIO.—All of Willson's School Readers are published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There are eight in the series. They run in regular order from the First to the Fifth, and there are besides three Intermediate Readers. We do not know to which one you refer.—We can not print your request for exchange, as you give no address.

O. W. S.—We can give you no information in regard to the offer you inquire about, as we never heard of it.

FRED W.—The subscription price of HARPER'S MONTHLY, WEEKLY, and YOUNG PEOPLE, to one address, for one year, is eight dollars and fifty cents.

F. F.—We can not tell you what to buy for your mother's Christmas present, for we do not know as well as you, who are near her, what kind of a present would please her the best. But we would advise you to think very carefully, and if you can remember any pretty thing she has expressed a wish for, or any little comfort which you suspect she has gone without in order that she might get something for you, try to give her that. Do not spend your money for a trinket, but get something pretty and useful at the same time, like a handsome work-basket or a soft worsted breakfast shawl, and every time mamma uses it she will be sure to remember her little girl's loving thoughtfulness much more tenderly than if you give her vases or other parlor ornaments which will be stood away on the mantel-piece.

W. S. HUTCHINSON, WILLIAM L. BETTON, G. A. J., AND OTHERS.—You can get a very good illustrated catalogue of postage stamps by sending twenty-five cents to Scott & Co., 146 Fulton Street, New York city.

HATTIE KERR.—If you keep your crabs well fed with bits of raw beef or raw fish, never allowing them to get hungry, they will be more likely to leave the other inhabitants of your aquarium in peace.

HELEN E. V.—Parrakeets will eat all kinds of seeds. They like orange seeds very much. They will also eat fruit of all kinds, and sometimes will bite a bit of cracker like a parrot. You can also give them English walnuts for variety. In Cuba large flocks of parrakeets, ninety or a hundred birds together, often settle on the orange-trees, and make sad havoc with the ripe fruit, which they tear to pieces to find the seeds. They are especially fond of the Cuban sour orange, a fruit which is rarely brought to this country, and large numbers of these beautiful little birds may always be found around the wild orange-trees in the Cuban forests.

H. N.—The ribs of a canoe should lie parallel to the moulds.—A drawing or design may be enlarged by using a pantograph. It requires, however, some practice to make a neat drawing with one of these instruments.

Favors are acknowledged from May and Fannie Fairlamb, Harry Woolcott, Eugenia McGarrah, E. C. S., Anna Brown, Sadie D., Harry MacC., Mettie F., Kinney Offatt, Edith C., Theodore F. Bayles, Boyd Ramsey, Alice Ruggles, Hattie F. Holcroft, Jenule Hughes, L. M and E. Smith, Eddie Beeson, Fannie V. Cross, DuBois Carpenter, Tillie Strang, Fred, Mamie E. Thornton, Lucia C. Daniels, Marie R., Walter P. Hiles, Gerald M. Bliss, Lillie E. Brewster, George B. Donnelly, J. H. Shaw, Maggie Poindexter, Lillian A. Atkins, J. F. W.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Annie M. W., Cal I. Forny, C. H. McB., Howard B. Lent.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DAILY-SQUARE.—(*To Zelotes*).

To listen to. To consume. A preposition. In mineralogy. MARK MARCY.

No. 2.

ANOMBOID.

Across.—A wading bird. To prepare for publication. A tree. A metallic vein.
Down.—A letter. A verb. A girl's name. Part of a window. An adverb. A nickname. A letter.
ZELOTES.

No. 3.

ANIUMA.

My first is in anger, but not in ire.
My second in stove, but not in fire.
My third is in dress, but not in cloak.
My fourth is in mist, but not in smoke.
My fifth is in earth, but not in soil.
My sixth is in puzzle, but not in foil.
My seventh is in lion, but not in beast.
My eighth is in festival, out in feast.
My ninth is in ocean, never at rest,
But not in the ships which toss on its breast.
Many have perished in seeking me,
And still I remain a mystery. OWLET.

No. 4.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

An artery. Circular. A craze. Primals—part of the body. Centrals—to flow. Finals—a girl's name. Primals and finals combined, a fleet of war vessels.
BOLNS.

No. 5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A French heroine. A saint. A French statesman and orator. A Greek orator. One of the nine Muses. A German poet. Primals and finals spell the name of a famous Roman. DAME DURDEN.

No. 6.

EASY SQUARES.

1. First, a tribute. Second, to submit. Third, a sneering look. Fourth, a musical instrument.
C. I. F.

2. First, a wild animal. Second, otherwise. Third, a continent. Fourth, hindermost.

3. First, a means of cleanliness. Second, formerly. Third, exploits. Fourth, a plague. J. B.

4. First, a grain. Second, a metal. Third, a small rope. Fourth, extremes. EDITH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 56.

No. 1. 1. Virginia creeper. 2. Flag. 3. Sage. 4. Dock. 5. Cowslips. 6. Egg-plant. 7. Pink. 8. Beech. 9. Yew. 10. Fir.

No. 2.
C O R S E
O R I E L
R I G I D
S E I N E
E L D E R

No. 3. Charlemagne.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

WAITING MARGERY.

With a gay little watch that does not go,
So that the time she can always know
For you never can be mistaken, I think,
When a watch or a clock doesn't stir a wink—
Never doubting that he'll be true,
Margery waits for Little Boy Blue.

Little Boy Blue walks in the lane,
Beside the tailor's Mary Jane,
With never a thought, when *she* beguiles,
Of waiting Margery's patient smiles.
"For they always say men never are true,
And *I* am a man," says Little Boy Blue.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dan!
Happier family never ran,
Rushing to gladden a mother's heart,
Than these two darlings, never apart.
Mr Dan is the house police—
With might and main he keeps the peace;
While Mr. Dickens sits and purs,
Man-like, among his worshippers.

THE HAPPIEST FOLKS.

I think the dolls are the happiest folks—
Nobody plagues them with practical jokes;
They have a nice house, with a parlor-maid,
And the rent of it never has to be paid;
They wear their best clothes whenever they please,
And have nothing to do but to take their ease.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

CHILD SPEAKS.

"That mother in the picture
Never, never scolds;
All the day her little boy
In her arms she holds."

MOTHER ANSWERS.

"Don't you wish, my laddie,"
And the mother smiled,
"That you were as gentle
As that pictured child?"

BETTY'S ANSWER.

Write a letter, aunty,
Say you *know* I'll come
To the children's party—
Think I'd stay at home?

Why, they'll have some candy,
And some strawberry ice,
Angel cake, I rather think
Everything that's nice.

Say I'm surely coming—
They are so polite
They might think I wouldn't
If you didn't write.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 60. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, December 21, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE."—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

A Christmas Play in One Act.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHARACTERS.

The Baron Beautemps, *a wealthy French nobleman.*
Henri, *his son, aged twelve.*
Lucienne, *his daughter, aged ten.*
Gaspard, *serving-man in the château.*
Eloise, *maid of the* Baroness Beautemps.

(*The action passes in the spacious old castle of the* Baron. *The time is about* A. D. 1600.)

SCENE.

A portion of the grand upper hall in the Château de Beautemps. Large antique fire-place at back, in which burns a sleepy wood fire. Tapestried doors R. and L. Also R. and L., beyond either door, entrances to corridors that communicate with main hall. Large draped window R. of fire-place. Near R. door small cabinet, on which is a silver candelabrum with lighted candle. Near door at L. a similar candelabrum resting on heavy carved chair. As curtain rises, Henri *and* Lucienne *are discovered beside chimney-place in act of hanging up stockings before it.* Lucienne *wears a costume of brocaded silken stuff reaching to the ground, and a small velvet hood, whence her hair flows in rich abundance.* Henri *wears doublet with large collar, and knee-breeches.*

Lucienne (*going to window, drawing curtains, and looking out. She then comes to front of stage*). How cold and still! With what an icy glow
The stars are shining over the château!
And yonder, where the chapel roofs rise dark,
The crusted snow gives out a diamond spark.
Eleven strokes the great hall clock has rung.
Well, brother Henri, is your stocking hung?
Henri (*joining* Lucienne *at front of stage*). All's ready, sister; see how slim and white
Both stockings glimmer in the doubtful light.
I can't help wondering, as I watch them thus,
What gifts the Christmas Saint will bring to us.
Lucienne. Oh, everything we've wanted for a year!
To me a painted doll in bridal gear;
To you a sword, a cap and ball, a top;
To me, again—
Henri. Lucienne, I pray you, stop.
Dear sister, I've a secret to confess.
Lucienne (*eagerly*). What is it, Henri? Anything I'll guess?
Ah, there! your face reveals it ere you speak:
You want a falcon, beautiful and sleek,
To hunt with in the spring, when field and glade
Hear the sweet bugles of the cavalcade.
Who knows?—Perchance good luck your bird may bring,
Tied to the chimney by a silken string.
Henri. No, no, Lucienne; in vain your wits would tire
To guess just what it is that I desire.
I want—come closer; let me speak it low—
I want—
Lucienne (*in alarm*). Why, Henri, what disturbs you so?
Henri. The wish to look on that famed Saint who brings
At twelve each Christmas-eve such precious things;
To watch old Santa Claus, as plain as day,
Steal to this hall in some mysterious way;
To mark his long white beard, his elfish mien,
And see what others have so rarely seen.
Lucienne (*agitated*). Oh, Henri, brother, I am filled with dread!
How came so queer a fancy in your head?
Henri. Call it a whim, freak, folly, if you choose;
Only keep watch with me. You'll not refuse?
Lucienne. I should not dare! And yet—if I relent—
Henri (*kissing her*). Dear, kind Lucienne! I thought you would consent.
Now hear my plan. Although a dangerous one,
Its very spice of danger lends it fun.
Our nurse, Florino, till two o'clock at least
Will dance, most likely, at the village feast.
She's stolen away, and begged me not to tell;
And I, be sure, will keep her secret well.
We to our chambers will meanwhile repair,
And till the clock strikes twelve hold vigil there.
Then we shall both glide out on stealthy feet,
And—
Lucienne. Feel my heart, Henri. Just hear it beat!
Henri. Oh, nonsense! Think how glorious it will be
To find him here, and know 'tis really he!
They say that midnight is his favorite hour
To show the merry magic of his power.
And if we spy upon his movements then,
We'll see him here alive. Oh, think, Lucienne!
Lucienne (*starting and looking about*). But if your plan by any chance he knew,
What awful deed might Santa Claus not do?
Suppose that quickly as the turn of dice
His anger changed us into cats or mice?
Suppose as reindeers he should make us drag,
With monstrous horns, and feet that never flag,
The tinkling sled in which he journeys forth
Each Christmas-eve, from wild realms of the North?
Henri (*laughing*). A doleful penance for so slight a sin!—
Come; they who nothing venture, nothing win.
Lucienne. But, mind, we'll only peep from either door;
We might indeed repent if we did more.
Henri (*kissing her*). True, sister; for a little while we part.
Until the clock strikes twelve be stout of heart.
Lucienne (*as they separate*). Oh, Henri, are you sure we're not unwise
On kind old Santa Claus to play the spies?
Henri (*taking candle from R.*). Our plan is made. Good-night till twelve o'clock.
Lucienne (*taking candle from L.*). What noise was that? It gave me such a shock!
Henri (*listening*). A wainscot mouse that somehow came to grief.
Good-night.
Lucienne. Good-night. I'm trembling like a leaf.

[*Exeunt* Henri *and* Lucienne *at R. and L. doors. Each carries away candle, and the stage is now wrapped in dimness.*

Enter Gaspard *and* Eloise *from R. corridor.* Gaspard *follows* Eloise *in slow, attentive way. He wears a doublet of some dull red material, with yarn stockings and low buckled shoes.* Eloise *wears a dress that reaches above her ankles, and a dainty white apron, into which she occasionally thrusts both hands.*

Eloise. I pray you, Gaspard, cease these foolish airs,
These love-sick sighs and sentimental stares.
They've thrown Madame already in a pet;
She thinks me quite too young to marry yet.
Gaspard. Unpitying girl! I scarcely can believe
You'd show such cruelty on Christmas-eve.
I'll hang no stocking ere I rest to-night;
If filled at all 'twould not be filled aright. [*Sighs deeply.*
Eloise (*archly*). And how would you prefer it filled, Sir Tease?
Gaspard. How save with one kind smile from Eloise!
Eloise. My smiles are not so cheaply gained as that.
Be off at once, and stop your silly chat!
'Tis nearly twelve—the hour, as rumor tells,
When Santa Claus begins his goblin spells.
Ah, could I once, with these two favored eyes,
The good Saint at his kindly task surprise,
I'd give—
Gaspard (*eagerly*). You'd give—well, what, Eloise?—your heart?
Eloise. Why, certainly. But then you need not start.
There's no occasion to express content
By quite misunderstanding what I meant.
Gaspard (*very agitatedly*). I don't misunderstand—oh, not at all.
You meant that if by chance it should befall
Yourself, Eloise, at midnight here to stray,
And look on Santa Claus, you might repay
Such privilege by—
Eloise. Ah, could I see the Saint,
Speeding his jovial pranks, with visage quaint,
'Twere hard to ware you where my grateful mood
Would place the limit of its gratitude.

Digitized by Google

Henri. TRUE, SISTER; FOR A LITTLE WHILE WE PART.
UNTIL THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE BE STOUT OF HEART.

Gaspard [*aside*]. What if to-night, disguised with cunning art,
I should myself enact Kris Kringle's part?
Eloise. Well, I must hurry on; the hour grows late.
Gaspard. One moment, Eloise, I beg you wait.
The genial sprite whom you desire to meet
Perchance your longing gaze may really greet.
Steal here by twelve o'clock, with cautious pace,
And turn your look toward yonder chimney-place,
Then who shall say what marvel yet untold
'Twill be your happy fortune to behold?
Eloise [*aside*]. The sly deceiver! Would he dare assume
The guise of Santa Claus, and in the gloom
Of this deserted hall delude my sense,
Hoping to dupe me by some bold pretense?
I half believe so. Well, if this were true,
How nicely such deception he should rue!
Gaspard. You'll come, Eloise?
Eloise. Perhaps. I can't decide.
[*Going toward corridor at R.*
Gaspard (*following her*). By all means let your wish be gratified.
Accept my counsel.—Stop one moment, please.
Eloise (*hurrying off*). I'll think of it. Good-night.
[*Exit* Eloise at *R.*
Gaspard. Nay, stop, Eloise!
Agree that when the clock strikes twelve you'll fare,
On timorous tiptoe, by the large North stair,
Down to this hall— [*He pauses, looking off R.*
She's vanished like a dream!
Still, trust to fate, Gaspard, and work your scheme.
[*Exit* Gaspard at *R.*, *slapping breast confidently.*

Enter the Baron Beautemps *at L. The* Baron *is disguised as Santa Claus. He wears a white wig, a dark jerkin, with ruffled breeches reaching a little below the knee; he carries a pack of toys upon his back; he has a long white beard; his shoulders are sprinkled with powdery substance, representing snow. He turns on entering, and looks at the two stockings hung before chimney-place with a fond, happy smile*

Baron. Dear spotless little stockings, viewed with joy,
Pure memories of my darling girl and boy,
How tenderly though silently you tell
Of lightsome, pattering footsteps loved so well!
[*Laughs to himself, softly.*

Digitized by Google

Ah, me! that I, a noble great in rank,
Should thus at midnight play the mountebank!
And all because I guess how young Henri,
With curious eagerness, resolves to see
That mystic Saint of Christmas, whom no eye
Discerns, whom some believe in, some deny!
Zounds! what a foolish father I have grown!
Does Henri sleep, or will he come alone,
Just as the clock strikes twelve, in night array,
This fire-lit hall's weird shadows to survey?

For one decked out in mimic robes like mine.
Still, since this garb was easy to obtain
From old ball costumes of our last King's reign,
And since I knew how Henri's heart was set
On seeing the good Saint whom so few have met,
I quietly determined for one hour
To frolic thus, forgetting state and power.
[*Listens intently at R.*
A movement in the turret overhead.—
Some servant, doubtless, climbing to his bed.

Gaspard. STEAL HERE BY TWELVE O'CLOCK, WITH CAUTIOUS PACE,
AND TURN YOUR LOOK TOWARD YONDER CHIMNEY-PLACE.

Well, if he comes, the wicked rogue shall find
A Santa Claus quite suited to his mind.—
And yet, while fancying his childish glee,
A strange, unpleasant thought oppresses me:
Suppose it chanced that while I lingered here
The real Kris Kringle should himself appear!
That situation would indeed be fine

Hark!—steps!—I'll fly at once—the sound grows near.
Too late. I am seen. Confusion!—who is here?

Enter Gaspard *at R. He is disguised as Santa Claus. He wears a pair of taffetas breeches uncouthly rolled up to his knees, gray yarn stockings, and an old jacket trimmed with rusty silver buttons. He has a broad hat shading his face, and carries upon*

Digitized by Google

Eloise. AH, HEAVEN! WHAT HAVE I DONE?
Baron. YOU'VE COUNTED OR YOUR GAME BEFORE 'TWAS WON.

his back some sort of huge stuffed sack. He stoops affectedly while walking, and employs the slow, tottering pace of an aged man. Just as he appears on stage, and while the Baron *retreats bewilderedly toward L., twelve loud, solemn strokes sound, as if from a distant clock.*

Gaspard (*who has observed the* Baron) [*aside*]. Ah! Heaven, who can it be, in mercy's name?
That pack of toys, long beard, and stooping frame—
'Tis Santa Claus, by everything that's queer!
My knees are failing me; I quake with fear.

Baron (*watching* Gaspard) [*aside*]. That loaded form—that hesitating gait—
'Tis Santa Claus himself, as sure as fate!
I've not sufficient strength to flee away.
I'm positively frozen with dismay.

[Gaspard *and the* Baron *now eye each other in great comic bewilderment. The* Baron *gives a nervous cough, and* Gaspard *starts in ludicrous terror.*

Gaspard [*aside*]. I'm nearly dead with fright—I choke and pant.—
I'll speak to him—ask pardon. No, I can't.

[Gaspard *here gives a heavy groan, at which the* Baron *starts in great alarm.*

Baron [*aside*]. Of course he means to do some dreadful thing.
Even now he seems preparing for a spring.

[*The* Baron *here makes a loud shuddering sound, at which* Gaspard *sinks upon his knees.*

Gaspard [*aside*]. My legs have both collapsed—I'm most unwell.

Baron [*aside*]. Ye saints! he's muttering some horrid spell,
Calling some gnome, perchance, with grip of ice,
To shoot me up the chimney in a trice!

[*While* Gaspard *and the* Baron *regard each other in the dimness with glances of mutual fear,* Henri *and* Lucienne *peep forth from doors at R. and L.*

Henri (*only perceiving* Gaspard *at R., and speaking in an excited whisper*). 'Tis he! I look on Santa Claus at last.

Lucienne (*only perceiving the* Baron, *her father, at L.*). He's here! And oh, my poor heart beats so fast!

Henri (*alluding to* Gaspard). With that large hat, his face I scarce behold.

Lucienne (*alluding to the* Baron). He wears no hat to shield him from the cold.

Digitized by Google

Henri. How strange he has no beard, as tales declare!
Lucienne. How long his beard is, and how white his hair!
Henri. I thought his clothes were snowy—it is not so.
Lucienne. He's very thickly covered o'er with snow.
Henri (*discovering the* Baron *also*). What! two of them! I can't believe it true.
Lucienne (*discovering* Gaspard). Oh dear! I never dreamed there would be *two!*
Gaspard (*rising, and staggering helplessly toward back of stage*) [*aside*]. I feel that he observes me like a lynx;
No doubt of some dark punishment he thinks.
I'll try to escape from his revengeful glare;
Perhaps he'll drag me back, though, by the hair.
He turns his head—pursues me with his eye.
My doom is sealed.—I'm very young to die!

Enter Eloise *at R. She comes slowly and cautiously upon stage. As she does so,* Gaspard *conceals himself behind the curtain of window at R. of chimney-place.* Eloise *discovers the* Baron, *gives a sudden start, and then addresses audience in quick, agitated aside.*

Eloise [*aside*]. Beyond a doubt Gaspard is waiting there,
In beard and wig disguised with subtle care.
The artful scamp! how easy to perceive
This web of crafty guile he means to weave!
So, so, my clever trickster, you shall meet
Your match to-night in cunning and deceit.
[*Aloud*] (*addressing the* Baron.)
Pray are you Santa Claus? If this be true,
It gives me joy, great Saint, to welcome you.
Gaspard (*half hidden behind curtain*) [*aside*]. What store of courage has the charming jade!
Now on my life, she's not a bit afraid!
She thanks her stars for this fine stroke of luck;
Her curiosity has lent her pluck.
Baron [*aside*]. It's Eloise.—An awkward thing, forsooth,
If this young waiting-maid should learn the truth!
No gossip for a mile but straight would know
That I, their lord, had wandered his château
At midnight, clad more like a circus clown
Than some proud nobleman of high renown.
How shall I act? what say? I'm sick with dread.
The minx would doubtless follow if I fled.
Kris Kringle's gone, and I escape his ire,
Yet leave the frying-pan to find the fire.
[*While the* Baron *speaks this aside,* Eloise *slowly draws nearer to him, examining his appearance as closely as the dim light will allow. Her manner shows extreme suppressed fun; she now and then places her hand over her mouth, as though to restrain herself from laughing aloud. Meanwhile* Gaspard, *still half concealed behind curtain, watches very intently what is passing. He seems distressed by the boldness of* Eloise. *He makes one or two gestures of eager warning, but* Eloise *entirely fails to perceive his presence. This affords* Gaspard *opportunity for much comic alarm and generally humorous by-play. The* Baron *retreats a little to L. as* Eloise *approaches him from R. At length* Eloise *addresses him, in a voice of mock gravity.*
Eloise. Great Saint of Christmas! pardon, I beseech,
My wish to address you in poor mortal speech.
Yet now, while gazing on your reverend face,
I long to beg of you one special grace.
Gaspard (*with signs of marked surprise*) [*aside*]. Her words arouse in me an interest keen.
"One special grace." What can the vixen mean?
Baron [*aside*]. Was ever man more oddly placed than I?
She'll recognize my voice if I reply.
Eloise. Ah! treat me not with silent unconcern,
But grant, great Saint, the boon for which I yearn!
Gaspard [*aside*]. What is the boon that she has come to seek?
And why on earth does Santa Claus not speak?
Baron [*aside*]. I must respond; it is my only choice.
Yet can I properly disguise my voice?
Henri (*from doorway at R.*) [*aside*]. It's Eloise; some favor she would crave.
Upon my word, she's wonderfully brave.
Lucienne (*from doorway of L.*) [*aside*]. How dare she go as near to him as that?
And where's the Santa Claus who wore the hat?
[Henri *and* Lucienne *have been standing on the threshold of either chamber in foreground, with only their heads peeping forth from either doorway. They seem immensely concerned and occupied with all that is now going on. A little while previously they have discovered each other's presence, and made mutual signs of astonishment.* Henri *has lifted two fingers of right hand, thus indicating by expressive pantomime what surprise it has given him to find that there are two Santa Clauses instead of one.* Lucienne *has responded by similar pantomime.*
Eloise. You're silent still. Oh, is it, then, because
You speak some different language, Santa Claus?
I know, for my part, but a single tongue;
I left off going to school when rather young.
[*Aside*] (*with great secret amusement, while she looks toward audience.*)
The wily rascal, he is dumb from fear,
His voice being so familiar to my ear.
I'll make him talk, or else my woman's wit
Is less adroit than I imagine it.
[*Aloud once more, and in a voice of earnest pleading.*]
Majestic Saint! how pitiless you are!
I wished to question you of one Gaspard,
A serving-man in Baron Beautemps' train,
Who loves me, and who grieves at my disdain.
[Eloise *now lifts finger roguishly at audience, and turns sly looks toward the* Baron *as she does so.* Gaspard *leans forward from curtains, and listens with deep attention.*
Baron (*speaking in a very gruff, hollow voice, totally unlike his usual tones*). Gaspard? Of him what question would you ask?
To deal with sweethearts never was my task.
If love's coquettish moods your phrase would paint,
'Twere best you should consult another saint.
[Eloise *shows marked surprise as these words are spoken. The voice which the* Baron *uses evidently arouses her astonishment. But by the time he has ended she is once more looking at audience with same sly expression as before. Meanwhile* Henri *and* Lucienne, *as though terrified by the stern voice of him whom they suppose to be Santa Claus, close doors of R. and L., disappearing wholly from stage.*
Eloise [*aside*]. He's changed his voice; he's warier than I guessed.
Well, now, till all's revealed I'll never rest.
[*Aloud.*] Nay, mighty Saint, I tell it to my grief,
This lad, Gaspard, torments me past belief.
In hall or corridor I scarce can pause
But there he waits to accost me, Santa Claus.
His flattery turns me ill; with sigh and groan
He vows that Nature wrought my heart from stone;
Now rude and fierce, now penitent and meek,
He swears to hang himself three times a week;
But most, indeed, my wearied soul regrets
The doleful chant of stupid canzonets
Which night by night below my window's ledge,
Perched like a monkey on a slant roof's edge,
He drones when all the vast château is mute,
Hugging against his breast a crack-stringed lute.
Gaspard [*aside, and in tones of great melancholy*]. Oh, Eloise, relentless and untrue!
Complained of as a nuisance! and by you!
[Gaspard *covers face with hands, as though overwhelmed by grief.*
Baron [*at first aside*]. Good! I have fooled her, and with effort faint.
How easy it is to play the Christmas Saint!
A few more words that neatly shall beguile,
And lo! I'll flit away in ghostly style!
[*Aloud, to* Eloise.] No more, I pray. 'Tis not for me to deal
With lovers' destinies, their woe or weal.
That here within my presence you should come
But proves you singularly venturesome.
This once to o'erlook your rashness I will deign;
Pardon hereafter you shall seek in vain.
So stern the penalty for deeds thus bold,
Your very blood would curdle were it told;
Both limbs would fail your trembling form beneath,
Both jaws would scarce contain your chattering teeth.
[*The* Baron *speaks these latter words in a terribly severe tone.* Gaspard *audibly shivers as he hears them.* Eloise *recoils and seems at first quite horrified. Then suddenly, as though reminding herself that it is, after all, not Santa Claus, but only her sweetheart disguised for the purpose of deceiving her, she tosses her head and regards the* Baron *very courageously, placing a hand, in the most saucy way, on each of her hips.*
Eloise. No doubt I should be frightened half to death—
Should scream, should stagger, and should catch my breath,
And thus, indeed, I really might behave—
Being not by temperament very brave—

Digitized by Google

Did I not chance to more than merely guess
The shrewd impostor whom I now address.
Baron [*aside*]. Impostor? She discovers, then, my sham?
Has she discovered also who I am?
[*Aloud, in same voice as before*]. Retire in haste, young maid, and wisely shirk
To insult Kris Kringle at his goodly work!
Eloise (*with sudden anger, stamping her foot, and coming much nearer to the* Baron). Retire, indeed! And do you still surmise
I've not the sense to pierce your thin disguise?
I wonder, wicked knave that you appear,
The real Kris Kringle does not find you here,
And soundly punish you for this offense
In due proportion to its impudence.
[Eloise *here gives a loud, mocking laugh, and abruptly tears wig from the* Baron's *head, afterward pulling beard from his face also.*
Of me, Gaspard, I'll teach you to make sport
With mask and mummery of this idle sort.

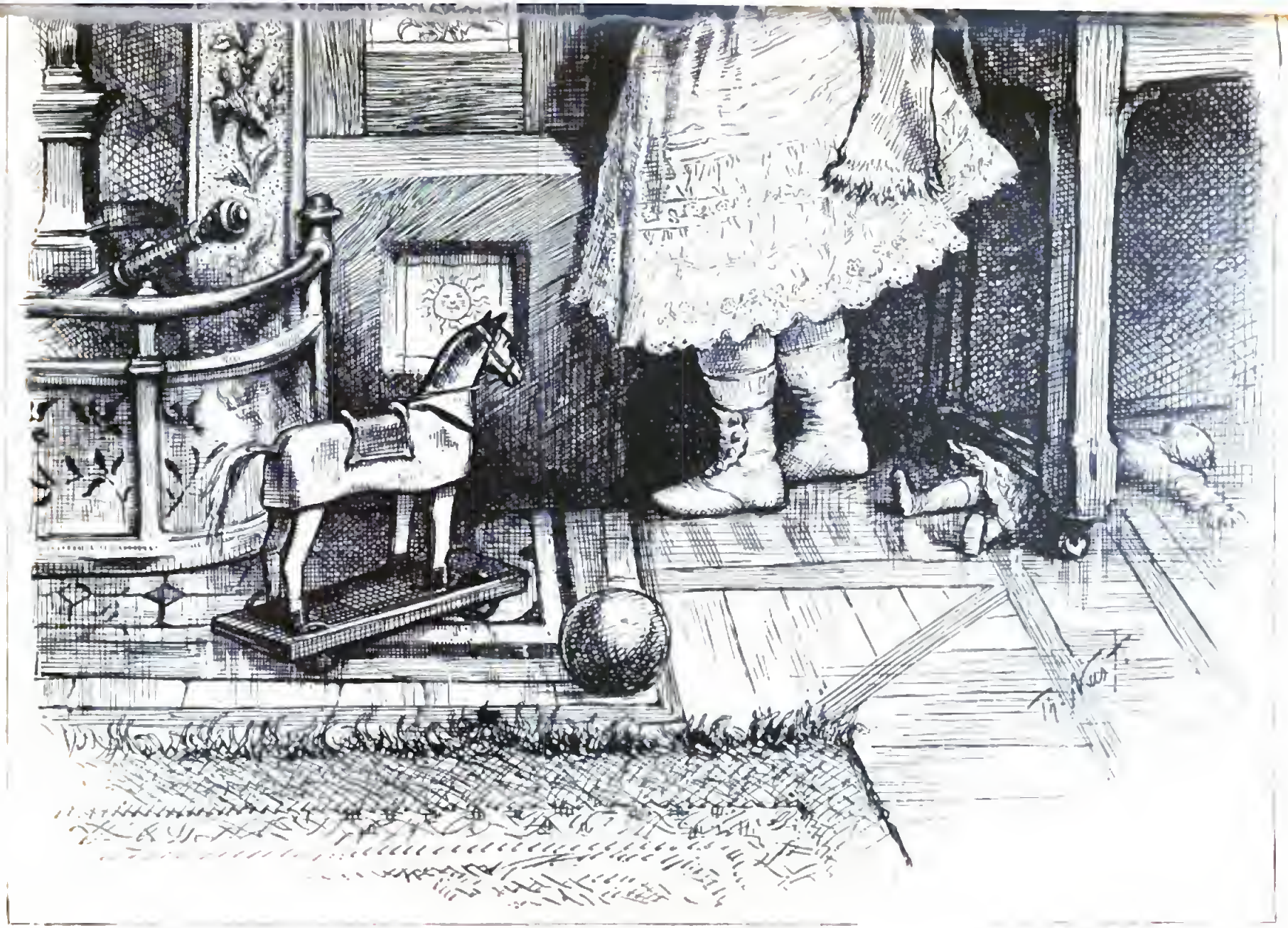
Lucienne. I'd help you if you did, Henri.
Baron (*caressing both children*). And why?
Henri. Two Santa Clauses! Think, papa, what fun!
And now you haven't left us even one!
Baron. Nay, never mind, dear children. We have seen
Two loving hearts grow blithesome and serene;
Made dark misunderstandings melt away
From both, like sombre vapors touched with day.
[*The* Baron *looks toward* Gaspard *and* Eloise, *who hold each other's hands, exchanging smiles of reconciliation.*
Eloise (*with sudden anxiety, addressing the* Baron). Oh, master, will you pardon my rude act?
Baron. Agreed; but one condition I exact:
Gaspard and you must promise both to keep
My own sly masquerade a secret deep.
Gaspard and Eloise. We promise, master!
Baron. Well, so be it; and I
Perchance will well reward you by-and-by.
The Baroness in my hearing lately said
That Eloise was still too young to wed.

Gaspard. OH, THANKS! A THOUSAND THANKS, BENIGNANT LORD!

I'll bid you learn if Eloise will bear
Being juggled with by stratagems unfair.
I'll have you know—
(*Discovering that it is the* Baron, *and showing great consternation.*)
Ah, Heaven! what have I done?
Baron (*good-humoredly*). You've counted on your game before 'twas won.
[Henri *and* Lucienne *now peep forth cautiously from doors R. and L. They gaze for a moment in amazement at the* Baron, *and then advance toward him from either side of stage.*
Henri. Papa, as I'm alive! How strange it seems!
Lucienne. It's like the way things happen in one's dreams.
[Gaspard, *as if thunder-struck, now quits his hiding-place, taking off hat and throwing aside his pack.*
Gaspard (*to* Eloise). Ah, then, Eloise, those cruel words you spoke
Were all intended as a harmless joke?
Eloise (*agitatedly*). Oh yes, Gaspard. I thought 'twas you disguised.
I never felt so startled—so surprised!
Henri. 'Tis such a disappointment! I could cry!
But possibly persuasion may invent
Some private means of making her relent.
Gaspard (*delightedly*). Oh, thanks! a thousand thanks, benignant lord!
Henri (*to his father*). Shall Lucienne and myself gain no reward
For keeping silent, as your will decrees,
Like happy Gaspard and his Eloise?
Baron (*taking one of the children's hands in each of his own*). Ah, when you wake to-morrow, both shall find
Your stockings with sweet treasures richly lined.
Hie straight to bed, and ere the day return
Let each one here a valued lesson learn:
Gaspard and I shall grant, grown more discreet,
That danger paves the pathway to deceit;
While you, Henri, Lucienne, Eloise, shall own
That oft the unknown had best remain unknown;
Nor strive as now, on Christmas-eve, to delve
In goblin mysteries, while the clock strikes twelve.
[*All join hands and bow, as curtain falls.*

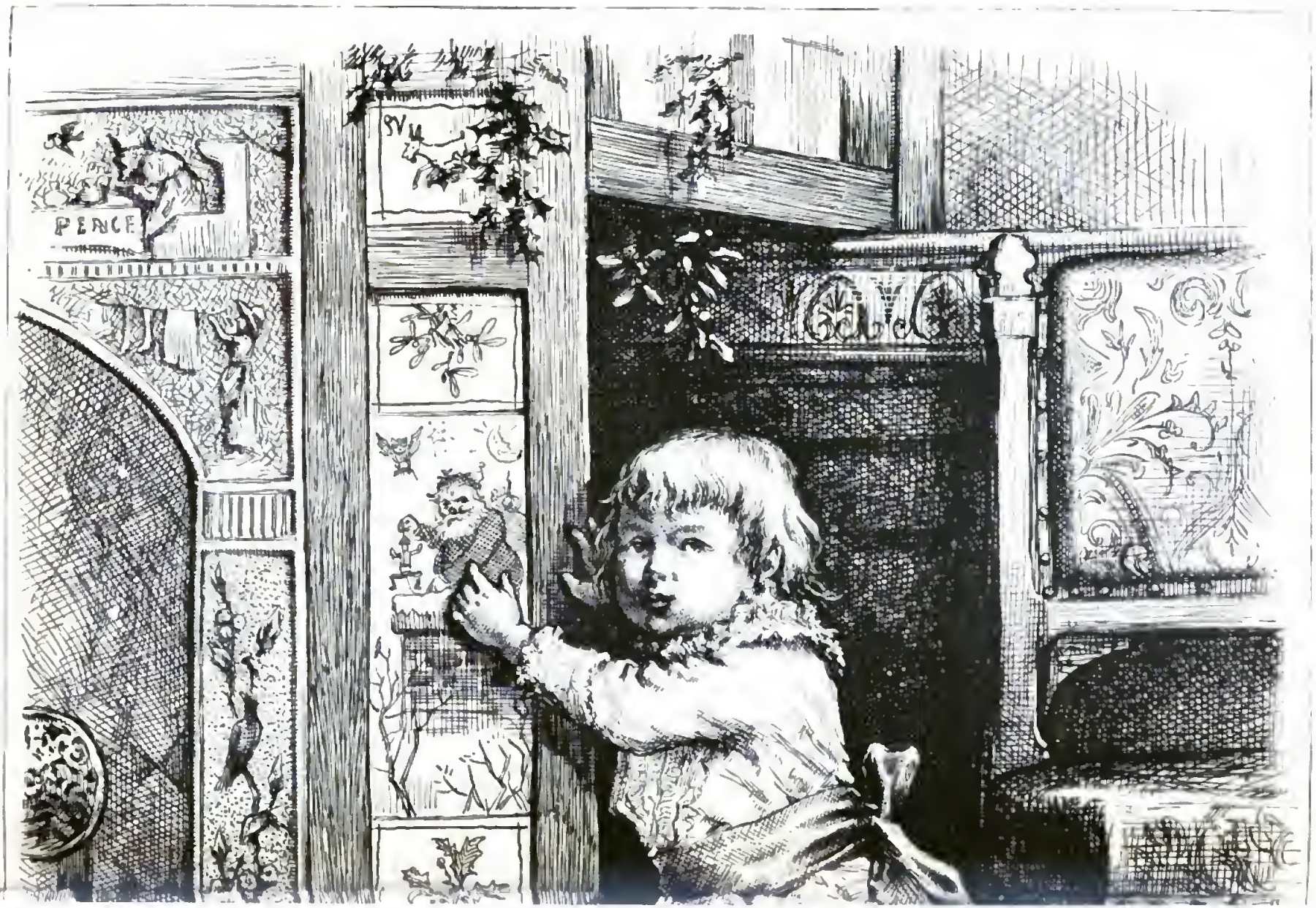
END OF PLAY.

Digitized by Google



NURSERY TILES—"THERE HE IS!"

Digitized by Google


PEACE

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

A Christmas Story.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

IT was a small room, with nothing in it but a bed, two chairs, and a big chest. A few little gowns hung on the wall, and the only picture was the wintry sky, sparkling with stars, framed by the uncurtained window. But the moon, pausing to peep, saw something pretty and heard something pleasant. Two heads in little round night-caps lay on one pillow, two pairs of wide-awake blue eyes stared up at the light, and two tongues were going like mill clappers.

"I'm so glad we got our shirts done in time! It seemed as if we never should, and I don't think six cents is half enough for a great red flannel thing with three buttonholes—do you?" said one little voice, rather wearily.

"No; but then we each made four, and fifty cents is a good deal of money. Are you sorry we didn't keep our quarters for ourselves?" asked the other voice, with an under-tone of regret in it.

"Yes, I am, till I think how pleased the children will be with our tree, for they don't expect anything, and will be so surprised. I wish we had more toys to put on it, for it looks so small and mean with only three or four things."

"It won't hold any more, so I wouldn't worry about it. The toys are very red and yellow, and I guess the babies won't know how cheap they are, but like them as much as if they cost heaps of money."

This was a cheery voice, and as it spoke the four blue eyes turned toward the chest under the window, and the kind moon did her best to light up the tiny tree standing there. A very pitiful little tree it was—only a branch of hemlock in an old flower-pot, propped up with bits of coal, and hung with a few penny toys earned by the patient fingers of the elder sisters, that the little ones should not be disappointed.

But in spite of the magical moonlight the broken branch, with its scanty supply of fruit, looked pathetically poor, and one pair of eyes filled slowly with tears, while the other pair lost their happy look, as if a cloud had come over the sunshine.

"Are you crying, Dolly?"

"Not much, Polly."

"What makes you, dear?"

"I didn't know how poor we were till I saw the tree, and then I couldn't help it," sobbed the elder sister, for at twelve she already knew something of the cares of poverty, and missed the happiness that seemed to vanish out of all their lives when father died.

"It's dreadful. I never thought we'd have to earn our tree, and only be able to get a broken branch, after all, with nothing on it but three sticks of candy, two squeaking dogs, a red cow, and an ugly bird with one feather in its tail;" and overcome by a sudden sense of destitution, Polly sobbed even more despairingly than Dolly.

"Hush, dear; we must cry softly, or mother will hear, and come up, and then we shall have to tell. You know we said we wouldn't seem to mind not having any Christmas, she felt so sorry about it."

"I must cry, but I'll be quiet."

So the two heads went under the pillow for a few minutes, and not a sound betrayed them as the little sisters cried softly in one another's arms, lest mother should discover that they were no longer careless children, but brave young creatures trying to bear their share of the burden cheerfully.

When the shower was over, the faces came out shining like roses after rain, and the voices went on again as before.

"Don't you wish there really was a Santa Claus, who knew what we wanted, and would come and put two silver half-dollars in our stockings, so we could go and see *Puss in Boots* at the Museum to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed; but we didn't hang up any stockings, you know, because mother had nothing to put in them. It does seem as if rich people might think of poor people now and then. Such little bits of things would make us happy, and it couldn't be much trouble to take two small girls to the play, and give them candy now and then."

"*I* shall when I'm rich, like Mr. Chrome and Miss Kent. I shall go round every Christmas with a big basket of goodies, and give *all* the poor children some."

"P'r'aps if we sew ever so many flannel shirts we may be rich by-and-by. I should give mother a new bonnet first of all, for I heard Miss Kent say no lady would wear such a shabby one. Mrs. Smith said fine bonnets didn't make real ladies. I like her best, but I do want a locket like Miss Kent's."

"I should give mother some new rubbers, and then I should buy a white apron, with frills like Miss Kent's, and bring home nice bunches of grapes and good things to eat, as Mr. Chrome does. I often smell them, but he never gives *me* any; he only says, 'Hullo, chick!' and I'd rather have oranges any time."

"It will take us a long while to get rich, I'm afraid. It makes me tired to think of it. I guess we'd better go to sleep now, dear."

"Good-night, Dolly."

"Good-night, Polly."

Two soft kisses were heard, a nestling sound followed, and presently the little sisters lay fast asleep, cheek against cheek, on the pillow wet with their tears, never dreaming what was going to happen to them to-morrow.

Now Miss Kent's room was next to theirs, and as she sat sewing she could hear the children's talk, for they soon forgot to whisper. At first she smiled, then she looked sober, and when the prattle ceased she said to herself, as she glanced about her pleasant chamber:

"Poor little things! they think I'm rich, and envy me, when I'm only a milliner earning my living. I ought to have taken more notice of them, for their mother has a hard time, I fancy, but never complains. I'm sorry they heard what I said, and if I knew how to do it without offending her, I'd trim a nice bonnet for a Christmas gift, for she *is* a lady, in spite of her old clothes. I can give the children some of the things they want anyhow, and I will. The idea of those mites making a fortune out of shirts at six cents apiece!"

Miss Kent laughed at the innocent delusion, but sympathized with her little neighbors, for she knew all about hard times. She had good wages now, but spent them on herself, and liked to be fine rather than neat. Still, she was a good-hearted girl, and what she had overheard set her to thinking soberly, then to acting kindly, as we shall see.

"If I hadn't spent all my money on my dress for the party to-morrow night, I'd give each of them a half-dollar. As I can not, I'll hunt up the other things they wanted, for it's a shame they shouldn't have a bit of Christmas, when they tried so hard to please the little ones."

As she spoke she stirred about her room, and soon had a white apron, an old carnelian heart on a fresh blue ribbon, and two papers of bonbons ready. As no stockings were hung up, she laid a clean towel on the floor before the door, and spread forth the small gifts to look their best.

Miss Kent was so busy that she did not hear a step come quietly up stairs, and Mr. Chrome, the artist, peeped at her through the balusters, wondering what she was about.

Digitized by Google

He soon saw, and watched her with pleasure, thinking that she never looked prettier than now.

Presently she caught him at it, and hastened to explain, telling what she had heard, and how she was trying to atone for her past neglect of these young neighbors. Then she said good-night, and both went into their rooms, she to sleep happily, and he to smoke as usual.

But his eye kept turning to some of the "nice little bundles" that lay on his table, as if the story he had heard suggested how he might follow Miss Kent's example. I rather think he would not have disturbed himself if he had not heard the story told in such a soft voice, with a pair of bright eyes full of pity looking into his, for little girls were not particularly interesting to him, and he was usually too tired to notice the industrious creatures toiling up and down stairs on various errands, or sewing at the long red seams.

Now that he knew something of their small troubles, he felt as if it would please Miss Kent, and be a good joke, to do his share of the pretty work she had begun.

So presently he jumped up, and, opening his parcels, took out two oranges and two bunches of grapes, then he looked up two silver half-dollars, and stealing into the hall, laid the fruit upon the towel, and the money atop of the oranges. This addition improved the display very much, and Mr. Chrome was stealing back, well pleased, when his eye fell on Miss Kent's door, and he said to himself, "She too shall have a little surprise, for she is a dear, kind-hearted soul."

In his room was a prettily painted plate, and this he filled with green and purple grapes, tucked a sentimental note underneath, and leaving it on her threshold, crept away as stealthily as a burglar.

The house was very quiet when Mrs. Smith, the landlady, came up to turn off the gas. "Well, upon my word, here's fine doings, to be sure!" she said, when she saw the state of the upper hall. "Now I wouldn't have thought it of Miss Kent, she is such a giddy girl, nor of Mr. Chrome, he is so busy with his own affairs. I meant to give those children each a cake to-morrow, they are such good little things. I'll run down and get them now, as my contribution to this fine set out."

Away trotted Mrs. Smith to her pantry, and picked out a couple of tempting cakes, shaped like hearts and full of plums. There was a goodly array of pies on the shelves, and she took two of them, saying, as she climbed the stairs again, "They remembered the children, so I'll remember them, and have my share of the fun."

So up went the pies, for Mrs. Smith had not much to give, and her spirit was generous, though her pastry was not of the best. It looked very droll to see pies sitting about on the thresholds of closed doors, but the cakes were quite elegant, and filled up the corners of the towel handsomely, for the apron lay in the middle, with the oranges right and left, like two sentinels in yellow uniforms.

It was very late when the flicker of a candle came up stairs, and a pale lady, with a sweet sad face, appeared, bringing a pair of red and a pair of blue mittens for her Dolly and Polly. Poor Mrs. Blake did have a hard time, for she stood all day in a great store that she might earn bread for the poor children who staid at home and took care of one another. Her heart was very heavy that night, because it was the first Christmas she had ever known without gifts and festivity of some sort. But Petkin, the youngest child, had been ill, times were very hard, the little mouths gaped for food like the bills of hungry birds, and there was no tender mate to help fill them.

If any elves had been hovering about the dingy hall just then, they would have seen the mother's tired face brighten beautifully when she discovered the gifts, and found that her little girls had been so kindly remembered. Something more brilliant than the mock diamonds in Miss Kent's best ear-rings fell and glittered on the dusty floor as Mrs. Blake added the mittens to the other things, and went to her lonely room again, smiling as she thought how she could thank them all in a sweet and simple way.

Her windows were full of flowers, for the delicate tastes of the poor lady found great comfort in their beauty. "I have nothing else to give, and these will show how grateful I am," she said, as she rejoiced that the scarlet geraniums were so full of gay clusters, the white chrysanthemum stars were all out, and the pink roses at their loveliest.

They slept now, dreaming of a sunny morrow as they sat safely sheltered from the bitter cold. But that night was their last, for a gentle hand cut them all, and soon three pretty nosegays stood in a glass, waiting for dawn, to be laid at three doors, with a few grateful words which would surprise and delight the receivers, for flowers were rare in those hard-working lives, and kind deeds often come back to the givers in fairer shapes than they go.

Now one would think that there had been gifts enough, and no more could possibly arrive, since all had added his or her mite except Betsey, the maid, who was off on a holiday, and the babies fast asleep in their trundle-bed, with nothing to give but love and kisses. Nobody dreamed that the old cat would take it into her head that her kittens were in danger, because Mrs. Smith had said she thought they were nearly old enough to be given away. But she must have understood, for when all was dark and still the anxious mother went patting up stairs to the children's door, meaning to hide her babies under their bed, sure they would save them from destruction. Mrs. Blake had shut the door, however, so poor Puss was disappointed; but finding a soft, clean spot among a variety of curious articles, she laid her kits there, and kept them warm all night, with her head pillowed on the blue mittens.

In the cold morning Dolly and Polly got up and scrambled into their clothes, not with joyful haste to see what their stockings held, for they had none, but because they had the little ones to dress while mother got the breakfast.

Dolly opened the door, and started back with a cry of astonishment at the lovely spectacle before her. The other people had taken in their gifts, so nothing destroyed the magnificent effect of the treasures so curiously collected in the night. Puss had left her kits asleep, and gone down to get her own breakfast, and there, in the middle of the ruffled apron, as if in a dainty cradle, lay the two Maltese darlings, with white bibs and boots on, and white tips to the tiny tails curled round their little noses in the sweetest way.

Polly and Dolly could only clasp their hands and look in rapturous silence for a minute; then they went down on their knees and revelled in the unexpected richness before them.

"I do believe there *is* a Santa Claus, and that he heard us, for here is everything we wanted," said Dolly, holding the carnelian heart in one hand and the plummy one in the other.

"It must have been some kind of a fairy, for we didn't mention kittens, but we wanted one, and here are two darlings," cried Polly, almost purring with delight as the downy bunches unrolled and gaped till their bits of pink tongues were visible.

"Mrs. Smith was one fairy, I guess, and Miss Kent was another, for that is her apron. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Chrome gave us the oranges and the money: men always have lots, and his name is on this bit of paper," said Dolly.

"Oh, I'm *so* glad! Now we shall have a Christmas like other people, and I'll never say again that rich folks don't remember poor folks. Come and show all our treasures to mother and the babies; they must have some," answered Polly, feeling that the world was all right, and life not half as hard as she thought it last night.

Shrieks of delight greeted the sisters, and all that morning there was joy and feasting in Mrs. Blake's room, and

Digitized by Google

in the afternoon Dolly and Polly went to the Museum, and actually saw *Puss in Boots;* for their mother insisted on their going, having discovered how the hard-earned quarters had been spent. This was such unhoped-for bliss that they could hardly believe it, and kept smiling at one another so brightly that people wondered who the happy little girls in shabby cloaks could be who clapped their new mittens so heartily, and laughed till it was better than music to hear them.

This was a very remarkable Christmas-day, and they long remembered it; for while they were absorbed in the fortunes of the Marquis of Carabas and the funny cat, who tucked his tail in his belt, washed his face so awkwardly, and didn't know how to purr, strange things were happening at home, and more surprises were in store for our little friends. You see, when people once begin to do kindnesses, it is so easy and pleasant they find it hard to leave off; and sometimes it beautifies them so that they find they love one another very much—as Mr. Chrome and Miss Kent did, though we have nothing to do with that except to tell how they made the poor little tree grow and blossom.

They were very jolly at dinner, and talked a good deal about the Blakes, who ate in their own rooms. Miss Kent told what the children said, and it touched the soft spot in all their hearts to hear about the red shirts, though they laughed at Polly's lament over the bird with only one feather in its tail.

"I'd give them a better tree if I had any place to put it, and knew how to trim it up," said Mr. Chrome, with a sudden burst of generosity, which so pleased Miss Kent that her eyes shone like Christmas candles, and she said,

"Put it in the back parlor. All the Browns are away for a week, and we'll help you trim it—won't we, my dear?" cried Mrs. Smith, warmly: for she saw that he was in a sociable mood, and thought it a pity that the Blakes should not profit by it.

"Yes, indeed; I should like it of all things, and it needn't cost much, for I have some skill in trimmings, as you know." And Miss Kent looked so gay and pretty as she spoke that Mr. Chrome made up his mind that millinery must be a delightful occupation.

"Come on then, ladies, and we'll have a little frolic. I'm a lonely old bachelor, with nowhere to go to-day, and I'd like some fun."

They had it, I assure you; for they all fell to work as busy as bees, flying and buzzing about with much laughter as they worked their pleasant miracle. Mr. Chrome acted more like the father of a large family than a crusty bachelor, Miss Kent's skillful fingers flew as they never did before, and Mrs. Smith trotted up and down as briskly as if she were sixteen instead of being a stout old woman of sixty.

The children were so full of the play, and telling all about it, that they forgot their tree till after supper; but

Digitized by Google

immensely pleased to see that of all her gifts Petkin chose the forlorn bird to carry to bed with her, the one yellow feather being just to her taste.

Mrs. Blake put on her neat bonnet, and was so gratified that Miss Kent thought it the most successful one she ever trimmed.

She was well paid for it by the thanks of one neighbor and the admiration of another; for when she went to her party Mr. Chrome went with her, and said something on the way which made her heart dance more lightly than her feet that night.

Good Mrs. Smith felt that her house had covered itself with glory by this event, and Dolly and Polly declared that it was the most perfect and delightful surprise party ever seen.

It was all over by nine o'clock, and with good-night kisses for every one the little girls climbed up to bed laden with treasures and too happy for many words. But as they tied their round caps Dolly said, thoughtfully,

"On the whole I think it's rather nice to be poor when people are kind to you."

"Well, I'd *rather* be rich; but if I can't be, it is very good fun to have Christmas trees like this one," answered truthful Polly, never guessing that they had planted

when they went to look for it they found it gone, and in its place a great paper hand with one finger pointing down stairs, and on it these mysterious words in red ink,

"Look in the Browns' back parlor!"

At the door of that interesting apartment they found their mother with Will and Petkin, for another hand had suddenly appeared to them pointing up. The door flew open quite as if it was a fairy play, and they went in to find a pretty tree planted in a red box on the centre table, lighted with candles, hung with gilded nuts, red apples, gay bonbons, and a gift for each.

Mr. Chrome was hidden behind one folding-door, and fat Mrs. Smith squeezed behind the other, and they both thought it a great improvement upon the old-fashioned Santa Claus to have Miss Kent, in the white dress she made for the party, with Mrs. Blake's roses in her hair, step forward as the children gazed in silent rapture, and with a few sweet words welcome them to the little surprise their friends had made.

There were many Christmas trees in the city that night, but none which gave such hearty pleasure as the one which so magically took the place of the broken branch and its few poor toys. They were all there, however, and Dolly and Polly were

Digitized by Google

the seed from which the little pine-tree grew so quickly and beautifully.

When the moon came to look in at the window on her nightly round two smiling faces lay on the pillow, which was no longer wet with tears, but rather knobby with the mine of riches hidden underneath—first-fruits of the neighborly friendship which flourished in that house until another and a merrier Christmas came.

THEN COMES SANTA CLAUS.

O CHILDREN, little children,
  You must be good, because
A few short days bring Christmas-eve,
  And then comes Santa Claus.
And somebody will tell him
  All that you've said and done
For many a week, and if he's pleased,
  Heigh-ho! look out for fun.
So, children, little children,
  Be lovely, dears, because
A few short days bring Christmas-eve,
  And then comes Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.

BY LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.

BETHLEHEM, the birth-place of our Saviour, is situated about five miles from Jerusalem. It is customary for a great number of the residents of the Holy City, as well as the visitors, to spend Christmas-eve at Bethlehem, as the Roman Catholic Church celebrates it there with great pomp and ceremony. Most of those who belong to that Church go there as worshippers, while many others go simply as spectators of the ceremonies.

Those who intend to walk, as some prefer doing, set out in the morning or early part of the afternoon of the 24th of December, while such as ride never go before the afternoon, and keep on going till midnight. As there are neither coaches nor horse-cars running between these two places, people have to get there on donkeys, mules, camels, or horses, which animals are found in a large square situated in front of the Tower of David, near the Jaffa Gate, through which people usually go to Bethlehem. The muleteers and donkey-boys generally get a pretty accurate idea of the number to be accommodated by asking every one they meet if he intends going. They accordingly arrange their prices. It is best to secure one's steed betimes, lest one may be left to put up with a lame donkey or one-eyed horse. The animals that convey people in the early part of the afternoon have time to return and take another party.

The principal personage who sets out from Jerusalem is the Roman Catholic Patriarch, with his priests and monks, accompanied by the French Consul and suite in full-dress uniforms. This important procession leaves Jerusalem about one o'clock. First comes a cavalcade of mounted police, in uniforms of green braided with red, sent by the Turkish authorities; next come the "Kâwasèe, *i. e.*, police allowed by the local government to every Consul and Patriarch as body-guards, usually dressed in the national colors of the Consulate to which they belong. Each carries a long, thick, silver-headed mace, the bottom of which, on such occasions, rests on their stirrups; then follows the Patriarch, gorgeously attired in his purple cloak and Cardinal's hat; alongside of him are the Bishops and Consul, followed by a long train of secretaries, interpreters attached to the Consulate, and monks and priests; lastly comes a long line of those who are ready to go at that hour, most of them mounted on horses, but some on donkeys, mules, and even camels. Everybody is in good spirits, laughing, chatting, and cracking jokes good-naturedly.

When this variegated procession nears Rachel's Tomb, which is situated on the Bethlehem road, it is met by hundreds of Bethlehemites of both sexes, all in holiday attire, who salute it with firing of guns and pistols, and with songs of welcome; then turning round, they head the procession, singing, drumming, firing, and clapping their hands. In this way they enter Bethlehem, and as they pass through the narrow streets they are greeted with acclamations of joy by all, and with songs of welcome from the windows by the women and children.

Three monasteries and the great complex Church of the Nativity are all under one roof, which covers the stable-cave where Christ was cradled. They all form a great fortress-like edifice, in front of which is a large open square, in which the Turkish soldiers in Zouave uniforms are now ranged on each side of the road through which the procession is going to pass. A procession of priests and monks from the monastery, wearing magnificent robes, and preceded by a large number of chanting choristers gayly attired in red and white garments, meets the Patriarch and company with songs of praise. All dismount, and enter through the low iron door into this fine large building, which was built in the eleventh century, and are met by the hospitable friars, who show the way to the dining saloon, where the long tables are set with tempting refreshments. After the travellers have refreshed themselves, their respective rooms are shown them.

The Church of the Nativity is a splendid high structure, and was first built by the Empress Helena in the fourth century. In the fifth century it was devastated; but it was restored by the Emperor Justinian in the year 630.

There are services going on all the evening, but the grand service begins about midnight. The church is brilliantly lit with thousands of wax tapers, and is so crowded that there is scarcely standing room, and almost every worshipper carries a lighted wax taper. During the service, which is conducted by the Patriarch, some monks appear, dressed in sheep-skins, representing the shepherds. Suddenly a song of glorious melody bursts out from the assembled crowd of priests—that grand and majestic strain the "Gloria."

The service continues till three o'clock in the morning, when it is ended by a procession, singing, headed by the Patriarch carrying a waxen image representing the Saviour in a golden crib, which is taken down into the grotto, *i.e.*, the place or manger where it is supposed that Christ was born. This grotto is under the church, to which there are two descents; the one from the north side has a descent of sixteen steps, and the southern one has thirteen steps. Here there is a small low arch, over which can be seen, though somewhat defaced by time, a representation in mosaic of the birth of our Saviour, with which it was decorated by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. Around this arch, hanging almost to the ground, are fifteen gold lamps, which are kept burning night and day; four of them belong to the Roman Catholics, five to the Armenians, and six to the Greeks. A large marble slab covers the floor of the arched recess, in the middle of which is a round space displaying a stone of bluish color, which is said to be a jasper; this is surrounded by a large silver star, having this inscription on its broad border: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." At a distance of about ten feet southeast from this arch a descent of three steps brings you into the Oratory of the Manger, which is about eight feet long by seven broad; here you see a manger hewn in the rock. At the east end of this oratory there is an altar dedicated to the Wise Men, for it is supposed to be the spot where they worshipped Jesus and offered Him their gifts. The roof and walls of the grotto are gracefully draped with crimson figured satin; the curtains are left open here and

Digitized by Google

there, giving the spectator an opportunity to see the natural rock. Suspended from the ceiling are beautiful gold and silver lamps, which are always kept burning.

When the Patriarch descends into this grotto another ceremony is performed—laying the image into the manger and wrapping it in swaddling-clothes; then another beautiful strain of praise is sung, and the bells chime the glad tidings that a Saviour is born. The monks and priests here turn and embrace each other, saying, "Peace! peace!" the assembled crowd do the same, and saying to each other, in the beautiful expression so natural to the Orientals, "Is S-alaam kul siné ou nahna s-almean," *i. e.*, "Peace! peace!—may we be long spared to celebrate this great rejoicing!"

SEEN IN A DREAM.

BY M. E.

INTO the dream-land, the wonderful dream-land,
Where the fairies that once lived in fairy-land throng.
And sugar-plum trees bloom both summer and winter,
And the sleep-time is short and the play-time is long,
Journeyed our darling, and there she beheld him
Who never was seen by the light of the sun—
Old Santa Claus, brave in green wreaths and red berries,
His merry eyes sparkling with mischief and fun.

With a shout of fat laughter he showered around her
I really can't tell you how many nice things:
Books, dollies, and oranges, tea-sets and apples,
Nuts, balls, and gay ribbons, and pictures and rings;
Like rain it came pouring, that shower of treasures,
And the bright moonlight lent it full many a gleam.
Oh! never brought Christmas a Santa Claus jollier
Than the jolly old Santa Claus seen in a dream!

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE Serial Stories omitted from this Christmas Number of YOUNG PEOPLE will be resumed in No. 61.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year. Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order. Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

A Christmas Carol

BY HOWARD PYLE

1

God rest ye all good People,
That harken to our lay,
And hear the word,
That Christ our Lord,
Was born upon this day.

2

We lift our voices gladly,
And gladly we do sing,
Of that same night,
That showed to light,
The promise He did bring.

3

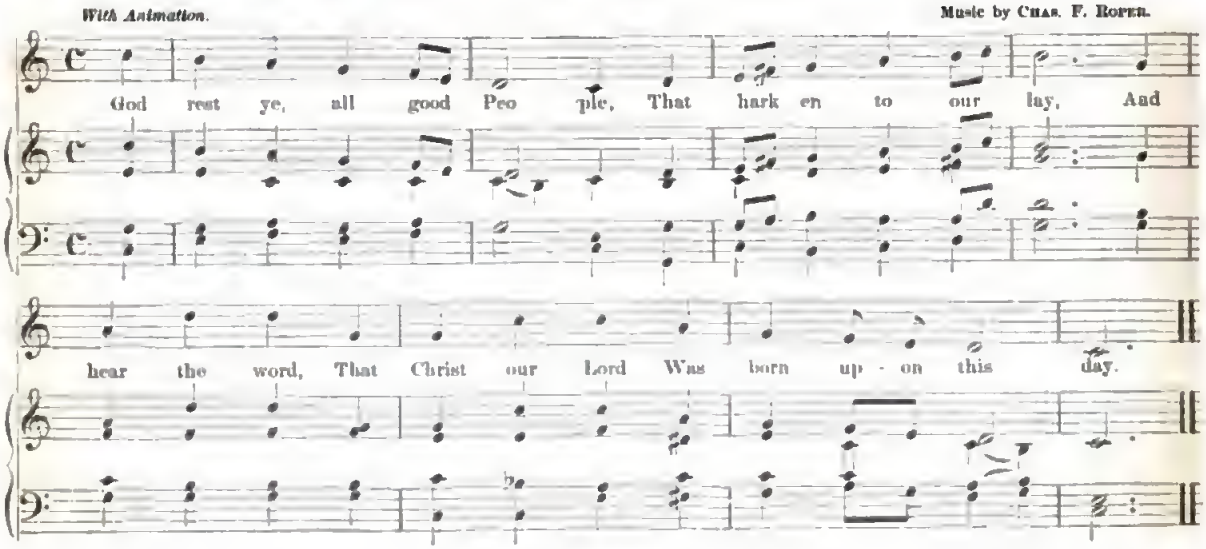
When Angels sang to Shepherds,
That kept their flocks that day,
And bade them seek,
Where mild and meek,
The infant Jesus lay.

4

So when our life grows older,
And brings its winter's night,
May Angels sing,
And to us bring
Our Lord His truth and light.

With Animation.

Music by CHAS. F. ROPER.



Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 61. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, December 28, 1880. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.00 per Year, in Advance.

THE FIRST NEW-YEAR'S CALL.—See next Page.

Digitized by Google

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ON the first page of this New-Year's number of Harper's Young People is a picture of the first New-Year's call of the season, which is one made at the door of every house in the land just as the clock strikes twelve on New-Year's Eve.

The little fur-clad figure knocking for admittance is that of New Year himself, Master Eighteen Eighty-One, laden with promises and good wishes that will, we hope, insure him a warm welcome from the sleepy watchers within the cozy room to which he seeks to enter. Even Miss Dolly, whom the children have left on the cricket in the corner to watch the old year out and the new one in, and who does not look at all sleepy, will welcome the little stranger in her own way, and he will quickly be made to feel at home.

Now watch for him, dear children; he will surely come to every door, and when he arrives, welcome him warmly, and make up your minds to do everything in your power to make him the very happiest New Year that ever was.

"PRINCE CHARLIE."

BY KATHERINE KAMERON

CHRISTMAS was over. The twins, Allan and Jessie, had romped and played away the whole delightful day, in doors and out.

Wonderful to tell, they had wearied of all the pretty new toys, and found an end to play. After tea they sat quietly in the fire-glow, talking with mamma about the beautiful new picture that was her gift to them. It was a charming group of gayly dressed children—little Princes and a Princess, the children of the unhappy King Charles I. of England. The tallest was a handsome boy, in a suit of scarlet velvet, with a broad collar of rich old lace. He held by the hand a tiny tot, in a frilled cap and a dress of blue silk, who timidly clung to the protecting arm of his big brother. The third was a quaint little damsel in a robe of creamy satin, standing with her dainty hands demurely folded before her. Her long stately dress touched the floor with its border of Vandyck points, and her small head was curiously dressed in a bygone courtly fashion. About her pretty throat was a necklace of costly pearls, and she looked the perfect model of a tiny old-time lady of high degree. A pair of graceful spaniels crouched at the feet of the children, and behind them was a curtain of some rich foreign stuff. The fire-light flashed on the sweet young faces and shining auburn hair, touching the waves and curls, while the shadows danced and flickered until it seemed to Allan that the bright eyes smiled back to him as he looked up. It was like a pleasant dream, and Allan's blue eyes grew slowly dim and dimmer. Jessie's eyelids had been drooping from the time mamma began to tell about the royal children, and directly the twins were fast asleep. Papa came in, and mamma laughed with him at the effect of her story, and then the little sleepers were playfully shaken until they were wide awake enough to walk up stairs.

There was a sleepy good-night kiss all around, a double "Now I lay me," and two heads nestled down on two soft pillows, and the long delightful Christmas-day was quite gone.

In almost no time Allan felt a hand on his shoulder, and a voice said, softly, "Allan, Allan, wake up, my man, and come and show me about the things."

Allan turned over, rubbed his dazed eyes, and then jumped straight up in bed, winking and blinking in wonder at what he saw. Standing beside his bed was a handsome lad, about his own size, in a scarlet velvet suit. The stranger was laughing merrily at his surprise, as he spoke again: "My good fellow, don't sit staring at me, but put on your doublet and the rest, and come on. We have not long to stay." At this, Allan glanced through the open door of Jessie's room, and there by her bed he saw in the moonlight the dainty little dame in the trailing satin. She was whispering to Jessie. In an instant the visitors vanished hand in hand through the doorway, and the children heard their soft footfalls on the stairway. "Prince Charlie! Princess Mary!" was all they said, but they fairly danced into their clothes, and then ran quickly down to the library; and when the door opened, what a strange sight met their astonished eyes! There was a famous fire in the grate, and by the bright blaze they saw Prince Charlie mounted on the new velocipede, tugging at the bridle, and cracking his whip until it snapped again, but the queer steed moved not a pace. The little Princess sat holding Nannette—Jessie's French doll—speechless with delight. She turned the pretty head from side to side, she moved the arms and feet, she examined the tiny kid boots with their high heels. Then she admired the long gloves with no end of buttons, and the scrap of a bonnet, made of shreds of flower and feather in a wonderful way, and perched on a high tower of fluffy flossy hair.

"Do you like it, Princess Mary?" asked Jessie, most respectfully.

"Oh, it is bonny," was the answer; "so much prettier than any I ever saw. Is your father a great King, and does he have such wonderful dolls made for you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear me, no, Princess," said Jessie, hastily, and wanting very much to laugh. "My father is a great doctor, though. We have no Kings in our country."

"No Kings!" echoed the little lady, incredulously. "Who reigns, then? But do not say Princess every time; call me Mary. We must go back so soon, and I have a hundred questions to ask about so many strange things. We are very tired of looking at them from up there," glancing at the picture.

"Indeed, we have longed to get down close by you ever since we came," exclaimed the Prince. "I am sure you saw us smile at you last evening," he added.

"So I was right," cried Allan, joyfully. "I thought so;" and looking up to the picture, he saw the pretty spaniels quite alone against the rich drapery. They were huddled together in a lonely way, a silky heap of noses and paws. At Prince Charlie's voice one of them threw up his head for a dismal howl, but at a sign from his young master he patiently curled down to wait.

The Princess missed Jamie, and turned to look for him. There, in a corner on the floor, sat the baby Duke, in his sky-blue silk, dancing Jessie's droll Japanese "Ning-Ping" until the limp arms and legs fairly flew. He stopped a moment to look into the narrow sleepy eyes, and to touch the long braid that hung down behind, and the stiff little fringe, like a brush, on top of the queer head, and then again the legs and arms rattled a tune, while Jamie's round, solemn eyes seemed not even to wink, so intent and wondering was his look. In the mean time his stately sister held Nannette close in her arms, as she moved about, looking, listening, and questioning.

Just then Jamie called, softly, "Charlie! Charlie! Mary! come and see."

The little fellow had found a box of jointed wooden animals and people. He was twisting the legs and arms and paws and wings into all manner of shapes, and then standing up the funny wry shapes, and laughing in high glee.

Allan noticed how quietly they all spoke and moved. Even when they laughed heartily, or called out, they did not make any loud noise. He wondered if it was being pictures so long had made them so still.

Presently Jessie took her lacquered box, full of small treasures, from the table to the sofa, where the two girls cozily seated themselves. All of the simple, pretty things

Digitized by Google

seemed equally new and curious to the little stranger. Jessie tried to have the Princess Mary keep a few trifles which she seemed most to admire, but in vain; she only drew up her small quaint figure, and said, quietly, "A Princess may not accept gifts." Somehow, although she smiled graciously, this little speech troubled Jessie, who feared she had been rude, although she did not in the least know how.

Duke Jamie had in the mean time wearied of his wooden people, and went wandering about in his baby fashion, but never for a moment dropping Ning-Ping. Just then he spied his brother careering around on the velocipede, having learned from Allan how to manage it. Of course Jamie cried for a ride, and fortunately got it. While the Prince was whirling round, Allan had wound up his engine with the long train of passenger coaches, and sent it spinning across the floor in front of the fire. In a twinkling Prince Charlie jumped down to see the new wonder. The Princess at once lifted Jamie astride of the strange steed, and with one arm about him, walked in a motherly way by his side, pushing the curious vehicle.

"What is this long carriage?" asked young Royalty.

"Only a steam-engine and train of cars," was the reply.

"But where is the steam?" said the Prince.

"Oh, there is none here; this goes by wheels, like a clock; but the real cars that we travel on run by steam."

The long train began to creep slowly, and the wheels whirred and buzzed a little in running down. Allan handed the key to his guest, and Prince Charlie wound it up with a zest, and watched it awhile; then he turned to Allan with, "I say, how do they run by steam?"

"Why, the steam is made by the fire under the engine boiler, like a big tea-kettle," explained Allan, carefully, and feeling like a professor; "this turns the engine wheels somehow, and the cars being all fast to it, they go like lightning almost."

He soon bethought himself of his little engine, and in a few minutes it was steaming up, with the piston-rod pumping and the wheels whizzing, and the Prince quite lost in wonder. It was a very novel and pleasant sensation to know so much more than a royal Prince, and Allan enjoyed it hugely. Looking about him for new marvels, he chanced on his printing-press. The fire-light was dying out, and it was too dark for type-setting, so he quickly struck a match and lighted the gas jet. When he turned, his guests stood stupefied and open-mouthed with most unroyal amazement.

The Prince gasped out "Sister, did you see him set fire to a hole? Surely he did it, and with a dry splinter."

The Princess turned quite pale. "Are the walls full of fire?" she asked, anxiously, hugging baby Jamie closely.

This was, indeed, like magic to the royal pair, and, truth to tell, the young magician was nearly as much at a loss to explain the phenomenon.

"It is gas, only gas," said Allan.

"And what in the name of all the saints is this gas?" returned the Prince.

"Oh, something that is made from coal, and runs in tubes in the wall, and burns in the air like oil," said Allan. "It is not loose; it can not get out of the tubes. It is quite safe," he assured the frightened Princess, "and the dry splinter has something on the tip—phosphorus, I think—that fires when it is scraped." Thus re-assured, the royal pair amused themselves for some time drawing matches, quite like common children. After this Allan introduced his treadle press, and soon the boys were deep in the mysteries of type-setting, inking, and taking impressions. The Prince wondered greatly at a printing-press for a boy's pastime, and still more to see it revolve so rapidly.

"I once went," he said, "to see them print our London weekly. They had no treadle, for the press was worked by hand; but then they had famous printers there, and plenty of them, you see, and could send out a thousand papers in a day," and he looked to Allan for admiration.

"That was doing very well," was the calm response; "but with a treadle I could work off about twice as many myself. In our country we use steam to drive every sort of machine, and to-day our Yankee presses just buzz round, and throw about eight thousand or ten thousand newspapers an hour, all cut and folded."

"Don't! don't!" cried Prince Charlie; "that is a little faster than I can think. I am sure there can't be people enough to read so many. I should lose my breath in your fast country. What, pray, is the use of driving things like lightning? Let us try those cards; and now go slow, my man, and let me see how you do it."

Very soon they had printed, in old English type, "Charles Stuart, 1640," and in a neat script, "Allan Wallace, 1880." The Prince decided he would rather have the treadle press than anything he had yet seen.

Meanwhile Jessie was doing her best to entertain the Princess Mary, who had watched all of these wonders in her quiet way, holding Jamie by the hand lest he should get into mischief. After the gas-lighting she was more careful of him than ever, fearing some harm might befall the baby brother in this new world of strange ways.

But shortly after this a sharp cry made them all start; Jamie had caught his busy, plump little hand in a wheel; he could not release it, and was screaming with fright. Princess Mary ran to his relief.

"What may this be?" she asked, when Jamie was soothed again. "Is it a spinning-wheel?"

"Indeed no," said Jessie; "I should be very glad to see one; but this is a sewing-machine."

"A what?" exclaimed her guest.

But Jessie, for answer, had opened the cover, and taking two strips of cloth from a drawer, began to stitch a seam at a flying speed. She was very proud of this accomplishment, having but just learned. "I can play better on this than on the piano," she remarked. The swift wheel whirled while she talked, and the long seam flew from under the needle, and in an instant was done. The trio stood in amazement, little Jamie being spell-bound by the flying wheel.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" cried Prince Charlie; "this is magic."

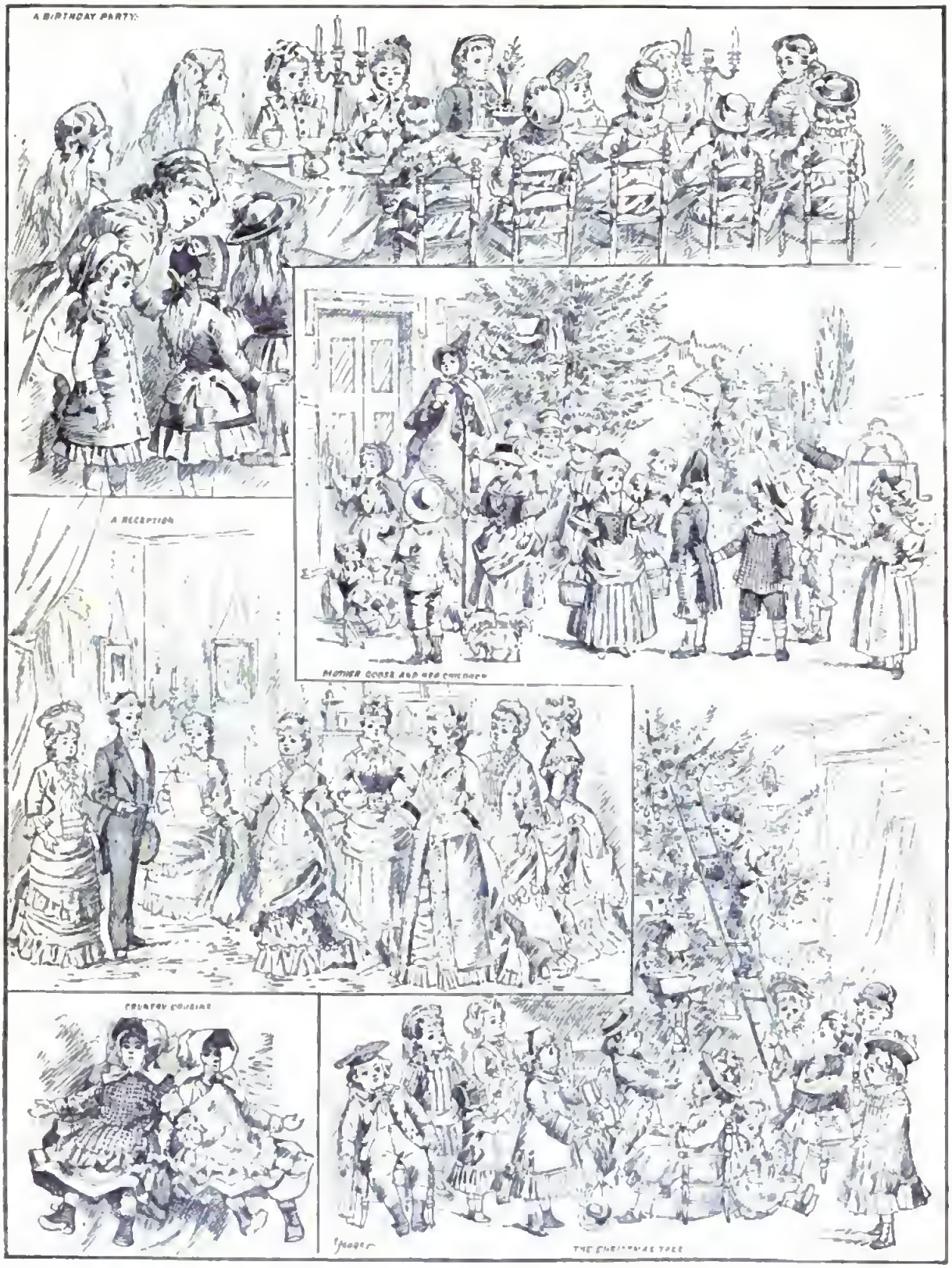
The Princess asked, eagerly, "May I try it?"

Jessie rose at once. The little lady daintily drew aside her satin robe, and put her small shoes on the treadle. With the help of Jessie the wheel was soon spinning briskly. The low hum and whir grew rapidly louder. "What!" cried the Prince, "a tune?" and, wondering, Allan heard the swift humming change to a lively measure. Louder and clearer it rose, till the leal old Scotch ballad, "Wha'll be King but Charlie?" rang out right gayly. The Prince seemed overjoyed, and directly began a merry whistle to the loud swift music of the wheel.

"What a stunning whistle!" commented Allan, admiringly. Higher and clearer it rose, nearer and shriller it came, until it sounded close into his very ear, piercing its sharp way like a steel point. He started, and sprang aside to escape it; then it suddenly stopped.

"Well, sir, is it possible you are awake at last?" said a cheery voice. "You go down to your work like one of the Seven Sleepers. Here I've been whistling 'Wha'll be King but Charlie?' right in your very ear, long enough to wake the Sleeping Beauty herself." It was his father who spoke. There he stood by Allan's bedside, laughing and tossing the covers off from the bewildered boy. "Listen, sleepy-head; your mother has been playing the same tune for ten minutes at least on the library piano. She says the new picture brought back the old tune. Come, sir, breakfast is waiting. Dress on the double-quick, you sluggard."

Digitized by Google



A DOLLS' RECEPTION.

A FEW days before Christmas there was given in New York a dolls' reception in aid of the Sea-side Sanitarium—the charity that takes poor children of the great city to the sea-side for a few days each summer.

This reception was given in a hall on Thirty-third Street, and consisted of a series of tableaux, in which all the characters were represented by the most lovely and exquisitely dressed French dolls. These tableaux were shown in dainty booths tastefully draped and decorated, so that the effect was extremely pretty, and the reception furnished a

Digitized by Google

novel and delightful entertainment to the children who attended it in throngs during the three days that it lasted.

At the "Birthday Party" the name of each doll-guest appeared on a dainty little dinner card laid beside each plate.

Mother Goose and her children were dressed in the costumes with which innumerable picture-books have made every child familiar.

The dolls had their Christmas tree as well as children; and, mounted on a ladder, Santa Claus (a doll's Santa Claus, you know) made believe distribute beautiful Christmas gifts.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT RIDE.

THE wagon on which Mr. Lord was to send his new-found employé was, by the most singular chance, the one containing the monkeys, and Toby accepted this as a good omen. He would be near his venerable friend all night, and there was some consolation in that. The driver instructed the boy to watch his movements, and when he saw him leading his horses around, "to look lively, and be on hand, for he never waited for any one."

Toby not only promised to do as ordered, but he followed the driver around so closely that, had he desired, he could not have rid himself of his little companion.

The scene which presented itself to Toby's view was strange and weird in the extreme. Shortly after he had attached himself to the man with whom he was to ride the performance was over, and the work of putting the show and its belongings into such a shape as could be conveyed from one town to another was soon in active operation. Toby forgot his grief, forgot that he was running away from the only home he had ever known—in fact, forgot everything concerning himself—so interested was he in that which was going on about him.

As soon as the audience had got out of the tent—and almost before—the work of taking down the canvas was begun.

Torches were stuck in the earth at regular intervals, the lights that had shone so brilliantly in and around the ring had been extinguished, the canvas sides had been taken off, and the boards that had formed the seats were being packed into one of the carts with a rattling sound that seemed as if a regular fusillade of musketry was being indulged in. Men were shouting; horses were being driven hither and thither, harnessed to the wagons, or drawing the huge carts away as soon as they had been loaded; and everything seemed in the greatest state of confusion, while really the work was being done in the most systematic manner possible.

Toby had not long to wait before the driver informed him that the time for starting had arrived, and assisted him to climb up to the narrow seat whereon he was to ride that night.

The scene was so exciting, and his efforts to stick to the narrow seat so great, that he really had no time to attend to the homesick feeling that had crept over him during the first part of the evening.

The long procession of carts and wagons drove slowly out of the town, and when the last familiar house had been passed the driver spoke to Toby for the first time since they started.

"Pretty hard work to keep on—eh, sonny?"

"Yes," replied the boy, as the team ran over a rock, bounced him high in the air, and he, by strenuous efforts, barely succeeded in alighting on the seat again, "it is pretty hard work; an' my name's Toby Tyler."

TOBY'S FIRST NIGHT RIDE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

Digitized by Google

Toby heard a queer sound that seemed to come from the man's throat, and for a few moments he feared that his companion was choking. But he soon understood that this was simply an attempt to laugh, and he at once decided that it was a very poor style of laughing.

"So you object to being called sonny, do you?"

"Well, I'd rather be called Toby, for, you see, that's my name."

"All right, my boy; we'll call you Toby. I suppose you thought it was a mighty fine thing to run away an' jine a circus, didn't you?"

Toby started in affright, looked around cautiously, and then tried to peer down through the small square aperture, guarded by iron rods, that opened into the cage just back of the seat they were sitting on. Then he turned slowly around to the driver, and asked, in a voice sunk to a whisper: "How did you know that I was runnin' away? Did he tell you?" and Toby motioned with his thumb as if he were pointing out some one behind him.

It was the driver's turn now to look around in search of the "he" referred to by Toby.

"Who do you mean?" asked the man, impatiently.

"Why, the old feller; the one in the cart there. I think he knew I was runnin' away, though he didn't say anything about it; but he looked just as if he did."

The driver looked at Toby in perfect amazement for a moment, and then, as if suddenly understanding the boy, he relapsed into one of those convulsive efforts that caused the blood to rush up into his face, and gave him every appearance of having a fit.

"You must mean one of the monkeys," said the driver, after he had recovered his breath, which had been almost shaken out of his body by the silent laughter. "So you thought a monkey had told me what any fool could have seen if he had watched you for five minutes?"

"Well," said Toby, slowly, as if he feared he might provoke one of those terrible laughing spells again, "I saw him to-night, an' he looked as if he knew what I was doin'; so I up an' told him, an' I didn't know but he'd told you, though he didn't look to me like a feller that would be mean."

There was another internal shaking on the part of the driver, which Toby did not fear as much, since he was getting accustomed to it, and then the man said, "Well, you are the queerest little cove I ever saw."

"I s'pose I am," was the reply, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh. "I don't seem to amount to so much as the other fellers do, an' I guess it's because I'm always hungry: you see, I eat awful, Uncle Dan'l says."

The only reply which the driver made to this plaintive confession was to put his hand down into the deepest recesses of one of his deep pockets, and to draw therefrom a huge doughnut, which he handed to his companion.

Toby was so much at his ease by this time that the appetite which had failed him at supper had now returned in full force, and he devoured the doughnut in a most ravenous manner.

"You're too small to eat so fast," said the man, in a warning tone, as the last morsel of the greasy sweetness disappeared, and he fished up another for the boy. "Some time you'll get hold of one of the India rubber doughnuts that they feed to circus people, an' choke yourself to death."

Toby shook his head, and devoured this second cake as quickly as he had the first, craning his neck, and uttering a funny little squeak as the last bit went down, just as a chicken does when he gets too large a mouthful of dough.

"I'll never choke," he said, confidently; "I'm used to it; and Uncle Dan'l says I could eat a pair of boots an' never wink at 'em; but I don't just believe that."

As the driver made no reply to this remark, Toby curled himself up on one corner of the seat, and watched with no little interest all that was passing on around him. Each one of the wagons had a lantern fastened to the hind axle, and these lights could be seen far ahead on the road, as if a party of fire-flies had started in single file on an excursion. The trees by the side of the road stood out weird and ghostly-looking in the darkness, and the rumble of the carts ahead and behind formed a musical accompaniment to the picture that sounded strangely doleful.

Mile after mile was passed over in perfect silence, save now and then when the driver would whistle a few bars of some very dismal tune that would fairly make Toby shiver with its mournfulness. Eighteen miles was the distance from Guilford to the town where the next performance of the circus was to be given, and as Toby thought of the ride before them, it seemed as if the time would be almost interminable. He curled himself up on one corner of the seat, and tried very hard to go to sleep; but just as his eyes began to grow heavy, the wagon would jolt over some rock or sink deep in some rut, till Toby, the breath very nearly shaken out of his body, and his neck almost dislocated, would sit bolt-upright, clinging to the seat with both hands, as if he expected each moment to be pitched out into the mud.

The driver watched him closely, and each time that he saw him shaken up and awakened so thoroughly he would indulge in one of his silent laughing spells, until Toby would wonder whether he would ever recover from it. Several times had Toby been awakened, and each time he had seen the amusement his sufferings caused, until he finally resolved to put an end to the sport by keeping awake.

"What is your name?" he asked of the driver, thinking a conversation would be the best way to rouse himself into wakefulness.

"Wa'al," said the driver, as he gathered the reins carefully in one hand, and seemed to be debating in his mind how he should answer the question, "I don't know as I know myself, it's been so long since I've heard it."

Toby was wide enough awake now, as this rather singular problem was forced upon his mind. He revolved the matter silently for some moments, and at last he asked, "What do folks call you when they want to speak to you?"

"They always call me old Ben, an' I've got so used to the name that I don't need any other."

Toby wanted very much to ask more questions, but he wisely concluded that it would not be agreeable to his companion.

"I'll ask the old man about it," said Toby to himself, referring to the aged monkey, whom he seemed to feel acquainted with; "he most likely knows, if he'll say anything." After this the conversation ceased, until Toby again ventured to suggest, "It's a pretty long drive, hain't it?"

"You want to wait till you've been in this business a year or two," said Ben, sagely, "an' then you won't think much of it. Why, I've known the show towns to be thirty miles apart, an' them was the times when we had lively work of it: riding all night and working all day kind of wears on a fellow."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Toby, with a sigh, as he wondered whether he had got to work as hard as that; "but I suppose you get all you want to eat, don't you?"

"Now you've struck it," said Ben, with the air of one about to impart a world of wisdom, as he crossed one leg over the other, that his position might be as comfortable as possible while he was initiating his young companion into the mysteries of the life. "I've had all the boys ride with me since I've been with this show, an' I've tried to start them right; but they didn't seem to profit by it, an' always got sick of the show, an' run away, just because they didn't look out for themselves as they ought

Digitized by Google

to. Now listen to me, Toby, an' remember what I say. You see, they put us all in a hotel together, an' some of these places where we go don't have any too much stuff on the table. Whenever we strike a new town, you find out at the hotel what time they have the grub ready, an' you be on hand so's to get in with the first. Eat all you can, an' fill your pockets."

"If that's all a feller has to do to travel with a circus," said Toby, "I'm just the one, 'cause I always used to do just that when I hadn't any idea of bein' a circus man."

"Then you'll get along all right," said Ben, as he checked the speed of his horses, and, looking carefully ahead, said, as he guided his team to one side of the road, "This is as far as we're going to-night."

Toby learned that they were within a couple of miles of the town, and that the entire procession would remain by the road-side until time to make the grand entrée into the village, when every wagon, horse, and man would be decked out in the most gorgeous array, as they had been when they entered Guilford.

Under Ben's direction he wrapped himself in an old horse-blanket, lay down on the top of the wagon, and he was so tired from the excitement of the day and night that he had hardly stretched out at full length before he was fast asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Ring, bells, ring! for the King is here;
Ring, bells, ring! for the glad New Year.
He mounts his throne with a smiling face,
His sceptre lifts with majestic grace.
Ring for the joy his advent brings;
Ring for the happy songs he sings;
Ring for the promises sweet and true
With which we gladden our hearts anew.

The new-born Year is a happy fellow,
His voice is sweet, and low, and mellow;
With the Christmas holly his head is crowned,
With the Christmas blessings we'll wrap him round.
Then ring, bells, ring! for the joyous day—
The Past lies silent, the Present is gay;
Ring out your merriest, cheer after cheer,
To welcome the birth of the Happy New Year!

BEE-HUNTING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THE more I see of this world the hollower I find everybody. I don't mean that people haven't got their insides in them, but they are so dreadfully ungrateful. No matter how kind and thoughtful any one may be, they never give him any credit for it. They will pretend to love you and call you "dear Jimmy what a fine manly boy come here and kiss me" and then half an hour afterward they'll say "where's that little wretch let me just get hold of him O! I'll let him know." Deceit and ingratitude are the monster vices of the age and they are rolling over our beloved land like the flood. (I got part of that elegant language from the temperance lecturer last week, but I improved it a good deal.)

There is Aunt Sarah. The uncle that belonged to her died two years ago and she's awfully rich. She comes to see us sometimes with Tommy—that's her boy, a little fellow ten years old—and you ought to see how mother and Sue wait on her and how pleasant father is when she's in the room. Now she always said that she loved me like her own son. She'd say to father "How I envy you that noble boy what a comfort he must be to you," and father would say "Yes he has some charming qualities" and look as if he hadn't laid onto me with his cane that very morning and told me that my conduct was such. You'll hardly believe that just because I did the very best I could and saved her precious Tommy from an apple grave, Aunt Sarah says I'm a young Cain and knows I'll come to the gallows.

She came to see us last Friday, and on Saturday I was going bee-hunting. I read all about it in a book. You take an axe and go out-doors and follow a bee, and after a while the bee takes you to a hollow tree full of honey and you cut the tree down and carry the honey home in thirty pails and sell it for ever so much. I and Sam McGinnis were going and Aunt Sarah says "O take Tommy with you the dear child would enjoy it so much." Of course no fellow that's twelve years old wants a little chap like that tagging after him but mother spoke up and said that I'd be delighted to take Tommy and so I couldn't help myself.

We stopped in the wood-shed and borrowed father's axe and then we found a bee. The bee wouldn't fly on before us in a straight line but kept lighting on everything, and once he lit on Sam's hand and stung him good. However we chased the bee lively and by-and-by he started for his tree and we ran after him. We had just got to the old dead apple-tree in the pasture when we lost the bee and we all agreed that his nest must be in the tree. It's an awfully big old tree, and it's all rotted away on one side so that it stands as if it was ready to fall over any minute.

Nothing would satisfy Tommy but to climb that tree. We told him he'd better let a bigger fellow do it but he wouldn't listen to reason. So we gave him a boost and he climbed up to where the tree forked and then he stood up and began to say something when he disappeared. We thought he had fallen out of the tree and we ran round to the other side to pick him up but he wasn't there. Sam said it was witches but I knew he must be somewhere so I climbed up the tree and looked.

He had slipped down into the hollow of the tree and was wedged in tight. I could just reach his hair but it was so short that I couldn't get a good hold so as to pull him out. Wasn't he scared though! He howled and said "O take me out I shall die," and Sam wanted to run for the doctor.

I told Tommy to be patient and I'd get him out. So I slid down the tree and told Sam that the only thing to do was to cut the tree down and then open it and take Tommy out. It was such a rotten tree I knew it would come down easy. So we took turns chopping, and the fellow who wasn't chopping kept encouraging Tommy by telling him that the tree was 'most ready to fall. After working an hour the tree began to stagger and presently down she came with an awful crash and burst into a million pieces.

Sam and I said Hurray! and then we poked round in the dust till we found Tommy. He was all over red dust and was almost choked, but he was awfully mad. Just because some of his ribs were broke—so the doctor said—he forgot all Sam and I had done for him. I shouldn't have minded that much, because you don't expect much from little boys, but I did think his mother would have been grateful when we brought him home and told her what we had done. Then I found what all her professions were worth. She called father and told him that I and the other miscurrent had murdered her boy. Sam was so frightened at the awful name she called him that he ran home, and father told me I could come right up stairs with him.

They couldn't have treated me worse if I'd let Tommy stay in the tree and starve to death. I almost wish I had done it. It does seem as if the more good a boy does the more the grown folks pitch into him. The moment Sue is married to Mr. Travers I mean to go and live with him. He never scolds, and always says that Susan's brother is as dear to him as his own, though he hasn't got any.

Digitized by Google

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

DRAWN BY R. CALDECOTT.

Sing a Song o' Sixpence,

When the Pie was opened.
The Birds began to sing;

A Pocketful of Rye;

Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds
Baked in a Pie.

Was not that a dainty Dish
To set before the King?

Digitized by Google

The King was in his Counting-house
Counting out his Money.

The Maid was in the Garden,
Hanging out the Clothes;

The Queen was in the Parlor,
Eating Bread and Honey.

There came a little Blackbird,

And nipped off her Nose.
But there came a Jenny Wren
And popped it on again.

Digitized by Google

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"NOW, Don," said Rad Burnell, dolefully, "do you believe any kind of a snow-storm could stop Santa Claus?"

"From coming?"

"Well, yes, that's it. I heard father tell mother 'he' couldn't get here in time, and I know he meant something about Christmas, by the way he looked at Petish and Molly."

"Was Berry there?"

"She was sound asleep in the cradle, and mother said, 'Berry won't care, but it 'll be a dispoint for the rest of 'em.'"

"It's an awful snow-storm, Rad, but I guess Santa Claus 'll come, for all of that."

Just a little later, Mr. Burnell said to his wife, "I'm sorry we didn't get our things in the village, Maria: but it's too late now. Don't say anything to the children. It 'll be bad enough when it comes."

Nobody else heard him, but Mrs. Burnell looked as if she wanted to cry.

That was one of the whitest nights anybody in the world ever saw, for the snow had thrown the thickest kind of a white blanket over everything. Some of the roads were drifted level from fence to fence, and the railroads were having a tremendous time of it. Anything so black as a locomotive could hardly feel at home, pushing its way along through so white a country or into so white a village as Middleville was that Christmas-eve.

It was a dreadfully long night, and Petish woke up three times, and tried to make herself believe it was morning. The last time she heard the great clock in the Academy steeple, on the village green, pounding away at its task of telling what time it was.

"I'll count," said Petish. "Nine—twelve—seven—fourteen—fiveteen—six—I guess it's 'most time to get up. Must be it's Christmas now."

Just then she heard a noise in the next room, and she listened with all her ears. First it was a rustle, and then the loudest kind of a whisper—loud enough to have been heard in daytime.

"Rad! Rad! it's just struck five. Let's take a scoot down stairs and see about it. We can hurry right back again."

"They're pulling on their stockings," said Petish. "I'll get up and pull on mine, but I won't let them see me."

She tried very hard to get up without waking Molly; but it was of no use, for Molly's sleep had been begun at the right time, and was fairly over now, considering that it was Christmas morning.

"Oh, Petish, what are you going to do?"

"'Sh! 'sh! Molly. The boys are going down stairs to look, and I'm going too. Lie still."

But Molly was two years older than Petish, and she wouldn't lie still. She was out on the floor in a twinkling, and she made Petish wrap herself all up in a blanket, and she pretty nearly buried her own chubby shape in a comfortable.

That was about what Rad and Don had done already, and they were now carefully creeping down stairs in the dark.

The door of the front parlor was nearest the foot of the stairs, and the boys left it open after them when they went in, but Molly and Petish closed it very softly and carefully the moment they were safe in the dim, gloomy parlor. The boys were just beyond the folding-doors at that moment, and did not see that they were followed.

Berry was sound asleep in her crib, within reach of her mother, or she would have heard her say, just then, "Oh, John, it's a dreadful disappointment! What will those poor children do?"

"Poor Petish!" said Mr. Burnell. "We can explain it to the boys, and they can wait, and to Molly, but it 'll be bad enough for any of 'em."

"But Petish 'll break her little heart if she finds that Santa Claus hasn't come."

"It 'll be almost as much of a disappointment to Aunt Sally and Frank. I hope they'll bring Mid with them when they come."

"Of course they will."

Now that had been a very long, white, beautiful, dark night, and a great many queer things had happened in it. They are sure to, in any "night before Christmas"; but there had been a wonderfully deep snow-storm.

Away on toward morning, just when the Academy clock was trying to make sound-asleep people hear that it was really four, a tired-out and frosty-looking railway train came smoking and coughing up to the platform at the village railway station.

It did not stop long, but some people got out of one of the sleeping-cars, and some baggage was tumbled out of the baggage-car, and a sleepy man with a lantern said: "Yes, sir. Carriage yer in a minute, sir. All right."

"We don't want any carriage, my man. Take our checks, and have our trunks brought over to Mr. Burnell's before seven o'clock. We'll walk right there now. Come, Sally. Come along, Mid."

"Frank! husband! you'll drop some of those things!"

"No, I won't, Sally."

"Mid, my dear boy, look out for that box; it's only pasteboard."

"I'll be careful, mother. I ain't awake yet. But it takes all three of us to Santa Claus this pile. Hope it isn't far."

The cold, frosty air was fast getting Mid wide awake, and they did look, all three of them, as if they would have done better with a sleigh and a good team of reindeer.

The distance was short, but Aunt Sally talked pretty nearly all the way.

"We must do it, Frank," she said, as they drew near the gate. "I'm sure they've given us up. We can get in. There never was any bolt on the kitchen window, over the pump. Middleton can climb right in, and come and open the side door for us."

"Oh, but won't that be fun!" exclaimed Mid, as he hurried silently forward.

"'Sh! there, Sally," whispered Uncle Frank, as he and his portly, merry-faced wife lugged their bundles after Mid.

It was less than half a minute before they were in the kitchen. They promptly shut the door between the dining-room—that was the sitting-room too—and the back parlor, and then how they did work!

Plenty of wood and shavings and kindlings were lying in front of the great Franklin stove in the dining-room, and there was quickly a blazing fire there, and in the kitchen too, and Mid insisted on lighting every lamp and candle he could lay his hands on.

Then the bundles came open, and their contents began to shine all around the chimney and over the mantel, and even on some of the chairs.

"It's too bad we haven't any of their stockings," began Aunt Sally; but she exclaimed, the next instant: "Oh, Frank! here's Maria's work-basket, all full of stockings. I know them. Those are Don's. There's a pair of Rad's. Molly's. Petish. Berry's—the dear little kitten! We've got 'em."

"Mother, let's set the table."

"That's it. You help him do it, father. Won't we give 'em a surprise!"

It was wonderful how those three did work, and not make any noise about it, and how they did change the looks of that dining-room and kitchen before five o'clock.

Digitized by Google

Aunt Sally even put on the tea-kettle, and made some coffee, and it was evident that for once Santa Claus was disposed to be very much "at home."

If they had not been drinking their coffee, perhaps they might have heard a voice, not many minutes after five o'clock, whispering anxiously to somebody in the back parlor, "I say, there's a light coming through the keyhole!"

"There's a rattle, too, in there."

"Burglars?"

"Pooh! No; it's Christmas."

"Oh, boys, is Santa Claus really in there? Has he got here?"

"Is that you, Petish? And Molly too? Keep still. I'm just going to open the door a little mite of a crack, but you can all peek in."

Aunt Sally's ears must have been good ones, for, carefully as Don opened that door, and faint as was the squeak it made, she sprang suddenly toward it.

"Is that you, Maria? Hush! Don't make a sound. Not a loud noise for anything!"

"We won't, Aunt Sally. Hush-sh-sh!"

Even Petish did just as she was told for once, for she was a little scared when the great blaze of light came shining through the door as Aunt Sally pushed it wide open.

It was shut again the moment they were all in the room, and then it was all Aunt Sally and Uncle Frank could do to keep up any kind of silence in that merry assembly. They could not have done it at all if Aunt Sally had not told them all: "It's a great secret. You must help us give papa and mamma a big surprise. Now let's get breakfast for them."

"Biddy went away yesterday morning," said Molly, "but I know where the eggs are."

Whatever she and Petish could not find, Don and Rad could, and Aunt Sally was the best kind of a cook.

It was nearly six o'clock when Mrs. Burnell said to her husband: "I'm glad Berry waked up. She's all dressed now, and I can wrap her up warm."

"So am I, my dear. I'll go right down with you."

"Those poor children! I haven't the heart to look at them. Let's hurry down."

So they did, and Berry went down in her mother's arms, but they little dreamed what was coming.

A great shout welcomed them as they opened the door of the dining-room.

"Wish you Merry Christmas."

"Oh, Sally! Frank! I am so glad! But how did you get in?"

"Breakfast's ready."

"Christmas has come."

Nobody could have described that next half-hour to have saved his life, and Aunt Sally said she had never been so happy in all hers.

"Molly," said Petish, "won't you go up stairs and bring down all our clothes?"

"Yes, children," said their mother, "you must get dressed."

"Yes; and, mother," said Petish, "there was only two pairs of my stockings in the basket, and they're both full. If Molly'll bring the pair I had on, there's more'n enough to fill 'em."

So there was, for Aunt Sally had not only bought and brought everything Mr. and Mrs. Burnell had written to her about, but she had heaped on a huge assortment of presents on her own account, and Petish had at least her share, while Uncle Frank had looked out for Molly, and nobody had forgotten Berry or any of the boys.

It was quite the usual time when they got ready to eat at last, but there was nothing of what Rad and Petish called a "dispoint" in any face at that breakfast table.

Santa Claus had come.

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER III.

MILLY'S heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stand still.

"Here I am," said the woman, smiling. "I've called to make you even a better offer. You pay me fifty cents a week for that dress, and any week you *can't pay*, why, you can return the silk, provided it's decently clean, and I'll allow you a couple o' dollars, when I take it back, for the making. Come, now, I don't mind throwing in the linings, and I won't bother you for the first fortnight."

Now, as you have seen, Milly had gone through just the process of reasoning to make the peddler's words sound most alluring. The woman read in the young girl's face an instant's doubt followed by decision, and as quickly as possible she produced from her bag the roll of gray silk. Mildred never quite remembered how she made that purchase, or rather that *bargain*, for honorable purchase it certainly was not. The shining silk and the linings were put into her hands, and before she knew it she had signed a paper, a copy of which the peddler gave her. The transaction only occupied a few moments. Milly tucked the silk away in the room devoted to the bonnets and cloaks and luncheons of the sales-women, and was in her place before she fully realized that her longing of the day previous was granted. The morning passed heavily, and she was well pleased when it came her turn to take thirty minutes for lunch. But on entering the cloak-room her dismay was unbounded. Three or four of the shop-girls were clustered about Mildred's precious parcel, and a chorus of voices greeted her entrance.

"Look here, Miss Lee. Whose do you suppose this is?"

"Well, isn't this lovely?"

"*Could* any one have stolen it?"

"No," said Mildred, quietly, yet not without a flush on her cheeks. "It is mine. The—person I bought it of brought it here to me to-day."

"*Yours!*" exclaimed Jenny Martin, who had thrown one end of the silk over her shoulder. "Well, that *is* pretty good on five dollars a week!"

Mildred's face burned, but something in Jenny's rude words smote her conscience, and she tried to look good-humored, while Jenny admired herself a moment in the cracked glass, the other girls eying her as well as Mildred with some new respect.

Jenny tossed the silk from her shoulders with a little sniff, and Mildred felt glad enough to put it away, and eat a hasty lunch. She was doubly glad, when her working hours were over, to hurry home, carrying her new treasure, which she had resolved not to show her mother until the night of the party. But a surprise awaited her on her return to the cottage. Mrs. Lee had received an invitation from a cousin in Boston to spend a fortnight with his family, and she had already arranged with her few pupils to avail herself of this unlooked-for holiday.

All was excitement and preparation. Will, the second boy, was to go with his mother, and instead of tea on the cozy little table there were odds and ends of tapes, buttons, and threads, half-worn garments, and one or two new things, while Debby, the one servant, and Mrs. Lee were both stitching as if for a wager. They looked up with flushed faces to greet Milly.

"Oh, my dear," said the mother, after explaining matters, "do sit down and help; we are to be off to-morrow morning."

Milly saw she could not hope for a moment to sew on

Digitized by Google

THE GIRLS DISCOVER MILDRED'S PURCHASE.

the new dress until after her mother and Will were gone, and so she entered with an earnest good-will into assisting them, and was genuinely pleased by their prospects of enjoyment. The next few days flew by. Once the children were safely in bed Mildred would draw forth her work, and so by dint of hard labor the dress was finished Monday evening. She made her toilet rather nervously when Tuesday night came. What between her hurry after getting home, and her anxiety to conceal her dress from Debby and her little sister Margaret, Mildred found it difficult to enjoy the "first wear" of the gray silk; but certainly, she thought, as she surveyed her work in her mirrow, it *was* a success. It fitted admirably, and she had had the good taste to make it simply as became a young girl only sixteen, though it in no way became a girl working hard for twenty dollars a month. She took good care to envelop herself completely in a water-proof cloak before Debby and little Kate saw her, and thus equipped she started off under her brother Joe's escort for the big house in Lane Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EMPTY STOCKING.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

I AM very sure that most boys and girls will agree with me that there is nothing in the whole year quite so delightful as taking down the Christmas stocking. Of course it is charming to hang it up; but one never feels the least bit sleepy on Christmas-eve, and it seems so long to wait until morning shall come. The air is astir with excitement and mystery, and Santa Claus is known to be hovering about waiting for eyes to be closed, and children to go comfortably away to dream-land. By-and-by everybody does manage to fall asleep, and then by some strange magic the long, limp stockings are crammed with toys, books, bonbons, tools, dolls, and skates, or lovely ribbons, laces, watches, and gems. How beautifully they bulge out, every inch of room packed, while the overflow, which could not possibly be forced into any stocking, is piled temptingly on the tables and chairs.

Now look at this poor little girl who hung up her stocking on Christmas-eve, hoping that the good Santa Claus would come down the chimney and put something nice in it. She was afraid he would forget her, and still she hoped that maybe he might bring just one dolly, and slip it away down into the toe, where she would find it, and be, oh! so glad. Little Jennie is used to being cold and hungry, and does not mind a great many privations which more fortunate children never have to endure. She can sweep crossings in old shoes, and wear a ragged shawl, without envying girls who are wrapped in soft furs. These merry holidays have not made her envious; and yet when Florence and Susie and Mabel have flitted by on the street, their arms full of parcels, and their fathers and mothers buying them every beautiful thing that the shop windows show, she has wished and wished that *she* might have just one dolly—only one. So, thinking that maybe if she hung up her stocking her desire would be granted, she did so on Christmas-eve, and went to bed that night without minding the cold. The stocking hung where she placed it. Nobody came down the chimney, or up the stairs, or in at the door. Her mother was so tired and discouraged that she took no notice of Jennie's stocking, and if she had, it is doubtful whether she could have found a gift to gladden the child.

Sometimes little girls like Jennie have parents who are not kind and good like yours, because they love liquor and spend their earnings to procure that. There are plenty of empty stockings on Christmas in homes where fathers and mothers are drunkards.

Little Jennie looks very forlorn holding her empty stocking in her hand. The picture is a shadow on the gayety of this festive time, but it is inserted in the New-Year's number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, that some of the readers may be prompted to think what they can do to send pleasures to little ones whose lives are seldom gay.

A very large part of your Christmas happiness came from the gifts you bestowed as well as from those you received. It was not a selfish festival in homes where brothers and sisters exchanged love-tokens; and the weeks you spent in making pretty presents with your own hands,

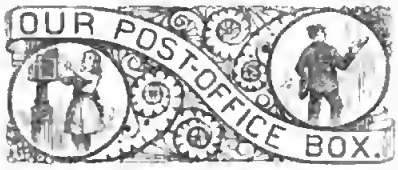
Digitized by Google

in saving your pocket-money, and in planning to surprise your dear ones, were very happy weeks indeed. Now I have something to propose, which you need not wait a whole year to carry out. You know there are Flower Missions and Fruit Missions, which send flowers and fruit to the homes of the sick poor. Why should there not be a Toy Mission too? Most of you have a dolly, or two, or three, perhaps, which you could spare, and some of you have books you have read, and playthings which you have outgrown, which would make poor children wild with joy. Some of the Sunday-schools have tried this way of keeping Christmas, and have brought their gifts to be distributed among the poor. And some of the

benevolent enterprises of the city send out holiday bags, to be filled and returned with all sorts of necessary things. A Toy Mission would be a little different from these, and with a little help from and organization by older brothers and sisters, it could be easily put into operation. The city missionaries and Bible-readers can tell just where there are children like Jennie in the picture, and some of the express companies willingly carry packages and parcels of the kind I mean, free of charge.

The House of the Good Shepherd, Tompkin's Cove, New York, has for several years sent cute-looking cloth bags to its friends, with the request that they be filled with gifts for its inmates. One Christmas season the children of the Wilson Industrial School of this city undertook to fill one of these, and their teacher told me it was very touching to see the eagerness and generosity with which they, so poor themselves, brought their carefully kept and mended treasures to send to the "poor children who had no friends to love them."

Digitized by Google



ONCE more we wish a very Happy New Year to all our young friends. We have done our best to make the past year brighter to them, and they have made it very pleasant for us by their constant and hearty expressions of pleasure and approval.

Christmas is past. How many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE remembered to make some poor child happy on Christmas-day? If some of them were too much occupied with their own sparkling Christmas trees to think of the friendless and homeless little ones all around them, we beg them to stop now and remember that they can not begin the new year better than by bringing a smile to some sad, wan little face. There are poor children everywhere, in the streets, in hospitals, in wretched and desolate homes, over whose young life poverty and misfortune have thrown a heavy cloud. It must always be remembered that their suffering arises from no fault of their own, and those to whom fortune has been more generous should never forget to help from their abundance the little ones toward whom the world has turned a cold and unkind face. Now if every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE would give some little thing, if it be only a bunch of flowers or evergreen, how many poor little faces might be made brighter on New-Year's morning! A few oranges, or a picture-book, will make a sick, friendless child happy. Those of you who live near together, and have your "YOUNG PEOPLE Clubs," which you write so prettily about, can have a meeting, and fill baskets with playthings you do not need. Mamma will help you buy some oranges, and perhaps a warm scarf or pair of stockings, and she will advise you, too, of the best way to dispose of them. Every one of you can do something, and in that way you will bring to yourself, as well as to others, a real Happy New Year.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.

I read all of the letters in the Post-office Box, and I like them, and I like all of the stories. Sometimes I miss my paper, and I feel very sorry, and sometimes I bring it home and lay it on the table, and my younger brother takes it and leaves it on the floor; then the baby gets it and tears it. That does not please me. My papa is an editor. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am ten years old.

There are two rivers here, the Assiniboine and the Red. They are very muddy rivers, and it is hard to learn to swim in them. Every spring somebody has been drowned. The banks of the Assiniboine are undermined. It is awfully cold up here in the winter. HARRY L.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am nine years old. I do love to read YOUNG PEOPLE, and can hardly wait for papa to bring it home.

I went to Texas to see my relations, and we brought home a horned frog. It never ate anything. We staked a pen for it in the back yard, but it died.

My papa and my uncles went hunting on the big prairie, and camped out. Uncle Tom killed a striped catamount, and gave me the skin to make a soft rug. Uncle Will killed two deer, and papa shot one, but it got away. It is very warm in Texas, and at Galveston there are lots of oysters.

Mamma has promised to have my YOUNG PEOPLE bound for my birthday gift. MINNIE L. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. We have it in school to read instead of a reader.

I live within one hundred yards of the rock where the Pilgrims landed. C. F. S.

HARLEM, NEW YORK.

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—I have been one of your subscribers ever since you were born, and I enjoy your company very much. I have a large family to look after, but when I get all my children to sleep, I take the time left me to read. My family consists of Dolly Varden, Betsy, Daisy, and Pearl, who are all little girls, and Sambo, who is the porter, and does all the work. I have my little dog Tip to watch the house when I go out, and see that no strangers disturb anything during my absence. Another important member of my family is my pussy cat Sam. He is just as old as I am (eleven years), and begins to be rather cross. He and Tip sometimes have little spats, but I soon settle them, and make them be good friends again.

After school closed this summer I went to the country, where I had splendid times. I fed the chickens several times during the day, and I got some of them so tame they would eat out of my hands. Then I had a little bit of a pig, which I picked from a whole litter, and made a pet of him.

We had a large dog that did the churning, but he did not like it one bit. When the churn was being prepared for him to work, he would whine and cry like a baby.

When my papa came he made us a kite, which we raised real high. Some of the birds were frightened at it, and others would fly right up and peck at it to see what it was. It made us laugh to see how the birds acted.

For my birthday my papa sent me a set of archery, which we placed on the lawn at the side of the house, and we enjoyed shooting at the target ever so much. I can shoot real good now.

I have a great deal to do, so will close my letter by telling you that I am home again, and going to school. I also attend Sunday-school, and have my music lessons to practice, so I am very busy.

IRENE M. N.

We are two dolls. Our mamma is a dear little black-eyed girl almost ten years old, named Jennie. She is a good deal like Bessie Maynard, and loves us as much as Bessie loves her doll Clytie. We used to live in Nevada, but last summer we came to live in Central City, Colorado. We all like YOUNG PEOPLE, and the Post-office Box in particular.

MINNIE and JOE McG.

We have had this dear little paper ever since it was published. Mamma is very glad to have it, for she is very particular about our reading. I always spend the evening after it comes reading it to my little brother Regie, who is eight years old. I am fourteen. My father died when I was seven.

Santa Cruz is a pretty town, and has good schools, both public and private. We have roses all the year, as our winter is only a succession of pleasant rains with warm sunny days between, like spring in the Eastern States.

The town is near the mouth of the broad, beautiful bay of Monterey, so that we can see out into the Pacific Ocean. We have grand times on the beach when the tide is low, searching for shells and the beautiful sea-weeds. The lady principal of a school here teaches us all about shells and algæ, or sea-plants, and we learn to name and classify them. I wish all the young people who write about aquaria could see mine. I have hundreds of them in the rocks by the sea in holes worn by the waves, from the size of a wooden bucket to that of a large deep barrel. They are round, and big walls are covered with limpets of all sizes, star-fish of different colors, bright purple sea-urchins, and lovely pale green and pink sea-anemones, which wave their petals in search of food. Bright-hued crabs, fish, and creatures of which I have not yet learned the name, move in the water. Every part is covered with some form of life capable of motion, and with all kinds of sea-plants.

I would like to exchange shells and pressed sea-plants for other shells, Lake Superior agates, or other small mineral specimens. I would like to have everything clearly marked, and I will in return name and classify the shells. HARRY BOWMAN,
Santa Cruz, California.

We print the following note in reply to many inquiries in regard to postage-stamp catalogues, etc.:

If any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will write to me on matters connected with stamps which can not well be published, inclosing stamp for reply, I shall be happy to answer him. JOSEPH J. CASEY,
P. O. Box 1896, New York City.

Several of us have organized a club for the exchange of minerals. We call it the American Mineralogical Club. We shall be glad to have any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE join us if they are willing to conform to the rules, which can be had upon application to the secretary.

GEORGE DAVIES, P. O. Box 80,
Pottstown, Montgomery County, Penn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Iron ore from Spain, Ireland, England, and different sections of the United States, for good specimens of copper or zinc. WILLIS S. SHAFFER,
20 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Penn.

Postmarks. MISS ANNIE MCMURRY,
Care of Mrs. R. M. Beckwith,
Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.

United States Department stamps, or pieces of the Washington Monument, for coins, minerals, or foreign stamps. HANNA LOWERS,
530 Twentieth Street, Washington, D. C.

The Bavarian doctor mentioned in "The Story of the Boy-General," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57, who tried to rescue Lafayette from the Olmütz prison, was Justus Erick Bollman, my uncle.

If any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE will send me a Greek or a Danish postage stamp, or two kinds of stamps from South America, I will send in return an Indian arrow-head, or I will exchange Indian pottery for any foreign stamps except English.

C. H. BOLLMAN, Monongahela City,
Washington County, Penn.

I would like to exchange ocean curiosities for a genuine Indian bow five feet long—not a bow like those Indians sell here in Massachusetts, but a good one that will shoot. I should like two or three arrows with it.

In answer to Carrie V. D.'s question I would say that it is not necessary to change the water in the carrot hanging basket, but only to refill it when the water dries away. DANIEL D. LEE,
Myrtle Street, Jamaica Plains, Suffolk Co., Mass.

A stone from New York State for one from any other State, or Canada. Postmarks for stamps, minerals, birds' eggs, or Indian relics. Five postmarks for every bird's egg.

WILLIAM POTTER CHAPMAN, JUN.,
Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y.

Postage stamps from Europe, Asia, and other countries, for others. LOYAL DURAND,
591 Cass Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Postmarks. H. D. and R. B. HALL,
39 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps.
FREDDIE W. ALLEAR,
26 Cedar Avenue, Allegheny, Penn.

Foreign postage stamps for Navy, Interior, and Agricultural Department stamps, and stamps from Newfoundland. WILLIE BISHOP,
20 Gold Street, Chicago, Ill.

A white metal copy of the ancient Jewish shekel for an old coin or a handsome shell
LIZZIE and MATTIE PENTON, St. Joseph, Mo.

Postage stamps for minerals or Indian relics.
WILLIAM H. RHEES,
1317 Eleventh Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Birds' eggs and Indian relics.
ROSCOE S. NICKERSON,
Klamath Agency, Oregon.

Southern moss, specimens of sulphur, and some United States stamps for foreign stamps.
CLARENCE MABON,
2217 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Curiosities and specimens of all kinds.
L. E. WALKER, care of H. W. Walker,
Lock Box 316, Lansing, Mich.

Sea-weed, or pieces of the stone of which the new Capitol at Albany is built, for curiosities of any kind.
WILLIE L. WHEDBEE,
99 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

United States Department stamps, or pieces of stone from the new War and Navy Department buildings, or from the Washington Monument now being finished, for shells, foreign stamps, or any curiosity. HORACE D. HOSKALL,
826 Twentieth Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Postage stamps. CHARLES SWABEY,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Autographs of renowned men and women.
C. J. OTTERBOURG,
128 East Seventieth Street, New York City.

Minerals from the mines of Colorado for ocean curiosities or postage stamps.
LOUIS M. GROSS,
Care of Abel Brothers, Denver, Colorado.

A Canadian postmark and a Centennial three-cent stamp for a German postage stamp.
ARTHUR FROST,
Care of D. H. Frost, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

Twenty-five postmarks for five stamps. No duplicates. NELLIE V.,
343 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Birds' eggs for other eggs; or a rock from every State in the Union and from several foreign countries for twenty different kinds of eggs.
W. BOSTWICK, Care of John C. Remington,
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

Birds' eggs. FRANK M. RICHARDS,
Farmington, Maine.

Minerals and fossils for shells and minerals. A good specimen of copper ore especially desired.
BARTAS W. JAY, Emporia, Kansas.

Postage stamps for birds' eggs, coins, or minerals.
WEBSTER HOLMES, Bay City, Mich.

J. T. M.—See answer to Ida B. D., in Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51.

HENRY A. BLABESLEY, HARRY F. HAINES, E. A. DE LIMA, AND MANY OTHERS.—We are sorry not to print your requests for exchange, but that department of our Post-office Box is so very crowded that we can not give space to addresses which have been already

Digitized by Google

published, unless the exchange offered is of some new article. Neither can we attend to irregularities between exchanges, which arise in almost every instance from carelessness, or failure to give a proper address. We know of no remedy for those who fail to receive answers to their letters except to continue sending reminders to the delinquent correspondent. A great many boys and girls write to us that they receive so many letters, they can not answer them all promptly, as they are going to school, and very busy with studies, but that they will surely answer them in time. We hope they will not forget this promise, as a letter should always be acknowledged.

P. I. G.—The rudder of the ice-boat is not fastened. The rudder-post runs up through the heelson, which rests on an iron pin driven through the post just above the rudder. The runner irons are sharp.

ALFRED C. T.—The directions you require are in preparation, and will appear in an early number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

CECIL X.—There is no limit to the age of our contributors, but we would advise you to wait until you are a little older before you try to write a story.

HARRY OLMSTEAD, W. F., AND E. N. HUBE.—There are so many kinds of printing-presses for boys that the best thing for you to do is to notice the advertisements which are in all newspapers, and send to different manufacturers for catalogues, from which you can make your selection.

GEORGE C. D.—Dr. Kane penetrated to 81° 22′ north latitude; but in 1827 the English navigator Sir Edward Parry reached 82° 45′ N., and in 1861 Dr. Hayes reached the same latitude. Captain Hall has also penetrated nearly as far north. In February, 1854, in about 78° N., Dr. Kane experienced the unexampled temperature of −69°, or 109° below freezing-point, and a still lower degree has been recorded by more recent navigators.

B. G. G.—Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego are the most southern permanent abodes of man.—Read Dana's *Geology*, and you will learn all about the formation of the earth. If you find it difficult to understand, ask your teacher to explain it to you.

ELMER A.—The Seven Wonders of the World are generally given as follows: the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Pyramids, the Pharos at Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the Olympian Zeus.

G. H. ELLER, THEODORE HENNEMAN, J. B. WHITLOCK, AND OTHERS.—We would gladly assist you to begin a collection of postage stamps, but it is against our rules to give up space to the exchanges you propose.

LEWIS D.—Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* and Abbott's *Romance of Spanish History* are good books for you to read.

Favors are acknowledged from Alice M. H., Edna E. Harris, Paul Gray, E. H. Shuster, Joseph A. Unruh, Lorena C. Emrich, R. Poe Smith, Harry and Richard Bellam, W. K. M., L. C., Edmund H. B., Fred Dierking, Florence McClure, Margaretta Mott, Wina James, Edgar E. Hyde, Nellie A. Robson, Grace A. Hood, Etta B. Easton, Arthur McCain, Vina E. B., Fred B., Bertram and Leroy S., Alice Ward, Melvin Rosenthal, A. V. H., Johnnie E., Sarah A. W., Eva L. M., Clayton B., W. Hoey, Jun., Martha M. L., Pet Wilcox, Gertrude and Albert F., F. Arnold, Frank Dorston, Grace T. Lyman, H. L. Van Norman, Marion P. Wiggin.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from J. F. W., John N. Howe, T. M. Armstrong, M. P. Randolph, Charles Gaylor, Nellie V. Brainard, Cal I. Forny, Bessie C. Morris, Walter P. Hiles, Blanche Anderson, Marie Doyle, Isabel Jacob, S. Birdie Dorman, William and Mary Tiddy, Emma Hadford, W. H. Wolford, The Dawley Boys, "Lone Star," Willie F. Woodard, A. C. Chapin, George Hayward, John Ogburn.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In cream, not in milk.
In cloth, not in silk.
In time, not in late.
In pencil, not in slate.
In atlas, not in book.
In sight, not in look.
In love, not in pity.
My whole an American city.

WALTER.

No. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A city in Great Britain. A country in Europe. A group of peaks in the Pyrenees. A river in Asia. A range of mountains in Asia. A river in Ireland. A letter. A river in England. A peak in the Northwestern United States. A city in England founded by Ine, the West Saxon King. A river in British America. A river in Asia. A town and county in California. Centrals read downward spell the name of a large sea.

MARIE.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First in mouse, not in rat.
Second in dog, not in cat.
Third in house, not in lot.
Fourth in can, not in pot.
Fifth in owl, not in hawk.
Sixth in flower, not in stalk.
A famous city am I;
You'll guess me if you try.

HAZMIR.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, a package. Second, certain animals. Third, to jump. Fourth, to perceive.

2. First, something that once laid in a famous house. Second, a space. Third, a Shakspearean character. Fourth, sour.

C. I. F.

2. First, the resting-place of an army. Second, an Asiatic sea. Third, a companion. Fourth, an argument.

CHARLES.

4. First, a picture. Second, something which often causes pain, and yet no one likes to part with. Third, a river in Transylvania. Fourth, passageways. Fifth, to efface.

ANAIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 57.

No. 1. United, untied. Cavern, craven. German, manger. Tirsadee, derange. Neuter, turnen. Garnets, strange. Cruel, lucre. Derange, angered. Master, stream.

No. 2. 1. Partridge. 2. Woodchuck.

No. 3.

E C H O	S T A R
C R E W	T A L E
H E E L	A L O E
O W L S	R E E L
C R O W	O U S E
R O P E	U S E D
O P A L	S E E D
W E L L	E D D A

No. 4. Nightingale.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 58.

No. 1.

T E N T
M E A T
W E A P
E P I C

No. 2. Possunt quia posse videntur.

No. 3. Atlantic Ocean.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

Drifting Round the World[1] is a handsomely bound and illustrated volume containing the adventures of a boy by sea and land. The countries he traverses are those not often described in books of boyish travel. Starting in a Cape Ann fishing schooner for Greenland, he is shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador, contrives to reach Iceland, passes through marvellous adventures in Russia and Siberia, sails for Alaska, and at length reaches home by the overland route from San Francisco. The strange countries through which Robert, the hero of this book, travels are graphically described, and a great deal of information is conveyed in a form especially delightful to boy readers.

A LARGE number of the new holiday books for little folks combine amusement with instruction of one kind or another. A very interesting volume, prettily bound and profusely illustrated with portraits and other engravings, is *The Story of the United States Navy*,[2] by Mr. Lossing, who has devoted many years to the study of American history, and whose works on that subject are popular with readers of all ages. The present volume, the substance of which has appeared in the columns of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, is written especially for boys, and contains many stirring accounts of famous naval engagements, of historical war vessels, and of celebrated men whose heroic deeds add glory to the history of our country. No better reading than is contained in this book can be found for boys, as, while it is of absorbing interest, it tells the story of many noble men whose example can not fail to awaken patriotism and a desire to attain true manhood in the minds of American boys in whose hands lies the future history of the United States.

CHILDREN will always ask questions, and their natural inquisitiveness often goes beyond the knowledge of their elders. For this reason parents, as well as the youthful questioners, will extend a hearty welcome to *The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places*,[3] which contains full information of all celebrated localities, and many biographical notices of important personages of every period. This volume, together with *The Cyclopædia of Common Things*, by the same author, published a year ago, forms a library in which inquisitive little folks will find answers to their most ingenious questions.

Boys and girls who are forming social clubs, which they wish to make instructive as well as amusing, and yet are not sure of the best course to follow, should provide themselves with *Stories of the Sea*,[4] which they will find an excellent model. The book itself is very interesting. A party of bright young people, with an older head to guide them, meet together for Saturday afternoon talks on subjects connected with the history of the seas. Libraries are explored for accounts of famous navigators and naval heroes, and interesting readings are given from the works of Navarrete (who wrote of the voyages of Columbus), Sir Walter Raleigh, Southey, and other authors. These extracts are so fascinating that young readers are pretty sure to hunt up the books from which they are taken, in order to learn the whole of the story. Books like this do more toward cultivating a taste for good reading than volumes of advice.

A DELIGHTFUL little book of American natural history is *Friends Worth Knowing*,[5] which takes its young readers in search of snails of all kinds, into the fields and woods to find wild mice and birds, over the plains after buffalo, and tells them many curious things about the habits of different animals. Interesting illustrations and an attractive cover add to the value of this book for a pretty and cheap holiday present.

ANOTHER charming book of travel, if a summer excursion may be so called, is *Aboard the Maria*,[6] in which a merry party of boys and girls cruise around the eastern end of Long Island Sound in a yacht, making occasional landings, and learning much about the early history of that portion of the country. This book is profusely illustrated and beautifully bound, and is an elegant holiday present for any girl or boy.

FOR very little children nothing is prettier or more attractive than the Christmas number of *Our Little Ones*, a monthly magazine edited by "Oliver Optic," and published by the Russell Publishing Company, of Boston.

[1] *Drifting Round the World.* By Captain C. W. HALL. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 372. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

[2] *The Story of the United States Navy.* By BENSON J. LOSSING, LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 418. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[3] *The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places.* By JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, Jun. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 936. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[4] *Stories of the Sea.* By E. E. HALE. 8vo, pp. 202. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

[5] *Friends Worth Knowing.* By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Illustrated. Sq. 16mo, pp. 258. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[6] *Aboard the Maria.* By BURDETT MARKHAM. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 240. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER OR DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 12 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING (PUSSY IN A MASK).

CHARLEY (*under bed, to Tommy ditto*). "D-d-don't b-be fr-frightened, T-T-Tommy, I-I-I-I'm h-h-here."

NEW-YEAR'S.

NEW-YEAR'S presents and visits originated with the Romans, and their gifts were symbolic. They were dried figs, dates, and honey, emblematic of the sweetness of the auspices under which the year should begin its course, and a small piece of money called stips, which foreboded riches.

SPOONS.

A NEW GAME FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

A VERY funny new game has come to us from our German cousins, with the odd title of Spoons, which is played as follows: One person takes his stand in the centre of the room, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, and his hands extended before him, in each of which he holds a large table-spoon. The other players march around him in single file, clapping their hands in time to a tune which may be sung or played upon a piano in any slow measure suitable for marching. When the blinded player calls out "Spoons," all the others stop at once, and turn their faces toward him. He then finds his way to any player that he can, and must ascertain who he is by touching him with the spoons only, which he may use as he pleases. If he guesses right, the person he has caught is obliged to take his place in the centre. If he is wrong, he must try until he succeeds, which it is easy to do with a little practice, especially if the one who is caught joins in the universal laughter.

AN old gentleman in Vienna, who was afraid of leaving his money in a bank, two years ago concealed his savings, in the shape of twenty 1000 florin notes, in a cupboard in his cellar. Last week it occurred to him to go and see how his treasure was going on; but on doing this he discovered, to his horror, that the mice had been making free with it, and that only a small heap of fluffy dust remained of all his wealth. The grief caused by this discovery was so great that the poor old man threw himself out of his bedroom window, and broke his neck. Another story is told of a lady who hid her property, consisting of a number of United States greenbacks, in a satchel in her cupboard. She also, after a time, found that a mouse had devoured part of the notes, and had used the rest to line its nest; but in this case the meal had evidently disagreed with the enterprising mouse, for it was lying dead in its nest, the fact being that the arsenic which had been used to give the green color to the notes had caused its death. In these days, when money can easily and safely be deposited in savings-banks, it is very foolish to hide it in holes and corners where it is liable to be lost.

CHARADE.

BY H.

MIGHTY and cruel and strong is my first,
Beautiful too to behold;
But oh! it is false. Of traitors the worst,
Luring the hardy and bold.
Tranquil and lovely it smiles in your face,
Then drags you to death in its wild embrace.

Feeble and weak is my second—a cry
Uttered by young, tender things;
Lovely to look at, they too may prove sly,
Darting with sudden, fierce springs;
Though never a smile plays over their face,
They *too* drag to death in a wild embrace.

Found is my whole where the wild waters roar—
Old Ocean nurtures its race—
Where beat the waves on the rocky shore,
Looking the wind in the face.
Happy, contented, my whole will play
In the gale and the storm the live-long day.

RECEIVING CALLS IN THE NURSERY.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 62. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, January 4, 1881. Copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

MR. CHALKER'S RUSE.

BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

EVERY country boy in New England knows that the village school-house is generally located upon the top of the bleakest hill in the neighborhood, and is the sport of every eddying gust of wind that drives down from the great pine wilderness of Maine, heaping the great drifts across the road and about the door for the children to break through, and then shake themselves free of the clinging snow like so many young Newfoundlands.

And where, by any chance, was there ever a school-house containing a stove that didn't roast the scholars seated near it, and leave the others to freeze?

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.—Drawn by W. R. Yeaple, from a Sketch by F. H. Taylor.

Digitized by Google

All wide-awake boys who know the pleasures of skating will agree with me that however cold and stormy it is upon the hill-tops, the mill-pond (and what does a village amount to without a mill-pond, indeed?) is always down in the coziest nook between the hills, where the winds can't come with more force than is needed to blow the falling flakes across its smooth surface, piling them in great heaps among the bordering willows, and leaving the ice in tempting order for "shinny."

In fact, upon this the coldest morning of the winter, the school-house on the hill-top is not to be mentioned or thought of in comparison with mill-ponds for comfort or attractiveness, and it is hardly surprising that Mr. Chalker, the school-master, walked to and fro in solitary state, surveying with vexed air an array of vacant desks.

He was not altogether alone, however, for three boys had fought bravely through the drifts, and now sat huddled by the red-hot stove, trying hard to look as though they, at least, didn't think the weather a good excuse for staying at home to hunt hens' nests in the depths of the haymow.

Now School-master Chalker was a shrewd observer, and loved a good joke as well as any one. He had adopted many original plans of instruction. He could see one end of the mill-pond, half a mile away from his window, and as he gazed out upon the bleak waste of snow-clad fields he saw a couple of small black figures gliding over its surface, and a trace of a smile shone among his wrinkles as an idea seemed to strike him.

Perhaps he had recalled the time, ever so many years ago, when he too was a lad and the "wildest cub in the town," as his father often declared. Turning to one of the boys, he said, "Ben, it seems to me that the pond's a much nicer place for us than the school-house to-day. Let's go fishing. I can't skate, but perhaps I can show you how we used to catch pickerel down there fifty years ago."

Ben and his two companions looked at Mr. Chalker with eyes widely opened, but they soon found that he was in earnest, and they agreed to the proposition joyfully.

"Now," said Mr. Chalker, "two of you get out the bob-sled, and heap on plenty of sticks from the wood-pile. Be sure and get some big ones; and you, Berton, go down to Mr. Sampson, the miller, with this note. He will let you have some lines, and a few minnows for bait."

When the school-house had been properly locked up, and they had started, dragging the sled after them, it occurred to Ben to suggest a slide. So all three got upon the wood, and slid away merrily toward the pond. The road was steep but straight, though near the bottom there was a sharp curve, where the wind had blown away the snow, leaving a crust of smooth ice. Over this they sped at a lively pace, Ben steering. Poor Ben couldn't turn the corner, and in another second the sled, school-master, and all plunged into the depths of a big drift. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Chalker for a moment but his heels; but he shortly emerged, puffing and laughing heartily, much to the boys' relief, who had begun to think the fun was all over. But Mr. Chalker shook himself, and declared he enjoyed it, and was ready to try it over; in fact, he didn't act a bit like a school-master, but just like a boy let loose—a very old boy, to be sure, but a very hearty one, for all that.

It only required a few minutes to cut a couple of round holes in the ice, and to build a roaring fire upon a platform of heavy sticks and flat stones—a fire that flung its forked tongues into the keen air in merry defiance of the Frost King and all his servants.

The half-dozen boys already on the pond viewed these preparations with considerable wonder; but gathering courage, finally skated up and warmed their fingers at the fire.

Then somewhat more than a dozen other boys looked out from the windows of the houses scattered along the hill-side, and said something like this: "Mother, I guess there ain't any school to-day; I don't see any smoke comin' out of the chimney. Can't I go down to the pond?"

And an equal number of mothers replied: "Why, of course not. It's much too cold for you to go out. You said so yourself, and, besides, you don't feel very well."

"There's lots of the boys on the pond, mother, an' the skating's splendid. I don't feel so badly now. Can't I go? I won't stay long. I think you might let—"

Upon which all the mothers said, in effect, "Well, do go along; but mind you don't get into any air-holes."

Thus, before an hour had passed, nearly all of the boys in the school were gliding over the pond, or gathered in the group watching Mr. Chalker and his fishing party.

Meanwhile the school-master and Ben had enjoyed remarkable luck. Four fine pickerel lay on the ice, and a fifth (much the biggest ever seen in the pond, of course) had been lost by Ben in pulling him up.

Now it occurred to Mr. Chalker that it would be much nicer if everybody had seats, so he suggested to the boys that they should bring some fence rails, and sit down in a circle about the fire; all of which was done with a merry good-will, and Mr. Chalker surveyed them with infinite satisfaction through his glasses as he hauled in another struggling victim of his hook.

"Now," said he, "I see plainly that it is all a mistake to hold school up there in that uncomfortable building on the hill in such weather as this, and so I'm going to propose that on all cold days this winter we shall meet here on the pond and hold our classes; in fact, I think we may as well begin now." Without further ado the teacher pulled a supply of spellers from his several capacious pockets, and said, "The first class in spelling will take seats on this side."

Then it dawned upon the minds of the boys that they had been fairly trapped, and they nearly choked with inward laughter as they went through with spelling, arithmetic, and reading, taking turns at keeping their toes warm by the fire; and though a big pickerel was doing his best to carry off one of the lines, none of them dared to pull him up, for Mr. Chalker looked like a very severe and dignified pedagogue indeed, and Ben could scarcely realize that he had seen him tumbled head over heels into a snow-drift but a couple of hours before.

When he thought that the real lesson of the day had been well impressed upon the scholars, Mr. Chalker dismissed his school, and as he landed the last fish, and strung him through the gills with the others upon a willow twig, he chuckled to himself, "I don't know who's had the most fun to-day, the boys or the master, but I'll venture to say they'll be on hand, cold or no cold, after this."

JOHN'S "CAMEL-BIRD."

BY LOUISE STOCKTON.

"NOW," said John, "if you are really good, I'll give you something you like."

The ostrich looked at John out of his small bright eyes, and he gave his dingy-looking plumes a little shake, but he did not stir from the spot where he was standing; so John took out of his pocket a handful of nails, and gave one to the ostrich, who immediately swallowed it, and then bobbed his head down for another, and got it.

"But you must not be in such a hurry," said John; "it is not good for your health to eat so fast."

But really, if any creature can eat nails and screws and bits of glass, as John's ostrich could, it makes little difference whether it eats fast or slow. These things, however, never made the ostrich sick. He ate them just as the canary-bird eats gravel, and they agreed with him.

After John had finished feeding his ostrich he turned and went into the house, and the ostrich, knowing he was to get nothing more, put up his funny little wings, and

Digitized by Google

off he went on his long legs like the wind. No one tried to stop him, although two or three men stood by, for in the first place, no one could do it, and in the second, Perry—that was his name—used to go off this way every day.

Of course John did not live in this country, but in the southern part of Africa, where his father was an English officer. Perry was a tame ostrich, and had been given to John when the boy was quite a little fellow, and many a good time they had had together. Sometimes they would go out walking; but Perry was not fond of this, because John went so slowly, even when he ran. The best arrangement was for John to ride. Perry would stand perfectly still, and Captain Richards would put John on his back. John would catch tight hold of Perry's neck, and away they would go. Go! Why, a race-horse was slow to him. His legs just twinkled as he ran, and you could no more have seen them than you can count the spokes in a carriage wheel when it is rapidly turning. Perry was strong enough to carry Captain Richards, but the Captain could not bear his speed as John did, for it almost took his breath away; and once, he said, he began to be afraid he would die before Perry stopped. But John did not mind it. He liked it, and when he came to England on a visit, and rode his cousin's pony, he thought it was like going to a funeral.

When Perry was standing still he was not very handsome. He was dull in color, and his splendid feathers often looked dingy and ragged. His head was small, but his legs were so long that when John was seven years old he did not come to the top of them. When he ran, however, Perry looked splendid. He held his head firmly, he opened his queer little wings, his fine plume-like tail was erect, and every feather seemed to make him swifter and lighter, and he would go round and round like a gust of wind, and then, swooping closer, would fly back to John for a bit of iron, or perhaps a handful of grass.

Captain Richards told John why the ostrich was called the "camel-bird." The Arabs have a story that a King once said to the ostrich, "Fly," and it answered, "I can not, for I am a camel." So then he said, "Carry," and it replied, "I can not, for I am a bird." So, while it has the endurance of a camel and the swiftness of a bird, it will neither bear a burden nor fly through the air; and so, as John said, is neither, and yet both.

But one thing he could do. He could see very far. Some of the natives said he could see six miles, but John did not believe that. He thought no creature could see from his father's house to General Howard's, and that was only five miles away.

The one person who did not like Perry was Mrs. Richards. She used to be afraid to see John mounted on him, and, as she said, if Perry chose to run off into the wilds with John, who could stop him?

"But he won't," said her husband. "A tame ostrich is sure to come home to be fed."

"Well, he may throw the child off," she would reply.

"That depends on John himself, and I don't believe he will let go."

"Very well," she would say, "I am glad you are so content; but if you had the feelings of a mother you wouldn't be."

To this Captain Richards could make no reply. He had the feelings of a father; but then he was a soldier, and was used to taking risks.

And once Perry, roaming around, looked in a window, and on a table close by lay Mrs. Richards's coral breast-pin. It was pretty, and it looked good; so in went Perry's head, and in a flash the pin was down his throat.

Then, also, he would eat the little chickens. No one cared how many rats and grasshoppers he ate, but it was very provoking to have a pretty little brood of chickens gobbled up by this long-legged camel-bird. Even John did not like this, and he was glad when his father had a slatted coop made for the hens and their little ones. For a time all went well, but suddenly the chicks began to disappear, and then Mrs. Richards set a man to watch.

After a while up walked Perry, and stood watching the chickens. Presently a little one came near the slats. Quick as a flash in went Perry's head, and *that* little chicken was gone.

But they spoiled Perry's fun very quickly, for the men went to work at once and fixed the coops so Perry could not reach one of the chickens.

Every year Perry used to lose some of his feathers, and after Mrs. Richards had saved quite a number of them she sent them to her sister in London, and told her what to do with the money for which they were to be sold.

John knew nothing of it, and you may know he was surprised when one hot Christmas-day he received a box of books and a fine microscope from London. He showed them to Perry, but as the ostrich did not seem to care for them, John gave him all the nails and clamps from the box, and these Perry really did enjoy.

THE LOST STANDARD.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

ON the glorious field of Austerlitz
Napoleon stood when the day was o'er;
"Legions of France!" he cried, "pass by,
Bearing your eagles, stained with gore,
And torn with shot; but show to France
That none are lost. Advance! advance!"

Then with a shout the legions rose—
Napoleon watched them marching by;
Each flung its banner to the breeze,
And proudly sought their Emperor's eye.
Above the surging thousands toss'd
The precious eagles—not one lost.

Not one! Without its fife and drum
A silent legion sadly tread;
The weary men were dull and dumb—
There was no flag above their head:
The eagle that Napoleon gave
Floated no longer o'er the brave.

Then, white with anger, "Halt!" he cried,
And sternly called the legion's name.
"Your eagle, oten!—the flag I gave?
Why die you not for very shame?
Life hath been bought at shameful cost,
If honor and your flag are lost."

With martial tread two veterans step
From out the sad and silent band:
"Sire, we have fought where'er you led,
In Italy, or Egypt's land.
Amid the thickest of the fray,
Our eagle touched the earth to-day.

"And we, unable to retake,
Pressed where the Russian foe came on—
Behold, our Emperor! for thy sake
Two Russian standards we have won;
Yet if our honor then still doubt,
Then let our lives the stain wipe out."

The Emperor bared his head; then said,
With misty eyes and eager breath:
"Heroes! you've won your eagle now—
Won it from out the jaws of death.
Pass on! these flags shall bear your name
Among the standards kept by Fame."

Beneath the Invalides' grand dome
These Russian standards still find room;
'Mong royal flags of many lands
They droop above Napoleon's tomb.
Such praise and glory have the brave,
Who knew when honor's sign was lost,
At any price, at any cost,
Honor itself to save.

Digitized by Google

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Brownie, old fellow, the grain in the manger
Is yours, and you've earned it. No wonder you stare,
Amazed and displeased, when a pert little ranger
Comes hopping in boldly your dinner to share.

You beautiful creature! so rugged and steady,
So swift and sure-footed, so willing and wise;
Whoever may need you, so gentle and ready,
I know what you're thinking; it beams from your eyes.

He ruffles his feathers, this petty intruder,
And arches his crest, and is gallant and gay.
No conduct could possibly seem to you ruder
Than his, as he leisurely stands in your way.

But you? Why, you'd scorn to be put in a passion;
The cause is too slight. You will patiently wait
Till the satisfied rooster, in vain rooster fashion,
Flies off, without thanks, to some meek little mate.

The thorough-bred follows the law of his being,
'Tis only with equals he cares to contend;
He bears with annoyance quite patiently, seeing
That sooner or later annoyance must end.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

SPENDING MONEY.

"I WISH I had some to spend!" exclaims Florence, as she reads this title; "but as I have none, I may as well skip this column of YOUNG PEOPLE."

Please read it, Florence. To know how to use money, how to save it, and how to spend it are very important parts of education. Every penny is an opportunity, and pennies make dollars. There are very few young ladies and gentlemen who do not spend a generous sum in the course of the year, and so often it goes for trifles of no real value that when the year is over they have nothing to show for it. Take the small sum of ten cents. It may be expended in chocolate cream drops, and eaten up in a few minutes. It may be spent in buying a dainty little easel for your mother's photograph, or a pretty illuminated card, or a gay fan, which, hung on the wall, will make a vivid bit of color, quite brightening the room. Down the street there is a crippled boy, who watches you with a sad, wistful face as you go bounding past his window on your way to school. Poor Jimmy! the hours move very slowly indeed to him. He is fond of reading, but he has read all the books he possesses till he knows them almost by heart. For ten cents you can buy a beautiful story, or a charming illustrated paper, which will give Jimmy two or three days of delight. The money which we deny ourselves, that we may bestow some pleasure on others, always is the best investment, for it returns us the most true happiness.

Perhaps you can persuade your parents to give you a small amount weekly or monthly for your particular expenses. Julia and Arthur, a brother and sister of my acquaintance, have such a sum, and they are careful to keep an exact account of all that they buy and all that they give away. Their pens and pencils, luxuries of every sort, and car fare, as well as their charity fund, come from this allowance, and they are learning the right use of money as they never could in any other way. A boy who has a scroll-saw may earn a little income for himself, if he is industrious, in his play-time. So may one who has a printing-press. A girl who has learned to embroider nicely, or to paint cups and saucers, can often have her own money; and let me tell you, money that is earned by one's own diligence is much more enjoyed than any other.

A few years ago little Ailee, a friend of mine, was moulding in clay and drawing with crayons just for her childish amusement. Last year, though not eighteen, she was able to buy her entire wardrobe from the proceeds of her pencil. *Economy* is a noble word. It does not mean stinginess, but rather good management of whatever one has, and care in the use of one's means.

BRINGING WOOD FOR GRANDPA'S FIRE.

Digitized by Google

OLD BEN COMES TO THE RESCUE.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST DAY WITH THE CIRCUS.

WHEN Toby awakened and looked around he could hardly realize where he was, or how he came there. As far ahead and behind on the road as he could see, the carts were drawn up on one side; men were hurrying to and fro, orders were being shouted, and everything showed that the entrance to the town was about to be made. Directly opposite the wagon on which he had been sleeping were the four elephants and two camels, and close behind, contentedly munching their breakfasts, were a number of tiny ponies. Troops of horses were being groomed and attended to; the road was littered with saddles, flags, and general decorations, until it seemed to Toby that there must have been a smash-up, and he now beheld ruins rather than systematic disorder.

How different everything looked now, compared to the time when the cavalcade marched into Guilford, dazzling every one with the gorgeous display! Then the horses pranced gayly under their gaudy decorations, the wagons were bright with glass, gilt, and flags, the lumbering elephants and awkward camels were covered with fancifully embroidered velvets, and even the drivers of the wagons were resplendent in their uniforms of scarlet and gold. Now, in the gray light of the early morning, everything was changed. The horses were tired, muddy, and had on only dirty harness; the gilded chariots were covered with mud-bespattered canvas, which caused them to look like the most ordinary of market wagons; the elephants and camels looked dingy, dirty, almost repulsive, and the drivers were only a sleepy-looking set of men, who, in their shirt sleeves, were getting ready for the change which would dazzle the eyes of the inhabitants of the town.

Toby descended from his lofty bed, rubbed his eyes to thoroughly awaken himself, and under the guidance of Ben went to a little brook near by and washed his face. He had been with the circus not quite ten hours, but now he could not realize that it had ever seemed bright and beautiful. He missed his comfortable bed, the quiet and cleanliness, and the well-spread table; even though he had felt the lack of parents' care, Uncle Daniel's home seemed the very abode of love and friendly feeling compared to this condition, where no one appeared to care even enough for him to scold at him. He was thoroughly homesick, and heartily wished that he was back in the old town where every one had some slight interest in him.

While he was washing his face in the brook he saw some of the boys who had come out from the town to catch the first glimpse of the circus, and he saw at once

Digitized by Google

that he was the object of their admiring gaze. He heard one of the boys say, when they first discovered him,

"There's one of them, an' he's only a little feller; so I'm going to talk to him."

The evident admiration which the boys had for Toby pleased him, and this pleasure was the only drop of comfort he had had since he started. He hoped they would come and talk with him, and, that they might have the opportunity, he was purposely slow in making his toilet.

The boys approached him shyly, as if they had their doubts whether he was made of the same material as themselves, and when they got quite near to him, and satisfied themselves that he was only washing his face in much the same way that any well-regulated boy would do, the one who had called attention to him said, half timidly, "Hello!"

"Hello!" responded Toby, in a tone that was meant to invite confidence.

"Do you belong to the circus?"

"Yes," said Toby, a little doubtfully.

Then the boys stared at him again as if he had been one of the strange-looking animals, and the one who had been the spokesman drew a long breath of envy as he said, longingly, "My! what a nice time you must have!"

Toby remembered that only yesterday he had thought that boys must have a nice time with a circus, and he now felt what a mistake that thought was; but he concluded that he would not undeceive his new acquaintance.

"And do they give you frogs to eat, so's to make you limber?"

This was the first time that Toby had thought of breakfast, and the very mention of eating made him hungry. He was just at that moment so very hungry that he did not think he was replying to the question when he said, quickly, "Eat frogs! I could eat anything, if I only had the chance."

The boys took this as an answer to their question, and felt perfectly convinced that the agility of circus riders and tumblers depended upon the quantity of frogs eaten, and they looked upon Toby with no little degree of awe.

Toby might have undeceived them as to the kind of food he ate, but just at that moment the harsh voice of Mr. Job Lord was heard calling him, and he hurried away to commence his first day's work.

Toby's employer was not the same pleasant, kindly-spoken man that he had been during the time they were in Guilford, and before the boy was absolutely under his control. He looked cross, he acted cross, and it did not take the boy very long to find out that he was very cross.

He scolded Toby roundly, and launched more oaths at his defenseless head than Toby had ever heard in his life. He was angry that the boy had not been on hand to help him, and also that he had been obliged to hunt for him.

Toby tried to explain that he had no idea of what he was expected to do, and that he had been on the wagon to which he had been sent, only leaving it to wash his face; but the angry man grew more furious.

"Went to wash your face, did yer? Want to set yourself up for a dandy, I suppose, and think that you must souse that speckled face of yours into every brook you come to? I'll soon break you of that; and the sooner you understand that I can't afford to have you wasting your time in washing, the better it will be for you."

Toby now grew angry, and not realizing how wholly he was in this man's power, he retorted: "If you think I'm going round with a dirty face, even if it is speckled, for a dollar a week, you're mistaken, that's all. How many folks would eat your candy if they knew you handled it over before you washed your hands?"

"Oho! I've picked up a preacher, have I? Now I want you to understand, my bantam, that I do all the preaching as well as the practicing myself, and this is about as quick a way as I know of to make you understand it."

As the man spoke he grasped the boy by the coat collar with one hand, and with the other he plied a thin rubber cane with no gentle force to every portion of Toby's body that he could reach.

Every blow caused the poor boy the most intense pain, but he determined that his tormentor should not have the satisfaction of forcing an outcry from him, and he closed his teeth so tightly that not a single sound could escape from his mouth.

This very silence enraged the man so much that he redoubled the force and rapidity of his blows, and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences had not Ben come that way just then, and changed the aspect of affairs.

"Up to your old tricks of whipping the boys, are you, Job?" he said, as he wrested the cane from the man's hand, and held him off at arm's-length to prevent him from doing Toby any more mischief.

Mr. Lord struggled to release himself, and insisted that since the boy was in his employ, he should do with him just as he saw fit.

"Now look here, Mr. Lord," said Ben, as gravely as if he was delivering some profound piece of wisdom: "I've never interfered with you before; but now I'm going to stop your games of thrashing your boy every morning before breakfast. You just tell this youngster what you want him to do, and if he don't do it, you can discharge him. If I hear of your flogging him, I shall attend to your case at once. You hear me?"

Ben shook the now terrified candy vender much as if he had been a child, and then released him, saying to Toby as he did so, "Now, my boy, you attend to your business as you ought to, and I'll settle his account if he tries the flogging game again."

"You see, I don't know what there is for me to do," sobbed Toby, for the kindly interference of Ben had made him show more feeling than Mr. Lord's blows had done.

"Tell him what he must do," said Ben, sternly.

"I want him to go to work and wash the tumblers, and fix up the things in that green box, so we can commence to sell as soon as we get into town," snarled Mr. Lord, as he motioned toward a large green chest that had been taken out of one of the carts, and which Toby saw was filled with dirty glasses, spoons, knives, and other utensils such as were necessary to carry on the business.

Toby got a pail of water from the brook, hunted around, and found towels and soap, and devoted himself to his work with such industry that Mr. Lord could not repress a grunt of satisfaction as he passed him, however angry he felt because he could not administer the whipping which would have smoothed his ruffled temper.

By the time the procession was ready to start for the town, Toby had as much of his work done as he could find that it was necessary to do, and his master, in his surly way, half acknowledged that this last boy of his was better than any he had had before.

Although Toby had done his work so well, he was far from feeling happy; he was both angry and sad as he thought of the cruel blows that had been inflicted, and he had plenty of leisure to repent of the rash step he had taken, although he could not see very clearly how he was to get away from it. He thought that he could not go back to Guilford, for Uncle Daniel would not allow him to come to his house again; and the hot scalding tears ran down his cheeks as he realized that he was homeless and friendless in this great big world.

It was while he was in this frame of mind that the procession, all gaudy with flags, streamers, and banners, entered the town. Under different circumstances this would have been a most delightful day for him, for the entrance of a circus into Guilford had always been a source of one

Digitized by Google

day's solid enjoyment; but now he was the most disconsolate and unhappy boy in all that crowd.

He did not ride throughout the entire route of the procession, for Mr. Lord was anxious to begin business, and the moment the tenting ground was reached, the wagon containing Mr. Lord's goods was driven into the inclosure, and Toby's day's work began.

He was obliged to bring water, to cut up the lemons, fetch and carry fruit from the booth in the big tent to the booth on the outside, until he was ready to drop with fatigue, and having had no time for breakfast, was nearly famished.

It was quite noon before he was permitted to go to the hotel for something to eat, and then Ben's advice to be one of the first to get to the tables was not needed.

In the eating line that day he astonished the servants, the members of the company, and even himself, and by the time he arose from the table, with both pockets and his stomach full to bursting, the tables had been set and cleared away twice while he was making one meal.

"Well, I guess you didn't hurry yourself much," said Mr. Lord, when Toby returned to the circus ground.

"Oh yes, I did," was Toby's innocent reply. "I ate just as fast as I could;" and a satisfied smile stole over the boy's face as he thought of the amount of solid food he had consumed.

The answer was not one which was calculated to make Mr. Lord feel any more agreeably disposed toward his new clerk, and he showed his ill-temper very plainly as he said, "It must take a good deal to satisfy you."

"I s'pose it does," calmly replied Toby. "Sam Merrill used to say that I took after Aunt Olive and Uncle Dan'l: one ate a good while, an' the other ate awful fast."

Toby could not understand what it was that Mr. Lord said in reply, but he could understand that his employer was angry at somebody or something, and he tried unusually hard to please him. He talked to the boys who had gathered around, to induce them to buy, washed the glasses as fast as they were used, tried to keep off the flies, and in every way he could think of endeavored to please his master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG ESQUIMAUX

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"IT'S no use, Fred."

"Why not, Rory? We could do it. I just know we could."

"You and I wouldn't be enough. Besides, we haven't the things, and we can't get 'em."

"No white bears, do you mean?"

"Yes, and no canoes, and spears, and bows and arrows. And look at the way they're dressed. It's no use playing Esquimaux, and not have anything to do it with."

"Now," said Fred, with another long look at the picture in the book, "you're going for too much. We can get all the boys."

"Guess we can, now they daren't start another snow-ball match."

"Think of all the snow, Rory. It's just thawed enough to pack. We can go back of the orchard and make a snow house as big as that."

Fred had spent his whole evening, the night before, over that book of *Arctic Voyages*, and he had brought it to bear on Rory the first thing after breakfast.

"I'll read it when we get home," said Rory; "but I'd better go around after some boys now."

"And I'll go and pick out a good place, and start the house."

The snow was deep enough anywhere that winter, but it was not a very cold day, and every drift and level was in prime condition for snow-balling. The difficulty was that too much of that kind of fun had been going on all the week, and so the grand "match" set for that Saturday had been forbidden by the Academy Trustees.

"They'd about half kill themselves if we'd let 'em," had been the solemn comment of old Squire Garrison, and no body dreamed of disputing his decision, for he was President of the Board, and the wisest man in the village.

Rory was not gone long, and when he returned, and went through the yard and garden into the orchard, half a dozen boys were following him.

Fred had been at work. He had carried out the big wooden snow-shovel and the grain-scoop shovel and the spade, but the first question Bob Sanders asked was:

"Boards? What are they for? You don't want any boards in a snow house."

"And the Esquimaux don't have any," said Rory.

Fred had put down four of them flat on the snow, and was now shovelling a heap of snow upon them from the spot he had chosen for the house.

"Boards?" he said. "Why, boys, that's our brick-yard."

"Brick-yard? Snow bricks? What's the saw for? You can't cut snow with a saw."

"I'll show you. Just you fellows pile on snow, and bang it down hard with a spade. We're going to do just what the Esquimaux do."

"I've brought my own shovel," said Bill Evans, "and so has Barney Herriman."

"We want this foundation trodden hard and level first. It's pretty near ready. Now I'll mark it out."

There were other boys in that crowd who could beat Fred at some things, even at base-ball and swimming, and he had not taken a single prize at the end of the school term; but when it came to "making" anything, he could step right ahead, and they all knew it.

It was just as Barney Herriman said: "Come on, boys, Fred Park is boss of this job."

He was bossing it, as a matter of course, and it looked as if he knew pretty well what he was about.

He stuck a peg in the snow for a centre, and around that, with a string five feet long and another peg, he marked a circle that was just ten feet across.

"Now, boys, there's eight of us, and we can build the biggest snow house you ever saw. The snow packs splendidly. We'll make our bricks a foot wide and a foot high and a foot and a half long."

How they did pile the soft snow upon those boards, now they understood what they were meant for!

Bang! stamp! bang! down went the sticky heap, until Fred said he guessed it would cut.

"Keep on, boys; pile it up."

They couldn't help stopping to watch him, though, while he cut out his first bricks with that saw. It went through the snow so nice and easy, and Bill Evans remarked, "Can't he handle a saw!"

He worked away, till a dozen bricks were ready, and he made them a little shorter on one side than on the other.

"What's that for?" asked Bob Sanders. But then Bob never opened his mouth without asking something; and all Fred told him was,

"So they'll fit around in a circle. The short side goes in."

"It's the way the Esquimaux do," said Rory. "He read all about it in a book last night."

"Go ahead, boys," said Fred. "It'll take just thirty of those bricks to go around. It won't take so many after that."

They pounded and shovelled, while he cut and set the bricks, and then he went all around that circle with the back of the saw, shaving it off so it sloped inward a little.

"Won't it let 'em slip off?" asked Bob.

"Guess not. Don't you see how that one sticks? It

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YEAR.

only leans in a little. You'll see. Let's pitch in. The snow's grand."

So it was—just as if it had been made for bricks; and before long Barney Herriman found he could saw them out while Fred was putting them on, so that the house went up faster.

The round wall curved in and in, but each successive tier of snow bricks held itself up, just as Fred had seen in the picture of the Esquimaux at work.

It was not long before he had to send Rory into the house for a chair to stand on.

"I've got to stay inside."

"Well," said Bob Sanders, "don't you mean to have any door? How'll you get out after your roof's on?"

"Give me the saw, and I'll fix that while Rory's gone for the chair."

It was easy enough to cut a hole two feet square down at the floor, and Fred said, "We can make a long crawl-hole entry, such as the Esquimaux use, when we've finished the house."

"The roof's the toughest part of the job," said Bill Evans.

He was mistaken in that, however, for the last rounds of bricks were fitted in just as easily as any others, only Fred made them shorter and shorter, till there was only a hole a foot square left at the middle of the roof.

"Going to plug that up, are you?" asked Bob.

"Plug it up? Don't you suppose we want a chimney?"

"Well, but what 'll you do for windows?"

"Tell you what, boys, if we had some slabs of ice that weren't too thick, we just could have some windows."

"Guess we can fix that," said Bill Evans. "Squire Garrison's men sawed a couple of loads of ice out of the pond yesterday, and it didn't freeze more'n an inch last night."

He and Joe Herriman and Wash McGee set off almost

on a run after some of that ice, and they were back in less than twenty minutes with enough of it to glaze one of the big windows at the Academy.

Fred shouted when he saw it: "That beats the Esquimaux! Why, it's as clear as glass. The light 'll come right through."

So it did, when the ice windows were finished, and you could see to read inside the house, but you could not enjoy the scenery much through those windows.

"Won't need any blinds," said Barney Herriman, "to keep folks from looking in."

"Hullo! see what Rory's got."

"Buffalo-skins!"

"Two of 'em."

"Boys, we must put in some furniture. Snow benches—"

"And a snow stove."

"No, I guess the Esquimaux get along without a stove. But then they have piles and piles of bear-skins, and seal-skins, and reindeer-skins, and all sorts, and they eat whale blubber to keep 'em warm."

"Won't roast pork do just as well?" asked Bob Sanders.

"Well, it might, if it's the fattest kind of pork."

"'Cause that's what we're going to have for dinner at our house. I'll eat enough to keep me warm, if I stay in there all the afternoon."

"Come in, boys," said Fred. "And bring in the buffalo-skins. Let's try it."

They all crept in, one after the other, and sat down on the soft furs like so many Turks.

"They'll want these in the sleigh by-and-by," said Rory.

"Isn't this jolly, though?"

"It's warm enough without any kind of fire."

"I don't want any blubber."

"Nor any pork, either."

"Tell you what, boys, if it freezes good and hard to-night, this house 'll be wonderfully strong. We'll make an entryway just such as I saw in the picture, and we'll get some old carpet, and some stools—"

"Hullo, boys! Fred! Rory! What have you done with my buffalo-robes?"

It was the voice of Dr. Park himself, outside; and then they heard the great, deep, gruff tones of Squire Garrison himself.

"I declare, Doctor, they've done it! Bricks! All of a size."

"Cost them a good deal of hard work, I should say."

"Don't tell 'em, Doctor. Don't let 'em know it was work. They'd never build another. Couldn't hire 'em to."

Fred and Rory were crawling out with the buffalo-skins, and their father said to them:

"It won't do, boys; the Esquimaux never kill any buffaloes."

"Bears, father—white bears—"

"And seals, and whales, and walruses, and—"

"Doctor," exclaimed Squire Garrison, "I'm for a look inside."

The other boys had been keeping as still as so many mice, except that they had very promptly kicked the buffalo-skins out from under them, and half of them had their hands before their mouths now to keep from laughing, as Squire Garrison knocked his tall hat off against the snow bricks, and his big gray head came poking in.

Chuckle, chuckle, from the boys, and the Squire looked up.

"I declare, Doctor! Such a lot of young bears!"

"Bears? Oh no, Squire, they're Esquimaux Indians. I heard them talking it over this morning. Can you see inside?"

"See? Why, I can stand up! It's capital. Windows, too. Is that glass?"

"No, sir, it's ice."

"Tell you what, boys, this is nice."

"We're going to stick icicles all around, and make it real pretty, by-and-by," said Fred.

"Then you come over and get my big square barn lantern, and see how that 'll make it look after dark."

The Squire was a good friend of boys and fun, after all, and both he and the Doctor came out that evening to see the white walls of the Esquimaux hut, and the liberal allowance of icicles the boys had stuck up, glitter and shine and wink in the light of the great lantern.

CAPTAIN WEATHERBY'S FUR CAP.

BY DAVID KER.

"IF you're going out again to-night, my friend, I'd advise you to leave this new fur cap of yours at home, and take your sea cap instead."

So spoke a hospitable Russian merchant to his guest, Captain Cyrus Weatherby, skipper and part owner of the good ship *Seabird*, of Boston. The Captain had reached St. Petersburg late enough in the fall for it to be already pretty cold at night, and his first exploit on landing was to buy a magnificent fur cap, which, as he said, would "astonish his folks at the Hub some" when he got back.

"What should I leave it at home for?" asked the skipper. "I s'pose I ain't going to be arrested as a Nihilist 'cause I've got a new cap on?"

"No: but if you go out with it, you'll most likely come back without it."

"Somebody going to steal it, eh?"

"Just so, and I'll tell you how. There's a fellow going around here just now who makes a regular trade of snapping up all the good caps he can lay his hands on. He hires a hack carriage, and drives about the streets after dark at a rattling pace, the driver being, of course, a confederate of his own. Then, whenever he passes a man with a high-priced cap on—like yours, for instance—he leans forward and snatches it off,* while the driver puts his horse to speed, and is out of sight before there's time to cry, 'Help!'"

"Pretty smart that," growled the Massachusetts man. "I guess I must give that land-shark a wide berth. Whereabouts does he cruise, so as I may keep clear of him?"

"Well, you might meet him in any of the streets near the Isaac Cathedral, but his general place is the Bolshaya Morskaya [Great Marine] Street."

"All right."

Up to his room went Captain Weatherby, and taking out the precious cap, began to stitch on to it, with sailor-like dexterity, two huge ear-laps, each furnished with a stout ribbon. Then he tied it on, and tested the strength of the fastenings by a vigorous tug.

"Won't do," he muttered; "they mightn't break, but again they might, and then it would be all up. Guess a strap won't do any harm."

The strap being drawn round his head, and buckled firmly under his chin, the worthy sailor seemed more at his ease, and grunted, defiantly, "Now, then, let's see if a Boston boy ain't a match for any Russian that ever ate tallow!"

Out went the Captain; but his friend's warning seemed to have made very little impression upon him, for instead of avoiding the neighborhood of the Isaac Cathedral, he went straight toward it. The vast golden dome, towering over its massive pillars of polished granite, made a gallant show in the brilliant Northern moonlight; but just then the Captain had something else to think about. At the very corner of the great square he suddenly caught sight of a bare-headed man shouting lustily for the police,

* It should be explained that the Russian hack carriages have neither roof nor cover, being merely a seat upon wheels.

Digitized by Google

while a drosky (hack carriage) was just vanishing in the distance.

"Well, if that pirate hain't scuttled one craft already!" muttered our hero; "but he don't catch Cy Weatherby so easy, all the same."

Away tramped the valiant Captain along the sidewalk of the Morskaya, turning up the cuffs of his pilot-coat with a business-like air as he went. He had scarcely gone a hundred yards when his quick ear caught the roll of wheels coming toward him from the other end of the short street, which, for a wonder, was almost deserted.

"Stand to your guns, boys," chuckled the Captain; "here comes the enemy."

A drosky came dashing by, and its occupant, just as he passed, bent forward and made a snatch at the new cap. But the strap held firm; and instantly the sailor's iron hand grasped the fellow's wrist, and jerked him from his seat. The next moment he lay writhing on the sidewalk, under a shower of battering blows dealt with all the power of a fist that might have done duty for a sledge-hammer; while his worthy confederate, so far from helping him, drove off as fast as he could go.

"What's all this?" asked a gruff voice in Russian, as a tall frieze-coated figure, with the cap and badge of a city policeman, appeared at Weatherby's elbow.

The Captain was not much of a Russian scholar, but his expressive signs, and a glance at the robber's face, soon enlightened the policeman, who rubbed his big hands gleefully.

"You've done us a good turn, father, whoever you are. This is the very fellow we've been looking for, and there's a good big reward offered for him. Here comes one of my mates, and we'll just bundle the scamp off to the *tchast* (police office) at once."

This was soon done, and Captain Weatherby got his fair share of the reward, as well as the satisfaction of having been "too smart for a thieving Russian," which, as he assured his Boston friends on his return home, was well worth double the money.

THE DORMOUSE.

SOMETIMES when people are asked whether they ever kept tame dormice, they answer, with a shudder, "Oh dear no!" It then turns out that they have never seen one, but think, because they dislike common mice and rats, that these must also be disagreeable animals, and are quite surprised to hear that they are not really mice, but belong to the squirrel tribe. They were always great favorites with us, and we have had a long succession of them as pets ever since we were babies. What can be prettier than the fat, round little things, with their soft red-brown hair, long furry tails, white chests, and great black eyes?

Bertha tells me that the first thing she can remember doing in her whole life is running about the room, tossing her pinafore up and down, to the great delight, as she supposed, of a dormouse that was in it, and then suddenly seeing him clambering up the table-cloth at the other side of the room.

The first dormouse that I can remember was one called Mouffette. He also belonged to Bertha. He was so tame that she used to put him in a doll's cart, with a tiny whip in one hand and the reins in the other, and draw it round the garden; and she often walked about out-of-doors with the little thing on her shoulder. Another was very fond of cream, though it was said to be bad for his health, and was sometimes allowed to drink it out of a tiny ivory cup that he held in his hand.

At one time, when both my sisters had a dormouse, my father said that whichever of them learned first to work a shirt front very nicely should have a beautiful new cage for her pet. Unfortunately, Emily's "Bear" had, two days before, got loose, and ran up the bedroom chimney, and since then nothing had been seen or heard of him; so she was very unhappy, thinking that if she did get a new cage, there would be no dormouse to put in it. However, that evening, as they were going to bed, they heard a little noise in the chimney, and presently down walked Master Bear into his cage, which had been placed on the hob, and began to eat nuts.

(Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.)

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER IV.

MILDRED thought she had never seen anything finer than the beautiful hall and staircase at Miss Jenner's. She scarcely felt her foot fall on the rich dark carpets as she made her way up stairs into a beautiful old-fashioned room where half a dozen young people were congregated, laying aside their wraps. They were talking and laughing gayly, and Mildred recognized them as the daughters of the "leading people" in Milltown—girls about her own age or a little younger, to whom she had constantly sold ribbons or laces, or the "newest thing" in mantles. Poor Milly felt the pink coloring all her face, as she stood among them, some way feeling shut out. She was not old enough nor wise enough to realize the honorable side of her own life and its hard work; she thought only of what their feelings would be were they to recognize in her one of "Hardman's" girls. But as no one knew her, two or three whispered together, wondering who the pretty lady-like stranger could be, and as they all went down the oak stairs together, one of the girls spoke to her in a friendly, good-humored way. Milly was glad of company as she found herself at the door of the long, beautiful room in which Miss Jenner stood waiting for her young friends. The eyes of the poor little "sales-woman" were dazzled by the quiet elegance of the room—the many pictures, the statuary, and articles of *virtu* from many lands. Milly forgot even her fright and her intense consciousness of her gray silk in her pleasure at these novel sights.

"So you found your way here, Mildred," Miss Jenner said, in her brusque though kindly voice. "Well, I'm glad to see you. Now come and let me introduce you to my niece, for this is *her* company."

Mildred found herself following Miss Jenner into a pretty half-shaded room at the end of the parlor. A young girl of about fifteen, very slight and delicate, but exceedingly pretty, was seated there, with one or two young people near her.

"Alice," said Miss Jenner, using a tone so soft that Mildred could not believe it was her new friend's voice, "this is Mildred Lee: I want you to make great friends with her."

The young girl stretched out a slim hand with something uncertain in her gesture. As Mildred took it, Miss Jenner whispered, with a deep sigh, "She is *blind*."

Mildred felt full of compassion for the poor young girl, who, surrounded by so much that was beautiful, could see and understand nothing of it; but she speedily found that Alice Jenner took the keenest delight in conversation. As they were left by themselves half an hour, Mildred found it a pleasant task to entertain her. She described for her amusement the little company, the dresses, the effect of everything, finally drifting into her own affairs, and avowing her position at Mr. Hardman's. Alice listened with delight; Milly's life was so different from hers.

"Yes, I should think so," sighed Milly, glancing around at the luxurious, warmly tinted rooms; then she remembered the young girl's infirmity.

Digitized by Google

"No, Milly," said Alice, "you would not change with me."

When tea was announced, Milly found it hard to leave her new friend, but she thoroughly enjoyed the bountiful and sumptuous meal to which they all sat down. Later, games were played in which Alice could join, and finally Miss Jenner's nephew, a tall boy a little older than Milly, was called over to take her to the library. Mildred never had seen such a room as that library. Not only were there all the books she had most wanted to read, but there were photographs of every place under the sun, and engravings of all the great masters she had heard her father talk about. So keenly interested was she in it all, that young Jenner went away, bringing back his blind sister, and begging Milly to "describe it all to Alice." Nothing could have pleased her better, and so the three bent over a book of engravings, Alice listening eagerly while Mildred explained each picture in elaborate detail. Roger Jenner begged Mildred not to pause, even though ice-cream was being handed around in the parlor—he would go and bring in Alice's and her own share. He returned speedily, followed by a servant carrying a tray with the ices and delicious cups of hot chocolate upon it. Roger was divided between listening to an account of Raphael's St. Cecilia and the duty of handing Mildred her chocolate, while Milly absently stretched out her fingers for the cup. It was an instant's awkwardness on both sides, followed by a little cry from Milly, and a stare of horror from Roger. The cup of boiling chocolate poured in a brown stream down the front of her gray silk dress.

MILDRED AT THE PARTY.

Poor Mildred! I am afraid, in spite of Roger's anxious apologies and her own instinctive politeness, she looked very miserable. The rest of the evening hung but heavily on her hands. Alice easily dismissed the subject, not guessing of how much importance one silk dress could be to any one, little knowing the misery in her companion's mind. Mildred tried to continue her narrations, but she was glad when the room filled, and Alice's chair became a general centre; still more pleased when it came time for her to go home, and she could again wrap her water-proof over her new dress, and feel it hidden. Miss Jenner had certainly been very kind. Even one or two hours in such a beautiful house was enough to fill her with delight, and Alice and Roger were charming companions; but Milly, as she stood in the dressing-room, felt somehow the evening had not been a success, and her comfort received its last shock on overhearing two of the "leading" young ladies whisper to a third, "Why, that girl in the gray silk dress is one of Hardman's clerks. How *could* Miss Jenner have invited her? And see how she's all dressed up." Mildred felt rather than saw the sneering looks which followed her out of the room. Poor child! her heart under the much-prized dress was beating with mortification and disappointment as she went down stairs. Miss Jenner said very little about seeing her again, and when she joined Joe in the hall, she found him in a most unamiable mood.

"What is it, Joey?" said Milly, as they went out of the gate. Come what might, Mildred was always a thoughtful, gentle elder sister.

"Why, the landlord's been in," Joe said, sulkily, "and he says we *must* pay in advance after this. I *wish* the day could come, Mil," added the boy, "when *I* could get a place in at Hardman's."

Poor Milly gave a little groan. "Don't say that, dear," she said. "People talk of *my* being there as if it was a disgrace. Don't bother about Mr. Stiles, Joey; I'll see him to-morrow."

Deborah was waiting up to hear Milly's account of the party, and was wrathful at the girl's running quickly up stairs, not knowing what she had to conceal. Once in her own room, Milly looked eagerly at the stained silk. It was hopelessly ruined! Chocolate she knew never would submit to any cleansing, and so she put it away with a sigh, feeling she had paid dearly for one evening's finery. For the first time since her bargain, the thought of the thirty dollars weighed like a guilty secret on her heart. She could not sleep, but after going to bed lay thinking of the weekly visit she must receive from that bold, hard-featured woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

THAT SMALL PIECEE BOY FROM CHINA.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

'Twas a little Asiatic
  Sitting sadly on the deck,
Who with wailings loud, emphatic,
  Watched his home fade to a speck,
While his saffron-hued complexion
  Altered to deep olive green,
And the tears of retrospection
  In his almond eyes were seen.
Still he scanned the far horizon,
  Touching neither bread nor meat;
And we feared that he would die soon,
  For we could not make him eat.
Sympathy, and e'en religion,
  Had for him no hope or cheer.
"Speakee you too much fool pigeon,
  Better China home than here.
Me no likee English junkee,
  English chowchow too no nice.
Why no can some roasted monkey?
  What for not some piecee mice?
Number one un washee dishee,
  Catchee chopsticks scouree bright;
Too much workee, this boy wishee
  Top-side makee, flyee kite."

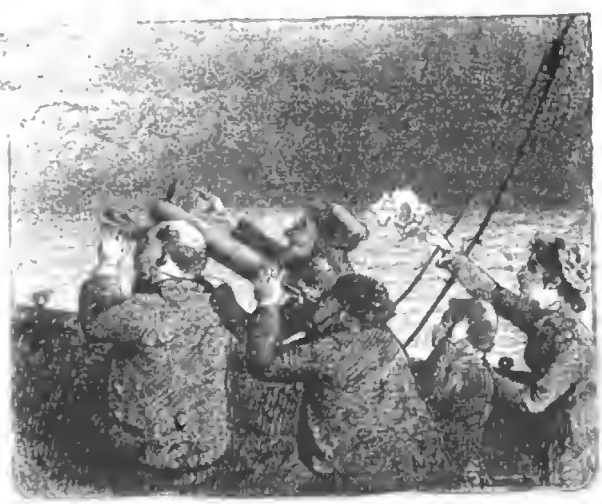
"Make a kite, you foolish fellow,"
  Kindly then the Captain said.
With delight his cheeks so yellow
  Flushed almost to rosy red.
As he worked, an inspiration
  In his eager fingers burned.
Each on board made his donation,
  Every scrap to use was turned.
To begin, the galley scullion
  Gave a worn-out cracked guitar,
Which would utter shrieks æolian
  As the breeze bore it afar;
Slats there were from blinds Venetian,
  And a tattered parasol.
Wondered we at such provision,
  Sure it could not carry all.
Two old bonnets, an air cushion,
  With a handbox painted green,
Rockets two, to set it rushing,
  And an ancient crinoline,
Wings from a torn old umbrella,
  While a tail of many rags
Showed in its red, white, and yellow
  He had stol'n the signal flags.

Vain our taunts, our sneers invidious,
  For each day the structure grew

Stronger, vaster, and more hideous,
  Yet more awful to the view.
Cloven tongue all barbed and hissing,
  And a snaky horned wig,
Goggle eyes revolving, whizzing
  In a fiery whirligig;
Till with joy Kong's face resembled
  A great orange sent from Seville.
All who saw the kite now trembled,
  'Twas so very like a devil.
And Kong scanned the far horizon,
  Till from out the western main
Rose a black and threatening typhoon,
  And it blew a hurricane.
On the poop Kong danced ecstatic,
  And he gave his demon string.

As it tugged with curve erratic
  Loud and clear we heard him sing:
"No more chowchow mutton hashee,
  Soon me suck fat shark tail fin,
Soon one pigtail full of cashee
  Me give cumshaw Joss, Pekin;
Soon me sing my China sing-song,
  Chowchow nice bird-nest pudding.
Ha qual, fly, go top-side Chin chong
  Choy, old English junk. Chin chin."

Shrieked we all in accents frantic,
  "Oh, come back, you China boy!"
Vain: he soared o'er the Atlantic
  In a straight course for Amoy.
And the soldiers of Gibraltar
  Saw him whizzing through the sky,
Like a bomb-shell to the assault, or
  A gigantic comet high.
And the tempest waged still windier
  As he crossed the great canal,
Till, with but a glance at India,
  He reached safe the China wall.
There, in a pagoda finer
  Far than I can tell or write,
That small piecee boy from China
  Now reposes with his kite.



Digitized by Google

DARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.

My papa says there is no difficulty in painting magic-lantern slides with water-color paints, and the design can easily be made without using those dangerous chemicals. He used to make slides in this way when he was a boy: Take a slip of glass of the proper size, and cover one side with a coat of mastic varnish, and let it dry well. Then make your sketch on a piece of white paper, and lay your slide over it, and trace the outlines on the glass with a fine camel's-hair brush and India ink. Now mix your water-colors with thin gum water, and you will find you can paint quite well on the varnished surface. If there is any difficulty, a little ox-gall, which can be bought at any paint shop, will make it right. All the details must be carefully painted with a very fine brush, as the magic lantern magnifies all defects. Only transparent colors, like gamboge, Prussian blue, lakes, and madders, can be used. The slides should be finished by covering all the glass, except the figures, with black oil-paint, and adding another coat of varnish to the slide. HARRY J.

SCALYBRIDGE, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

I am a little English girl nine years old. I have a kind auntie in America, who sends us HARPER'S BAZAR and YOUNG PEOPLE. My sisters and I are delighted with them. My papa has some very kind cousins in Kentucky. Cousin S—— has invited us to go and see him, and have some of his nice fruit, and mamma says we may some time if we are good. We call him uncle, because we love him so. He sent some American flour to papa, who keeps a store here, and we have had one hundred barrels of American apples, and are going to have more. We have the Stars and Stripes and Union-Jack at papa's store, and the children here call it the "'Merica shop."

LOUISA MARY K.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

I have lived in this place ten years. I am eleven years old. A great change has taken place here since I came. Not long ago this was the Indians' country. We could see traces of them, and often felt afraid. Buffalo, antelopes, and wolves were very numerous, and frequently ran past our house. Nearly everybody lived in "ring-outs" then, but now things are beginning to look civilized. We have a railroad, and churches and school-houses. People are building fine houses, and everything is progressing rapidly. Papa and mamma have lived in Kansas for twenty-one years.

We have a large cat and a mocking-bird, which are on very friendly terms with each other, and will often eat together from the same dish.

ELEANOR W.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

Here are two pretty botanical experiments, which may be new to some readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Place a sponge of any size in a saucer, which must be kept filled with water. Sprinkle some canary-seed on the top of the sponge, and in a short time it will sprout and become a beautiful bunch of long green grass.

A crocus bulb, if wrapped in cotton and placed in a saucer of water, will in course of time sprout and bloom. CARL R. E.

When I was seven years old my brother, my two sisters, and myself were presented with four white Angora rabbits. Two were lost, but before long the other pair had five little ones, and in time there were nineteen.

Two summers ago we visited the White Mountains. I had a baby rabbit which I liked better than any of the others, so I took it with me. It was very tame, and would follow me everywhere. Its name was Snowball. It lived on bread, milk, clover, and other greens, and it liked candy as well as I do. I took it to the White Mountains in a basket with a little hay in it. When we reached there, Snowball was very tired, and I put it to bed. We were among the mountains eleven days, and Snowball grew very fat before we came home.

I never let it out in the rain; but one day it ran out when I did not know it; I caught it, and was carrying it up stairs to comb and dry its hair, when it fell backward from my shoulder and dislocated its back. I had to have it killed with chloroform. It was stuffed, and is now in my room.

In the winter all of my rabbits died except eight, and the day I went back to the country those were left out-of-doors in a coop. In the morning when I went to feed them they were all dead. A dog had broken into the coop in the night. That was the end of my beautiful rabbits, and I can not tell of my great sorrow. H. F. WHITE.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and I delight to read YOUNG PEOPLE. I like it better and better every week.

We have just returned from a pleasure-trip all over California. It was delightful eating oranges from the trees in Los Angeles, and catching trout in the beautiful streams in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

TOMMIE H.

OCCIDENTAL, CALIFORNIA.

I live in the far West, among the redwoods of Sonoma County, seventy miles from San Francisco, on the North Pacific Coast Railroad. There are a number of saw-mills here, and there are large redwood trees, some of which are over twelve feet through. Some of the pine-trees will make seventeen cords of four-foot wood.

Not far from our house there is one of the highest railroad bridges in the State. It is one hundred and thirty-seven and a half feet from the creek to the roadway.

We have several kinds of wild animals around here. S. EDWARD E.

TRINITY, LOUISIANA.

I live in a little town called Trinity, because it is built where three rivers meet. We have an overflow here nearly every year, and have lots of fun going about in boats, but we generally get tired before the water goes off the ground.

I am ten years old. I have five sisters and four brothers. We do not go to school, but have a governess. We had a pet deer, but it died the first cold weather. I have been taking music lessons seven months, and can play a few pieces. We all like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. RETTA S.

SCHERRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written to YOUNG PEOPLE before, and now I want to tell about my flowers. I raised over one hundred and fifty plants from slips last summer. I like the light blue heliotrope better than any other house plant, so I have propagated about twenty-five plants of that.

I had a rabbit given to me recently. I call it Dicky. It eats turnips, cabbage, and apples.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. "Out of the Woods" was a splendid story. I am thirteen years old. MARY R.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I wish to tell all the correspondents that, as I have exchanged postage stamps with a great many, I have now no more duplicates left, and will not be able to supply any more boys. G. C. WIGGIN.

I am all out of curiosities now, and can not exchange them any longer, but I would like to exchange postmarks. TEDDY SMITH,
641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

I live on the great prairies of Dakota, not far from the pipe-stone quarries. It is said to be the only place in the world where pipe-stone is found. It is used by the Indians for making pipes, rings, beads, and other things. I would like to exchange specimens of pipe-stone for sea-shells, ocean curiosities, Egyptian postage stamps, foreign coins, or Indian relics. GEORGE F. SMITH,
Care of Allen Smith, P. O. Box 38,
Aurora, Brookings County, Dakota.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Relics gathered on the ancient sites of Onondaga Indian villages for Indian relics from other localities, ocean curiosities, or minerals.
LYMAN H. NORTON,
Plainville, Onondaga County, N. Y.

California birds' eggs for eggs from other localities.
FANNIE W. HODGES,
Gilroy, Santa Clara County, California.

Crochet patterns and postmarks.
TERSIE LINDSAY,
Wappingers Falls, Dutchess County, N. Y.

Postmarks, minerals, sea-shells, coins, and other curiosities. GEORGE J. ANTHONY,
235 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Postage stamps and postmarks.
LESLIE I. RAY, Ishpeming, Mich.

Foreign postage stamps. A stone from New York State, for one from any other State except New Jersey. EDWIN M. COX, JUN.,
Spuyten Duyvel, N. Y.

Postage stamps and sea-shells.
WALTER MANDELL,
666 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Foreign postage stamps for Indian relics and other curiosities. A. H. VAN BUSKIRK,
429 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

Stones, stamps, and coins.
CHARLES STUWART,
North Evanston, Cook County, Ill.

Postage stamps. ANNIE P. CARRIER,
Shady Side, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Postmarks, Indian arrow-heads, or specimens of iron, copper, or nickel ores from Norway, for birds' eggs or foreign postage stamps.
GERTRUDE A. ARNOLD,
177 North Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

An open boll of cotton, exactly as grown on the stalk, for foreign stamps or coin.
JOSEPH HAWKINS, Prosperity, S. C.

About six hundred postage stamps and an international stamp album for a scroll saw.
A. S. WETTAIN,
P. O. Box 891, New York City.

Postage stamps. JAMES H. DAWSON,
113 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postage stamps and relics.
JOHN A. SELKIRK,
123 First Street, Albany, N. Y.

Postmarks. ROBERT KREIDER,
P. O. Box 119, Mauch Chunk, Penn.

Pressed leaves and ferns, or postmarks, for leaves and ferns from other localities.
AGNES and CARRIE RAUCHFUSS,
Golconda, Pope County, Ill.

Birds' eggs. O. M. FREEMAN,
Albion, Providence County, R. I.

Indian arrow-heads for birds' eggs.
ISORIL JACOB,
Darlington Heights, Prince Edward Co., Va.

Postmarks for different kinds of buttons.
EMMA RAILROAD,
Gloversville, Fulton County, N. Y.

Minerals, fossils, and ferns.
RUTH S. COLLIN,
Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Postage stamps. FRED HARRIS,
222 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

Birds' eggs. S. D. WRIGHT,
Care of J. B. Wright,
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

Insects and postage stamps.
GRACE STUYVESANT,
South Framingham, Mass.

Pieces of crystallized starch from what is said to be the largest starch factory in the world, dovetailed pieces of wood from a large box manufactory, or pebbles and stones from Lake Ontario, for specimens of workmanship from any manufacturing establishment in the United States, or minerals.
GEORGE D. GILLETT,
136 West Fourth Street, Oswego, N. Y.

Twenty postmarks for ten foreign postage stamps. No duplicates. JOHN V. L. PIERSON,
Bloomfield, Essex County, N. J.

Postage stamps. LOUIS HEIDE,
Hoboken, N. J.

Minerals, fossils, birds' eggs, and foreign and United States postage stamps. ARTHUR MILLIKAN,
Emporia, Kan.

Stones from Utah and Germany, and Indian arrow-heads for birds' eggs or stamps.
HARRY EVERETT,
2447 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Iron, lead, zinc, sulphur, and magnetic iron for curiosities, other ores, or stamps.
EDWIN HAILIO,
Wytheville, Wythe County, Va.

Postmarks. ALLAN J. HOPKINS,
P. O. Box 619, Washington, D. C.

Michigan postmarks and minerals and shells from the Atlantic Ocean for shells and curiosities from the Pacific coast. ROBERT J. LANIER,
124 Fort Street West, Detroit, Mich.

WILLIE J. F.—Club or Acme. For full information, see advertisement of Peck & Snyder, or Barney & Berry, in our columns.

WILLIE F. W.—1. Twenty-five-cent gold pieces have been coined by the United States, but they have never been in general circulation.—2. There is no

Digitized by Google

work on practical book-binding from which the business can be learned. Your best way would be to make the acquaintance of some book-binder, and get him to show you the process. There are excellent works on ornamental book-binding, but they are expensive, and would be of no use to an amateur.—2. No. Each kind has its partisans.

BOATSMAN.—Full directions for making a flat-bottomed boat will soon be given in YOUNG PEOPLE, with working diagrams.

CLIFTON J.—To make a toboggan take a thin birch board about five feet long and a foot and a half wide. Steam one end in turn up, and secure the curve by stout cord or wire. This primitive sled, which is an invention of the Canadian Indians, is used only on crusted snow, and is steered with two short sticks held firmly in the hands.

H. H. HENRY.—Pekin, the capital city of China, is situated in the province of Chili. Its population is estimated from 1,648,000 to 2,000,000, but it is impossible to arrive at an exact statement.

IDA L. G.—See answer to Mirium B. and others in Post-office BOX of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 52.

N. L. JONES.—Land lizards feed on small insects. If you have house plants, and allow the lizards liberty to run among them, they will keep them free from flies and small worms, which often do great injury to the leaves.

C. W. M.—You can send soil or other specimens in a small box by mail.

LUCY WILSON, L. L. G., N. B. GREENE, AND MANY OTHERS.—Write and make your inquiries from the correspondents with whom you wish to exchange.

DEAR FRIENDS.—About a fortnight ago, when we boys and girls of the "Children's Hour" were busy at our drawing and painting, Miss Doubleyy, our teacher, told us we had all been invited to visit Harper's Building.

You may just think we clapped our hands with delight, and made considerable noise for a minute or two, but then we promised to behave very quietly.

When the day came, we all, with our teacher, took the Third Avenue elevated car, and whizzed down in no time to Franklin Square, and soon found ourselves mounting up the winding stairs to the office of YOUNG PEOPLE.

We had all been wondering whether we should have to look dignified, and mind our p's and q's, supposing the editor was oldish and wore spectacles; he wasn't, though, for he was young, and as kind and friendly as if he was one's own grown-up brother or cousin, and let us ask questions until I guess his ears ached and his head spun.

The girls took off their cloaks and the boys their overcoats, and piled them up on a chair. The editor took us to the art department, where we were introduced to the art critic and an artist famous for drawing grasses and flowers and landscapes. As they were only talking, we went into the next room to see artists at work. One had a small block of box-wood on his desk, covered with a transparent paper, called gelatine paper; on this was traced in red pencil a picture of a house and trees. He was going over all the red lines with a pointed instrument. When the gelatine paper was lifted off, there were the lines faintly cut in the wood. Then the artist took a lead-pencil and went over the cut lines with it; next came shading the picture with a brush and India ink. When we had watched them doing this we were all marched off to the engraving department.

What busy people engravers are! There they sat, looking as if they thought there wasn't a thing in the world to be looked at but the block picture on the padded cushion before them. All the engravers had shades over their eyes, and were looking through magnifying-glasses at their work.

One of them let me look through his, and, whew! how big the things looked! I saw in a minute that all the parts of the block are cut away except the parts marked by the lead-pencil and brush; these must stand up higher than the rest of the wood, to take the ink for printing. But I tell you what seemed like magic—taking a proof. The proof-taker just laid the engraved block picture on its back in his press, and ran an inked roller over its face; then he laid a sheet of paper on it; then he pulled the press down on it, and it only took a second's pressure; when he lifted up the press and took the paper out, there was the loveliest picture of a baby sitting in a high chair. All the class wanted one immediately, but we had no time to wait; so away we marched up some more winding stairs to the "composing-room." Now you mustn't think that's where they compose stories; it's only the place for setting up type, and such work.

Here a number of young men were filling small iron things, called "sticks," with type; as each stick was loaded, the types were taken out in a bunch and put into a tray called a "galley." This is called "composing." Stickful after stickful was arranged, until a page of type lay there. It seemed all spelled backward, to make it come out right when printed.

The "galley man" then inked this page of type, and struck off a proof for each of us, just as the picture proof was struck off down stairs. As this page was only a letter from a doll, I didn't care much for it, but all the girls just went wild over it; however, I took one for the curiosity's sake; for what fellow is there cares for dolls?

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is not printed right from these type, as I thought when the proofs were being made for us, for the type would soon wear off. A wax mould is made from each page of set-up type. I asked the editor what good a soft wax thing like that mould could be, so he took us all into a wonderful room, where they make copper plates from the wax moulds. We had only been there a minute or two when the foreman asked us if we'd like to see him strike lightning. In the middle of the room stands a large bath of glass, with a smaller one inside of it filled with a dark blue liquid. Joined to it were some broad bands of copper, reaching nearly to the ceiling. Well, the foreman touched one of these belts with some kind of a bar of metal, and right away the sparks flew, and there came flashes like lightning. Of course some of the girls ran away, and one of the boys ran too.

We boys staid, and the foreman showed us how the wax moulds were hung in the blue-vitriol water, with plates of copper hanging near them. Somehow—I can not understand exactly how—the electricity makes the copper dissolve and fall in powder on the wax, where it hardens; when it is taken out of this bath it is a beautiful copper picture, black on the front and red on the under side.

We were told the under or hollow side would next be filled in with lead, just as boys fill in a bullet mould. We were only allowed to peep into the lead-melting room, where we saw a great caldron filled with boiling lead. I would have liked to give it a good stir up with the big ladle, but of course didn't ask the favor. This built-up copper plate is very strong, and any number of pictures or letters—for they make moulds and plates of both—can be printed from them.

Then the editor said we should see the men printing from these plates, fastened into iron frames called "forms." So down ever so many winding stairs we travelled, until we came to a dark under-ground room, where the "Hoe" printing-presses are. Whew! what a whizzing and buzzing there was!

We all stood around a great big machine, and the editor kindly lifted us up in turn so we might all see it. On the top, on a large metal plate, the white paper is laid, the plate moves forward, and up come a lot of shining steel prongs that catch the paper and drag it under so you can't see it. Just then, below, at the other side, we caught sight of a large "form" with the metal plate of type, or text, and pictures of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in it. It seemed to know just what to do, for it moved toward the sheet of paper, which was somewhere down under the rollers, and the next thing we saw was the sheet coming out at the other end on a wooden frame, which lifted up and turned it over on a pile which had been printed before we came in. Just think, boys and girls: that press can turn out two thousand YOUNG PEOPLES in an hour!

We only took a peep at the two big "Corliss" steam-engines that were making the whole thing go. Here some of the girls were afraid again; so, as it was near twelve o'clock, we hurried up the winding stairs again to see the folding and binding and "marbleizing" done.

The folding-machine is just the cleverest thing. The sheet is laid on a moving roller which carries it over to a second and then a third roller, and it goes in and out, and the first thing you know it drops down in a trough at the side, all nicely folded, and cut, too, for binding.

Then we saw a lot all ready for the sewers. Well, I think I never saw needles fly like those that the girls were sewing the leaves in late with. Fifty-two YOUNG PEOPLES sewed together make a pretty fat-looking book, but when it is put in a heavy press it comes out looking considerably slimmer. Next we saw the fly-leaves marbleized. My! but wasn't it pretty! A man stood in front of a large square bath filled with gum and water. There were lots of cans around, filled with red, blue, yellow, green, and other colored paints. First he dipped his brush in the red and shook it over the gum water—the drops made circles of red—then he shook yellow spots with another brush; then blue, till the top of the water was beautifully spotted. Next he took what looked like a very big comb and stroked the water softly, so all the colors took curious long shapes; then he stroked it the other way with a finer comb, until it had a pretty peacock-feather pattern on it, and was ready for the paper, which he just laid flat on top of the gay water, and then hung it up to dry for fly-leaves.

After that we watched the men brush paste on the backs of the books, put the covers on, and place them in presses to make the paste stick. We couldn't wait to see them come out of the presses, so we thanked the editor, and started for home. Some of the girls said they would know how to mend books now when the covers came off. Every one of them said they were going to marbleize paper when they got home; but I know something more tip-top than that: *I'm* going to rig up a machine to strike lightning. And now, dear friends, I must say good-by.

FRANK E. F.

Favors are acknowledged from E. D. Kellogg, C. W. Seagar, A. D. H., Ben J. R., Phebe O'Reilly, T. F. Welshampel, H. G. M., Ellie Earle, F. D. Crane, Willy Rochester, Nellie E. Owen, Lydia M. Bennett, Mary Dancy, Willie A. Scott, Albert K. Hart, Robbie C. Hornlager, Dany J. O., T. N. Jamieson, Belle Dening, Joe T. P., Freddie C. Y., Mamie S., Eva M. Moody, Gracie E. Stevens.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Charles Gaylor, Mabel Lowell, The Bawley Boys, Alice Ward, Tom Kelley, Jun., Col I. Forny, Mark Mercy, George Willie Needham, Walter P. Hiles.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HALF-SQUARE—(*To Mark Mercy*).

Last.—A bird. To pinch. While. A letter.

MABEL.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a plant found in pastures, composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a little animal.
My 6, 7, 8 is a part of the body. GEORGIA.

2. I am an animal composed of 9 letters.
My 4, 2, 3, 6 has kind of grain.
My 6, 7, 9 is something good to eat
My 5, 1 is aloft. MAUD.

3. I am a city in New England composed of 6 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a kind of wine.
My 5, 6, 7, 8 is to disembark. MABEL.

No. 3.

ENIGMA—(*To Zelotes*).

Across.—To stain. A kind of three-masted vessel. Scoffs. A city of Northern Italy. A part cut in enter a mortise.

Down.—Always in mischief. An animal. A part of the body. Death. To repel. To wax. Wrong-doing. A denial. In score. BOLUS.

No. 4.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE—(*To Rip Van Winkle*).

A lake in the United States. A city in South America. An African sea-port. A river in Scotland. In Hamburg. A river in Russia. A city in Italy. A country in South America. A city in South America. Centrals read downward spell the name of a country in South America. OWLET.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 69.

No. 1.
H E A R
E A T
A T
R

No. 2.
I B I S
E D I T
A L O E
L O D E

No. 3. North Pole.

No. 4.
A n R t A
R o U n D
M a N I A

No. 5.
J can D'Ar C
U rani A
L amartin E
I socrate S
U rani A
S chille R
Julius Cæsar.

No. 6.

T O L L	B E A R
O B E Y	E L S E
L E E R	A S I A
L Y R E	R E A R
S O A P	R I C E
O N C E	I R O N
A C T S	C O R D
P E S T	E N D S

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 12 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

FUNNY FLIRTATION CARDS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

CHARLEY SPARKS is one of those sunshiny young fellows who occasionally come beaming upon us out of the gloom and mist of this rather foggy world. He always has a smile, and generally something new in the way of a puzzle, or a riddle, or a notion of some sort wherewith to amuse his friends. The other evening he dropped in to see us, with his usual amount of sunshine to compete with the gas-light in the parlor, but there was an extra twinkle in his eye which told me that he had something novel to communicate. There were several of the girls present, and a couple of friends, one of whom was Maggie Martin, a bright little brunette, as piquant as a French sauce, and the other a Miss Sarah Gooch, an amiable maiden lady of about forty-five. After a few words of greeting, Charley pulled from his pocket a card, of which Fig. 1 is a copy, and presenting it to Miss

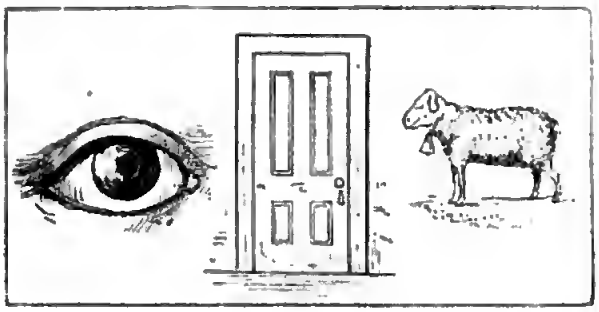


FIG. 1.

Gooch, asked her if she could solve the enigma. As you will see, it is a very simple rebus, which most people could readily make out.

Miss Gooch looked at it steadily for some minutes, and then slowly and deliberately said, "Eye—yes, eye."

"That's right," said Charley; "you can dot that eye."

"Eye," repeated Miss Gooch—"door—sheep. Eye—door—sheep. Well, I don't see anything in that." Then there was a pause. Charley would not help her out. "However, I'll try again: eye—oh yes, I see—a door—sheep."

"Oh no, you don't," said Charley. "You may like a mutton-chop now and then, Miss Gooch, but to adore a whole sheep—no, no."

Miss Gooch tried it again.

"Eye—a door—sheep—lamb—ram—wether—ewe. Oh, I have it: I adore you."

"Do you?" exclaimed Charley, in the most impassioned tones, as he threw himself on one knee, and seized her hand. "Then I am indeed the happiest of mortals."

A box on the ear from the laughing Miss Gooch brought him to his feet, and terminated the love scene.

Before we had all recovered from our merriment at this performance, Charley approached Maggie Martin with great deference, and handed her another card, on one side of which was inscribed hieroglyphics like those on Fig. 2, and on the other side other figures, like those on Fig. 3.

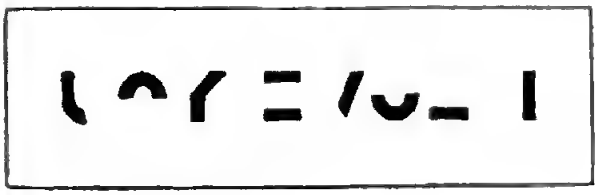


FIG. 2.

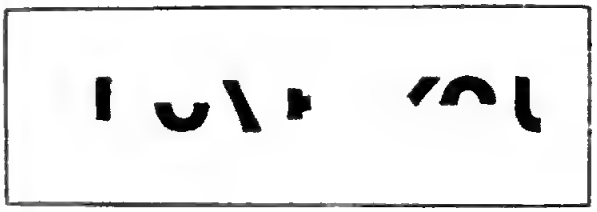


FIG. 3.

"Why, you seem to have brought a whole pack of cards with you, Mr. Sparks," said Maggie.

"A pack of nonsense you mean," replied Charley.

"Well, let us look at your nonsense."

"Oh, this is not nonsense, but the most deadly earnest."

Maggie turned the card over and over, first looking at one side and then at the other.

"Are these inscriptions taken from the Obelisk?" she queried, archly.

"No; they are copied from an inscription carved upon my heart."

"Oh, another stone, eh?"

"I wish it were a stone"—with a sigh. "But try my puzzle. I am deeply interested in it."

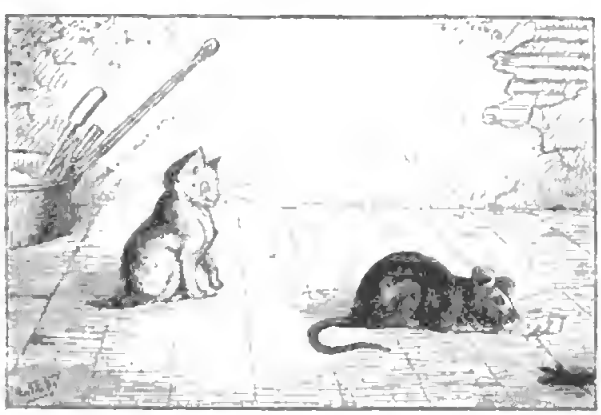
Maggie turned it over and over, held it edgeways this side and edgeways the other, but could make nothing of it.

"I am surprised you can not find it out," said Charley; "it is very transparent."

"Transparent? Oh, it is very transparent, is it? I see." And she held it up to the light, which, shining through the thin card, blended the two nonmeaning inscriptions together so that they revealed distinctly a sentence, which she began to read:

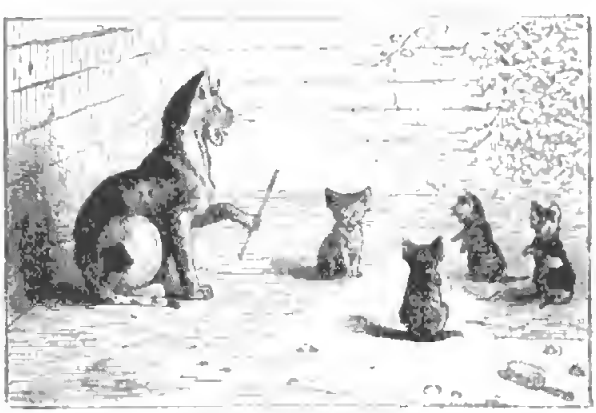
"I lo—" Then suddenly checking herself, she said, with a laugh, "No you don't, Mr. Sparks; you don't trap me into any expression of adoration, as you did Miss Gooch. But tell me, how do you make these cards?"

"The simplest thing in the world. You take a piece of thin card-board, and outline on it in pencil any sentence you wish, as I have done 'I LOVE YOU'; then you blacken portions of the letters, as I have also done, and place the card with its face to a window-pane, so that the light shining through will show what you have done on the other side. Complete the letters on the opposite side to the one on which you wrote the first part of your inscription, and the thing is done."



DOUBT.

"Shall I—or—shall I not? Perhaps it would be better to let him go."



THE SINGING LESSON.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 63. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, January 11, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TEN.—See next Page.

Digitized by Google

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was a blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxon boy, the type of the English race. He was somewhat short, stout, and healthy; his eyes were bright and sparkling in his youth, before he became blind. But he inherited weakness of sight from his mother. He was born 1609, in a pleasant house in Bread Street, London, almost under the shadow of Bow Bells. It was back in a court. His father, who had made a fortune as a scrivener, was fond of music, books, and literature, and his son was carefully educated at St. Paul's School. Milton relates that he frequently studied in the house in Bread Street until after midnight, and his head ached and his sight grew dim with these late vigils. He was then about twelve years old.

When he was six years old he may have seen Shakespeare and Ben Jonson pass on their way to the Mermaid Tavern, which was in Bread Street, not far from his father's house. He was one of the best scholars at St. Paul's School, and loved study as most boys like play. He was eager to know how men lived and acted in Greece and Rome, what they thought of, and what they had discovered. He studied the rise and fall of empires and republics, and became a republican in the midst of kings and princes. He was always fond of poetry, and soon began to write fine verses. One of his earliest pieces is his "Ode on the Nativity."

His father leased a place in the country, at Horton, near Windsor, and here Milton wandered when a young man over the smooth-shaven lawns and beside the pleasant streams, filling his mind with knowledge and pictures of fine scenery. It is not likely that as a boy he was fond of fishing or hunting, as we may well fancy Shakespeare was. He never tilled the soil like Burns and Virgil. He knew nothing of farming. He went to Cambridge University, the most learned of its scholars. It was the custom then to whip the students, and Milton's enemies spread the report that he was flogged for some breach of the rules. He was always independent. He travelled, came back to defend republicanism in the civil war, married, kept a school, was Cromwell's Latin secretary after he became blind, and published some poetry. But when the republic fell with Cromwell, Milton was proscribed, and in danger of his life. His enemies would gladly have put him to death, and "Paradise Lost" might never have been written.

Milton hid in obscurity, blind, forgotten, but constantly engaged on his great poem. He wrote "Paradise Lost" in his old age. He repeated the verses aloud to his daughters or some friends who came to visit him, and they wrote them down. It was finished in 1667, and Milton received twenty-five dollars for the copyright. It was long neglected, until Addison gave it great fame. Milton died November 8, 1674.

THE MESSENGER BOYS AT THE CAPITOL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A LAD who visits the city of Washington for the first time, and looks down from the galleries of the House of Representatives or of the Senate on the busy scene below, will be sure to find his eye attracted by groups of bright-looking and neatly dressed boys moving hither and thither about the floor, speaking familiarly with this and that great man, or amusing themselves on the steps of the Vice-President's or of the Speaker's platform, and he will perhaps regard these boys with something like envy—all the more when told that they receive about two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, during the sessions of Congress, to pay them for having such a good time.

Possibly our lad would not regard the picture as so pleasant if he knew how burdensome are the duties of these boys, and how exceedingly well they earn the money paid them. There are nearly thirty of them attached to the House, and half as many to the Senate. Their ages run from nine years upward, some numbering twice as many summers; and it is not by any means the oldest who are the brightest and the most favored. They are of respectable families; some of them are nephews of Members of Congress—a Member once, indeed, had such questionable taste as to procure the appointment of his own son; and some of them have been known in after-years to become Members themselves. The recently chosen Senator from Maryland is doubtless proud to remember that he himself was once a page. Although in two or three instances these boys have been elected to their places instead of appointed, they are usually appointed by the Sergeant-at-Arms—of course on the recommendation and through the influence of the Congressmen—and they are under his control. The old custom of appointing only orphan boys is no longer adhered to. The boy who fell over the balustrade, and was made a page by special resolution of the Senate, is a very exceptional case—probably his favorite song thereafter was, "Such a getting up stairs I ne'er did see."

The pages wear no uniform, or regulation clothes, or badges of any sort. They are required to present themselves for work at nine o'clock in the morning, although Congress does not meet till twelve, and they are not dismissed until adjournment for the day takes place. They put the desks of the Members in order, file for each the bills and papers which are strewn about in confusion, then go to the Document-rooms and work there, helping to put affairs in shape; and they present themselves at twelve in the great chambers of legislation to answer the clapping of the Members' and Senators' hands, and attend to their countless wants. Now they are sent hunting for some book that is needed, for some man, now for a glass of water, now they take messages from one Member to another at a distance, from one House to the other, and sometimes to ladies in the gallery; they fetch a cup of tea into the Cloak-room; fetch the hat and stick out of it; they distribute mail by the armful; they struggle into sight behind piles of palm-leaf fans big as they are themselves, which are soon cooling the hot air, if it be a late session; and during the nights preceding the close of the session they do not know what sleep is, but are worn out with running and waiting. Thus it will be seen that they are on their feet with but very little intermission, running and tumbling over each other in their eagerness to please; but they seem happy and good-natured through it all, and when they do sit down it is on the steps of the presiding officer's desk, where they are usually tickling or punching or teasing each other as if they had nothing else to do, and were passing away the time.

Sometimes during a recess of Congress you may come upon them in a lower room, assembled in a body, a mimic Senate, one of them in the chair, and another making a speech, and Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling and Mr. Bayard and the rest are being imitated to the life. It is in some contrast to these gay rogues that one sees a crippled and dwarfed little hunchback outside the Hall of Representatives, opening and shutting a door for the passer in hopes of the coppers or the nickel that may be tossed him, although he does not beg. At night a little goat carriage comes for him, and he drives off.

The pages whom we have described do not leave the Capitol during the hours of their service, and carry no messages beyond the doors. For outside work there are three riding pages, who are furnished with horses, and who go to the various Departments, the Executive Mansion, or on other of the outside errands of the legislators. And theirs is not exactly the pleasant horseback riding that looks so attractive, but, on the contrary, it is hard and weary work, cold in the winter, and burning under a

Digitized by Google

fierce sun in the summer, leaving them meanwhile as badly off as John Gilpin.

Many of these youths are appointed because there is some great need in their families, or have been some pitiable circumstances in their history. This curly-headed little fellow is the only support of a mother and younger brothers and sisters; there is one who takes care of a paralyzed father, the only relative he has in the world, going home, after his hard work, to make life as pleasant as he can for him who can never do any more work; here is another whose little house is kept for him by a child-sister, who looks for his step at night with solicitude. Most of them have somebody besides themselves to take a share of their earnings.

Beyond their regular pay, there are various perquisites and fees which swell their income considerably. Thus they may often be seen slipping an open book, with a bit of blotting-paper, under the nose of some Member who is sitting at his desk: it is an album for somebody who wants the signatures of all these statesmen, which the statesmen kindly give, but which nevertheless are not always easy to obtain, owing to the difficulty of finding individuals in their seats, as all of the Congressmen are by no means in constant attendance, many of them being busy in committee-rooms, or lounging in cloak-rooms, or lunching, or following the bent of their inclinations in other ways, and seldom coming in after roll-call, save to hear a heralded speech, or to vote on measures with which they are already familiar either from the reading of the daily journal of proceedings, or in the committee-room, or by the word of mouth of others. For every album that they thus fill with signatures the boys receive ten dollars from the eager visitor of the Capitol, and they fill a good many during the year.

In another way they also sometimes earn an additional penny. For after any gentleman on the floor has made a particularly strong speech, the Members on his side of the question are wont to subscribe for the printing of thousands of copies of the speech, to be sent broadcast into their districts; the pages therefore go about with subscription papers, and they are allowed two dollars for every thousand of the speeches that are taken.

If the boys of whom we are speaking are very bright, they are apt to be spoiled, as in such case the Members and Senators take pleasure in indulging them to some degree. But there are not many, it may be imagined, who are thus injured. Some of them, indeed, are as careless as the blowing wind; these have no awe or reverence in their compositions: the great men with whom they are brought into contact are not great men to them, but simply folks who send them on errands, and the directions given them go in one ear and out the other—as we all know never happens with boys anywhere else. One little chap, dispatched to the Document-room for the "Fortification Bill," asks for the "Mortification Bill"; another, sent for the "Census," asks for the "Ascension Bill"; still another, insisting on the "Compulsive Capacity Bill," and returning without it, is told that he was sent for nothing of the kind, but for that on "compulsory pilotage," whereupon he presently comes back to say that there isn't any bill on "pulsive politics." The same youngster asked the Document Clerks for the "Bill for the Suppression of Supreme Literature." A little "compulsive capacity" would have been good for this urchin, were it to be obtained as easily as was thought by that gentleman whose daughter lacked capacity, as her teacher said. "Get it, madam," said he—"get it; she shall want for nothing that money can buy her." To the same class with these scatter-brained urchins belonged the little fellow who once brought into the Congressional Library a note signed by one of the most powerful "Sons of Thunder" in the Senate, and which we begged the librarian's pardon for reading as it lay a moment on the desk beside us: "William H. Turner wants *The Headless Horseman; or, The Scalp-Hunter*. I ask that he may have it under the rules of the Library."

But to offset such idle fellows as the reader of *The Headless Horseman*—who certainly could do no better than hunt for a "scalp," and a head with it, too—there are other pages who make it their business to understand their duties thoroughly, and two or three who even go so far as to read for themselves every bill that is introduced, to follow its fortunes, to be able to tell the person that asks just where it is in its progress to passage or defeat, and who can always be relied on by any Member who has been absent or out of the way to let him know exactly what has been done and said in the mean time, and how the vote stands on this question or the other. It would be no wonder if boys of this sort should be indulged; and there is little danger of spoiling such good material. These boys are learning the business of legislating, and if they wish, will, in their turn, come back some day to make the laws.

But careless or faithful, their bright faces and light ways are a pleasant sight to see in all the throng of bustling, noisy men; and as one looks at them slipping about on their countless errands, one feels as if the boys themselves bore some small part in the work of governing the country.

A HERO OF CHIVALRY.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN was born in 1314 at the castle of Motte Broen, near Rennes, in Brittany. His heroic character showed itself early. As he was not troubled with lessons (he never learned to read or write), he formed a company of boys of his own age, and, acting as their general, practiced them in battle and combat. His mother often clasped her forehead in alarm when he came home with bruised face and bleeding head. Even in his seventeenth year he excelled many older knights in strength and dexterity in the use of arms. But he was ridiculed by the ladies because he looked so ugly, and rode such a wretched horse. They jeered at him, saying that he looked more like a donkey-driver than a knight and nobleman, and that he must have borrowed his steed from a miller.

Bertrand was indignant, and, as there was another tournament about to come off, he begged a cousin of his to lend him a steed and armor. Both were granted, and with a joyful heart he entered the lists, where, in his strange armor, and with his visor down, no one, not even his own father, recognized him. A well-known valiant knight opposed him. The signal was given, they ran at each other with lightning speed, and with a loud crash their lances broke into splinters in their hands. Bertrand, however, had struck with such force on his adversary's helmet, that the latter was thrown from the saddle to a distance of several paces, where he lay insensible on the sand, and had to be carried out of the lists.

The young victor returned to his post with a fresh lance, and waited for fresh opponents. Now his own father ranged himself against him. Bertrand did not wish to fight against him, but was equally unwilling to make himself known. So he resolved to lower his lance in his tilt, and to receive his father's blow on his shield without making a counter-thrust. He did this so adroitly that he kept firm in his saddle, and, without tottering, galloped by, and then declared positively that he would not fight again with that knight. People were surprised, but made no derisive remarks, for the knight's courage had been sufficiently proved in the former combat. His father rode out of the lists, and gave place to other knights. Guesclin laid them in the dust, and was unanimously declared the winner.

Every one was eager to know who the champion was,

Digitized by Google

SCENE IN AN ITALIAN SCHOOL.

and his father especially longed for the unravelling of the mystery.

At length, when the tournament was over, and Bertrand had received his prize, he rode up to his father, raised his visor, and cried, "Do you know me now, father?" The old man embraced him with tears of joy, and at once provided him with a steed and armor. The fame of the young hero now spread all over France.

Hitherto Bertrand had only won victories in tournaments, but now the more serious field of battle was to behold the first exploits of his sword. Duke Charles of Blois made war on John de Montfort for the possession of Brittany. Philip the Sixth, King of France, sided with the former; while, on the other hand, the King of England (Edward the Third) supported De Montfort. Bertrand had naturally no choice in the matter, for, like a brave Frenchman, he followed his king wherever he led him.

At that time the castle of Fougeray was in the hands of the English, and Bertrand resolved to take it from them, as it was a place of no mean importance. With this view he disguised himself and sixty companions as wood-cutters, and divided them into four bands, which approached the place from different sides. He then fixed on a time when the governor of the castle and a part of the garrison had gone out on a reconnoitring expedition, when he made a party of his men hide themselves in the neighboring wood during the night. At break of day they loaded themselves with fagots and brushwood, concealed their weapons under their clothes, and came up to the castle from different directions. Bertrand, in a white smock, with a heavy load of wood on his back, was the first to appear before the draw-bridge, which was instantly lowered for him. He at once threw down his fagot, drew his sword, and transfixed the warder; then he raised the cry of "Guesclin."

At this signal the rest hastened forward to come to his assistance and take the bridge. As, however, there were two hundred Englishmen in the castle, the conflict was very unequal, and a horrid slaughter ensued. An Englishman clove the skull of one of Bertrand's companions with his battle-axe. Guesclin, in return, cut him down, and caught up the axe, with which he dealt slashing blows on every side. So he fought on, and kept the enemy off the body for a time, until a troop of cavalry of his own side accidentally arrived in the neighborhood, rescued him from his perilous situation, and helped to take the place. It was, indeed, high time for relief to arrive; for, in his combat against tenfold odds, he had dropped his battle-axe, and his head was so covered with wounds that the blood was streaming down his face. The conspicuous valor which he here displayed gained him the reputation of being the boldest and most dauntless knight of his time.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTERFEIT TEN-CENT PIECE.

WHEN the doors of the big tent were opened, and the people began to crowd in, just as Toby had seen them do at Guilford, Mr. Lord announced to his young clerk that it was time for him to go into the tent to work. Then it was that Toby learned for the first time that he had two masters instead of one, and this knowledge caused him no little uneasiness. If the other one was anything like Mr. Lord, his lot would be just twice as bad, and he began to wonder whether he could even stand it one day longer.

As the boy passed through the tent on his way to the candy stand, where he was to really enter upon the duties for which he had run away from home, he wanted to stop for a moment and speak with the old monkey who he thought had taken such an interest in him. But when he reached the cage in which his friend was confined, there was such a crowd around it that it was impossible for him to get near enough to speak without being overheard.

This was such a disappointment to the little fellow that the great tears came into his eyes, and in another instant would have gone rolling down his cheeks if his aged friend had not chanced to look toward him. Toby fancied that the monkey looked at him in the most friendly way, and then he was certain that he winked one eye. Toby felt that there was no mistake about that wink, and it seemed as if it was intended to convey comfort to him in his troubles. He winked back at the monkey in the most emphatic and grave manner possible, and then went on his way, feeling wonderfully comforted.

The work inside the tent was far different and much harder than it was outside. He was obliged to carry around among the audience trays of candy, nuts, and lemonade, for sale, and he was also expected to cry aloud the description of that which he offered. The partner of Mr. Lord, who had charge of the stand inside the tent, neither showed himself to be better nor worse than Mr. Lord himself. When Toby first presented himself for work, he handed him a tray filled with glasses of lemonade, and told him to go among the audience, crying, "Here's your nice cold lemonade, only five cents a glass!"

Toby started to do as he was bidden; but when he tried to repeat the words in anything like a loud tone of voice, they stuck in his throat, and he found it next to impossible to utter a sound above a whisper. It seemed to him that every one in the audience was looking only at him, and the very sound of his own voice made him afraid.

He went entirely around the tent once without making a sale, and when he returned to the stand he was at once convinced that one of his masters was quite as bad as the other. This one—and he knew that his name was Jacobs, for he heard some one call him so—very kindly told him that he would break every bone in his body if he didn't sell something, and Toby confidently believed that he would carry out his threat.

It was with a very heavy heart that he started around again in obedience to Mr. Jacobs's angry command; but this time he did manage to cry out, in a very thin and very squeaky voice, the words which he had been told to repeat.

This time—perhaps owing to his pitiful and imploring look, certainly not because of the noise he made—he met

"PLEASE, MISTER, GIVE ME THE MONEY BACK."

Digitized by Google

with very good luck, and sold every glass of the mixture which Messrs. Lord and Jacobs called lemonade, and went back to the stand for more.

He certainly thought he had earned a word of praise, and fully expected it as he put the empty glasses and money on the stand in front of Mr. Jacobs. But instead of the kind words, he was greeted with a volley of curses, and the reason for it was that he had taken in payment for two of the glasses a lead ten-cent piece. Mr. Jacobs, after scolding poor little Toby to his heart's content, vowed that the amount should be kept from his first week's wages, and then handed him back the coin, with orders to give it to the first man who gave him money to change, under the penalty of a severe flogging if he failed to do so.

Poor Toby tried to explain matters by saying, "You see, I don't know anything about money; I never had more'n a cent at a time, an' you mustn't expect me to get posted all at once."

"I'll post you with a stick if you do it again; an' it won't be well for you if you bring that ten-cent piece back here."

Now Toby was very well aware that to pass the coin, knowing it to be bad, would be a crime, and he resolved to take the consequences of which Mr. Jacobs had intimated, if he could not find the one who had given him the counterfeit, and persuade him to give him good money in its stead. He remembered very plainly where he had sold each glass of lemonade, and he retraced his steps, glancing at each face carefully as he passed. At last he was confident that he saw the man who had gotten him into such trouble, and he climbed up the board seats, saying, as he stood in front of him, and held out the coin: "Mister, this money that you gave me is bad. Won't you give me another one for it?"

The man was a rough-looking party who had taken his girl to the circus, and who did not seem at all disposed to pay any heed to Toby's request. Therefore he repeated it, and this time more loudly.

"Get out the way!" said the man, angrily. "How can you expect me to see the show if you stand right in front of me?"

"You'll like it better," said Toby, earnestly, "if you give me another ten-cent piece."

"Get out, an' don't bother me!" was the angry rejoinder; and the little fellow began to think that perhaps he would be obliged to "get out" without getting his money.

It was becoming a desperate case, for the man was growing angry very fast, and if Toby did not succeed in getting good money for the bad, he would have to take the consequences of which Mr. Jacobs had spoken.

"Please, mister," he said, imploringly—for his heart began to grow very heavy, and he was fearing that he should not succeed—"won't you please give me the money back? You know you gave it to me, an' I'll have to pay it if you don't."

The boy's lip was quivering, and those around began to be interested in the affair, while several in their immediate vicinity gave vent to their indignation that a man should try to cheat a boy out of ten cents by giving him counterfeit money.

The man whom Toby was speaking to was about to dismiss him with an angry reply, when he saw that those about him were not only interested in the matter, but were evidently taking sides with the boy against him; and knowing well that he had given the counterfeit money, he took another coin from his pocket, and handing it to Toby, said, "I didn't give you the lead piece; but you're making such a fuss about it that here's ten cents to make you keep quiet."

"I'm sure you did give me the money," said Toby, as he took the extended coin, "an' I'm much obliged to you for takin' it back. I didn't want to tell you before, 'cause you'd thought I was beggin'; but if you hadn't given me this, I 'xpect I'd have got an awful whippin', for Mr. Jacobs said he'd fix me if I didn't get the money for it."

The man looked sheepish enough as he put the bad money in his pocket, and Toby's innocently told story caused such a feeling in his behalf among those who sat near that he not only disposed of his entire stock then and there, but received from one gentleman twenty-five cents for himself. He was both proud and happy as he returned to Mr. Jacobs with empty glasses, and with the money to refund the amount of loss which would have been caused by the counterfeit.

But the worthy partner of Mr. Lord's candy business had no words of encouragement for the boy who was trying so hard to please.

"Let that make you keep your eyes open," he growled out, sulkily; "an' if you get caught in that trap again, you won't be let off so easy."

Poor little Toby! his heart seemed ready to break; but his few hours' previous experience had taught him that there was but one thing to do, and that was to work just as hard as possible, trusting to some good fortune to enable him to get out of the very disagreeable position in which he had voluntarily placed himself.

He took the basket of candy which Mr. Jacobs handed him, and trudged around the circle of seats, selling far more because of the pitifulness of his face than because of the excellence of his goods; and even this worked to his disadvantage. Mr. Jacobs was keen enough to see why his little clerk sold so many goods, and each time that he returned to the stand he said something to him in an angry tone, which had the effect of deepening the shadow on the boy's face, and at the same time increasing trade.

By the time the performance was over Toby had in his pocket a dollar and twenty-five cents which had been given him for himself by some of the kind-hearted in the audience, and he kept his hand almost constantly upon it, for the money seemed to him like some kind friend who would help him out of his present difficulties.

After the audience had dispersed, Mr. Jacobs set Toby at work washing the glasses, and clearing up generally, and then the boy started toward the other portion of the store—that watched over by Mr. Lord. Not a person save the watchmen was in the tent, and as Toby went toward the door he saw his friend the monkey sitting in one corner of the cage, and apparently watching his every movement.

It was as if he had suddenly seen one of the boys from home, and Toby, uttering an exclamation of delight, ran up to the cage, and put his hand through the wires.

The monkey, in the gravest possible manner, took one of the fingers in his paw, and Toby shook hands with him very earnestly.

"I was sorry that I couldn't speak to you when I went in this noon," said Toby, as if making an apology; "but, you see, there were so many around here to see you that I couldn't get the chance. Did you see me wink at you?"

The monkey made no reply, but he twisted his face up in such a funny little grimace that Toby was quite as well satisfied as if he had spoken.

"I wonder if you hain't some relation to Steve Stubbs," Toby continued, earnestly, "for you look just like him, only he don't have quite so many whiskers. What I wanted to say was that I'm awful sorry I run away. I used to think that Uncle Dan'l was bad enough; but he was just a perfect good Samarathon to what Mr. Lord an' Mr. Jacobs are; an' when Mr. Lord looks at me with that crooked eye of his, I feel it 'way down in my boots. Do you know"—and here Toby put his mouth nearer to the monkey's head, and whispered—"I'd run away from this circus if I could get the chance; wouldn't you?"

Just at this point, as if in answer to the question, the monkey stood up on his hind-paws, and reached out his

Digitized by Google

hand to the boy, who seemed to think this was his way of being more emphatic in saying "Yes."

Toby took the paw in his hand, shook it again earnestly, and said, as he released it: "I was pretty sure you felt just about the same way I did, Mr. Stubbs, when I passed you this noon. Look here"—and Toby took the money from his pocket which had been given him—"I got all that this afternoon, an' I'll try an' stick it out somehow till I get as much as ten dollars, an' then we'll run away some night, an' go 'way off as far as—as—as out West, an' we'll stay there, too."

The monkey, probably tired with remaining in one position so long, started toward the top of the cage, chattering and screaming, joining the other monkeys, who had gathered in a little group in one of the swings.

"Now see here, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, in alarm, "you mustn't go to telling everybody about it, or Mr. Lord will know, an' then we'll be dished, sure."

The monkey squatted down in one of the swings, as if he was reproved by what the boy had said, and Toby, considerably relieved by his silence, said, as he started toward the door, "That's right—mum's the word; you keep quiet, an' so will I, an' pretty soon we'll get away from the whole crowd."

All the monkeys chattered, and Toby, believing that everything which he had said had been understood by the animals, went out of the door to meet his other taskmaster.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG TIN-TYPERS.

PART I.

THE recitation in Natural Philosophy was just over, and as the class was leaving the room, Fred Ward whispered to his most particular chum, Jim Davis: "I say, Jim, I've hit on an immense idea. Suppose that we set up a photographic gallery. It will be splendid fun."

"That's so," answered Jim. "Let's talk it over."

By this time the French class room was reached, and conversation was for the time suspended; but two o'clock found the boys leaving the school-grounds, engaged in a grand confab about their new plan.

"Now those old fellows that invented all this," said Fred, "had to work hard, because they had nothing to begin with; but as all that we want to know is down in the books, I don't see why we can't take as good a picture as the next one, as soon as we can get a camera and some chemicals. Why, Jim, you can buy the whole rig for five dollars—yes, you can—camera and all, with a stand to set it on."

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Jim; "I wouldn't give a cent to work in that way. Why can't we make the box and mix the baths ourselves? Anybody could buy the machine and take a picture, but it isn't every fellow can make his own apparatus. Now in my Philosophy there are some pictures that show how to put the box together, and we can save money to buy the lenses, and it will be twice as much fun to do everything ourselves."

Jim was very handy with tools, and in a few days he constructed as neat a camera as could be desired for a beginner. It consisted of two boxes, one of which fitted into the other. The interior of the boxes was painted black, so that the light through the lenses would be all the plate could receive. In the front of the larger box, and directly in the centre, a round hole was cut to receive the tube containing the lenses, and at the back of the small box were grooves to receive the plate slide. The making of that slide was the first serious stumbling-block in the path of these young photographers.

They searched through their books, and at last found a good diagram which gave Jim the hints he needed for his work. He first built a frame which fitted to the slide in the back of his camera box. This frame was provided with a hinged door at the back, and a sliding door in front. In order to receive plates of different sizes, Jim also made several plate frames with larger or smaller openings. The plate frame fitted tightly inside the slide frame, and was held firm by a spring fastened in the centre of the hinged door, which pressed against the plate when the door was shut. Another frame, exactly the same size as the plate frame, had to be made to hold the ground glass upon which to obtain the focus for the pictures. When the focus was regulated, the ground glass was to be carefully withdrawn, and the sensitive plate placed in exactly the same position.

Perseverance and school-boy grit having conquered the slide difficulty, the perplexing question of the lenses came up. Fred's father, who was watching the boys' undertaking with considerable interest, now came to the rescue, and presented the young photographers with a fine set of mounted Dallemeyer lenses with diaphragms, which he bought of a dealer in photographic apparatus.

The camera being in readiness, Fred and Jim now went to work to mix their baths. They began with the sensitive bath, but to their astonishment, when they placed nitrate of silver in ordinary water, a white cloud instantly formed. The text-book was at once consulted, and Fred discovered that distilled water must be used. As the boys had no long-necked retort with which to distill the water, they agreed to suspend all operations until they could see their teacher on the following day, and ask his advice.

The next afternoon, when school was over, the boys marched up to the door of Professor Drood's class-room, and timidly knocked. "Come in," said a hearty, kindly voice. Fred, who was the most courageous, went in first, and clearly stated the case, while Jim stood hesitating in the doorway. "If you take rain-water, and filter it to remove the dust," said the Professor, "it will answer your purpose as well as distilled water."

The boys thanked him, and were going away, when he called them back. "I like to see you taking interest in things of this kind," said he, "and if you will stop, I will give you the whole story as clearly as I can." Fred and Jim were delighted to listen, and when the Professor told them to take a pencil and note-book, and write down the proportions in which the different baths were to be mixed, they were eagerly attentive at once.

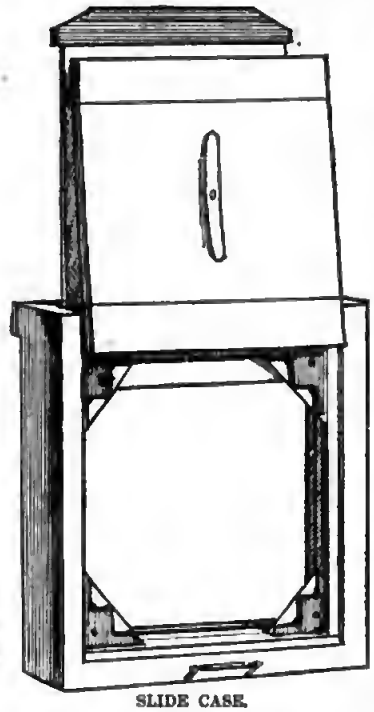
"The sensitive bath," said the Professor, "is prepared in this manner: dissolve in two ounces of rain-water one ounce of nitrate of silver in crystals. Then add two to five grains of iodide of potassium. You must now add eight ounces of rain-water, and let the mixture stand two hours to saturate. It must be kept in a dark chamber, where no rays of sunlight can penetrate. You must always work by the light of a candle, and it is a good plan to have a screen of yellow paper around the flame, so that no direct light may fall on your sensitized plate.

"Before beginning to work, be sure that your plate is clean. Tin plates, with which you would better work until you become skillful in handling the baths, are sold in sheets by any dealer in photographic goods, and when you buy them are often covered with fine dust. Polish them well with a pad of soft chamois-skin before you proceed farther. Next pour the collodion on the centre, and cause it to flow evenly by gently tipping the plate from side to side. Allow the surplus to drip off into a flask; and as collodion is an expensive article, you would better mix some gum-arabic and water to about the required thickness, and practice with that first, that you may not waste the more costly fluid by failures to spread it evenly on the plate—a very difficult matter for beginners to accomplish. This collodion is made of alcohol, ether, and gun-cotton, and sensitized with certain iodides and bromides. It evaporates if exposed to the air, and must be well corked, and kept in a cool, dark place, as both light

Digitized by Google

and heat are injurious to it. A positive collodion is often sold for ferrotypes, but the negative fluid gives better results.

"When the film of collodion has become set, the plate is ready for the sensitive bath. Place it on a strip of glass bent at the lower end, which you will buy with your bath dish, and lower it into the bath quickly; otherwise a line may be noticed on the finished picture, due to the uneven deposit of silver. The deposit may be hastened by gently moving the plate in the liquid. After a few seconds lift it out and examine it. If it is streaked and greasy, it must be put back; but when it is of a fine opaline tint, free from streaks and flaws, it is ready to be placed in the camera, which should be already properly focussed and in position.



SLIDE CASE.

"Now, boys, comes the great trouble—to correctly time the exposure. It varies from five to forty-five or sixty seconds, according to the light, the arrangement of your screens, and the condition of the silver bath.

"When you think, from the nature of the case, that your plate has been exposed long enough, close your slide, and return to the dark room, where you now proceed to develop your picture. You must have already mixed this developing solution: one fluid part of sulphate of iron, one and a half fluid parts of acetic acid, and sixteen parts of rain-water. Do not make too much of this at once, as it quickly becomes spoiled. When you take the plate from the slide, you will see no alteration in it, but when you pour on some of your developer, 'as if by magic a picture appears.' See that the developer flows all over the plate, and do not allow it to settle on any one place, as this would make a stain which can not be removed.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT—SOMETHING WRONG.

"As soon as the development is complete, wash the plate well with pure water, using for the purpose a wash bottle, which is simply a large glass flask having a cork perforated by two tubes, one of which reaches into the body of the liquid, while the other only passes through the cork. The short tube is bent over at an angle so that the mouth may be conveniently placed against it, while the long tube is bent, and drawn out to a fine jet. On blowing through the short tube, the air in the bottle becomes compressed, and in expanding drives the liquid through the jet in a fine steady stream. When the plate has been well washed, it must be treated with another solution, as this picture is one that would soon fade, just as you no doubt have seen proofs of photographs do. To remove the unaltered silver a solution of hyposulphite of soda in water is used. Cyanide of potassium is also used, because it is much cleaner.

THE CAMERA.

"But there is no rose without its thorns, and the cyanide makes up for its cleanliness by being one of the most deadly poisons, and I would advise boys who are not posted on the fine points of chemical manipulation to have nothing to do with it. This fixing solution is made of eight ounces of the hyposulphite and forty of water. Now if this is made too strong, it will spoil the picture, so it is well to be careful to have the exact proportions.

"By-the-way," added the Professor, "if you do use cyanide of potassium, be very careful not to get any of it into what cuts or bruises you may have on your hands. Boys always have such ornaments, and if the cyanide touches a place where the skin is broken, it is liable to mix with the blood, and make trouble.

"After your picture is fixed, wash it well and varnish it. Ten parts of gum-arabic to one hundred parts of water will make a very fair varnish; but as this has to be dried over a spirit-lamp, it is better to buy the self-drying varnish which is sold for this purpose.

"All this sounds very easy and pleasant, but there are more disappointments in store for you than can be imagined, for in this, as in many other things, practice is as essential as rules and regulations. I can only say to you, what should be the motto of every scientific student, 'Make haste slowly.'"

The boys thanked the good-natured Professor, who told them, in any serious difficulty, to come to him again. Then with eager steps they hastened homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

MIDWINTER.

WILD BIRDS IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN Aunt Bertha was younger than she is now she was a little English girl, and her American nephews and nieces are never tired of hearing about her English pets. Of her bird pets she tells the young listeners as follows:

"When I was alone at home with my parents, I used to amuse myself during my play-time, which I always spent out-of-doors, by trying to tame the wild birds. I nailed a little wooden tray against an oak that had twigs growing out of its trunk for the birds to perch on. It stood just inside a wood on one side of the drive, but not too much exposed to the view of the passers-by. Every morning regularly I filled the tray with bread-crumbs and bird-seed, with a little piece of raw meat now and then for a great treat. I watched anxiously to see what birds would come first, and in a few days had the pleasure of finding three tomtits hopping about my tree, and carrying off the crumbs and seeds. It was delightful to have these pretty, sprightly little fellows, with their bright yellow and black breasts and white cheeks, for my visitors, instead of the rather vulgar-looking sparrows, that are generally only too eager to secure any food that may be awaiting hungry mouths. The next birds that came were a pair of chaffinches: the cock never became very tame, but his little mate was soon a great pet with every one. After a time I had twelve birds that fed regularly at my box; they were a pair of tomtits, the chaffinches, a pair of nut-hatches, a pair of coal-tits, a pair of marsh-

Digitized by Google

titmice, a robin, and a hedge-sparrow. In the cold weather my birds used to meet me as I came out of the house, and fly after me to the wood. They were not at all afraid of Carlo, my large dog, who generally accompanied me, and sat by the tree quite quietly, expecting his little share of the feast. In the spring the chaffinches built their nest in an oak-tree within sight of the box, and when their young ones were hatched, they carried off nice large crumbs to them.

"A robin that fed at the box used also to keep us company when we were out, and hop about on our feet as we sat on the lawn. The dear little thing came in-doors whenever he found a window open. He was particularly fond of flying into my mother's bedroom, in which he thought he had discovered a rival favorite. Day after day he attacked it most fiercely, but as the rival was his own reflection in the mirror, the poor bird only got a great many hard knocks against the glass in his efforts to revenge himself on his fancied enemy. The mirror was sometimes smeared with his blood."

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER V.

"MILLY," said little Kate, greeting her elder sister one evening about a week after Miss Jenner's party, "there's a woman waiting to see you in the parlor."

Mildred instinctively kept the child back as she made her way into the room, shutting the door after her with a firm hand. There sat the peddler, or "Widow Robbins," as she called herself; and, oh! how she seemed to Milly to take the warmth and life out of the pretty little room with her air of vulgar obtrusiveness! Milly stood still in the middle of the room a moment, while Mrs. Robbins spoke. "Called for the first payment, my dear," she said, jocularly.

"Certainly," answered Milly, drawing her purse from her pocket; "and," she continued, "I thought I might as well pay you four weeks in advance. I have that much to spare."

She came forward, holding out two crisp bills; but, to her surprise, "Widow Robbins" motioned her back. "Ah, no, my dear," she said, gravely; "that wasn't in our agreement. I can't take more'n the fifty cents. Now give me just that, and I'll sign my name to your paper."

Milly remonstrated, all in vain, and then, completely disgusted by the coarse vulgarity of the woman, her loud tone and half-sarcastic laugh, she produced her "agreement," allowing Mrs. Robbins to sign a receipt for fifty cents, and take her leave. Poor Milly, though vexed and puzzled, did not see into the deeper motive of the peddler in this transaction. By only receiving the half-dollar weekly, Mrs. Robbins prolonged her power over Milly, well knowing a day *might* come when even that sum would not be in Milly's possession to give her. If such a remote chance ever occurred to Mildred, she dismissed it as too absurd to contemplate for an instant. The next week passed by quickly enough, for in her mother's absence Mildred had many home cares added to her usual ones and the work at the store. One fact relieved her greatly. "Mr. Tom's" attentions had nearly ceased, and she was allowed to come and go to her daily work without subjecting herself to any special insolence from him. Widow Robbins appeared again on the following Monday, and was promptly paid and dismissed. The same evening Mrs. Lee returned from her visit, full of exhilaration from the change, and ready to hear Milly's account of Miss Jenner's party. It cost the girl an effort not to tell of her new dress; but Mrs. Lee did not observe the slight confusion in her daughter's manner, being fully entertained by hearing an account of the fine house.

Early the next evening Mildred paid a call at the brick house, and renewed her sociable intercourse with Alice and Roger, who welcomed her so cordially that Miss Jenner, though in a rather stiff way, asked Mildred to spend an evening with them once a week. It was a new era in Milly's life. How she looked forward to those Wednesday evenings, when, leaving the store at the earliest moment possible, she would hasten home, make a quick toilette, chatting with her mother the while, and then go out into the dusky streets, threading her way eagerly to Lane Street, where lights twinkled in the old-fashioned windows of Miss Jenner's house, and where she was sure to find a kindly welcome!

Sometimes the three young people sat in Alice's pretty sitting-room up stairs, which to Milly's eyes was like an enchanted palace. Although blind, Alice delighted in feeling soft hangings, luxurious coverings to her chairs and sofas, and the consciousness that her walls were hung with pretty pictures. Mildred had inherited from her father an exquisitely fine taste, and Alice Jenner's surroundings seemed to fill her with a sense of refinement which made her own dull life easier to bear when she went away. Gradually Miss Jenner's manner thawed to Mildred, and before Christmas came around, the young girl had been half a dozen times invited to the cozy supper table of the good lady, who on these occasions strove to make Milly feel perfectly at home, while she contrived to learn all the story of her life from the young girl's lips. Milly's one penance was Mrs. Robbins's weekly visit, and the consciousness that up in her bureau drawer, carefully locked and guarded, was the gray silk dress. By Christmas-time only six dollars had been paid on it, yet a certain security of the future made Milly feel sure no disaster could occur. Mrs. Robbins's calls were now all made at the store, and about the Christmas season "Mr. Tom" inquired, rather sneeringly, whether "Miss Lee's great-aunt" meant to give them her custom. Milly answered nothing, yet it aroused her fears, and on one Tuesday, after the peddler's customary call, she left the store determined to appoint some different place of meeting. There was something unusual, Milly thought, about the look of the cottage as she entered; first a rush, then a confusion of smothered voices. Mildred ran into the parlor, thence to the kitchen, where she found the children gathered mysteriously together.

"Willy's got the bronchitis," exclaimed Kate. "He must have caught it down at the marshes."

Mildred asked no further questions, but ran up stairs, tossing aside her hat, and going cautiously into her mother's room, where Willy lay suffering intensely. Mrs. Lee was glad to put all the responsible care into Mildred's hands, and so she devoted nearly all the night to the care of her little brother, appearing the next day haggard and heavy-eyed at Mr. Hardman's store. Days passed in hard work at the store, and nights of broken rest; and then came an evening when, on Mildred's return home, she was met with the news of her mother's illness. Poor Mrs. Lee, at no time strong, had succumbed to her anxiety and hard work, and Milly found her utterly prostrated, the doctor standing beside her, not able to pronounce on her disease, but looking so anxious that Milly had difficulty in hiding her tears. Willy was better, but the new trouble was terrible to contemplate. That night she wrote hurriedly to her mother's pupils, and the next morning she arose after a wakeful night with the consciousness that she had six people to support on five dollars a week.

Mildred felt too proud to tell Miss Jenner of her troubles. She dreaded a rebuff besides. Roger was not well, and she knew the brick house was in some confusion over his illness. It had been a trying season at Milltown, and

Digitized by Google

few families had escaped; but Mildred thought her visitation hardest to bear.

The second day of her mother's illness Mildred came home very early, and after getting the children to bed, counted over her slender store of money while she sat in her mother's room, letting faithful Deborah have a rest. Just three dollars remained of her weekly earnings, and of this sum fifty cents must be saved for the terrible Widow Robbins. "I know what I'll do," thought Milly, almost aloud; "I'll see if she won't take her silk back. I *can't* spare a penny of my salary." This hope kept poor Mildred up until the peddler's next visit. It was in the little cottage parlor, and Mildred falteringly told her of her mother's illness, and their great need of money.

"That's neither here nor there," said the woman, shortly. "I can't lose *my* bread and butter. You say your dress is stained; that ends my taking it back; so any week—" The peddler stopped short rather ominously and glanced around the cottage parlor. It was a very pretty room. From the wreck of their fortunes Mrs. Lee and Milly had saved several—to them—priceless household treasures. On the mantel were the heavy old-fashioned silver candlesticks which Milly remembered all her life; some fine china was in the cabinet between the windows; the modest book-shelves were full of valuable volumes; one or two exquisite engravings hung upon the walls; here and there were a few excellent pieces of old family furniture. Altogether it was a room which not only charmed the eye, but showed such signs of "better days" that the few neighbors who had called upon the Lees held them in high esteem. Mrs. Robbins's glance was evidently highly satisfactory to herself.

"Well," she said, pocketing her fifty cents with an air of great condescension, "I will just wait a bit and see."

It was after six o'clock, and Milly felt worried and perplexed as she sat with the children over their simple tea, and then went up to her mother's sick-room, in which she passed nearly all the night. Deborah followed her, and beckoning her to the window, said, in a grave whisper,

"Mildred, my child, who's that queer woman keeps coming here?"

Milly felt inclined to cry.

"Oh, Debby," she said, piteously, "don't bother me; it's just a woman who—has business with me."

Debby was silenced, but by no means satisfied. She determined to settle the question for herself.

Before the next week came around, every penny of Milly's money was spent, and, more than that, they were heavily in debt to the butcher and the grocer and the chemist. The best of port-wine was ordered for Mrs. Lee; the strongest beef tea; the most nourishing jellies; iron and quinine regularly. Poor Milly used to feel as if she was walking over fire on her way to and from the store, so harassed had she become, and she and Deborah bemoaned the state of affairs whenever they were alone.

"Something *must* be done, honey!" Deborah said, one wet Tuesday evening, when Milly stopped in the kitchen to dry her clothes and warm her feet before going up stairs. "I've next to nothing in the house, and your mother *must* have some more port."

Milly was disconsolately thinking the question over, when she was roused by Mrs. Robbins's well-known "rat-tat-tat" on the front door. She ran out, hastily admitting the peddler, who soon perceived the state of affairs by Milly's expression. The young girl tried to say, calmly, that she had not the money.

"Well," said Mrs. Robbins, "I'll hold off a day or two; but just you read the paper you signed, and you'll see you agree to pay the full amount if you miss a week—if the dress isn't fit to be took back."

Mildred read the paper over and again when the woman was gone, and found herself indeed bound to a very Shylock. "That dress is just like the pound of flesh," she thought, as she sat in the dim light by her mother. "Oh, why did I ever buy it; and who cared at Miss Jenner's what I wore!"

The next week Mrs. Robbins made her appearance at the store on a day when Mildred's peace of mind was so exhausted by home cares it was all she could do to serve the most civil of customers. Milly contrived to see her in the cloak-room, but the peddler refused to subdue her voice.

"I can have fifty cents stopped out of your pay, and I *will*," she said, resolutely. "I don't want anything but my rights."

Mildred had not five cents to offer her. All her most earnest pleading only induced Mrs. Robbins to defer what she called "proceedings" for three days. In the mean time she resolved to call upon Miss Jenner. It was late on the Friday evening before she got a chance to go to the Brick House, and there the unwelcome news greeted her that Miss Jenner had fallen a victim to the lung disease prevalent in Milltown. She was leaving the house full of dejection, when to her horror she beheld the tall, gaunt figure of Mrs. Robbins striding up the box-path from the gate. Milly asked her to walk on with her.

"No," said the woman, "here I am. I've followed you here, and here I mean to have my say. Before next Tuesday I demand my money—twenty-two dollars—or you shall hear from me in a way you least expect."

It was nearly dark, but Milly could see the wicked expression on the woman's face. She was faint and tired, and bitterly disappointed at not seeing Miss Jenner, but she could not let the peddler see what she felt.

"Very well," she answered, in a constrained voice, "I can try; but how I am going to get twenty-two dollars is more than I can imagine. Oh, that wretched gray silk dress!" she added. "If only it had not been spoiled that first evening!"

Mrs. Robbins walked out of the gate by her side, and down the road some little distance, threatening Milly all the time as to what she *could* do, and what she *would* do. Left alone, Milly hurried home, knowing that she must before morning devise some means of raising the money. Mrs. Robbins had said she would "look in" during the morning at the store, and already Milly felt sure she had betrayed her secret to "Mr. Tom."

"Milly," Debby said, in a mournful tone, "I've been thinking we *must* part with something. Your mother's sinking for what we've no money to pay for. I've seen you all in better days, lovey, and I'm as fond of everything in the house as you are, but I see no way out of it. In fact, I saw a man to-day—he's only waiting for your word—and he'll look over the things in the parlor to-morrow."

A lump rose and filled Milly's throat. Oh, if she were not hardened with this miserable private debt, how easy it would seem even to ask a loan from old Mr. Hardman! But no, the home necessities were by no means all.

"Yes, yes, Debby," exclaimed Mildred, with a sudden rush of tears; "it must be done—it must be done."

When Milly returned the next evening from the store, the once cozy parlor looked desolate enough. The heavy furniture was nearly all gone, and the children clustered about her with an eager account of the man who had carried the sofa and chairs and best table away in his cart.

"Never mind," said Mildred, trying to be cheerful. "We must sit in the dining-room. Besides, dears, think how ill mamma is."

"Only forty dollars," whispered Deborah, "and I've paid out thirty of it."

So she could not even borrow part of that sum for her debt. Milly turned away, and went into her mother's room, feeling faint, heart and body, and there tried to find some consolation in reading aloud their usual evening chapter; but all the time a sense of her own folly oppress-

Digitized by Google

MILDRED AND THE WIDOW ROBBINS.

ed her. Suffering from necessity she could have borne, but not that which her own sin had brought upon her.

Poor Mildred! she knelt at her mother's side, humbly praying, almost aloud. On the next day she knew she must "settle" with the dreaded Widow Robbins.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO BEARS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

THE snow was on the ground—the lovely white snow, the peaceful snow, which covered the country landscape with billows of alabaster. In the distance the feathery woods made a purple fringe between the earth and sky, while in the foregrouud a crinkled rail fence ran irregularly along the side of the country road, and near it stood a splotch of red and black, the only marked color in the whole landscape. The red and black was crying bitterly, for the red and black represented a little girl with a scarlet hood, and crimson stockings, and a bundle of books. She was on her way to school, and in great grief.

While she still stood by the fence, sobbing, a black object appeared over the brow of the hill, and slowly moved toward the foreground, until, pausing in front of the weeping child, it stood, as jolly, as genial, as comfortable an old gentleman as ever wore broadcloth.

"Why, what is the matter, little one?" he asked, in a kindly voice.

The child looked up into the pleasant face and answered:

"They are always worrying me at home; they are always taking my things, and when I ask for them they get mad, and if I take any of their things, they come and take them away, and then if I don't like it, they tell mother; and oh! I declare it's too mean for anything. It wasn't her doll, anyway, for Cousin May left it behind, and she didn't give it to anybody, and she'd had it all day; and then she took my sun-shade, and broke the hook off, and because I asked her for it she got mad and wanted the doll, and it wasn't her doll, and then mother made me give it up, and I think it's real mean—that's just what I think it is."

"Well, well, well, that was too bad. I think *it was* real mean myself," said the old gentleman. "But I tell you what you should do—you should keep two bears, as I do, and then you would be happy all the time."

"Two bears?" ejaculated the little girl, opening her large round blue eyes.

"Yes, two bears. We have two bears up at my house, and they make us so happy!"

"Don't they bite?"

"Oh no, they don't bite a mite."

"But they growl, don't they?"

"Oh, no, no; they don't growl either. But if you like to come home with me, I will show them to you."

In an instant the little girl's hand was in that of the old gentleman, and they were trotting along the road side by side. There was something so kind and gentle and yet so jovial in his manner that it never entered her head to be afraid of him. After turning down one road and up another, and walking about a mile altogether, they at last came to a loug low house, with large windows, which were filled with bright flowers, and draped with red curtains, and in every window hung a bird-cage with some strange or beautiful bird.

A number of children came running out of the house, crying, "Oh, papa! papa! here's papa!" as they gathered round him, clinging to his arms.

"Children," he said, "I have brought a little stranger to visit you. I do not know her uame, but I am sure you will be kind to her, and show her the two bears, which I have promised she should see."

They entered a large, comfortable sitting-room, hung round with pictures and bird-cages; in the centre was a long table covered with books, and on each side of the fire-place, in a big easy-chair, sat a great rough bear; one was brown, and the other was black.

Digitized by Google

The old gentleman led the little girl up to the brown bear, and said, "Brown Bear, here is a little girl who is very miserable. I have told her that you and Black Bear have made us all so happy, and that perhaps you can help her to be happy too."

Brown Bear gave a good-humored sort of sniff, and put his big paw gently on the head of the little stranger.

"What is your name, child?" asked the gentleman: "you have not told me that yet."

"Frances Louisa Caroline Bounce, but they call me Fanny. What a nice bear! Will he be angry if I feel his fur?"

"No, indeed, not even though you rub it the wrong way."

After she was introduced to both bears, she played with the children, Carry and Sarah, George and Philip, and then they all went into another room to dinner. On their way, however, Philip, who had a long switch, with which he had been amusing himself, persisted in tickling the back of his sister Sarah's ear with it, until she grew out of patience, and, turning round, told him, rather sharply, to stop; but Philip, who was only in fun, seemed somewhat nettled at being scolded, and was just on the point of repeating the offense, when Black Bear, who was walking behind, put his paw gently on his shoulder, while at the same moment Brown Bear took Sarah by the arm and led her into the dining-room. Philip threw away his switch, both burst into a merry laugh, and sat down to the table with smiling faces. During the dinner both bears kept walking round the table, looking so kind and gentle that they seemed to put every one in good-humor. When Carry upset a tumbler of water over Sarah's frock, Brown Bear immediately picked it up, while Carry begged pardon, and Sarah laughed. When George was going to tell some little tale *out of school* about Philip, Black Bear put his big paw in front of his mouth, and George stopped at once.

After dinner they all went out into the snow to have some coasting down a hill close to the house. Both the boys had sleds, but Philip's was a bright new one, while George's was old and rather clumsy. Philip had been saving up his money for some time to buy this treasure, and was very proud of it; therefore when George seized his new sled and ran off with it, he called after him with some anger to bring it back, and not to use it; but George had reached the top of the hill, and had just planted the sled, ready to start down hill, when Brown Bear came to the side of the angry Philip, and touched him with his paw. Phil's manner and voice changed at once, as he called out, "Well, brother George, you can use my sled, and I'll use yours." But Black Bear had reached the top of the hill nearly as soon as George, and with his great big paw patted him on the back, and grunted something in his ear. George took up the sled very quietly, and carried it back to his brother, saying, "I am sorry, Phil; here is your sled."

After that all was fun, tumbles, and laughter, the two bears joining in it as actively and enjoying it just as much as the children. In fact, the bears seemed to make the whole party happy. At last it became time for Frances Louisa Caroline Bounce to go home. She felt sad at the thought of leaving the bears, and of going to her own home, where there were no bears at all.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "how do you like our bears, Fanny?"

"Oh, I think they are just too splendid for anything. I wish we had a bear, even if it was only a little one."

"Well, you can easily have bears. All children can have them if they like. Perhaps you would be obliged to begin with young ones; but then they would be sure to grow up if you only took care of them."

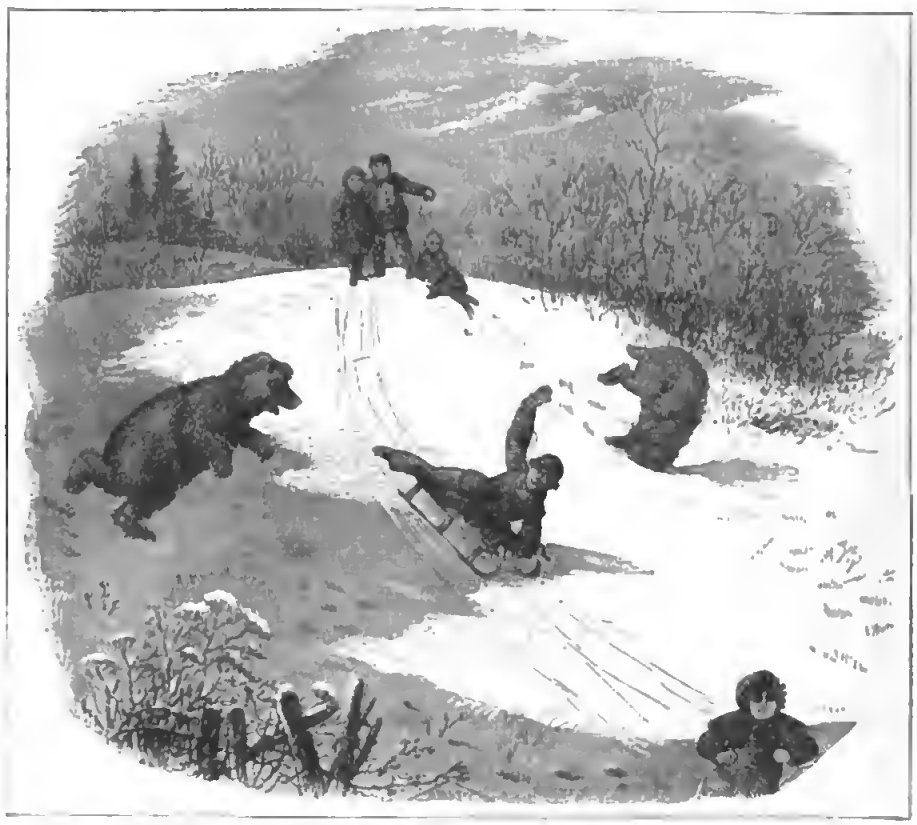
"Oh, dear, dear! is that really so?" cried Fanny, in an ecstasy.

"Yes, my child, it is really so; every one can have two bears in his or her house, like mine. But do you know what we call those bears which make us all so happy? BEAR and FORBEAR."

"BEAR and FORBEAR!" echoed Fanny. "Oh, I will try to get two of those bears in our house, and if they are ever so weak and sickly, I will feed them and nurse them till they grow big and strong like yours."

Fanny trotted home with the old gentleman, and told her brothers and sisters everything about the two good-natured bears: and they all agreed that they would try to raise a pair like them.

I am happy to add that Fanny and her family have a pair of very promising young bears, which already afford them a great deal of happiness, and bid fair in the future to be fine healthy animals.



THE CHILDREN AND THEIR BEARS.

Digitized by Google

NEW YORK CITY.

I am making a steam-engine according to the directions given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 49. I have just soldered on the lid, and have made the hole for the water to be let into the engine. I hope to finish it soon. I am eight years old. I go to school, and I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I like to read the letters from the children, so I thought I would send one, and thank the "Professor" for writing about the steam-engine. JOHN A. J.

CRESCO, IOWA.

I have just commenced taking YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like it very much. The story of "Paul Grayson" was splendid, but I think "Toby Tyler" is the best of all. My brother Charlie and I each have an Indian pony. Charlie's pony has been trained by the Indians to stand wherever you leave her, without being tied. And if any one is riding her and falls off, no matter how fast she is going, she will stop, and not move one step farther until her rider mounts again. My pony throws me over her head sometimes, but she will not stop until she gets to the barn. ALLIE C.

NACOOCHEE, GEORGIA.

I send an experiment for the chemistry club. To make cyanogen gas the apparatus necessary is this: one test-tube, a cork, six inches of glass tube one-quarter of an inch in diameter, an alcohol lamp, and a round file. Now hold the glass tube over the flame of the lamp until the glass is soft, when by pulling it apart you will have two tubes, with one end of each drawn to a fine point. Break off the point of one, and you will have a tiny jet. Make a hole in the cork just large enough for the large end of the tube to go into. Put into the test-tube as much cyanide of mercury as will lie on the point of a penknife. Fit the cork tightly in the test-tube. Wave the test-tube over the flame of the lamp for five or ten minutes, and then apply a lighted match to the jet, when the gas will burn with a bluish flame. Pour some melted tallow or bees-wax over the cork to keep the gas from escaping before reaching the jet. JOHN R. G.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I read the letters in the Post-office Box with so much pleasure! I have every number of YOUNG PEOPLE. All my young friends that read it like it very much. We have formed a juvenile club, and I am president. Reading YOUNG PEOPLE is a part of our programme. RANDOLPH H.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I thought I would write and tell you about our club. It is called the "Silver Crescent Dramatic Club." We were going to call it "Golden Crescent," but when the club gets a little richer it is going to buy some medals for each member to wear; they will be the shape of a crescent, and if they had to be of gold, they would cost more than silver ones. We meet once every week, and make by-laws and suggestions, and vote on them, and we rehearse. We also have a monthly paper; it is called "The Monthly Crescent." Of course it is not printed, and we have only one copy. Each member edits it in turn, and the others send in contributions. Everything has to be original. The paper is read at every fourth meeting.

We charge five cents to join the club, and every two months each member has to pay five cents dues. New members are voted for, and the majority rules. We have five officers—a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary, and stage-manager. I am the secretary.

We prepared a grand entertainment for the Christmas holidays. It was a tragedy in three acts. I arranged it. In the first part of *Little Women*, by Miss Alcott, they had a play called the "Witch's Curse." Only the plot was given. I took it and made up the dialogue, added some more characters, and changed it to make it turn out differently. It makes a very nice little play. IDA B. D.

ARGENTA, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I think YOUNG PEOPLE is a very nice paper. My sister and I go to school. We have a very nice teacher. I like to go very much. We study pieces from YOUNG PEOPLE to speak in school. My teacher says all little boys and girls ought to take it. MINNIE S.

DOWNIEVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I thought I would try to describe a trip I took with sautie to a little town called Eureka. After a short ride we came to the main trail leading from Downieville to the northern part of Sierra County. The trail winds in and out, following every curve and bend of the mountain. In some places it is quite steep, and in others almost level. How tired I was when we got to Eureka, having been two hours in the saddle! When we reached the ridge, we heard some one playing on some instrument, and it sounded so sweet that we stopped a few minutes to listen to it.

Uncle tells me that Eureka used to be quite a large place, with hotels, stores, private houses, a school-house, and a Masonic Hall; but now it consists of only half a dozen dwellings and the school-house.

A little girl has written to YOUNG PEOPLE that she found two peach blossoms in September, and she wants to know if any other little girl has found any so late. Now I want to know if any little girl or boy has ever picked ripe peaches near the 15th of November, as I have. MARY A. R.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

I have only been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a short time, but I think it is a very nice little paper. I saw that one of the little girls said that she had seen a peach blossom in September. Here we often have figs in December. LILY V. F.

BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.

I am eleven years old; but my eyes are not strong, and mamma has not thought it best to send me to school till this fall, so that I can not write very well. I would like to tell Reba H. that there were apple blossoms on our tree in Oil City, Pennsylvania, in September, 1879. WILFRED C.

BATH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I have just finished the embroidery of Fig. 12 in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 59. I received the paper Tuesday night, and if I had had all the crewels, I could have finished it on Thursday. But I had to send to Boston for some of them, and wait nearly four days before they came.

The day I began the embroidery mamma went up garret, and found an old quilt of my grandmother's, all embroidered with the same stitch. I have done a table-cover in the South Kensington stitch, but I think the New England stitch is prettier, easier, and takes less time.

I did pattern No. 12 on a bureau-cover of Russian crash. I am very glad you print the articles on embroidery. They are a great help. I enjoy fancy-work very much, and do a great deal of it. I was fourteen last July. HELEN C.

This is the first report on embroidery, and, according to promise, the old embroidery pattern has been sent to the writer.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA.

I am almost eight years old. I do not go to school. I have two little sisters. My papa prints a newspaper. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the best paper in the world, except papa's. I get papa to read it to me, and then I send it to a little boy who has no money to buy it. HARALD C. H.

RAW CANADA, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am only six years old, but I can read all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE alone. I have some very playful kittens, and one night they tipped over the big rocking-chair. I had six white geese, but one died. LESTER O. B.

PAMLAR, NEW JERSEY.

I am ten years old. I have two pretty kittens, exactly alike. They are yellow and white. The other day I got a pretty dove from the dove-house, and kept him in a large cage; but I felt sorry for him, and one day opened the window and let him out. He flew to the top of the carriage-house, and all of the doves came to meet him and kept flying around him. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I can not wait patiently until it comes. WILLIE G.

FOSTER HOME, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am spending the winter very pleasantly out among the Red Rock Mountains. Our cottage is in a valley, surrounded by high hills, which are covered with wintergreen berries from one year's end to another. During the winter months the berries swell very large, and they are delicious fruit in the spring. There is a great deal of iron ore here, and also a great deal of snow. We live in a very small house, with only four rooms; but, for all that, it is very cozy. I look forward with much pleasure every week for the coming of YOUNG PEOPLE.

M. ADA T.

CLAYTON, ALABAMA.

My brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We had a pet 'coon, which got very thirsty one day, and crawled into one big glass water-pitcher head first. After helping himself to water, he turned round in the pitcher, and came out again. Afterward the cat killed him. ST. CLAIR T.

BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI.

My papa takes HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, which I like very much, especially the letters written by the children. I wish all the boys and girls in the South could get your paper.

I am eight years old, and go to school. There is a great deal of cotton shipped from here to New Orleans, and a great deal of lumber to St. Louis and Chicago. I have two little sisters younger than I. ANNIE McM.

WINSOR HEIGHTS, MARYLAND.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the story called "Who was Paul Grayson?" began. My brother and I have for pets a flock of pigeons, which are quite tame, two pair of rabbits, and two dogs, named "Duke" and "Terry." Duke will go into the corn-patch, select a soft ear of corn, and husk and eat it. He sometimes goes to the blackberry bushes, and holds down a branch with one paw while he eats the berries. He is also very fond of persimmons. JAMES S.

MOBERLY, MISSOURI.

I will send a nice recipe for ice-cream in the winter. Take a glassful of snow, and pat in just enough cream to make it thick, with some sugar, and just a little extract of vanilla or lemon. My brother and I have ice-cream all summer, and winter too. I am nine years old. MAGGIE B.

Pearl A. Hare, of Lynchburg, Harris County, Texas, accidentally omitted the little word "for" in her letter published in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 56, which made her appear to offer birds' eggs and postage stamps for exchange, when she wished to obtain them in exchange for Texas snail shells. Our readers will please note the correction.

I am a boy eleven years old. I was born in Cairo, Egypt, and came to America in 1876. I am living on a farm now, and like it very much.

I have some Egyptian stamps I would like to exchange for any other foreign stamps.

AMBROSE STRANG, Lincoln, Tennessee.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postmarks. M. P. RICH,
59 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

German postage stamps for any other foreign stamps. MARTHA BROWNER,
1208 Russell Street, Covington, Ky.

Postage stamps and postmarks for foreign postage stamps and coins. S NEW,
127 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City.

Postmarks for postage stamps.
THOMAS K. DURHAM,
P. O. Box 735, New York City.

Postmarks and War Department stamps for stamps and monograms. CAMPBELL T. HAMILTON,
Fort Preble, Portland, Maine.

Shells for Indian relics, shells, ore, or petrified wood. HENRY SCOTT,
20 Patchen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postmarks for postmarks and stamps.
AL. E. BARKER,
P. O. Box 115, Judsonia, White County, Ark.

Foreign postage stamps for minerals, fossils, shells, sea-weed, or birds' eggs. LOUIS D. OURISON,
Care of Abernathy, North, & Orrison,
Kansas City, Missouri.

Southern moss for a Chinese coin or any old relic.
DAISY ROLLINS,
P. O. Box 186, Columbus, Missouri.

Twenty-five postmarks for two rare stamps.
W. W. ELDRIDGE,
22 Brill Street, Newark, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps or postmarks for all kinds of United States internal revenue stamps.
GEORGE WELLS,
P. O. Box 466, New York City.

Curiosities, postage stamps, or sea-shells for curiosities. Or thirty postmarks for five birds' eggs. No duplicates. HARRY MADISON,
206 Stockton Street, San Francisco, California.

One hundred postage stamps for ten coins, or for ten birds' eggs. No duplicates. FRANK KNOX,
2318 Third Avenue, New York City.

Minerals, fossils, rare stamps, or monograms for coats of arms, crests, and monograms.
A READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE,"
LOCK BOX 42,
Little Falls, Herkimer County, N. Y.

California curiosities, shells, or minerals for old or rare American coins. C. W., JUN.,
P. O. Box 2205, San Francisco, California.

Foreign stamps for postmarks and postal cards. Postmarks must be cut square.
C. S. PETRASON,
13 West Thirty-second Street, New York City.

Two fine specimens of Southern fern, or some

Digitized by Google

evening-glory seeds, for United States postage stamps. EMMA BUTTS,
238 Felicity Street, New Orleans, La.

Postage stamps. HAWLEY WEBSTER,
394 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, Long Island.

Postmarks. LOUIS GROSS,
Care of J. J. Carter, Titusville, Penn.

C. H. L.—The old scrip which you inclose is probably a genuine five-franc *assignat*, as the paper money was called which was first issued by the French government in 1790, and afterward by the Revolutionary authorities. It was based on the security of the public domain, consisting of the confiscated estates of the Church and wealthy exiles. The value of these assignats, which were issued to the amount of 45,578,000,000 francs, declined rapidly after the reign of terror. In the summer of 1793, one franc in silver was worth three francs in paper. Three years later, one franc in gold was worth three hundred francs in paper, although the government, in order to check this depreciation, had passed a law to regulate the price of commodities.

The inscription on your assignat shows that it was issued in October or November, 1793, the second year of the French Republic. The lettering in the corners proclaims death to any one who should dare to counterfeit the assignat. The *livre*, which name appears on the scrip, was a French coin about the value of a franc, by which it was superseded in 1795. Eighty francs were equal in value to eighty-one livres.

If you examine your assignat carefully you will see to the left the dim and faded stamp of the figure of Liberty, and if you have a strong magnifying-glass, you can amuse yourself by trying to make out the lettering around it. This little scrap of coarse paper, not quite a hundred years old, may incite you to read the story of the terrible time of which it is a relic. If you are not old enough to enjoy Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, you will find the scenes vividly portrayed in Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, and Victor Hugo's novel entitled "93."

HENRY H. T.—Your proposal to found a Natural History Society, composed of contributors to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, is hardly practical. The exchange of specimens, etc., would be dilatory and difficult, as our contributors are scattered over the whole continent. Local societies of the kind you mean might be formed to advantage, and the officers of different associations could correspond with each other, and exchange views and information.

L. M. F. AND L. L. P.—Your plan for a reading and debating club is excellent, and if well carried out must have good results. You will find suggestions that may be useful in some remarks appended to a letter from Violet S. in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, and also in a book called *Stories of the Sea*, noticed in No. 61. We would advise you not to waste your time over fourth-rate literature (to which the books you mention belong), but to select the best authors, whose works will not only entertain but instruct you. An excellent guide for you would be William Swinton's *Masterpieces of English Literature*, recently published by Harper & Brothers.

VIOLET S.—Your account of the proceedings of your society is not full enough. Can you not favor us with a sprightly description of what is done and said at your meetings, instead of giving the "order of exercises" merely?

JOHN N. H.—Either hickory or sassafras wood is good material for bows.

HELEN G.—How to make the "Wiggles" was fully explained at the end of the Post-office Box in No. 51 of YOUNG PEOPLE.

R. T. F.—Amber is not, as you suppose, made from "the sap of a tree in South Africa," but is a fossil resin from several species of coniferous or cone-bearing trees of a very remote geological period. More than 800 species of insects have been found preserved in amber, and leaves of 100 species of plants. Fine pieces of amber are very highly prized, and are sometimes worth more than their weight in gold. The largest mass known is in Berlin, Prussia. It weighs eighteen pounds, and is valued at $30,000. Amber is extensively used for ornaments, the mouth-pieces of pipes, etc. You may be able to procure a piece of some manufacturer of meerschaum pipes.

The ancients prized amber very highly, and it was an important article of commerce in early times. From the fact that it is found in large quantities in the remains of the lake-villages of Switzerland, we know that it must have been an article of exchange in prehistoric times.

FLOY.—If you have any pressed flowers, leaves, or other pretty objects which can be sent easily by mail, we have no doubt some of our readers would be glad to send you postage stamps to exchange for them. You can put your offer in the Post-office Box.

JESSE H., JUN.—The English noun envelop, as well as the verb, is accented on the second syllable. The French form of the word, *enveloppe*, has an even accent on the three syllables. Our word is derived from the French.

JEAN C. P.—Please give the name of the county in which the town of Warren, where you live, is situated. There are several towns of that name in Ohio, and correspondents will not know where to address you unless the county is given also.

FORD D. LYON.—The controversy about the origin of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," has not been satisfactorily settled. The saying has been floating about for a great many years, but no one has been able to find out who started it on its travels.

GRACE.—The *ö* in Ölmütz is sounded like the French *u*, very difficult to catch without the aid of a teacher. You can come very near it by pronouncing the vowel *e* and changing to *u* without altering the position of the lips.

C. G. G.—The time required for the transmission of a signal through the Atlantic cable varies according to the condition of the batteries. A dispatch has been sent from New York to London and the answer received within an hour.

JAMES MCK.—No charge is made in the matter about which you ask.

SALLIE K., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The name of the street in which you live is so obscurely written that we can not make it out. Write it very plainly, and we will print your request.

DAISY R.—Send enough to make a pretty wreath.

JENNIE S. M.—A very good recipe for butter-scotch was given in a letter from Kittie G. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 37.

HENRY C. D.—Glass for windows was made during the Middle Ages in all European countries. In England glass-painting for windows was practiced in 1338. Some splendid windows of York Cathedral were painted at that period by John Thornton, of Coventry. In the fifteenth century English window-glass was more expensive than any other kind of glass. The Egyptians made glass at a very early period of their national existence. Paintings representing glass-blowers making a very large vase show that nearly 4000 years ago the Egyptians were far advanced in this art.

Favors are acknowledged from Garrett Waggoner, Bertha Herron, C. C. Shelley, Jun., Stella Pratt, George W. Taymun, Flora C. B., Mabel White, Alice Brown, J. W. Menefee, Orrie H. Clark, Shelton H. Hibbs, H. H. J., S. H. R., W. H. Scherzer, Carrie and Belle N., Albert Woolley, B. D. Ellis, C. G. Myers, B. Tompkins, E. Foy Stevens, H. McIlvain, Frank A. Harmony, Anole S. and Benoie C. Daffie, F. H. Kellogg, Everett Jones, Lewis B. Frazier, Lyman Perley, Sidney J. Carson, Katie Dale, Louis Maré, Tamar Love, Thomas Buford, Fredy Leser.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from C. H. McB., Hugh Pilcairn, Thomas Cook, George Dudley Kyte, "Lone Star," Harry and Isobel Jacob.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

WORD SQUARES.—(*To Outlet*).

1. First, a piece of ordnance formerly used for blowing up barricades and other defensive works. Second, a female name. Third, to feel a sharp, pricking sensation. Fourth, a state in Africa. Fifth, part of a printing-press. Sixth, having a melancholy appearance. ZELOTES.

2. First, to disturb. Second, to weaken. Third, a Turkish coin. Fourth, absent without leave. Fifth, to show clearly. Sixth, leased. BOLUS.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

A letter. A small vessel. A hut. A celebration. A golde. A snare. A letter. WENNIE.

No. 3.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An ensign. A boy's name. A wonder. Finished. ANSWER.—Two things to gain which men often make great sacrifices and devote all their energies.
LONE STAR.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

First in sieve, not in pail.
Second in rum, not in ale.
Third in calf, not in ox.
Fourth in cat, not in fox.
Fifth in rude, not in kind.
Sixth in brain, not in mind.
Seventh in wheat, not in hay.
The whole a savage bird of prey.
OSCAR.

No. 5.

ACROSTIC.

Place seven divisions of the United States in such order that their initials read downward spell the name of another. BOLUS.

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

A BOOK of good songs for children is a household treasure. There is no prettier sight than to see brothers and sisters gathered around the piano during a long winter evening, mamma or the eldest sister playing the accompaniment and leading in the singing, while sweet childish voices fill the room with melody. *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes*[1] contains more than a hundred pretty songs suitable for these household concerts. Some of the melodies are new, others familiar, but all are re-arranged and written in low keys to suit children's voices. Simple accompaniments are given, such as can be easily understood by a young pianist, and many songs have both English and German or French words. The melodies are exceedingly attractive, and are such as will cultivate good musical taste in youthful musicians.

Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands[2] is a handsomely bound and well illustrated volume, from which young readers can learn a great many things about the history, legends, and present appearance of Spain, Italy, Greece, and some other European countries. This book is written in a chatty, familiar style, and the information given by the teacher to the class of boys who are travelling under his care is of the kind to especially interest boys and girls.

THE fun and frolic of *Five Little Mice in a Mouse-Trap*,[3] as told by the Man in the Moon, will be a source of delight to many other little "mice." Nibble, Brighteyes, Fluff, Puff, and Downy, the baby, are real, living children. They chase butterflies and bees up and down in the "mouse-trap" garden, play with dolls and dogs and kittens, and have a splendid time. Uncle Jack is the best of uncles, and the Man in the Moon a constant friend. The story of the Mice is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Kate Greenaway, Addie Ledyard, and others.

[1] *A Book of Rhymes and Tunes.* Compiled and arranged by MARGARET PEARMAIN OSGOOD. Translations by LOUISA Y. CRAIGIN. 8vo, pp. 128. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

[2] *Zigzag Journeys in Classic Lands; or, Tommy Toby's Trip to Mount Parnassus.* By HERKNIAH BUTTERWORTH. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 318. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

[3] *Five Little Mice in a Mouse-Trap, by the Man in the Moon.* By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 228. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

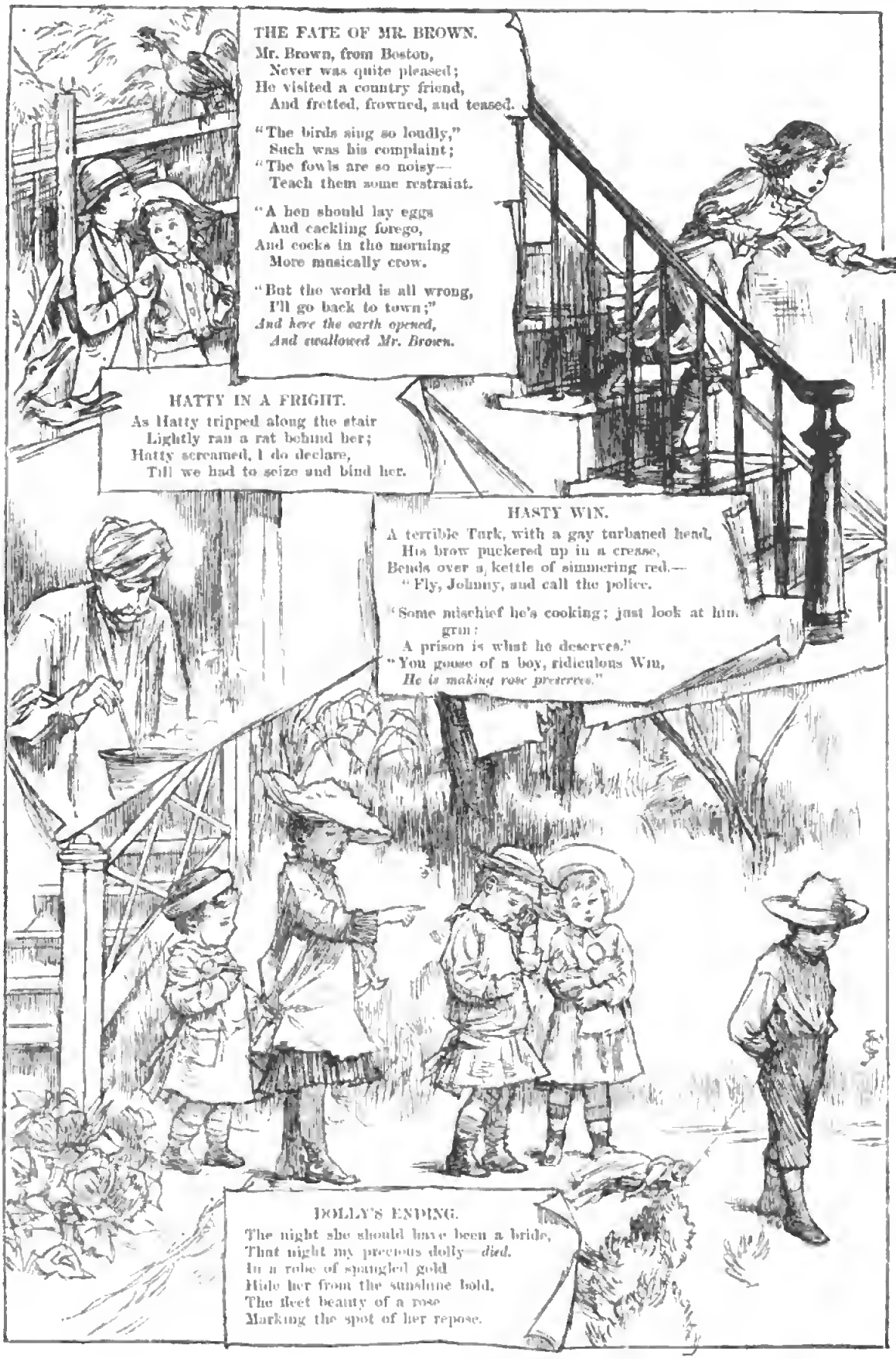
Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $5 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 64. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, January 18, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

DUTCH SLEIGH-RIDING.

Digitized by Google

WHO GOT THE MITTEN?

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"DEER ANT ROXY,—Ive hed consider'ble many calls for mittins along back this Wiater: mostly they're wove goods, thet dont last no time. Its come into my head that mahbe you'd jest as lives make a leetle suthin to huy snuff an' handkerchers with, odd times, and reklactin you used to be a master hand to knit this is for to say that ef you'd fall to and knit a lot of them two-threaded mittins we boys set by so, why I could sell 'em for ye—on commission. Ef you're agreeble why drop me a line to 117 Blauk St St Josephs. yeu see its mostly drovers and sech wants 'em.

"Yours to command, JOHN JACKSON."

"The lands sakes!" ejaculated Miss Roxy Blair, as she laid down her spectacles after reading this letter. "John was allers the beateree for gumption. I allers said he'd make a spoon or spile a horn, an' I do b'lieve it's the spoon. Well said! I've got full twenty run o' blue yarn I spun last year, an' some red: guess there won't be no white wanted in them parts. I'll set to an' get a lot more red over to Miss Billins's. Wonder ef she'd git wind on't, and go to makin' mittins herself?—she beats all to question folks up. I'll tell her I'm a-goin' to teach Nanee to knit; and so I be: 'ta'n't no lie. I will teach her to knit an' help on the mittins. It 'll be suthin for her to do nights, 'stead of readin' all the newspaper scraps she can pick up."

Naney Peck was Miss Roxy's bound girl; the old lady lived alone in a small brown house on a hill-side far above Bassett; a grass-grown track ran by the house, through the woods that clothed the hill-top, over and away into the heart of the Green Mountains.

Little Naney had been bound out to Miss Roxana only nbout a year when John Jackson's letter reached Bassett. Miss Roxy was getting old; rheumatism had laid hold of her, and she could not hobble up and down hill to the village any longer: so she resolved to take a young girl into her house to wait on her.

"'Twon't cost a great deal," she said to herself. "There's the gardin a'n't half planted; she can drop potaters as well as a man, and hill 'em up too; and I can set more beans outside the fence; when Isr'el comes up to spade the gardin, he can fix up a place for more beans, and Ingin meal's cheap. Fact is, anyway, I durstn't be up here alone no longer, and hirin' some feller or 'nother to do arrands would cost more'n it come to. There's ma's old gowuds can be cut over for her, sech as is too ragged for me."

Having made up her mind, the old lady persuaded a neighbor who sometimes drove by her house to mill to take her in, and leave her at the poor-house, which was on his way, until he came back with his grist. When he retarned he found two passengers, for Miss Roxy had fixed on Nancy for an experimeat.

"'Twas Hobson's choice," she explained to Mr. Tucker, as they drove along; "there wa'n't no other gal there. She's real small, but Miss Simons says she's spry an' handy, and she ha'n't got nobody belongin' to her, so's't I sha'n't be pestered with folks a-comin' round."

In six months little Nancy had become so useful that she was formally boaud out to the old lady, and now she went to school in summer half a day, and had learned to read and write tolerably. She was very lonesome in that solitary house. There were children at the poor-house whom she played with, tended, and loved, but Miss Roxy had not even a cat; and when Naney, in the longing of her loving little heart, took a crook-necked squash out of the shed, tied a calico rag about its neck, and made a dolly of it to be company for her in the little garret where she slept, Miss Roxy hunted it up—for she kept count of everything she had—boxed Naney's ears soundly, and eat up poor little yellow Mary Ann, and boiled her in a pot for pies.

Until the mitten business began, Miss Roxy found it hard to find enough work for the child's active fingers to do; but after that she had no trouble in keeping the little girl busy, as poor Nancy found oat to her sorrow. The evenings of spring, when she used to love to sit on the door-step with her apron over her head, and listen to the frogs peeping in a swamp far below, were now spent in winding hanks of yarn, or struggling, with stiff little fingers, to slip the loops off one needle and on to another, her eyes tired with the dull light of a tallow candle, and her head aching with the effort to learn and the slaps her dullness earned from Miss Roxy's hard hands. It was worse as summer came on, and she had to knit, knit, all the time, with not a minute to get new posies for her garden. Only by early dawn did she get her chance to watch the blue liverwort open its sunny cup; the white eggs of bloodroot buds come suddenly out of the black ground; the tiny rows of small flowers that children call "Dutchman's breeches" hang and flutter on their red stems; the azure sand-violet, dancing columbine, purple crane's-bill, lilac orchis, and queer moccasin flower make that hidden corner gay and sweet.

Even when school began, she had to work still. Miss Roxy was determined to send a big box of double-knit mittens to John Jackson before winter set in; and as fast as they were finished they were dampened, pressed, and laid away in the old hair trunk in the garret where Nancy slept.

Poor little girl! she hated the sight of mittens, and this summer a wild wish came into her head, that grew and grew, as she sat alone at her knitting, until it quite filled head and heart too.

A child from the city, spending the summer near Bassett, came now and then to school as a sort of pastime, and brought with her a doll that really went to sleep when you laid it down: shut its bright blue eyes, and never opened them until it was taken up!

It seemed to lonely little Naney that such a doll would be all anybody could want in the world. If only Nancy had such a dear lovely creature to sleep in her bed at night, and sit up in the door beside her while she knit, she knew she would be perfectly happy; but that could never be. However, after much dreaming, wishing, and planning, one day a bright and desperate idea came across her. That night she asked a great many questions of Miss Roxy, who at last gave her a sharp answer, and told her to hold her tongue; but the child had found out all she wanted to know and did not mind the crossness.

Next morning she got up very early, and stealing across the garret, took an old book from a dusty pile on a shelf, then with a pair of scissors she had brought up overnight she cut out a blank leaf, and pinned it, carefully folded, into the pocket of her dress.

She did not go out-of-doors at the school recess, but took the pen with which she had been writing her copy, and smoothing the paper out, wrote this queer little letter:

"DEER GENTILMAN,—I am a poor little gurl who nits mittins for Miss Roxy. I am bound out and I havent got no folks of my own, not so much as a verry smal baby. I wish I had a dol. I am real lonesum. wil you send mee a dol. My nsim is Nansy Peck, and I live te Mis Roxy Blair's house in Baset Vermoate. I nit this mittin. when I am big I wil pay for the dol.

"NANSY PECK."

The letter once written, and waved up and down under the desk to dry, the paper was pinned into her pocket again, and when the next pair of mittens she knit were done, pressed, caught together with a bit of yarn, and sent up, by her, to the trunk, the daring and odd little note was slipped safely inside one of them, and lay there several months undiscovered.

One bitter cold day, at the end of the next November, a young man came hastily into John Jackson's shop in St. Joseph.

Digitized by Google

"Hullo!" he said. "I want a pair of those knit mittens of yours. I'm ordered off to the Denver station, and they do say it's colder 'n blazes there. Handling express packages ain't real warm work anyhow!"

And so, while little Nancy, washing potatoes for dinner, wondered who had got her mitten with the letter in it, Joe Harris, Adams Express Agent for Denver, was cramming the pair into his pocket. The next week a snow-squall with a gale and a half of wind swooped down on Denver with all fury, and the new agent's teeth chattered and his hands smarted as he stood waiting for the train that had just whistled; he pulled the heavy mittens out of his overcoat pocket, twitched them apart, and sticking his left hand into one of them, found the note. He had no time to look at it then, for there was work on hand; but that evening, in the bare little room at the hotel, he took the letter out of his pocket, and, big strong man that he was, two great tears hopped out of his eyes on to the eager, anxious little letter.

"By jinks! she shall have her dolly!" he exclaimed, fetching his fist down on the rickety table, where his lamp stood, with a thump that almost sent lamp and all to the floor. But how to get it? Denver was no place then, whatever it is now, to buy dolls, and Joe was much disturbed at it; but it happened that the very next week he was recalled to St. Louis on some business which must be seen to in person; so, just as soon as his errand was done, he went about to all the toy-shops until he was satisfied at last with a doll. And well he might be! the dolly was of bisque, with movable eyes and real golden hair, joints in her arms and legs, and a face almost as lovely as a real baby; for a baby doll it was, in long clothes, with little corals to tie up its sleeves, and tiny socks on its feet. Joe had it boxed up carefully, directed to Miss Nancy Peck, at Bassett, Vermont, and then stepped into the express office, told the story, and read the letter. The Superintendent had little girls of his own.

"It shall go free all the way there," he said, and wrote on the outside: "Pass along the dolly, boys! get it there by Christmas, sure. Free. X. Y. Z."

So the doll-baby began its journey; and the story Joe Harris told at St. Louis was told and retold from one messenger to another, and many a smile did it rouse on the tired faces; and here one man tied on a gold dollar wrapped in paper and tucked in under the box lid, and there another added a box of candy, and another a bundle of gay calico for a child's dress, and one a picture-book, each labelled "Merry Christmas for Nancy," till the agent at the last large town had to put all the things into a big box, and pack the corners with oranges.

Can any words tell what Nancy thought when that box climbed up to her from Bassett on Mr. Tucker's wagon—the very same wagon that brought her from the poor-house? Luckily for her, Miss Roxy could not leave her bed, where she had lain a month now with acute rheumatism; for when she heard Nancy's story she was angry enough to box her ears well, and did scold furiously, and call the poor child many a bad name for her "brazen impudence," as she called it. But what did Nancy care when at last, with an old hatchet, she had pried off the box lid, and discovered its hidden treasures! Miss Roxy was glad enough of a sweet ripe orange, and stopped scolding to eat it at once; but Nancy could not look at another thing when the doll box was opened at last, and the lovely sleeping baby discovered. The child could not speak. She threw her apron over her head, and ran into the garret. Miss Roxy smiled grimly under her orange.

"Little fool!" said she; "what upon airth does she want to cry for?"

But all the expressmen smiled when each one read a quaint little letter dropped soon after into the Bassett Post-office, and directed "To all the adams express Gentlemen betwene Basset and st louis Miss." It was duly forwarded along the line, and ran thus:

"DERE GENTLEMEN,—I know by the Laybels how good everybodly was, and the doly is goodest of All, but everything is good. I Thank you ten thowsand times. I am so glad. the Things was splendidd! NANSY PECK."

THE YOUNG TIN-TYPERS.

PART II.

"NOW," said Jim, "to-day is Thursday, and if you can mix the sensitive bath, I will go down town and buy the other things that we need. Then to-morrow we can prepare everything, and Saturday—oh, just think!—we can take a picture."

After Jim started off, Fred went to the dark chamber, which was a large closet in their work-room, and at once set about preparing the mystic solution to sensitize the plate.

He first took some rain-water, and let it drip through a filter paper placed in a glass funnel, to remove all the impurities that might be suspended in it. Then he added the crystals of nitrate of silver; then a few grains of iodide of potassium were added, when, to his surprise, a yellow powder began to form. However, he put the mixture aside to saturate, as the Professor had directed him, having first stirred it with a small glass rod, and went to study his lessons for the next day.

He had not been studying long before Jim entered, and with a very grand air placed several small parcels on the table. He was about to explain their contents, when he suddenly broke out in a wild fit of laughter. "Why, Fred, what have you done to yourself?" said he.

Fred looked up from his book, and found, to his great disgust, a number of heavy black spots on his hands and coat. "Well, I don't see what that is," he said.

"I do," said Jim: "you have been and spattered yourself with silver, and the sunlight has turned it black. You are in a nice fix, for nothing will take it off."

"The coat was only a work jacket," said Fred, "and I don't care a bit about my hands. But let us see what you have bought."

"In the first place," said Jim, opening his packages, "here are some tin plates—great big fellows, too, and all for fifty cents. And here is some collodion. These green crystals are sulphate of iron, and the man says we must keep them in a very tight bottle, because if the air gets at them they will spoil. He told me they were made of old nails and sulphuric acid. Do you believe it? These green crystals we must dissolve in water before using. This stuff in the bottle is acetic acid. Doesn't it smell queer? And here is some hyposulphite of soda; and that's all. Now let's get to work."

The two hours were now over, and Fred returned to his silver bath, and let it run through a filter, when, by rule, the bath was ready. It was placed in a flask, and tightly corked.

"Now, Jim," said Fred, "I guess we would better leave everything until Saturday, because to-morrow we have an examination in algebra, and ought to cram for that to-night; and to-morrow afternoon is the ball match, and in the evening we shall be tired."

At last Saturday morning came, bright and sunny, and the two boys began in earnest the task of taking a picture.

Fred had procured a tall narrow glass vessel to hold the silver bath, and a glass dipper with which to suspend the plate, and having mixed the developing and fixing solutions, the boys were at last ready.

"Now you pour on the collodion," said Jim, "and put the plate in the bath, while I get the camera in position and adjust the focus."

"What are you going to take?" asked Fred.

"I guess I'll try old Spriggins's back yard," answered the other. "He's got a big grape-vine arbor there that will take immense."

Fred, left to himself, poured the collodion over the plate, and gently tilted it from side to side. The liquid did not flow evenly, but lay in rings and streaks all over the surface.

"Why didn't we try the Professor's gum-arabic, and save collodion!" he exclaimed. But not discouraged by failure, he tried again, and by sheer luck succeeded in making a smooth surface. In about five seconds he put the plate in the bath, and awaited the result. When he removed it, instead of being finely coated with silver, the plate appeared cracked, greasy, and spotted.

"Oh, misery!" he cried, "the bath is all full of yellow stuff. What shall I do?"

Hearing this, Jim returned to the laboratory, and with his usual calmness simply said, "Filter."

Fred did so, and in a few moments a clear bath was again obtained.

"How did that happen, I wonder?" said Fred.

"I don't believe you allowed the collodion time enough to set," was the answer. "Let me try this time."

After a good deal of trouble with the collodion, Jim finally prepared a smooth plate, which he allowed to wait thirty seconds, and then carefully lowered it into the silver bath. After a few seconds he raised it, and found it covered with streaks.

"Put it back," said Fred; and in it went. In about thirty-five seconds more, it was of that fine opal tint mentioned by the Professor. It was then placed in the slide and carried to the camera. Jim pulled out his watch, and with a forced smile to hide his nervousness said, "Go," and Fred drew up the sliding door. When the plate had been exposed long enough, as he thought, Jim cried, "Time," the door was closed, the slide taken from the camera, and the boys returned with it to the dark chamber.

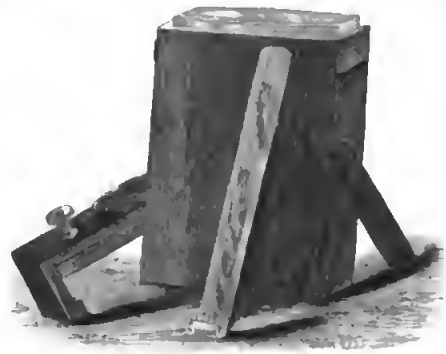
The plate was then taken from the slide, and Fred, seizing a bottle, poured its contents over the opaline surface.

"As if by magic—" Jim began.

"Nothing appears," continued Fred, as he saw in astonishment every trace of silver disappear from the plate, and the bare tin surface left exposed. "I can't see through that," he added, in dismay.

"I can," answered Jim: "you were in such a hurry that you poured on the fixing solution instead of the developer, and of course that has dissolved everything."

Jim then prepared another plate with great care, placed it in the camera, exposed it for such time as he thought fit, and returned with it to the dark chamber. Removing it from the slide, he carefully poured on the developer. By degrees the cloud on the surface dissolved, and a picture slowly appeared, very imperfect, but still a picture.



GLASS BATH AND DIPPER.

"Isn't that splendid?" said Fred, enthusiastically; "it's just as natural as life."

Jim, cool and quiet as usual, washed the plate well with water, and cautiously poured on the fixing solution, when the yellow coating of the picture vanished, and old Spriggins's grape arbor came out in clear, sharp lines.

"Now, Fred," said he, "you calm down a little, and varnish this."

"All right," answered Fred; and having lighted the spirit-lamp, he poured on the varnish, and held the plate over the flame; but, alas! there was a fizz, a vile smell, a great deal of smoke, and the pretty picture was a mass of paste.

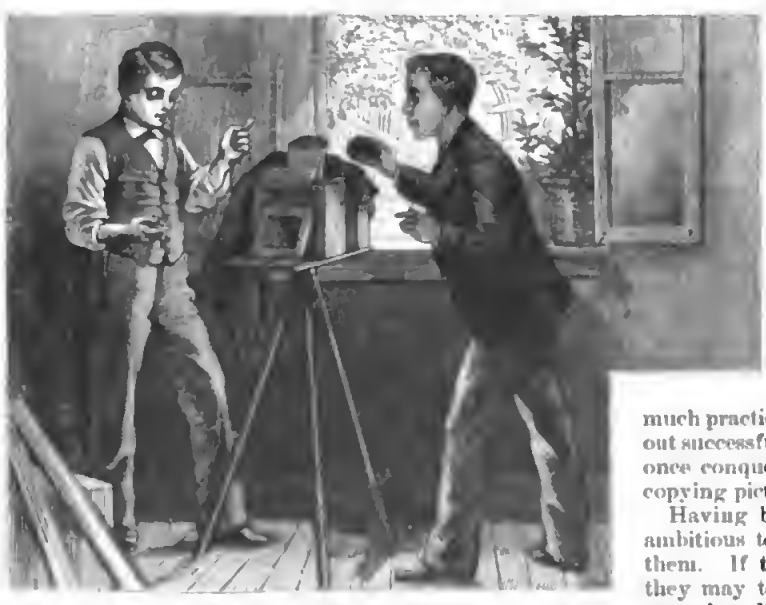
"I won't have anything more to do with this part of the work," said Fred, impatiently, throwing the spoiled plate on the floor. "I can play doctor's shop, and mix up solutions as well as anybody, but this endless dipping, washing, and drying takes more patience than I possess. I shall leave that to you, Jim."

"One more trial, and a perfect picture," answered Jim, quietly.

The next attempt proceeded smoothly up to the varnishing-point, when Jim said he would do it without the aid of heat. The picture was accordingly varnished and stood away to dry, when after a few minutes it was found to be covered with a white film which entirely obscured it. Fred declared he would never try again, but Jim, more persevering, decided to heat the plate a little, and see what happened. He passed it gently over the spirit-lamp flame, when, to his great relief, the cloud vanished, and the picture re-appeared, increased in brightness, and covered with a coating thick enough to protect it from scratches.

These boys had many other mishaps and disappointments before they became skillful enough to be sure of obtaining a good picture. They learned, too, that rules in books sound very easy, but that much practice and experience are required to carry them out successfully. But having by care and perseverance once conquered all obstacles, they had no end of fun copying pictures for friends and school-mates.

Having become very fair tin-typers, they are now ambitious to take negatives on glass, and print from them. If they succeed in doing this well, some day they may tell you all about it, if you are interested enough to listen.



OLD SPRIGGINS'S GRAPE ARBOR.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

A TENDER-HEARTED SKELETON.

"NOW, then, lazy-bones," was Mr. Lord's warning cry as Toby came out of the tent, "if you've fooled away enough of your time, you can come here an' 'tend shop for me while I go to supper. You crammed yourself this noon, an' it 'll teach you a good lesson to make you go without anything to eat to-night; it 'll make you move round more lively in the future."

Instead of becoming accustomed to such treatment as he was receiving from his employers, Toby's heart grew more tender with each brutal word, and this last punishment—that of losing his supper—caused the poor boy more sorrow than blows would. Mr. Lord started for the hotel as he concluded his cruel speech, and poor little Toby, going behind the counter, leaned his head upon the rough boards, and cried as if his heart would break.

All the fancied brightness and pleasure of a circus life had vanished, and in its place was the bitterness of remorse that he had repaid Uncle Daniel's kindness by the ingratitude of running away. Toby thought then that if he could only nestle his little red head on the pillows of his little bed in that rough room at Uncle Daniel's, he would be the happiest and best boy, in the future, in all the great wide world.

JOB LORD LEARNS A LESSON.

While he was still sobbing away at a most furious rate he heard a voice close at his elbow, and looking up, he saw the thinnest man he had ever seen in all his life. The man had flesh-colored tights on, and a spangled red velvet garment—that was neither pants, because there were no legs to it, nor a coat, because it did not come above his waist—made up the remainder of his costume. Because he was so wonderfully thin, because of the costume which he wore, and because of a highly colored painting which was hanging in front of one of the small tents, Toby knew that the Living Skeleton was before him, and his big brown eyes opened all the wider as he gazed at him.

TOBY GETS HIS SUPPER.

"What is the matter, little fellow?" asked the man, in a kindly tone. "What makes you cry so? Has Job been up to his old tricks again?"

"I don't know what his old tricks are"—and Toby sobbed, his tears coming again because of the sympathy which this man's voice expressed for him—"but I know that he's a mean, ugly thing, that's what I know; an' if I could only get back to Uncle Dan'l, there hain't elephants enough in all the circuses in the world to pull me away again."

"Oh, you run away from home, did you?"

"Yes, I did," sobbed Toby, "an' there hain't any boy in any Sunday-school book that ever I read that was half so sorry he'd been bad as I am. It's awful; an' now I can't have any supper, 'cause I stopped to talk with Mr. Stubbs."

"Is Mr. Stubbs one of your friends?" asked the skeleton, as he seated himself on Mr. Lord's own private seat.

"Yes, he is, an' he's the only one in this whole circus who 'pears to be sorry for me. You'd better not let Mr. Lord see you sittin' in that chair, or he'll raise a row."

"Job won't raise any row with me," said the skeleton. "But who is this Mr. Stubbs? I don't seem to know anybody by that name."

"I don't think that is his name. I only call him so, 'cause he looks so much like a feller I know who is named Stubbs."

This satisfied the skeleton that this Mr. Stubbs must be some one attached to the show, and he asked,

"Has Job been whipping you?"

"No; Ben, the driver on the cart where I ride, told him not to do that again; but he hain't going to let me have any supper, 'cause I was so slow about my work, though I wasn't slow; I only talked to Mr. Stubbs when there wasn't anybody round his cage."

"Sam! Sam! Sam-u-el!"

This name, which was shouted twice in a quick, loud voice, and the third time in a slow manner, ending almost in a screech, did not come from either Toby or the skeleton, but from an enormously large woman, dressed in a gaudy red and black dress, cut very short, and with low neck and an apology for sleeves, who had just come out from the tent whereon the picture of the Living Skeleton hung.

"Samuel," she screamed again, "come inside this minute, or you'll catch your death o' cold, an' I shall have you wheezin' around with the phthisic all night. Come in, Sam-u-el."

"That's her," said the skeleton to Toby, as he pointed his thumb in the direction of the fat woman, but paid no attention to the outcry she was making—"that's my wife Lilly, an' she's the fat woman of the show. She's always yellin' after me that way the minute I get out for a little fresh air, an' she's always sayin' just the same thing. Bless you, I never have the phthisic, but she does awful; an' I s'pose 'cause she's so large she can't feel all over her, an' thinks it's me that has it."

"Is—is all that—is that your wife!" stammered Toby, in astonishment, as he looked at the enormously fat woman who stood in the tent door, and then at the wonderfully thin man who sat beside him.

"Yes, that's her," said the skeleton. "She weighs pretty nigh four hundred, though of course the show cards says it's over six hundred, an' she earns almost as much money as I do. Of course she can't get so much, for skeletons is much scarcer than fat folks; but we make a pretty good thing travellin' together."

"Sam-u-el," again came a cry from the fat woman, "are you never coming in?"

"Not yet, my angel," said the skeleton, placidly, as he crossed one thin leg over the other, and looked calmly at her. "Come here an' see Joh's new boy."

"Your imprudence is wearin' me away so that I sha'n't be worth five dollars a week to any circus," she said, impatiently; but at the same time she came toward the candy stand quite as rapidly as her very great size would admit.

"This is my wife Lilly—Mrs. Treat," said the skeleton, with a proud wave of the hand, as he rose from his seat and gazed admiringly at her. "This is my flower, my queen, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Tyler," said Toby, supplying the name which the skeleton—or Mr. Treat, as Toby now learned his name was—"Tyler is my name, Toby Tyler."

"Why, what a little chap you are!" said Mrs. Treat, paying no attention to the awkward little bend of the head which Toby had intended for a bow. "How small he is, Samuel!"

"Yes," said the skeleton, reflectively, as he looked Toby over from head to foot, as if he were mentally trying to calculate exactly how many inches high he was, "he is small; but he's got all the world before him to grow in, an' if he only eats enough— There, that reminds me. Joh isn't going to give him any supper, because he didn't work hard enough."

"He won't, won't he?" exclaimed the large lady, savagely. "Oh, he's a precious one, he is, an' some day I shall just give him a good shakin' up, that's what I'll do. I get all out of patience with that man's ugliness."

"An' she'll do just what she says," said the skeleton to Toby, with an admiring shake of the head. "That woman hain't afraid of anybody, an' I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she did give Job a pretty rough time."

Toby thought, as he looked at her, that she was large enough to give 'most any one a pretty rough time, but he did not venture to say so. While he was looking first at her, and then at her very thin husband, the skeleton told his wife the little which he had learned regarding the boy's history, and when he had concluded she waddled away toward her tent.

"Great woman that," said the skeleton, as he saw her disappear within the tent.

"Yes," said Toby, "she's the greatest I ever saw."

"I mean that she's got a great head. Now you'll see about how much she cares for what Job says."

"If I was as big as her," said Toby, with just a shade of envy in his voice, "I wouldn't be afraid of anybody."

"It hain't so much the size," said the skeleton, sagely—"it hain't so much the size, my boy; for I can scare that woman almost to death when I feel like it."

Toby looked for a moment at Mr. Treat's thin legs and arms, and then he said, warningly, "I wouldn't feel like it very often if I was you, Mr. Treat, 'cause she might break some of your bones if you didn't happen to scare her enough."

"Don't fear for me, my boy—don't fear for me; you'll see how I manage her if you stay with the circus long enough. Now I often—"

If Mr. Treat was going to confide a family secret to Toby, it was fated that he should not hear it then, for Mrs. Treat had just come out of her tent, carrying in her hands a large tin plate piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of pie, cake, bread, and meat.

She placed this in front of Toby, and as she did so she handed him two pictures.

"There, little Toby Tyler," she said—"there's something for you to eat, if Mr. Job Lord and his precious partner Jacobs did say you shouldn't have any supper; an' I've brought you a picture of Samuel an' me. We sell 'em for ten cents apiece, but I'm going to give them to you, because I like the looks of you."

Toby was quite overcome with the presents, and seemed at a loss how to thank her for them. He attempted to speak, couldn't get the words out at first, and then he said, as he put the two photographs in the same pocket with his money: "You're awful good to me, an' when I get to be a man I'll give you lots of things. I wasn't so very hungry, if I am such a big eater, but I did want something."

"Bless your dear little heart, and you shall have something to eat," said the fat woman, as she seized Toby, squeezed him close up to her, and kissed his freckled face as kindly as if it had been as fair and white as possible. "You shall eat all you want to, an' if you get the stomach-ache, as Samuel does sometimes when he's been eatin' too much, I'll give you some catnip tea out of the same dipper that I give him his. He's a great eater, Samuel is," she added, in a burst of confidence, "an' it's a wonder to me what he does with it all sometimes."

"Is he?" exclaimed Toby, quickly. "How funny that is! for I'm an awful eater. Why, Uncle Dan'l used to say that I ate twice as much as I ought to, an' it never made me any bigger. I wonder what's the reason?"

"I declare I don't know," said the fat woman, thoughtfully, "an' I've wondered at it time an' time again. Some folks is made that way, an' some folks is made different. Now I don't eat enough to keep a chicken alive, an' yet I grow fatter an' fatter every day—don't I, Samuel?"

"Indeed you do, my love," said the skeleton, with a world of pride in his voice; "but you mustn't feel bad about it, for every pound you gain makes you worth just so much more to the show."

"Oh, I wasn't worryin'; I was only wonderin'; but we

Digitized by Google

must go, Samuel, for the poor child won't eat a bit while we are here. After you've eaten what there is there, bring the plate in to me," she said to Toby, as she took her lean husband by the arm and walked him off toward their own tent.

Toby gazed after them a moment, and then he commenced a vigorous attack upon the eatables which had been so kindly given him. Of the food which he had taken from the dinner table he had eaten some while he was in the tent, and after that he had entirely forgotten that he had any in his pocket; therefore at the time that Mrs. Treat had brought him such a liberal supply he was really very hungry.

He succeeded in eating nearly all the food which had been brought to him, and the very small quantity which remained he readily found room for in his pockets. Then he washed the plate nicely, and seeing no one in sight, he thought he could leave the booth long enough to return the plate.

He ran with it quickly into the tent occupied by the thin man and fat woman, and handed it to her with a profusion of thanks for her kindness.

"Did you eat it all?" she asked.

"Well," hesitated Toby, "there was two doughnuts an' a piece of pie left over, an' I put them in my pocket. If you don't care, I'll eat them some time to-night."

"You shall eat it whenever you want to, an' any time that you get hungry again, you come right to me."

"Thank you, marm. I must go now, for I left the store all alone."

"Run, then; an' if Job Lord abuses you, just let me know it, an' I'll keep him from cuttin' up any monkey shines."

Toby hardly heard the end of her sentence, so great was his haste to get back to the booth; and just as he emerged from the tent, on a quick run, he received a blow on the ear which sent him sprawling in the dust, and he heard Mr. Job Lord's angry voice as it said, "So, just the moment my back is turned, you leave the stand to take care of itself, do you, an' run around tryin' to plot some mischief against me, eh?" and the brute kicked the prostrate boy twice with his heavy boot.

"Please don't kick me again," pleaded Toby. "I wasn't gone but a minute, an' I wasn't doing anything bad."

"You're lying now, an' you know it, you young cub!" exclaimed the angry man as he advanced to kick the boy again. "I'll let you know who you've got to deal with when you get hold of me."

"And I'll let you know who you've got to deal with when you get hold of me," said a woman's voice; and just as Mr. Lord had raised his foot to kick the boy again, the fat woman had seized him by the collar, jerked him back over one of the tent ropes, and left him quite as prostrate as he had left Toby. "Now, Job Lord," said the angry woman, as she towered above the thoroughly enraged but thoroughly frightened man, "I want you to understand that you can't knock and beat this boy while I'm around. I've seen enough of your capers, an' I'm going to put a stop to them. That boy wasn't in this tent more than two minutes, an' he attends to his work better than any one you have ever had; so see that you treat him decent. Get up," she said to Toby, who had not dared to rise from the ground, "and if he offers to strike you again, come to me."

Toby scrambled to his feet, and ran to the booth in time to attend to one or two customers who had just come up. He could see from out the corner of his eye that Mr. Lord had arisen to his feet also, and was engaged in an angry conversation with Mrs. Treat, the result of which he very much feared would be another and a worse whipping for him.

But in this he was mistaken, for Mr. Lord, after the conversation was ended, came toward the booth, and began to attend to his business without speaking one word to Toby. When Mr. Jacobs returned from his supper Mr. Lord took him by the arm, walked him out toward the rear of the tents, and Toby was very positive that he was to be the subject of their conversation, and it made him not a little uneasy.

It was not until nearly time for the performance to begin that Mr. Lord returned, and he had nothing to say to Toby save to tell him to go into the tent and begin his work there. The boy was only too glad to escape so easily, and he went to his work with as much alacrity as if he were about entering upon some pleasure.

When he met Mr. Jacobs, that gentleman spoke to him very sharply about being late, and seemed to think it no excuse at all that he had just been relieved from the outside work by Mr. Lord.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

ABOUT TO BE ERECTED IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

BY REV. J. S. HOLME.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE is not such a needle as we use to sew with: it is a great stone—sometimes called an obelisk—nearly seventy feet long, and about seven feet square at the base on which it stands. Its sides gradually taper from the bottom until at the top it ends in a small pointed four-sided pyramid. It is of red granite, and the sides are covered all over with pictures of birds, animals, and other things, cut into the stone. It is called a needle because it is so long and slender. But why it should be called Cleopatra's Needle is not quite so clear. Cleopatra was a famous Queen who lived in Egypt a little while before the birth of Christ. She was a very beautiful woman, and well educated; but she did many foolish things, and some very wicked things; and, as such people often are, she, though a great Queen, was at last so very unhappy that she wickedly put an end to her own life.

This obelisk was at first erected by Thothmes III., one of the old Kings of Egypt, at Heliopolis, about 3600 years ago. It was taken from that place to Alexandria, where Cleopatra lived, not long after her death, by the Roman Emperor Augustus Cæsar, as a trophy of his victory over the Kings of Egypt, and it was called "Cleopatra's Needle," we suppose, merely in compliment to the late Queen.

Egypt is supposed to be the oldest nation in the world. The Kings used to be called Pharaohs, and many of them were very great and powerful. Some were great warriors, others were great builders—builders of pyramids, cities, temples, and obelisks. They were very vain of their glory, and they were great boasters, fond of inscribing their names and deeds on stone. Cleopatra's Needle is one of two great obelisks which one of these Pharaohs erected, and placed one on each side of the entrance to the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. The Egyptians worshipped the sun as their god under the name of Ra, and the name of Pharaoh, by which the Egyptian Kings were known, means "a son of the sun."

The Pharaohs did great honor to their sun-god, as they thought they were his children. The Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis was the greatest in all Egypt, and its ruins now cover nearly a mile in extent. Thothmes erected these obelisks at the entrance to this Temple of the Sun, partly in honor to the sun-god, and partly to honor himself, as he wrote his own history up and down the sides of the obelisk, not in letters such as we use, but in pictures of birds, animals, and other things, which kind of writing these old Egyptians used, and we call them hieroglyphics. This obelisk stood a great many years near the door of this temple at Heliopolis—or, as it is called in the Bible, "the city of On"—where it was at first erected.

Some of the children may remember that a few weeks

ago, in the regular Sunday-school lesson, it is said that "Pharaoh gave to Joseph in marriage Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On." This Poti-pherah was the high-priest—a very great man in Egypt, and lived in the Temple of the Sun at On. And it is quite likely that this very obelisk stood before his door on the day that Joseph married his daughter Asenath. And if this is so, is it not wonderful that this great stone that weighs 213 tons, on which Joseph may have looked on his wedding day 3600 years ago, should now be in a country 5000 miles away, of which the old Egyptians never heard? And is it not still more wonderful that, while the children in the Sunday-schools of America should be studying their regular Bible lesson about Joseph's marriage, this great obelisk, that stood at the door of his father-in-law's house, should be lying in the street, at the door of one of our schools, on its way to the Central Park in New York?

But now we must tell you how this great obelisk came to be brought to this country. Obelisks are great curiosities. There are only a few large ones in the world. These all used to be in Egypt, and the Egyptians thought a great deal of them. But four or five of these were taken at different times, without leave of the people of Egypt, to different countries in Europe. Two stand in Rome, one in Constantinople, one in Paris, and one in London. Now Mehemet Ali, the late Khedive of Egypt, had a great liking for America. He thought that the United States had treated him better than the European nations; and it seemed to him that we ought to have an obelisk as well as the nations of Europe. And when the American Consul asked for one, he said, "I will think of it." It was supposed he might give us a little one. But no one ever thought of asking for "Cleopatra's Needle" at Alexandria: this was one of the largest and most beautiful in all Egypt. But it so happened that this obelisk stood very near the sea. The waves of the Mediterranean rolled right up to its base. There was great danger of its being undermined. It was thought already to begin to lean a little. Many feared it would soon fall. This gave the Khedive great anxiety; and so he proposed to remove it to another part of the city of Alexandria. But this would cost a great deal of money, and the Khedive was not at this time rich; so he proposed that the wealthy men of the city should raise by subscription one-half of the money needed to remove it, and he would provide the other half. But the people of Alexandria thought the government ought to do it all, and did not subscribe a dollar. At this Mehemet Ali was greatly displeased; and he thereupon made up his mind to make this beautiful obelisk a present from Egypt, the oldest nation of the world, to the United States of America, the youngest nation. And glad, indeed, we were to get it; and sorry enough were the Egyptians at last to lose it.

One of our wealthy citizens, on learning the intention of the Khedive of Egypt, said he would pay $75,000, the estimated cost of its removal, when the obelisk should be erected in the Central Park.

Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, U.S.N., undertook the task of bringing it over—and a very great one it has been; but he has done it with great skill and success, and thus far at his own expense and risk. And it will cost much more to complete the work than the $75,000 promised; but New York, without doubt, will see Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe repaid for his outlay, for it will be a great thing to have a genuine Egyptian obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, in the Central Park in this city.

THE MONKEYS.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

ONE of the wickedest acts of the wicked King Richard III. of England was the murder of his two young nephews in the Tower. He had seized upon the crown that belonged of right to them, and had shut them up in a gloomy cell of that huge castle that still stands on the banks of the Thames, below London. They were separated from their mother, the widow of the late King Edward IV., and kept like prisoners and criminals in the part of the vast fortress now known as "the Bloody Tower." The elder, Edward, Prince of Wales (now Edward V., King of England), was thirteen, his fair and gentle brother, the Duke of York, only eleven.

Digitized by Google

THE UNFORTUNATE PRINCES.

Their cruel uncle sent orders to the Governor of the Tower, Brackenbury, to put them to death secretly, but the honest man refused to do so wicked an act. Richard then placed Sir James Tyrrel, his evil instrument, in command of the fortress for a single day; the keys of the gates and cells were given up to him by Brackenbury, and the plans for the murder were carefully prepared by the King. Tyrrel hired two hardened criminals—John Dighton, his own groom, and Miles Forest, a murderer by trade—to commit the act, and remove from their uncle's path the two innocent princes who might yet dispute his title to the throne.

It was a dark and gloomy night when Tyrrel, followed by his two assassins, crept up the narrow stone staircase that led to the room where the young children were confined. He found them clasped in each other's arms asleep, having just repeated their prayers, and lying on a bed. It is easy to imagine the terrors of the poor children in that stony and gloomy chamber, shut out from their mother and all their friends, and seeing only the cold, strange faces of their jailers. But now they had forgotten all their sorrows in a sleep that was to be their last. What dreams they may have had at that fearful moment no one can ever tell. By the light of a flickering torch Tyrrel probably looked into the chamber to see that his victims were safe. But he did not go in, and stood watching and listening at the door while Dighton and Forest performed their dreadful deed. They took the pillows and bolsters from the bed, pressed them over the faces of the children, and thus smothered them to death. When they were dead they carried their bodies down the long staircase, and buried them under a heap of stones at its foot. It was reported that Richard III., touched by an unusual feeling of superstition, had removed them to consecrated ground, and that the place of their final burial was unknown. But long afterward, in the reign of Charles II., when it was found necessary to take away the stones, and dig in the spot where it was supposed the assassins had laid them, the bones of two persons were found that corresponded to the ages of the young princes. They were buried by the King beneath a marble monument.

But wherever they slept, the murder of his nephews must have forever haunted the brain of the wicked Richard III. His people hated and feared him. He grew every day more cruel and tyrannical; he murdered friend and foe. At last Henry, Earl of Richmond, of the house of Lancaster, landed in England with a small force, which was soon increased by the general hatred of the King. The nobility and the people flocked to his camp. His army was soon very strong. Richard, at the head of a powerful force, marched to meet his rival, and on Bosworth Field, August 22, 1485, the decisive battle was fought. Richard was betrayed, as he deserved, by his own officers. He rode raging on horseback around the field, and when he saw Henry before him, rushed upon him to cut him down. He killed one of his knights, but was stricken from his horse, and fell dead in the crowd. Then the soldiers cried, "Long live King Henry!" and that night Richard's body, flung across the back of a horse, was carried into Leicester to be buried. His wicked reign had lasted only two years.

Digitized by Google

MISS SOPHONISBA SYLVIA PLANTAGENET TUDOR.

BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

FAR away, across the blue Atlantic, lies an island—not a very big island, but a wonderful one, for all that. Its name is England. Who knows what is the capital? London? quite right; I see the Young People are well up in their geography. Well, in this London there is a great square called Portland Place, and before one of its big tall houses there was standing a carriage one bright afternoon.

Presently the house door was flung wide open by a most gentlemanly butler in black, and down the steps there came an imposing procession.

First, Lady Ponsonby, in silks and laces, very stately and very beautiful; then little Ethel; and last, but not least—oh no, indeed! by no means least—Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor, closely clasped in the arms of her doting mother, Miss Ethel.

"What, only a doll?"

My dear Young People, can it be possible that I hear you say "only"? Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor was by far the most important member of the present party—at all events, Ethel would have told you so, for so she firmly believed. Never was there so lovely a doll. Eyes like violets; real golden hair, cut with a Gainsborough fringe (what you American little girls called "banged," although why, I don't know, I am sure); complexion as beautiful as wax and paint could make it; and a costume which was the admiration and envy of every one of Ethel's particular friends. Muriel Brabazon, who lived in Park Lane, had actually shed tears when she saw Miss S. S. P. Tudor's new black satin jacket with its jet fringe; but then poor Muriel had no mamma, and was not as well brought up as might be desired.

All the same, Miss Sophonisba was a pride and joy to any possessor, and Ethel felt a thrill of calm happiness at every fresh glance that was cast at their carriage as they drove quickly through the busy streets toward the Park. Hyde Park, you must know, is to London what the Central Park is to New York; and in it there is a long drive called Rotten Row, where London people go in crowds, and on this afternoon it was a perfect crush of carriages of every description.

The Ponsonby carriage had to go at a slow and stately pace, and all the throngs of people who walked by the side of the Row, or sat on the green chairs under the trees, had a fine opportunity of gazing their fill at Miss Plantagenet Tudor's glories.

All at once there was a little stir and flutter among the crowd, and murmurs ran about from one to another of "The Princess! the Princess!" Ethel clapped her hands, and nearly danced upon her seat, for this was almost *too* delightful; and in another minute there came in sight a very plain, neat carriage, with dark horses, and servants in sober liveries, and there, smiling and bowing, sat the sweet and gracious lady who will probably one day be Queen of England. She is so good and so charming that the English people love her dearly; and all the gentlemen's hats came off in a minute, and all the ladies bowed, and everybody looked as pleased as possible. As for Ethel, she bowed so hard that she looked like a little Chinese Mandarin, and even jumped up to get another glimpse as they passed, for their own carriage was just turning out of the great Park gates to go home to Portland Place. Actually, for five minutes, she had forgotten her beloved doll; but what may not happen in five minutes?

"Sophonisba Sylvia, my precious," she murmured, turning to take her in her motherly arms, "did you see the Princess? Isn't she *lovely*?—almost as beautiful as you?" But here she stopped quite short.

Alas! it is almost too dreadful to go on writing about. How can I tell you? There was no Miss Sophonisba S. P. Tudor! She had totally vanished.

Oh, poor, poor Ethel! Nine years old, and beginning to learn German verbs, and yet her tears rained down like an April shower.

"Oh, my Sophonisba! The best, the dearest, of my twenty-three dolls! Oh, mamma! mamma! *can* I go on living without her?"

"Ethel, my own," cried her distracted mother, clasping her in her arms, "don't cry, my pet, don't cry. We'll advertise for her; we'll offer rewards; we'll go to Creamer's this moment, and buy you another; we'll send to Paris, Vienna, anywhere."

But oh! you among my readers who are mothers of dolls yourselves, you can fancy how Ethel rejected this last consolation. Another doll! Could there be another Sophonisba? Never! oh, never! And should her place be taken by another, even if there were?

"Please, mamma," she murmured, burying her tear-stained face in Lady Ponsonby's best silk mantle, "I would so much rather not. I don't want another. I couldn't love any one else like her. Oh, Sophy Sylvia!"

No use to look for the dear lost one. They drove back the whole way they had come, and asked five policemen, but not a trace was to be found.

But where, all this time, was Miss Plantagenet Tudor? Scarcely had she recovered her senses from the shock of her violent fall upon the wood pavement at Hyde Park Corner, when she was seized by the waist, and a rich Irish brogue greeted her ears.

"Arrah, thin, what an illigant doll! Sure and it's wild wid joy Norah 'll be to get it. Come along, me darlint."

Then perhaps she fainted with horror, for the next thing she was aware of was being clasped in the arms of a little girl, nearly the same age as her beloved little mistress, but ah! how different in all but age!—a little red-haired girl, clean and tidy, to be sure, but with what patched and faded clothes, what little red rough hands, what a loud voice, and what an accent! Neither Miss Tudor's nerves nor her temper could stand it. She made her back far stiffer than nature and Mr. Creamer had ever intended it to be, and refused all comfort. In fact, did what in a less distinguished and high-bred doll would have been called sulking; and little Norah at last left her in despair, with a sorrowful sigh.

It really was not for three days after this that she came out of her—well, yes, sulks; and that was because she was disturbed by a terrible noise of sobbing and crying.

"Och, thin, don't ye now, Norah—don't ye. It's no mortal use, I tell ye; we'll have to go to prison, and that's the blessed truth. My lady's grand lace handkerchief, and it's worth three guineas or more; and the housekeeper says as it's never come home, and I'll swear I sint it; and how iver are we to pay at all, at all?"

Now Miss Plantagenet Tudor had by no means a bad heart; she felt really sorry to see such distress. However, it was no business of hers, and she was just going off into her dignified gloom again, when her blue eyes spied something thin, white, and lace-like under the edge of the big chest in the corner.

There was the missing handkerchief, the cause of all this woe. Should she show it to them, and make the poor things happy? Yes, she would; she knew Ethel would, if she were there. And so, with the lofty grace which was all her own, Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor fell flat, face downward, upon the floor, with one stiff arm stuck out straight before her.

Norah rushed to pick her up, and as she stooped she too saw the handkerchief, and clutched at it.

"La, Miss Ethel," said the little school-room maid, "there's such a funny tale Mrs. O'Flannigan's been tell-

Digitized by Google

ing in the kitchen. I know you'd like to hear it—it's about a doll."

"Oh, Susan, I don't think I can bear to hear about dolls to-night. Who's Mrs. O'Flannigan?"

"The washer-woman, miss; and she lost your ma's best pocket-handkerchief, and very likely would have had to gone to prison, and been hung" (oh, Susan! Susan! that was a dreadful stretch of imagination on your part), "only her little girl Norah's doll fell down, and when they picked it up it was a-pointing in the corner, and there was the pocket-handkerchief; and Norah she says she's sure she done it a purpose."

"Why, of course she must have. What a dear delightful doll! I think, Susan, really, that I should like to see her. May I?"

"La, miss, of course you may. I'll tell Mrs. O'Flannigan to bring her."

Ah, little did Sophonisba Sylvia guess where she was going that evening when Norah wrapped her carefully in a corner of her shawl, and trotted off by Mrs. O'Flannigan's side through the gas-lit streets! They went in by the kitchen steps—a way Miss Tudor had never been before; but somehow the great tiled hall looked strangely familiar; and who was that coming a little timidly out of a door held open by a tall and powdered footman?

Ah, dear Young People, it is as hard to write of joy as of sorrow. Ethel's shriek rang through the house, and brought her papa, Sir Edward, from his billiards, and Lady Ponsonby from her drawing-room, in a tremendous hurry.

Norah went home happy in the possession of five dolls out of Ethel's twenty-three, and her good fortune did not stop there. Indeed, she had the greatest reason to bless the day when Miss Sophonisba Sylvia Plantagenet Tudor had her eventful fall from the Ponsonby carriage at Hyde Park Corner.

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 58, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER VI.

"MISS LEE," said Mr. Tom, as Milly entered the store Wednesday morning, "will you please to take my place for two hours at the desk? I have something to do for father."

Milly had once or twice filled the same office, and so she quietly sat down upon Tom's stool, receiving his directions about the money wearily.

"I've been counting the money over," he said, rather insolently, "and I know *just* what is there."

Mildred glanced up with a slight surprise. She had not fully understood "Mr. Tom" of late. He and his sister, who served in the cloak-room, were both, as she knew, jealous of her indifference to them. Their conduct hitherto she had perfectly understood, but not their extreme suavity of the last week. Mary Hardman had determined to make an "intimate friend" of Mildred when it was known she had visited Miss Jenner, but the vulgar ostentation of her employer's daughter completely shocked Milly's better taste; and so, while she openly snubbed the brother, she took care to withdraw, though civilly, from the sister's advances. This had produced the effect of irritating Miss Hardman, wounding her self-love, and bringing out all the latent vulgarity in her nature, so that poor Milly was constantly subjected to annoyance and rudeness, which she bore only through fear of losing her place; but the new part toward her was more annoying than the old. Miss Hardman received her with smiles, while Tom was sarcastically polite to her on all occasions.

Mildred made no answer to his remark about the money. In fact, after an unusually fatiguing night with her mother, she was too weary to speak, and sat leaning her head on her hand, only moving to respond to the call of "Cash!" at the desk window. How good the money looked, Mildred thought, as she slipped the notes between her fingers! Over and again she had the sum she needed in her hands—if conscience was not in the way. "Yes," thought Milly, "that is how temptation steps in."

Deborah was standing in the kitchen window the next evening when Mildred came down from her mother's room, asking her to relieve her for ten minutes.

"My 'business' woman is coming in the gate, Debby," she said, with a nervous laugh; "but it will be her last visit, and after she goes away I will tell you all about her."

Deborah went up stairs a little mollified, and Mildred prepared to confront her "Shylock."

"Here I am," said Mrs. Robbins, shaking out her skirts, and sitting down as soon as she entered the bare little parlor, "and here I'm likely to remain, for I know what I mean to *have* instead of money if you don't pay me; and I know," added the woman, with her insolent laugh—"I know you haven't it, for old Mr. Hardman refused to lend it to you yesterday."

Mildred flushed, but she returned the woman's bold stare with a look of quiet dignity.

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Robbins," she said, producing a roll of bills. "Here is your money. Will you be kind enough to give me a receipt as quickly as possible?"

The peddler stared, but she could offer no further remonstrance. There were the bills, fresh enough, and genuine. She took the money in her hands, counted it over and again, and then, with angry reluctance, and a glance at the ornaments in the room, which showed what she had "meant to have," she wrote her receipt and departed. . . .

"And that's the whole story, Deborah," whispered Milly, an hour later, as she and the good old woman sat over the fire in Mrs. Lee's room. "It's nearly killed me this winter—but I *can't possibly tell you* where or how I got the money. I scarcely like to think of it myself," and Mildred rose with the air Debby knew very well, and which plainly said, "You'll hear no more."

"Well," said Deborah, "I won't ask if I'm bid not. I only hope no trouble 'll come of it."

"Trouble!" said Milly, rather sharply. Deborah did not know how tired and ill she felt, and, indeed, poor Milly was very near a hearty burst of crying. She was relieved of one anxiety, she thought, as she lay down to sleep in her mother's room; but had she not burdened herself with another?

On entering the store two days later, Milly observed a certain air of reserve among the girls nearest her, yet they all looked at her critically. One or two whispered as she went by them with her usual friendly "Good-morning," and others gave a little significant toss to head or shoulders as she spoke. Mary Hardman was busy in the cloak-room, and as Mildred entered she said, with a short laugh,

"I don't believe you will be wanted here to-day, Miss Lee. However, father's coming in directly, and he'll tell you for himself."

Before Mildred could answer, the burly figure of Mr. Hardman senior came toward them.

"'Morning, Miss Lee," he said, nodding his head. "Will you be kind enough to step into my room?"

It was a sort of office, close at hand, where the girls went to receive special orders, their weekly salary, or any necessary reprimands. The day before Milly had penetrated this sanctum to beg a loan of twenty-two dollars from her

Digitized by Google

"HOW DARE YOU SAY SUCH A THING?"

employer; now she followed him with doubting steps. What could it mean? Mr. Tom was seated in a big leather chair by the table, with the air of judge and jury, witness and lawyer.

"Sit down, Miss Lee," said the elder man, mutioning her to a seat. "Now, Thomas, I think you can tell the story."

While Mildred mechanically dropped into a chair, the old man paced the floor, and Mr. Tom, veiling a sneer, began:

"Miss Lee, I'll go right to the main question. We've missed some money from the drawer. It disappeared day before yesterday morning. *The sum was twenty-two dollars.* Now as you were at the desk between twelve and two o'clock on that day, *can you account for it?*"

Mr. Tom drew up his little ferret eyes with a most malicious expression.

"Twenty-two dollars!" gasped Milly; her face was crimson. "No, I can not account for it. Twenty-two dollars?" she repeated the question with a look of blank dismay.

"Go on, Thomas," said Mr. Hardman senior.

"Well, then," said Tom, "we happeu to know you *needed* just that sum. You tried to borrow it of my father, and *you paid it out* in the evening."

Evidently Mr. Tom thought this sentence his crowning success, for he rose up, trying to look very fine, as he finished it.

To Mildred the next moment seemed an hour of pain. She sat still, gazing ahead of her, trying to realize the situation. Then they accused her of stealing the money!

"And you think *I* took it?" she said, faintly.

"I'm afraid we don't *think* much about it," said Mr. Tom. "Circumstances are dead against you."

Mildred stood up, putting out one trembling hand as though she would implore some consideration. She thought of her mother lying ill at home; of all the miseries of the past few weeks. It made her head dizzy, and she sank back into her chair, while Tom continued:

"Now I know all about it, Miss Lee, as you'll see. You bought a gray silk dress of a peddler; the girls all saw it; and you didn't know how you were to pay for it. You got awfully hard up Wednesday for money—twenty-two dollars—and you tried to borrow it of father. He couldn't lend it to you, and, in plain words, you *stole* it from him. Pity I wasn't a lawyer," added the young man, with a chuckle.

"Mr. Hardman, how *dare* you say such a thing?" cried Milly, starting from her chair.

"Then prove you did not," said the young man. "Where did you get your twenty-two dollars for Widow Robbins?"

Mildred drew a long breath. "I can not tell you," she said, quietly.

Father and son laughed. "Now do you know, young lady," said the old man, "if you're put into court, you'll have to tell. There'll be no questions asked until that one is answered."

Milly could not speak. Terror, weariness, and shame filled her mind.

"You may go now," said Mr. Hardman. "I don't say we've finished with this business, but we no longer need your services. There is your weekly salary." And the old man tossed a five-dollar bill before her.

Mildred never could remember how she left that room. Her tongue seemed paralyzed. She could not speak: she only thought of getting home, to cry out her misery on Deborah's shoulder. When she went out into the street a heavy snow was falling. The girl's brain seemed to be on fire. She scarcely knew where she was going, and as she walked along she remembered that to-day for the first time her mother was to sit up, and she had agreed with Debby to bring in a bird to roast for her supper. They had meant to make a little celebration of the mother's convalescence, to which Milly thought she could bring a cheerful spirit, since her terrible load of private debt was removed. But now, how was all changed! Mildred stood still in the wild storm, putting her hand to her head, and even trying to remember where she was going. Suddenly a thought occurred to her. She would go to Miss Jenner's, and tell her the whole story. "But not where I got the money," the poor child thought, with a moan. Half driven along by the heavy snow-storm, Milly turned her steps toward Lane Street. There was the

Digitized by Google

beautiful brick house, its trees veiled in white; but, oh! to her delight, Milly saw the curtains of Miss Jenner's room drawn back. She must be better, if not well again.

It was a very miserable little figure that appeared at the door when the old servant opened it. Drenched through by the storm, and with lines of pain and fatigue in her face, Milly stood there. She scarcely heard what the servant said as he conducted her down the hall and into the library, where a big wood fire was blazing cheerily, and where Miss Jenner, wrapped in soft shawls, sat, with Alice at her knee.

Mildred took one glance at the sweet, home-like picture, then she recalled her own position; she remembered the scene at Mr. Hardman's. As the servant closed the door, she moved forward with tears in her eyes, saying:

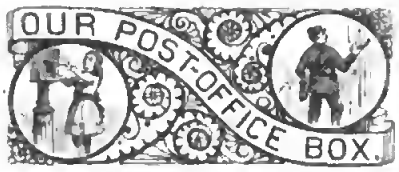
"Miss Jenner, I am in great trouble at the store. They say—they say—I am a thief."

Mildred remembered Miss Jenner's standing up, and Alice's exclamation of horror; then the room, the firelight, the books and pictures, and the two figures, seemed to whirl before her, and she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMETHING IN THE WAY.—DRAWN BY JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

Digitized by Google



BROOKLYN, E. D., LONG ISLAND.

The Young Chemists' Club is in a very prosperous condition. The meetings are held at the residences of the members every Saturday evening at half past seven. The order of exercises commences with the calling of the roll, then the collection of weekly dues, and the consideration of whatever business is necessary. Compositions by the members treating of scientific subjects are then read.

Communications from scientific gentlemen are read by the secretary, and at some meetings they are present and give a short lecture.

When this part of the exercises is disposed of, experiments are then tried. The ink with which this letter is written was made by the club. Is it not a good sample of our skill?

We are happy to say that we consider HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as our official organ, and we thank it cordially for supporting us.

If desired, we will occasionally send some experiments and scientific notes from our meetings. We now send the following simple and pretty experiment:

Cut three leaves of red cabbage into small pieces, place them in a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water over them. After allowing them to stand an hour, pour off the liquid into a decanter. This liquid will be of a bright reddish-purple color. Now take three wine-glasses; into one put about six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of a solution of soda; and into the third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum. Then pour into each glass a small quantity of the liquid from the decanter. The contents of the glass containing vinegar will quickly assume a beautiful brilliant red color; that containing soda will be a fine green; and that containing alum a very dark, rich purple.

CHARLES H. W., President of Y. C. C.
SENECA W. H., Secretary.

We congratulate the members of the Young Chemists' Club upon their perseverance and success. We shall always be glad to receive reports of anything interesting which may occur at their meetings, and also occasionally to print simple and safe experiments, which we doubt not will be of interest to many of our young readers. The ink with which the above communication was written is of a bright, clear purple color, and appears of an excellent quality.

ST. JOSEPH, TENSAS PARISH, LOUISIANA.

I have only been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for a few months, but I like it so much I hope never to be without it. I want to write a letter to the Post-office Box, but I can not write myself, for I am only five years old; so somebody has to write it for me.

I had two pretty gray kittens. You could not tell them apart. Their names were Jack and Jill. But poor little Jill died. Jack loves me so much! He goes to sleep with me every night, and the first thing in the morning, when he comes into the room, he looks all around for me, and if I am still in bed, he will jump up and cuddle down near me.

I have some pretty dolls I would like to write about, but I am afraid if my letter is too long it will be thrown away.

I have no brothers or sisters except in heaven, and I am very lonely sometimes, and always so glad to see YOUNG PEOPLE. SADIE B. N.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think the best story was "The Fair Persian," but I like them all more than I can tell.

I have ten dolls. The last one I got Christmas. Her name is Madame Arabella.

I am going to be an artist when I am old enough. ADDIE W.

BRATTLEBOROUGH, VERMONT.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I study Harper's School Geography. I am just learning how to skate. For Christmas I got a chamber set and a tea set, a pretty book, two bags of candy, and a bag of nuts.

I am eight and a half years old. MARY W. W.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

I am ten years old. I have a little sister named Jolta, but when she commenced to talk she called herself Jupi, and we all call her so. Mamma says we ought to spell it *joujou*, which is the French word for plaything.

We like YOUNG PEOPLE so much we can hardly wait for it to come. Papa has taken it for us ever since it was published.

Jupi and I each have a pet kitty. One of them will scratch on the door, just like a dog, until some one opens it.

Jupi has a Paris doll. It is a baby doll, and it has a little nursing bottle. You can fill the bottle with milk or water, put the tube in the doll's mouth, and by pressing a button at the back of its head, all the milk goes out of the bottle. Then press the button again, and it all goes back.

We have a toy bird which imitates a canary so you would think it was a real one. CHARLEY R. H.

GREENVILLE, *December 28, 1880.*

DEAR MR. HARPER,—I'm in an awful situation that a boy by the name of Bellew got me into. He is one of the boys that writes stories and makes pictures for YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think you ought to know

what kind of a boy he is. A little while ago he had a story in the YOUNG PEOPLE about imitation screw-heads, and how he used to make them, and what fun he had pasting them on his aunt's bureau. I thought it was a very nice story, and I got some tinfoil and made a whole lot of screw-heads and last Saturday I thought I'd have some fun with them.

Father has a dreadfully ugly old chair in his study, that General Washington brought over with him in the *Mayflower*, and Mr. Travers says it is stiffer and uglier than any of the Pilgrim fathers. But father thinks everything of that chair and never lets anybody sit in it except the minister. I took a piece of soap, just as that Bellew used to, and if his name is Billy why don't he learn how to spell it that's what I'd like to know, and made what looked like a tremendous crack in the chair. Then I pasted the screw-heads on the chair, and it looked exactly as if somebody had broken it and tried to mend it.

I couldn't help laughing all day when I thought how astonished father would be when he saw his chair all full of screws, and how he would laugh when he found out it was all a joke. As soon as he came home I asked him to please come into the study, and showed him the chair and said "Father I can not tell a lie I did it but I won't do it any more."

Father looked as if he had seen some disgusting ghosts, and I was really frightened, so I hurried up and said "It's all right father, it's only a joke look here they all come off," and rubbed off the screw-heads and the soap with my handkerchief, and expected to see him burst out laughing, just as Bellew's aunt used to burst, but instead of laughing he said "My son this trifling with sacred things must be stopped," with which remark he took off his slipper, and then— But I haven't the heart to say what he did. Mr. Travers has made some pictures about it which I send to you, and perhaps you will understand what I have suffered.

I think that boy Bellew ought to be punished for getting people into scrapes. I'd just like to have him come out behind our barn with me for a few minutes. That is, I would, only I never expect to take any interest in anything any more. My heart is broken and a new chocolate cigar that was in my pocket during the awful scene.

I've got an elegant wasps' nest with young wasps in it that will hatch out in the spring, and I'll change it for a bull-terrier or a shot-gun or a rattlesnake in a cage that rattles good with any boy that will send me one.

Ever affectionately
Your son
JIMMY BROWN.

(That's the way they taught me to end letters when I was in boarding-school.)

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have some little toy dogs and rabbits. I had the diphtheria, and took such bitter medicine that old Santa Claus brought me a doll. I was six years old on New-Year's Day. I guess this letter is big enough. MABEL A.

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT.

We are two sisters, and we would like to tell you about our pets. We have a bird named Dicky, and we have two gold-fishes, a pearl-fish, and a rouch, which live in a large aquarium over a fernery. We each have a cat. Our cats are almost exactly alike, and are named Tabby gray and Frolic. We took the names from YOUNG PEOPLE. We have two horses named Bonner and Charlie. Bonner is five years old, and Charlie is twenty-seven. Charlie is a remarkable horse. Two years ago he was very sick. We thought he was dying, and told a man to shoot him; but he said Charlie looked at him so intelligently that he could not do it. After that, Charlie got well, and we have taken many long, de-

Digitized by Google

lightful drives with him, and he has been driven in a span with Bonner twenty-seven miles in one afternoon. We have had him sixteen years, and when papa was living, Charlie, when the gong sounded for dinner, would back out of his stall, and go to the office door to bring him home. Do you not think we ought to love such a faithful old horse? We do love him, and he has a nice home and kind treatment. HATTIE and NETTIE D.

LEESBURG, FLORIDA.

I am a subscriber of this very interesting little paper, and get it regularly every week. I don't know how I would do without it. You can not imagine how anxious I am to go to town and get it the moment I know it is in the post-office.

I live in the land of flowers, and I like my home very much. EVA H.

IVANPAH, CALIFORNIA.

I am the little girl whose letter was printed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 45, that was going to the mines. I am there now. I will try to tell you all about my trip. We came two hundred and ten miles across the Desert in the stage. We were over eight days on the road. We camped out two nights, and made our beds on the ground. I gathered many beautiful stones in the Desert. I saw a rattlesnake.

I have been down in the mine eight hundred feet, and I am going down a shaft which is nine hundred feet below the level.

I have three pet cats here, and I have thirty hens, which I feed twice every day. I have no brothers or sisters, but I amuse myself by reading YOUNG PEOPLE, and by running over the rocks and prospecting. FLORENCE R.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and we all like it. I have two brothers and two sisters. Christmas my brother had the book called *Old Times in the Colonies* for a present. There are the same stories in it that were in YOUNG PEOPLE, and a great many more. One is about King Philip and the wars with the settlers in Rhode Island. I have read many of the other stories, and they are very interesting. I am twelve years old. LOUISE S.

TRENTON, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl six years old. I have a papa and mamma, but no little brother or sister. I have a doggie named Dick, and a kitty named Flossy, and eleven dolls with a black nurse. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and can hardly wait for it to come. I wish every little girl could have it. I am learning to read and write. ANNIE MAUD B.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I go to school and Sunday-school, and have my music lessons to practice, but I always find time to read my YOUNG PEOPLE. I went to the country this summer, and had a splendid time. I want boat-riding on the Shenandoah River. I am eleven years old. ELEANOR E. A.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I have a little dog. His name is Prince. He sleeps with me. He weighs four and one-half pounds.

I have been in bed a week with scarlet fever, and I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE so much!

I have a nice stamp-book, but not many stamps yet. I will have some to exchange soon. I am eight years old. JOSEPHINE E.

FARMINGTON, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and read in the Fourth Reader, and study arithmetic and geography. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and hope I can have it always.

I have a cat. His name is Dick. He will follow me over to grandpa's, and stay with me until I come home.

This is the first letter I ever wrote. SIDNEY J. C.

ARIPA STATION, COLORADO.

I take much pleasure in reading all the letters and stories. I hope all the readers enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE as much as I do.

Since my letter requesting exchange was published I have received many pretty things. I wish to inform the correspondents that I have no more specimens now, except enough to pay what I owe for favors I have received. I would request the correspondents not to send me anything more, as I could not make any return. CLARA F. R. SWIFT.

BARRANQUILLA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

A happy time it is for me when the steamer from New York for South America arrives, and brings YOUNG PEOPLE. I pity the little correspondent who wrote in the Post-office Box about four feet of snow, for I believe it must be very cold there, although I have never seen snow yet. Here even now we have many blooming plants in our garden at Gasis, our beautiful country-seat, near Barranquilla.

I am nine years old. I have my own horse, a deer, and a little circus.

We have all tropic plants, and I should like to exchange some Southern, German, and French postage stamps, or dried flowers and leaves from the tropic zone, for all kinds of minerals. Letters and packages may be sent to my uncle in New York city, whose address is at the end of my letter, and who will forward them to me. He will also be kind enough to receive and forward my answers to correspondents.

If any young readers would like to know more of my country, I will send another letter.

JUSTO WOLFF, care of Mr. D. A. De Lima,
68 William Street, New York City.

PASSAIC BRIDGE, NEW JERSEY.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Papa bought me the first volume bound. I have two kittles; one is white, the other is black. We call them Romeo and Juliet, because they are so loving; they always go to sleep with their paws around each other's necks. WINNIE V.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. When I was in the White Mountains this summer I went to a silver and lead mine, where I got a number of specimens, which I should like to exchange for foreign postage stamps. Or to any one sending me twenty-five foreign postage stamps I will send forty-five foreign and United States postmarks.

G. L. BRIGGS,
P. O. Box 500, Brookline, Mass.

The following exchanges are also desired by correspondents:

Postage stamps for curiosities, Indian relics, or anything suitable for a museum.
SAMUEL CARPENTER, JUN., Oswego, Kansas.

Postmarks and foreign postage stamps.
FRANK K. LIFFITT,
Petaluma, Sonoma County, California.

Gray moss and postmarks for minerals (especially ores), fossils, coins, or stamps.
CHARLES P. MATTHEWS, P. O. Box 19,
Fort Covington, Franklin County, N. Y.

Twenty-five postage stamps, or ten postmarks and eight stamps, for a box of ocean curiosities and a star-fish. R. LAMP, care of William Lamp,
Madison, Dane County, Wis.

WILLIAM H.—The term "blizzard" is applied in Canada and the Northwestern Territories of the United States to an extremely sharp snow-storm, when the particles of snow are blown by the wind like fine pieces of steel. One can hardly walk the distance of a city block in such a storm without getting one's nose and ears frozen.

C. B. P.—Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, who lived in Boston before the Revolution, is generally supposed to have been the first to sing, for the amusement of her grandchildren, most of the nursery jingles that have ever since been known as "Mother Goose's Melodies." The *Tales of Mother Goose*, such as "Blue Beard," "Tom Thumb," "Cinderella," etc., were the production of a celebrated French writer of the seventeenth century, named Perrault. He composed these fairy tales to amuse a little son. They were first published in Paris in 1697, under his son's name, and have since been translated into nearly every language.

JOHN W.—It is said that a Mr. Beyer, an eminent linen-draper of London, underwent in his youth the comical adventures which Cowper has described in his ballad of "John Gilpin." It appears from Southey's life of the poet that his friend Lady Austin once repeated to him a story told to her in her childhood of an unfortunate pleasure party of this linen-draper, ending in his being carried past his point both in going and returning, and finally being brought home by his horse without having met his family at Edmonton. Cowper is said to have been extremely amused by the story, and to have composed his famous ballad while lying awake one night suffering from headache.

WILLIAM D.—*Old Times in the Colonies* is ended. You will find a notice of the book in No. 56 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

E. H.—You will find very good directions for painting magic-lantern slides in a letter from Harry J. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62.

HARRY W.—Directions for catching and preserving insects were given in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 27, and in the same department of No. 34 is a description of a cheap and simple case for mounting butterflies and other specimens.

A. RUSSELL.—See answer to S. H. M. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 72.

Favors are acknowledged from Abel Caldwell, Harry, Maud E. Chase, L. M. Weter, Blanche Dougan, Isabel W. Harris, Ellen and Edna B., Pert Gates, J. A. Tannehill, C. S. G., J. W., James A. Harris, Edward McNally, Florence Stidham, Mabel Going, Josie Belle R., Bessie Guyton, Helen S., C. H. Mathias, Florence F. S., W. B. Wyman.

Correct answers to puzzles are received from Belle Bloom, Arthur D. Prince, M. W. and E. W., Bessie R. Howell, Walter P. Rice, A. D. Hopper, A. Russell, Nellie V. Brainard, Annie W. Booth, Richard O. Chester, John N. Howe, Mary E. DeWitt, Fanny Squire.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

1. In play-time. A small barrel. A coin. An animal. In play-time. 2. In trouble. A minute part. Kingly. A label. In trouble. Centrals connected—An aromatic plant. BOLUS.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, to babble. Second, to mature. Third, separately. Fourth, neat. Fifth, to register. CAL I. FOAST.

2. First, custom. Second, a dwelling. Third, a certain variety of an important article of commerce. Fourth, metal. Fifth, water-fowls. LONA STAR.

3. First, elevated. Second, inactive. Third, joy. Fourth, to mind. WILLIE F. W.

4. First, one of the signs in the zodiac. Second, a dress of dignity. Third, a boy's name. Fourth, to encircle. LAURA.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is a cooking utensil. My second is a species of tree. My whole is used in making soap. WILLIE L. K.

No. 4.

ANAGRAM.

In kennel, not in dog.
In pen, not in hog.
In new, not in old.
In hot, not in cold.
In sound, not in noise.
In candy, not in toys.
In beak, not in bill.
In monkey, not in drill.
My whole is the dark "and bloody ground"
By the names of a huntsman and statesman renowned. HALLA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 61.

No. 1. Chicago.

No. 2.
K I D D E R M I N S T E R
S W I T Z E R L A N D
M A L A D E T T A
Y E N I S E I
A L T A I
L E E
R
U R E
A D A M S
T A U N T O N
M A C K E N Z I E
B R A H M A P U T R A
S A N B E R N A R D I N O

No. 3. Moscow.

No. 4.
B A L E M A L T
A P E S A R E A
L E A P L E A R
E S P Y T A R T

C A M P I M A G E
A R A L M O I A R
M A T E A L U T A
P L E A G A T E S
E R A S E

Charade on page 144—Sea-mew.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

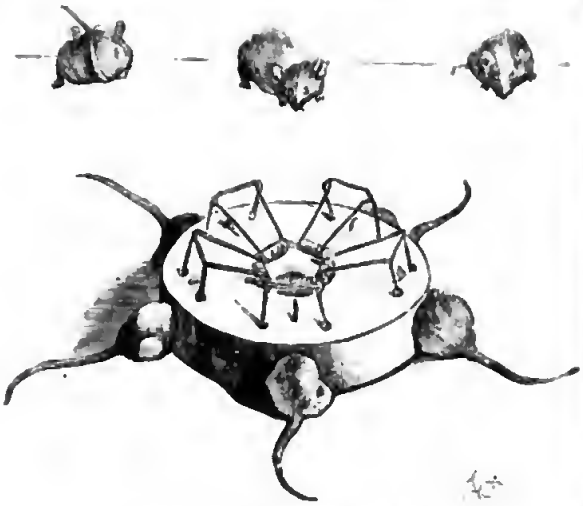
Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

Volume I., containing the first 52 Numbers, handsomely bound in illuminated cloth, $3 00, postage prepaid: Cover, title-page, and index for Volume I., 35 cents; postage, 13 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

A CURIOUS story is told of the way in which Admiral By-the-sea, V.C., C.B.—a very distinguished English naval officer, who has lately retired, after many years of service, from his profession—first came by his name. It is said that when an infant he was picked up by the sailors of a man-of-war in the open sea. They found a bale of goods floating in the water, and lashed to it was the body of a lady with a child in her arms. The mother was dead, but the boy still lived. No clew was found by which the relations of this little waif of the sea could be discovered; and so, after the officers had made some vain attempts to communicate with them by means of advertisements, they determined to adopt the boy, and not knowing his real name, they christened him "By-the-sea." He was sent to a naval school, and when old enough, went to sea again, and was fortunate enough to join the same ship by the crew of which he had been rescued years before. Soon he showed himself a clever and active sailor, ready for anything, and doing whatever he did well; and when the Crimean war came, he displayed such gallantry in assisting his wounded comrades that he gained the Victoria Cross, and was made a Companion of the Bath. After this, promotion came quickly; his services were, later on, transferred to India, where for many years he filled the responsible post of Consulting Naval Officer to the government; and now he retires with the full rank of Admiral. The men who rescued the poor child from the sea, so many years ago, little knew what an honorable and useful life they were preserving by this act for the service of their country.

CHARADE.

ALTHOUGH in sable plumes my first
Displays himself on high,
His reputation is the worst,
His tastes are low, his race is curst—
We're glad to see him die.

My next is in the water found,
Or in the cozy inn,
Where talk and drink go freely round,
Or in the court maintains its ground,
Or keeps the thief from sin.

My whole is placed in humble hands,
And when with skill applied,
Will bring to light the golden sands.
'Tis known and used in many lands;
It seeks what others hide.

Killed by Fright.—Many an illness is caused simply by imagination, and those of us who go about our work with calmness and confidence are much more likely to escape disease than others who are filled with apprehension should infection come within a hundred miles of them. In connection with this, the Arabs tell the following story: One day a traveller met the Plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus, "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill three thousand people," rejoined the Plague.

Some time after, the same traveller met the Plague on its return, and said, "But you killed thirty thousand!"

"Nay," answered the Plague, "I killed but three thousand; the rest died of fright."

"TUM, HORSIE."

SLEIGH-BELLS.

"SLEIGH-BELLS, sleigh-bells,
What are you saying?"
"Merriest thing in all the world
'Tis to go a-sleighing:
Laughter ringing,
Shouting, singing,
Bells a-jingling,
Noses tingling,
Horses prancing,
Hearts a-dancing,
Sky all brightness,
Earth all whiteness;
Diamonds in the icicles,
Sunbeams round them playing:
Merriest thing in all the world
'Tis to go a-sleighing!"

"DET UP, HORSIE!"

"WHOA! WHOA!"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 65. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, January 28, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE BREAKDOWN, AND ESCAPE OF THE MONKEYS.

[Begun in No. 56 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCIDENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

TOBY'S experience of the evening was very similar to that of the afternoon, save that he was so fortunate as not to take any more bad money in payment for his goods. Mr. Jacobs scolded and swore alternately, and the boy really surprised him in the way of selling goods, though he was very careful not to say anything about it, but made Toby believe that he was doing only about half as much

Digitized by Google

work as he ought to do. Toby's private hoard of money was increased that evening by presents, ninety cents, and he began to look upon himself as almost a rich man.

When the performance was nearly over, Mr. Jacobs called to him to help in packing up; and by the time the last spectator had left the tent, the worldly possessions of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs were ready for removal, and Toby allowed to do as he had a mind to, so long as he was careful to be on hand when old Ben was ready to start.

Toby thought that he would have time to pay a visit to his friends the skeleton and the fat woman, and to that end started toward the place where their tent had been standing; but to his sorrow he found that it was already being taken down, and he only had time to thank Mrs. Treat and to press the fleshless hand of her shadowy husband as they entered their wagon to drive away.

He was disappointed, for he had hoped to be able to speak with his new-made friends a few moments before the weary night's ride commenced; but failing in that, he went hastily back to the monkeys' cage. Old Ben was there getting things ready for a start; but the wooden sides of the cage had not been put up, and Toby had no difficulty in calling the aged monkey up to the bars. He held one of the fat woman's doughnuts in his hand, and he said, as he passed it through to the animal:

"I thought perhaps you might be hungry, Mr. Stubbs, and this is some of what the skeleton's wife give me. I hain't got very much time to talk with you now; but the first chance I can get away to-morrow, an' when there hain't anybody 'round, I want to tell you something."

The monkey had taken the doughnut in his hand-like paws, and was tearing it to pieces, eating small portions of it very rapidly.

"Don't hurry yourself," said Toby, warningly, "for Uncle Dan'l always told me the worst thing a feller could do was to eat fast. If you want any more, after we start, just put your hand through the little hole up there near the seat, an' I'll give you all you want."

From the look on his face, Toby confidently believed the monkey was going to make some reply; but just then Ben shut up the sides, separating Toby and Mr. Stubbs, and the order was given to start.

Toby clambered up on to the high seat, Ben followed him, and in another instant the team was moving along slowly down the dusty road, preceded and followed by the many wagons with their tiny swinging lights.

"Well," said Ben, when he had got his team well under way, and felt that he could indulge in a little conversation, "how did you get along to-day?"

Toby related all of his movements, and gave the driver a faithful account of all that had happened to him, concluding his story by saying, "That was one of Mrs. Treat's doughnuts that I just gave to Mr. Stubbs."

"To whom?" asked Ben, in surprise.

"To Mr. Stubbs—the old fellow here in the cart, you know, that's been so good to me."

Toby heard a sort of gurgling sound, saw the driver's body sway back and forth in a trembling way, and was just becoming thoroughly alarmed, when he thought of the previous night, and understood that Ben was only laughing in his own peculiar way.

"How did you know his name was Stubbs?" asked Ben, after he had recovered his breath.

"Oh, I don't know that that is his real name," was the quick reply; "I only call him that because he looks so much like a feller with that name that I knew at home. He don't seem to mind because I call him Stubbs."

Ben looked at Toby earnestly for a moment, acting all the time as if he wanted to laugh again, but didn't dare to for fear he might burst a blood-vessel, and then he said, as he patted him on the shoulder, "Well, you are the queerest little fish that I ever saw in all my travels. You seem to think that that monkey knows all you say to him."

"I'm sure he does," said Toby, positively. "He don't say anything right out to me, but he knows everything I tell him. Do you suppose he could talk if he tried to?"

"Look here, Mr. Toby Tyler," and Ben turned half around in his seat, and looked Toby full in the face, as to give more emphasis to his words, "are you heathen enough to think that that monkey could talk if he wanted to?"

"I know I hain't a heathen," said Toby, thoughtfully, "for if I had been, some of the missionaries would have found me out a good while ago; but I never saw anybody like this old Mr. Stubbs before, an' I thought he could talk if he wanted to, just as the Living Skeleton does, or his wife. Anyhow, Mr. Stubbs winks at me; an' how could he do that if he didn't know what I've been sayin' to him?"

"Look here, my son," said Ben, in a most fatherly fashion, "monkeys hain't anything but beasts, an' they don't know how to talk any more than they know what you say to 'em."

"Didn't you ever hear any of them speak a word?"

"Never. I've been in a circus, man an' boy, nigh on to forty years, an' I never seen nothin' in a monkey more'n any other beast, except their awful mischiefness."

"Well," said Toby, still unconvinced, "I believe Mr. Stubbs knew what I said to him, anyway."

"Now don't be foolish, Toby," pleaded Ben. "You can't show me one thing that a monkey ever did because you told him to."

Just at that moment Toby felt some one pulling at the back of his coat, and looking around, he saw it was a little brown hand, reaching through the bars of the air-hole of the cage, that was tugging away at his coat.

"There!" he said, triumphantly, to Ben. "Look there. I told Mr. Stubbs if he wanted anything more to eat, to tell me, an' I would give it to him. Now you can see for yourself that he's come for it," and Toby took a doughnut from his pocket, and put it into the tiny hand, which was immediately withdrawn. "Now what do you think of Mr. Stubbs knowing what I say to him?"

"They often stick their paws up through there," said Ben, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I've had 'em pull my coat in the night till they made me as nervous as ever any old woman was. You see, Toby, my boy, monkeys is monkeys; an' you mustn't go to gettin' the idea that they're anything else, for it's a mistake. You think this old monkey in here knows what you say? Why, that's just the cuteness of the old fellow; he watches you to see if he can't do just as you do, an' that's all there is about it."

Toby was more than half convinced that Ben was putting the matter in its proper light, and he would have believed all that had been said if, just at that moment, he had not seen that brown hand reaching through the hole to clutch him again by the coat.

The action seemed so natural, so like a hungry boy who gropes in the dark pantry for something to eat, that it would have taken more arguments than Ben had at his disposal to persuade Toby that his Mr. Stubbs could not understand all that was said to him. Toby put another doughnut in the outstretched hand, and then sat silently, as if in a brown-study over some difficult problem.

For some time the ride was made in silence. Ben was going through all the motions of whistling without uttering a sound, a favorite amusement of his, and Toby's thoughts were far away in the humble home he had scorned, with Uncle Daniel, whose virtues had increased with every mile of distance which had been put between them, and whose faults had decreased in a corresponding ratio.

Toby's thoughtfulness had made him sleepy, and his eyes were almost closed in slumber, when he was startled by a crashing sound, was conscious of a sense of being hurled from his seat by some great force, and then he lay senseless by the side of the road, while the wagon remained a perfect wreck, from out of which a small army of monk-

Digitized by Google

eys were escaping. Ben's experienced ear had told him at the first crash that his wagon was breaking down, and without having time to warn Toby of his peril, he had leaped clear of the wreck, keeping his horses in perfect control, thus averting any more trouble. It was the breaking of one of the axles which Toby had heard just before he was thrown from his seat, and when the body of the wagon had come down upon the hard road, the entire structure had been wrecked.

The monkeys, thus suddenly released from their confinement, had scampered off in every direction, and, by a singular chance, Toby's aged friend started for the woods in such a direction as to bring him directly upon the boy's senseless body. As the monkey came up to Toby he stopped, through the well-known curiosity of his kind, and began to examine the body carefully, prying into each pocket he could reach, and trying to open the half-closed eyelids in order to peep in under them.

Fortunately for Toby, he had fallen upon a mud-bank, and was only stunned for the moment, having received no serious bruises, even though he had been thrown such a distance. The attentions bestowed upon him by the monkey served the purpose of bringing him to his senses; and after he had looked around him in the gray light of the coming morning, it would have taken far more of a philosopher than ever old Ben was to have persuaded the boy that monkeys did not possess reasoning faculties.

The monkey was picking at his ears, nose, and mouth, as monkeys always do when they get an opportunity, and the expression of his face was as grave as possible. Toby firmly believed that the monkey's face showed sorrow at his fall, and he believed that the attentions which were being bestowed upon him were for the purpose of learning whether he had been injured or not.

"Don't worry, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, anxious to reassure his friend, as he sat upright and looked about him. "I didn't get hurt any, but I would like to know how I got 'way over here."

It really seemed as if the monkey was pleased to know that his little friend was not hurt, for he seated himself on his haunches, and his face expressed the liveliest pleasure that Toby was well again—or at least that was the way the boy interpreted the look.

By this time the news of the accident had been shouted ahead from one team to the other, and all hands were hurrying to the scene for the purpose of rendering some aid. As Toby saw them coming, he also saw a number of small forms, looking something like men, hurrying past him, and for the first time he understood how it was that the aged monkey was at liberty, and knew that those little dusky forms were the other occupants of the cage escaping to the woods.

"See there, Mr. Stubbs! see there!" he exclaimed, quickly, pointing toward the fugitives; "they're all going off into the woods. What shall we do?"

The sight of the runaways seemed to excite the old monkey quite as much as it had the boy. He jumped to his feet, chattered in the most excited way, screamed two or three times as if he was calling them back, and then started off in vigorous pursuit.

"Now he's gone too," said Toby, disconsolately, believing the old fellow had run away from him; "I didn't think Mr. Stubbs would treat me this way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE ARAB GIRL'S MISSION.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

MANY of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be both surprised and sorry to learn that there are parents who are not only willing to sell their baby girls for a few pennies, but when this can not be done, to cast them out upon the highways to perish either by the wild beasts that prowl about at night, or by the fiercely glaring sun that heats the sand so that even a dog will not venture out at noonday for fear of burning his paws.

"Where do these cruel people live, and who are they?" I hear a bright little girl ask.

They are the Arabs who inhabit the deserts of Kabylia and the Sahara, in and south of Algiers, the most northern country in Africa.

"Ah, but the Arabs live in Arabia, don't they?" objects my young friend.

Yes, they do; but centuries ago the Arabians, or Saracens—desert dwellers, as they were then called, Sara meaning desert—sent out large armies to conquer other nations. These Saracens swept victoriously through Northern Africa up to the heart of Spain.

Algiers is now a French province, but the greater part of its people are descendants of its ancient inhabitants, called Moors, and their conquerors, the Arabs, together with negroes from Soudan, French colonists, and a sprinkling of Turks, Maltese, and Spaniards.

Neither the Moors nor the Arabs think much of little girls. The latter—especially the poor ones—are sorry when one is born; but when a boy baby comes, they make him presents, and a bowl of "mughly"—a compound of rice flavored with sugar and spices, and sprinkled with delicious nuts—is given to each relative.

A Moorish girl of even rich parents is considered well enough educated if she can make preserves, and dye her finger-nails with henna leaves. She is not treated as unkindly, however, as the little Arab damsels, who are compelled when quite young to work very hard. They have to draw water from the wells in heavy leathern buckets; to churn; to feed and water the young camels and horses: in fact, they live more like slaves than daughters of the family.

The subject of my sketch, little Maria Immanuel, is a young Arabian girl twelve years of age, who, accompanied by a French Missionary Sister, or nun, has been all through Europe, and is now travelling through this country, on a curious but praiseworthy mission: she is trying to raise money to buy and support little Arabian children who are sold or cast out on the desert.

Maria Immanuel was herself one of these unfortunates. When a mere baby, not yet two years old, she was picked up on the highway by some good women, and taken to their mission-house, where she has lived ever since.

I dare say my readers would like to know just how she looks, so I will describe her to the best of my ability.

Imagine a dark-complexioned, plump young girl, with rather heavy but pleasant features; fluffy, dark, silken hair floating around her head and overshadowing her eyes like a little cloud; red lips and milky-white teeth; and eyes that light up her whole face, so soft are they, yet brilliant and full of mischievous fire.

Immanuel—for so her friends call her—is very like many American girls in disposition, being intensely lively, merry as a cricket, and a great tease when in the society of children of her own age.

She has two accomplishments—she speaks French fluently, and sings sweetly, having a fine contralto voice.

Immanuel dresses just as she did at the mission-house in the desert of Kabylia, wearing an Arab cloak of white wool, called a "burnoose," with a hood for stormy weather, over a white cashmere gown, which hangs in folds to her ankles, and is made with a yoke at the neck, and full flowing sleeves. A double row of scarlet and white beads; a girdle, or sash, of scarlet, blue, and yellow silk, knotted at the waist, and falling in long fringed ends in front; and a scarlet "fez," or cap, ornamented with a band of embroidery and a golden tassel, complete her gay and picturesque costume. Dark or solemn colors offend an Arab's eye, for he regards them as omens of misfortune.

Digitized by Google

MARIA IMMANUEL.

There are two sorts of Arabs among whom the missionaries work—the farmer Arabs, who live in mud villages, and the Bedouins, who dwell in tents, and roam the deserts a little farther south, and keep large flocks of sheep and camels.

These shepherd Arabs despise the milder farmers, but condescend to visit them, after harvest-time, to barter camels and goats for their barley and other grains, for *they* never stoop to till the soil or do work of any kind; their girls and women—at least such as they see fit to rear—do all their necessary work, such as cooking, sewing tent and saddle cloths, making mats, dyeing wool, and tending the animals, with which they live almost in common, and which are often ranked above them.

The shepherd Arabs live in tents, removing in winter to the farther south, but the farmer Arabs live in mud houses, called "gourbis." The "gourbis," like all native dwellings, are only one story high, on account of earthquakes; they are made of branches of trees and stones, cemented together by mud, a thick layer of which covers the roof. Sometimes forty or more of these houses are united in a village, and hedged in by tall cactus plants armed with sharp thorns.

The animals live under the same roof with the family; so what with this and the smoke, the smell of cookery, and the want of ventilation, you may imagine the "gourbis" anything but a pleasant place to visit.

The mission-houses, some of them in the neighborhood of these miserable villages, and some farther south, are square wooden buildings, with a court-yard in the middle, on which the windows and doors of all the rooms open. There are small doors on the outside of the building, but these are carefully guarded, on account of robbers and wild beasts, either of which may make attacks at night.

Now I must explain about the little Arab boys who are being educated and taken care of by the Missionary Brothers.

The Arabs, as I have said, love their boys very much indeed, but some families are so wretchedly poor that they have to dispose of the boys as well as the girls, when there are too many of them.

The Brothers, when they pick them up or buy them, teach them to read and write, and to till the ground, so that they may become farmers.

The Missionary Sisters teach the girls to read and write, to do plain sewing and house-work.

The work of the missions does not stop when the children have grown to be men and women; they are then allowed to visit each other socially under proper supervision. If a young couple fall in love with each other, and wish to marry, the consent of the Superior is asked, and given; for she knows the youth has been well brought up, and is worthy to have her young charge for a wife.

In speaking of these weddings, which are quite festive occasions, little Maria Immanuel recently said to a lady, in her lively French, which I will translate: "I do love to have weddings going on, we have *such* a good time. Oh, the music! it is fine; and then there is *such feasting!*"

No wonder she laid such stress on feasting, for the mission people live only on the very plainest fare, never seeing butter, meat, or any of the delicacies American children have every day.

At weddings—and they generally manage to have them double, triple, or quadruple weddings—I suppose they have fruit and honey and other fine dishes for the great occasion.

To each newly married couple a house, an inclosed acre of land, a horse, an ass, and a pair of goats are given; also some farming implements; six each of dishes and bowls, knives and wooden spoons; a bed; and the few other necessaries for simple housekeeping.

They now commence life as farmers, and, what is still better, as Christian young people. Already two Christian Arab villages have sprung up on the desert, while a third is being built.

Are the young fathers and mothers sorry when a dear little girl baby comes into the world? No, they are glad, and love it tenderly, as you may tell by this little nursery song here translated. I wish I could give you the wild, sweet music too. Listen—a young Arab mother sings:

"Come, Cameleer, as quick as you can,
And make us some soap from green Shensu,
To bathe our Lûlû dear;
We'll wash her and dress her,
And then we'll caress her:
She'll sleep in her little sereer."*

LUCKY TOM'S SHADOW; OR, THE SEA-GULLS' WARNING.

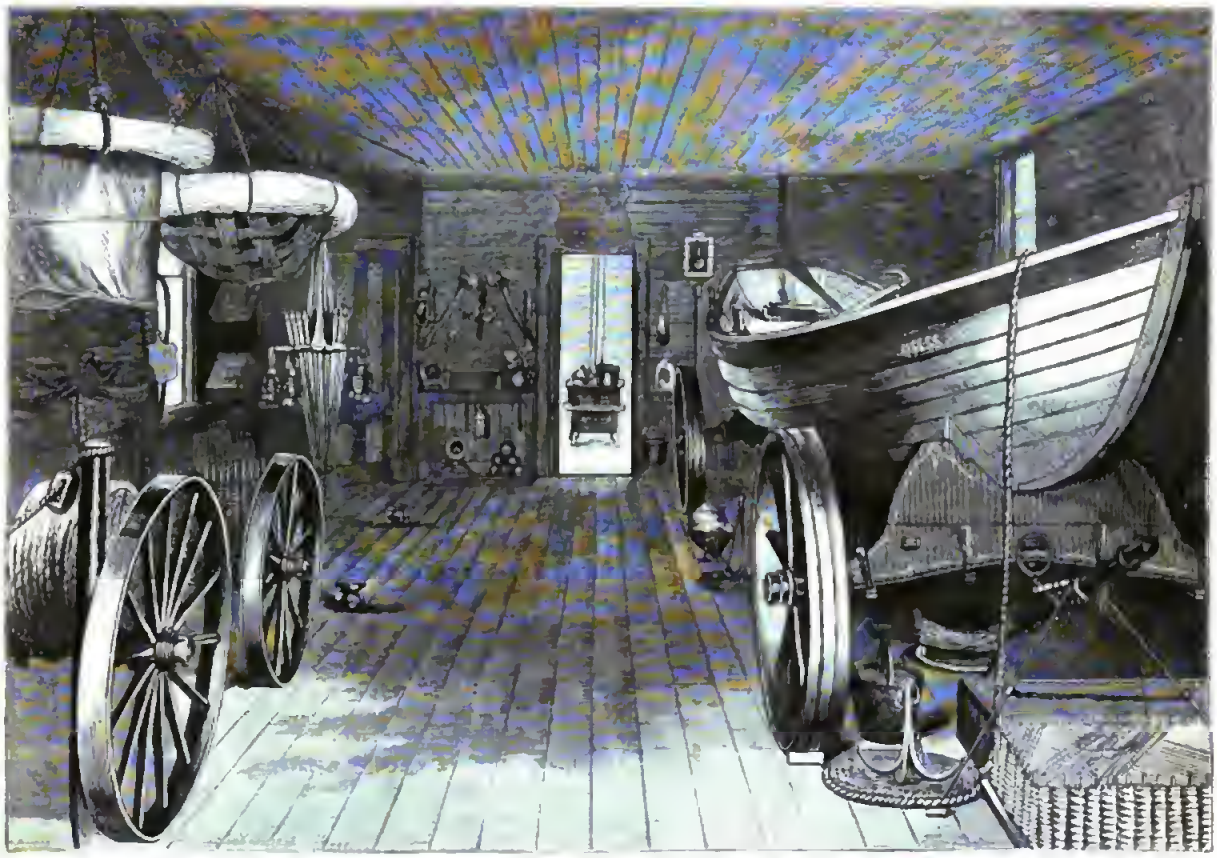
BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

"BE still, Meg, be still. Don't trouble me. Go and play. Young 'uns like you are good for naught else;" and so saying, Meg's grandmother turned fretfully toward the window of the cottage, and resumed her list-

A LIFE-SAVING STATION.

* Cradle.

Digitized by Google



INTERIOR OF THE LIFE-SAVING STATION.

less watching of the sea-gulls across the inlet, as they fluttered, dipped, and arose over the wavelets, picking their dinner from the shoals of little fish the mackerel had chased inshore.

"But I'm of some use, granny; you said so yesterday, when I fetched the blueberries. An' I'll go fur some more if you like. I know where there's lots of 'em—acres of 'em."

"Do as you please, child, but don't tease your granny," replied the old woman.

There was little need to tell Maggie, or "Meg," as she was generally called, to "do as she pleased," for in all of her short life of ten years she had never done otherwise. She had roamed unmissed all the days among the sand-hills of the beach, wading in the "mash" for lily pods, or hunting in the scrub for birds' eggs. Such a place as school had never been named to her. The alphabet was unknown to her, but she understood the rough talk of the fishermen, and could mend a net or 'tend a line with the best man among them.

Meg lived with her "granny" in a little unpainted hut made from ships' planking, and set among a few low twisted pines, within a short distance of a cove where Lucky Tom, her father, who was a pilot, kept his boats and moored his sloop, when not sailing out on the blue sea watching for ships to give him employment.

Meg's mother had died while she was a baby; her "granny" was almost always cross; so the child had grown up with but a single affection. It was all for her father, and he returned it in a rough, good-natured way. So these two were seldom apart when the pilot was ashore, and Meg came to be known among the beach people as "Lucky Tom's Shadow."

Now just why the pilot was called "Lucky Tom" does not appear; but it was said among the folks on the coast that fish would nibble at his hooks, and obligingly allow themselves to be caught by the dozen, when nobody else could catch even a porgy.

Near the cottage, Lucky Tom had raised the mast of a ship once wrecked on the bar, and made a platform at the top, with steps leading to it; and Meg was never so happy as when she sat high up in her "bird's nest," as she called it, with her father, and listened to his surprising yarns about foreign ports, while they scanned the horizon with a glass for incoming ships.

Meg tried hard to behave kindly toward her grandmother; but the old woman never smiled, and seldom troubled herself about Meg's goings or comings.

"She's purty certain to git 'round at meal-times, an' that's often enough," was about all she would say when Lucky Tom scolded about the child's "bringin' up."

Nearly twenty years before, Lucky Tom's father, Jack Bolden, had gone off in his schooner, the *Petrel*, to catch cod, and from that day neither the *Petrel* nor her crew were ever seen. After months had gone by, poor Mrs. Bolden fell into a fever, and when she was able to move about, she sat all day by the window, looking out upon the waves, and the neighbors gazed at her sorrowfully, for they said she had lost her reason; but in Meg's eyes, to whom she had always been the same, she was a very wise and mysterious person, and the tales she repeated to the little girl, woven from her deranged fancy, were full of strange sea-monsters, talking fish, and birds that whispered secrets to those who watched for long-absent friends. All these were listened to and believed with the full confidence of childish innocence.

Meg tied on her old and faded bonnet, picked up her basket, and walked away with a light step to the blueberry pasture.

She soon became so busy picking the clusters of round

Digitized by Google

little fruit, as they peeped from beneath the dark and glossy leaves, that she did not see how dark the eastern sky had become, until a cool gust of wind caught her sun-bonnet, and sent it half across the field. Then she noticed that the sun was already hidden by the advancing clouds, and away out across the black fretted sea a long line of foam revealed the white-caps leaping in great haste over each other, just like a flock of sheep, in their race to reach the sands.

The only near refuge for poor Meg was the Life-saving Station—one of those lonely buildings that the government has placed along the coast, with boats and crews, whose duty keeps them on the watch all winter for ship-wrecks. It was midsummer now, and the station was locked up tight; but Meg knew how to get the better of locks and bars. She reached the building just in time to escape a wetting from the thick rain that now shut out the sea and land alike, beating fiercely against the stout structure, and running in many little rivulets down the sand, to be swallowed up, as all water is at last, by the great ocean.

At one corner the winds had blown away the sand, so Meg found room to crawl with her basket beneath the floor, and a loose board she had long ago discovered admitted her to the interior. What a gloomy, close place in contrast with the wildness of the scene outside! Have you ever visited a station of the Life-saving Service? No? Well, then, I'll try, with the aid of the picture, to explain what it is like.

First, there is the life-boat, light but very strong, and shaped so it will rise over the tops of the waves rather than go through them. This one is handled by about six men; one, the captain, to steer, four men to row, and one with a pike-staff and lines in the bow. You notice that the wheels of the truck holding the boat are very wide; that allows them to roll over the sand without sinking into it. Under the boat is a leathern bucket, a coil of rope, and a grapnel or hook, and in front an ingenious device, consisting of a board with a row of pegs about the edge, upon which a line many hundreds of feet in length is placed, with the end tied to a projectile in the queer-looking cannon above. This is intended to be shot over the rigging of ships ashore, and used to haul out the larger rope upon the cart to the left of the picture, and to which the canvas bags hanging from the ceiling are fastened, to bring people from the wreck. Back of the cart you see rockets and signal torches, with a long tin trumpet, all neatly kept in a rack. There are lanterns too, and against the partition a mortar and some balls, two axes, and many other tools. With all of these and their uses Meg was well acquainted. Sometimes she had seen the crew run with the boat down to the water, and go through with their drill, when the Superintendent came there; and once the men hauled it out in the night, everybody greatly excited, and put out into the waves to pick up the crew of a sinking steamer; but a schooner was there first, and they only brought back a woman and little girl. How scared they did look, the poor things! and how thankful the child was for the use of Meg's only spare frock!

There seemed no prospect of the rain ceasing, and so Meg sat down in the back room upon a bench; and as it was not in the nature of such an active little girl to sit still long and keep awake, she very soon fell asleep.

When she started up from a dream full of strange sea-goblins, it was to find that everything was dark. The rain had ceased, and Meg, after rubbing her eyes, concluded to go home. When she lifted the board she discovered, to her terror, that the rain had washed her burrow full of sand, and she was a prisoner. The strong doors and windows resisted her puny efforts, so she sat down upon a coil of rope to consider the situation.

Now most children would have cried; but Meg hadn't done such a thing since she was teething. No, she only taxed her little head for some means of escape. First, she must have a light. She well knew where the matches were kept, and in a moment she had a lantern burning brightly. Then it occurred to her to try the roof. It was a difficult matter to lift the heavy trap leading to the little platform from which the men usually watched during the winter days; but she soon stood out in the bleak night, the salt spray driving against her face, and the gale rushing by, as though it would tear her hold from the railing to which she clung.

White sea-gulls whirled about her head, attracted by the light, screaming hoarse and discordant notes in her ears. They terrified her at first, but she soon recalled what her "granny" had said, and felt sure the birds were trying to tell her something, and that it must be about her father, who was still out in the terrible storm, unable to find the inlet.

From far out on the sea the wind brought a moaning sound, as though some unhappy creature called in vain for help. It came nearer and more distinct from the northward, finally dying away in the distance upon the other hand.

Fierce lightning flashes broke from the retreating storm-clouds, and by the weird electric glare Meg saw a wild figure, with arms upraised, which seemed to come out of the surf, and speed along the sands. By the same light she thought she saw the topmasts of a vessel on the sea.

The gulls wheeled and screamed now more excitedly than ever. Meg was nearly overcome with terror, but losing not a moment, she sprang down the stairs, returning with an armful of torches. And now the lurid flare of the life-saving signal burned up fiercely, the winds catching the flame, and bearing thousands of dancing sparks away across the beach, while the shape of the station and the heroic little girl upon the roof stood out boldly, just in time for Lucky Tom to put his helm down, and head his boat away from the fatal breakers he was nearing in the darkness.

And now suppose we let good-natured Lucky Tom tell the rest of the story in his own style.

"Well, sir, you see, the blow came up kind o' unexpected like, an' I knowed we couldn't make port; but I didn't much care for that, as pilots has to take all sorts o' weather, but we reckoned we could keep the craft off an' on about the blowin' buoy; but, bless you! the buoy got adrift, an' floated away down the beach. We heard it groanin' ahead of us all the time, an' afore we knowed where we was, we got nigh into the breakers. Just then I seen a twinkle on the beach, an' shortly a torch showed us the station, with an angel o' mercy a-wavin' it from the roof; an' it wa'n't a minnit too soon, nuther.

"We kept away till daylight a-watchin' an' wonderin' at the torches burnin' all the time from atop o' the station, and then we made the inlet. Mebbe it 'll seem queer to you, but none of us thought of Meg when we saw the light; but the whole thing was plain enough when one of the crew came runnin' to the house, after we'd been ashore a bit, an' hollered:

"'Why, Lucky Tom, the angel we saw was nobody but your own Shadow, little Meg, an' she's there yit, wavin' a flag.' So we went over an' let her out. The young 'un told us all about hearin' the sound o' complainin' on the sea, the black figure that ran along the beach, an' the warnin' the birds give her. You see, that was a notion her granny put into her head, the one about the birds. Speakin' of the old woman, there was another queer thing that happened on the same night. We couldn't find marm high nor low; but when Meg spoke of the wild spirit on the beach, we knowed it must be her, and sure enough we found the poor old body 'way up by the point, 'most dead. She had an idee, you see, that when it blowed hard the *Petrel* would come ashore, though I reckon the *Petrel* has been at the bottom more'n twenty years

Digitized by Google

now. We took her home an' 'tended her, but she didn't last long after that."

The story of Meg's adventure came to the ears of a lady on the mainland, and she soon afterward paid a visit to the little girl, who was now left all alone when her father went away, and it was arranged that she should live in the lady's house, and go to school. And now the schoolmaster says she promises to prove as bright as she is brave.

HOW IT HAPPENED TO SNOW.

BY L. M.

WHAT Jack Frost said to the trees, dear,
It never would do to tell;
He whispered the magic words, dear,
To oak and maple as well.
Some of them blushed bright red, dear,
And some of them turned to yellow,
While Jack he laughed in his sleeve, dear—
The good-for-nothing old fellow.

What Jack Frost did to the leaves, dear,
I never would dare to say;
They wrung their little brown hands, dear,
In a pitiful, helpless way.
The kind sun felt so sad, dear,
To see the leaves in pain,
That he hid his face for a week, dear,
And wept great showers of rain.

But Jack Frost's cruel breath, dear,
Grew colder day by day,
And chilled the leaves, until, dear,
They withered and dropped away.
Then the tall trees stood amazed, dear,
Lamenting, when they found
That their green and rustling robes, dear,
Lay faded on the ground.

The angels too were grieved, dear,
When the trees looked cold and bare,
So they gathered the soft white clouds, dear,
That floated in upper air,
And tossed great armfuls down, dear,
In the stillness of the night,
And were glad to see how pure, dear,
The world looked clothed in white.

What the children said next day, dear,
I think you must surely know;
But please don't say that I told, dear,
Just how it happened to snow;
For that wicked old Jack Frost, dear,
Would nip my nose in spite,
And pinch my poor ten toes, dear,
The next cold winter's night.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUNAWAY KING.

BY I. D. WILDER.

A KING running away from his kingdom, with all his courtiers and people in hot pursuit to catch him and bring him back! Did you ever hear of anything more absurd?

There was a reason for it too, or at least the King thought so. The truth is, this unfortunate monarch was embarrassed by the possession of two kingdoms at once, and it so happened that the kingdom where he was was not the kingdom where he desired to be, so he made up his mind to run away.

Now I suppose, before I go any farther, I may as well let you into the secret of his name and country, if you have not already guessed it. He was Henry III. of France and Poland, son of Catherine de Medicis, one of the wickedest Queens who ever ruled over any country, and brother of Charles IX., King of France.

Only a few months before his flight from Cracow he had been elected King of Poland. He had been received with great magnificence by the Polish nobles, and the festivities had lasted many days. After everything had settled down into the usual quiet, Henry found life in Poland rather dull; so when he received a letter from Queen Catherine announcing the death of Charles IX., and saying that his presence in France was very necessary to maintain his rights as his brother's heir, he was quite ready to abandon his Polish kingdom, and start at once for Paris.

But it was very far from being the intention of the Polish magnates to let him off so easily. They naturally considered the well-being of their kingdom as important—to them at least—as that of France could possibly be. So they voted an address of condolence to the King on the death of his brother, prayed him still to remain King of Poland, and entreated him not to leave the kingdom without giving notice to the Senate, and first appointing some one to act as Viceroy.

Henry returned a courteous but rather vague reply, thanking the nobles for their good wishes, but giving them little satisfaction as to his intentions.

In the mean time Henry's French attendants were urging upon him the necessity of returning at once to France, lest he should lose the French crown. His mother, Queen Catherine, sent messenger after messenger, urging him to hasten, and his own inclinations were entirely in favor of instant departure. So during the night a council of the French nobles was held in Henry's apartments, and it was settled that they should arrange matters for a secret departure. They must go secretly, if they went at all, for the Polish Senate was determined to keep their King in the country, and the people were equally determined not to let him go.

Then the preparations began. In the first place, the French Ambassador, as had been agreed upon, asked permission to return immediately to France, as his mission had ended with the death of Charles IX. Permission was granted, and he left Cracow at once. He took with him the King's jewels and valuable papers, and made arrangements at all the principal towns on his route for horses and provisions to be got ready for illustrious members of his suite, who, as he said, were not able to leave as soon as he did. Next the King sent off M. Chémerault (the messenger who had brought him the news of Charles's death), on the pretense of carrying letters to Queen Catherine, but really to wait at a short distance from the capital until the King could join him. He was to act as guide, and conduct Henry in safety across the border.

The next step was rather unfortunate for the King. A train of ten mules laden with coffers was observed to leave the city, and when it was found that the baggage belonged to the Grand Master of the King's household, the suspicions of the people were aroused, and they became wild with excitement. It was in vain that Henry assured them that he had no intention of leaving the kingdom. They did not believe him—and with very good reason—and the tumult increased, until at last the Senate ordered guards to be placed at all the entrances to the palace, and gave instructions to arrest any one who should that night attempt to stir out, not even excepting the King himself.

After supper the King retired, and kept all his courtiers about him for a long time, chatting merrily with them, and appearing so easy and unconcerned that he fancied he must have entirely deceived the Poles, and then he made a sign that he wanted to go to sleep. The Chamberlain, Count Teuczin, drew the curtains of the King's bed, and a page put his sword and a candle on a table close by—a ceremony which all understood as a signal to leave the room, except the Chamberlain, whose duty it was to stand at the foot of the bed until the King was asleep. It had been agreed that the King and a few of his nobles should meet at a ruined chapel, half a mile from the city gate, where one of Henry's equerries was to be waiting with horses.

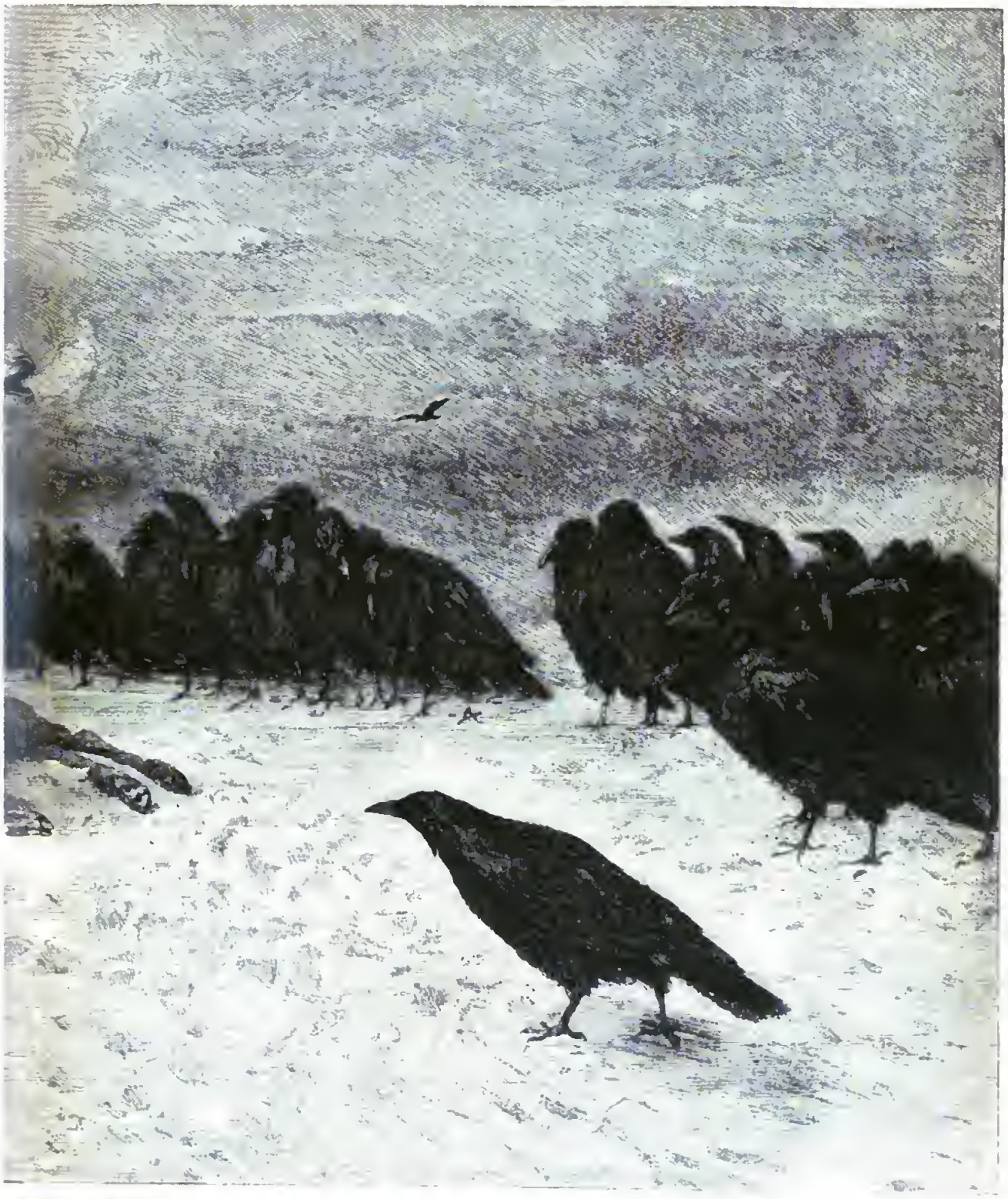
The nobles supped together, and then quietly left the

Digitized by Google

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.—

palace. They were permitted to pass the sentinels on their assurance that they were bound for a frolic in the town.

Henry, in the mean time, was doing his best to make the Chamberlain believe him asleep, and when he was at length convinced of the fact, he left the room. In a moment the King's attendants had softly entered the room and barred the door against all intruders, had hurriedly dressed the King, and made all their preparations for departure. Fortunately, Souvré one of the King's gentlemen, happened to remember a smal postern-door at the end of a passage leading from the kitchen which opened at the back of the castle on a faubourg of Cracow outside the walls. This door, which had been made for the use of the servants of the palace, had often been found useful by the cavaliers of Henry's court when they wished to go out and in



AN ETCHING BY DE MARY.

observed. Souvré having found that no sentinel had been ted there, sent Miron, the King's physician, to reconnoitre, l see if they could get out by that way. He found the door r, and was joyfully returning to report, when suddenly the ward of the household, Alemanni, appeared from the kitch- where he was evidently on the watch, and carefully looking ut him—though without discovering Miron, who was shel- tered by the staircase—gave orders for the postern to be locked and the key to be brought to him.

This was a terrible blow to all their hopes. The King was in despair and was about to return to bed, but Souvré encour- aged him to persist, and rely upon him to get him out of the dilemma.

So they cautiously left the apartments of the King, and crept

Digitized by Google

softly down the stairs until they came to the passage, where another flight of steps led down to the kitchen. Here they got a great fright from hearing the voice of the steward just at the foot of the stairs. He heard their steps, and called out, "Who goes there?"

"It is I, monsieur," said Souvré, boldly descending a few steps, while he made a sign to the others to go on toward the door.

"And what do you want?" asked the steward.

"The key of the postern-door," replied Souvré. "I have a private errand, now that the King my master can dispense with my services."

"What errand?" persisted the steward.

"The truth is," replied Souvré, haughtily, "I have an appointment in the faubourg. I pray you therefore, monsieur, give me the key of the little door without further parley."

This haughty manner impressed the steward, who knew that Souvré was high in his master's favor, and he somewhat reluctantly gave the key, and offered to accompany Souvré to open the door for him. He, however, only laughed at this, and bounding up the staircase long before the steward, who was old and infirm, could reach the top, he found the King and his companions concealing themselves as much as possible in the shadow of the walls, opened the door, through which they hurriedly passed, and locking it behind them, they made all possible speed toward the little ruined chapel, the place of rendezvous.

The night was pleasant, though very dark, and after losing their way once or twice, they finally reached the chapel. There they found the equerry with the horses, but Chémerault, who was to be their guide, and several other gentlemen of the King's household, had not made their appearance. They waited for them as long as they dared, but finally Souvré persuaded the King to mount, and trust to God and fortune for safety.

They set out, therefore, but their difficulties had only just begun. In the first place, not one of them knew the way, being all absolute strangers in Poland; and they did not even understand the dialect of the country, so that they could inquire. The night was dark, and the roads were horrible, though that did not matter so much, as they could not keep in them, but continually found themselves wandering away and floundering in deep morasses, blundering about in pine forests, and getting entangled in brambles.

So they went on, stumbling over stones, sinking into bogs, and wading through brooks, till I think they must have wished themselves safe back in their beds in Cracow.

At length Souvré saw a faint light glimmering in the distance, and on approaching it he found it came from the hut of a charcoal burner deep in the forest.

The poor charcoal burner was so terrified by the approach of the horsemen that he darted up into his loft by a ladder on the outside, which he drew up after him. The cavaliers shouted and knocked, and knocked and shouted, but all in vain. Not an inch would the charcoal burner stir; so at last they began to batter down the door.

Finally Souvré managed to scramble up to the loft, where he found the poor man crouching in a corner in a perfect agony of terror. He tried to calm his fears by speaking gently, but the strange language only made him more terrified.

So there was nothing for it but to drag him down, and carry him off to the King, which they accordingly did. Henry had learned a few words of the peasants' dialect, so he soon re-assured the poor man, and made him comprehend that they only wanted him for a guide—an office which he readily took upon himself.

He was swung up on a horse in front of one of the cavaliers, and guided them safely to the town of Liszki. Soon after this they came up with Chémerault and the others, who had missed the King in the darkness, and had arrived before him.

In the mean time you can readily imagine that there was a great uproar in the palace at Cracow when the King's flight was discovered. The Senate and the nobles were absolutely beside themselves with rage at having been so outwitted. The French who had been left behind in ignorance of their master's intended flight were deeply indignant with the King for his treacherous betrayal of them. The mob howled and yelled in the streets, and everybody scolded poor Alemanni.

Karnkowski, the Grand Referendary of Poland, was dispatched in a coach and six to bring back the King, accompanied by a troop of Tartar cavalry armed with bows and arrows, and a howling mob, with sticks, stones, and javelins, followed after.

They came in sight of the fugitives at the town of Osweicin, where some of the gentlemen had dismounted to rest and refresh themselves for an hour. But when they caught sight of the Tartar troops they did not tarry long, you may be sure, but put spurs to their horses, and fled as fast as they could.

Then there followed a royal chase, in which the King was the hunted instead of the hunter—the King and his cavaliers urging their tired horses to their utmost speed in front; following fast behind, Karnkowski, in his coach and six, the wild troop of Tartar bowmen, and the disorderly mob bringing up the rear.

Henry and his gentlemen rode fast and well. They crossed the Vistula on a bridge of planks, which the cavaliers destroyed just as their pursuers came up; and as they rode on they left their Tartar enemies howling with rage and gnashing their teeth, as they saw the river rolling between them and the fugitives, and knew they must go six miles around in order to come up with them.

The danger was over now. They did not overtake Henry until after he had passed the frontier town of Plesse, and they dared not capture him on Austrian territory.

Count Teuczin therefore approached the King, accompanied only by five Tartars, and delivered his message from the Senate to entreat him to return, and offering his own fealty to the King. Henry refused to return, but he sent back fair words to the Senate, and they parted amicably, Henry to pursue his journey to Vienna, where he arrived without further adventures, the Count to return sadly to Cracow to announce the escape of their King to the magnates of Poland.

But in my opinion if they had had Henry to rule over them four years instead of four months, far from grieving over his loss, they would have considered themselves well rid of him; for lazy, selfish, cowardly, false, and cruel as he was, they might have sought the wide world over without finding a worse King than Henry III. of Valois.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY EMILY H. LELAND.

ELBERT COLLINS had never been marked absent or tardy since his first going to school in September, and it was his ambition to finish the whole year without a "mark," partly because he really liked to be prompt, and partly because he thought it would be so nice to see his name in the paper at the end of the school year.

December had come, and the short mornings were very lively ones in his mother's little kitchen, because of so many things to be done before the nine-o'clock bell. There was the wood-box to fill, the canary to feed, and generally the cradle to rock, while the mother attended to such work as could be done best while there was some one to look after the baby.

On this particular morning, however, the mother had gone to Mrs. Brown's, around the corner, for a cup of yeast, and had become so interested in a recipe for choco-

Digitized by Google

late cake, a pattern for a boy's blouse, the pound party at the Methodist minister's, and some new ways for trimming Christmas trees, that she entirely forgot the time of day.

Meanwhile little Elbert, with his overshoes and scarf on, and cap in hand, rocked the cradle, and kept his eyes on the clock. Five, ten, minutes passed away. The long hand was crawling alarmingly near last-bell time. He tied his scarf, pulled his cap over his ears, and rocked harder than ever. Still no mother. Then he went to the door, looked anxiously toward the corner, and sent out a lusty shout—"Mamma-a-a, come ho-o-ome!" but no one responded except the baby. "Oh dear! dear!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back to the cradle; and just then his expectant ears heard the first slow cling-clang of the last bell. It would ring for five minutes; the schoolhouse was only three streets away, and there was time enough yet, if he could only start. One thing was certain—he would never leave his little baby sister. He remembered a story of a poor baby who was almost burned to death because her brother, who had promised to take care of her, left her, and ran out on the street to play.

He went to the door and shouted again. It was something like the case of Casabianca. But when two mothers are talking about patterns and Christmas trees, who ever knew them to notice every little outside noise? Elbert's shout ended in a big sob. A man going to lose his entire fortune couldn't feel worse than this little fellow did, with that dreadful "tardy" mark hanging over his head.

Then a happy thought flashed into his mind. Running to the cradle, he caught up the baby, scattering pillows and blankets right and left, bundled an old shawl over her, and snatching her half-filled milk bottle, dashed out of the house, and ran off in the direction of that clanging bell as fast as his stout young legs could carry him. The baby was a light little mite, only two and a half months old, and Elbert was nearly six years, and large for his age.

He met two women whom he knew, and who commenced making weak remarks, like, "Why, Elbert!" and "What on earth!" but he bounded past them, with no answer but his panting breath, and reached the schoolhouse in such good time that the bell gave its last two clangs just as he handed over his funny burden to his astonished teacher.

"I couldn't leave her, and I *couldn't* be late," he said, as soon as he could get breath enough to speak. "And she'll go to sleep, and be real good," he continued, as the teacher began to unwind the shawl.

And then the whole room saw a surprised, half-smothered-looking little baby, still in her night-gown, one bare foot sticking out, and her little fists tightly clinched, as if defying anybody to send her home.

The teacher was a good-natured young lady, and she laughed so that she almost dropped the baby on the floor, and then the whole room laughed, and finally Elbert joined in; for he was glad he had escaped the tardy mark, and the baby certainly did look funny in school.

Of course there could be no order. Nearly all the scholars had babies at home, or were well acquainted with those of their neighbors; but they acted as if they had never seen one before, and every movement of the little pink hands and every turn of the small bald head made them scream with laughter, until the principal of the school came into the room to see what the disturbance was, and after trying to look severe for five seconds, he laughed too.

And while all this fun was going on, Elbert's mother was running wildly through the four rooms of her little house, calling her boy's name, and feeling sure that the children were either killed and thrown into the cistern, or else carried off like Charley Ross, and lost forever. The scattered pillows and upset rocking-chair, indeed, made the kitchen appear as if there had been a struggle, and the wide-open door and the gate creaking to and fro had a dreadful look to Elbert's mother. Just then the women whom Elbert had met stopped at the gate, and said to the mother, who was coming hurriedly out, "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Collins?"

"Oh, I don't know where my children are! I left them while I ran into Mrs. Brown's a minute, and the kitchen's all upset, and I'm afraid—"

"Why, we just now met Elbert with the baby, kiting along like the wind, over there by Webster & Green's. Leastways we supposed it was the baby, from the way he carried it. And he never—"

"Merciful man! he's taken her to school!"

About ten minutes later, a flustered little woman rapped at the door of the First Primary Room, and inquired for a baby. It was handed to her, along with an empty milk bottle, and wrapping them both in a red cloak which she carried, she thanked the smiling teacher, and walked quickly home.

At first she had felt very angry toward Elbert; but when she looked at the clock, and remembered his horror of being late, she softened toward him considerably, and by the time she had got the baby home, and found her none the worse for her little run away, she had her laugh also; and being a fair-minded woman, she told Elbert when he came home to dinner that it was very thoughtless in her to have staid so long at Mrs. Brown's. And Elbert gave her a hug, and said he was "glad he didn't *leave* the baby, 'cause she might have been burned up, you know!"

[Begun in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 88, December 7.]

MILDRED'S BARGAIN.

A Story for Girls.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW long she was unconscious, Milly never knew. She awoke to find herself in a beautiful white bed, in a room she had never seen. All signs of the storm seemed shut out; there was a bright fire on the hearth; the room seemed full of pleasant shadows and flickering beams of light. Milly was only half conscious that some one spoke to her, and gave her something pleasant to drink. Then she drifted off again, with a pleasant confusion of fancies in her mind. When she next awoke, it seemed again to be evening, but she was conscious of a certain change in her surroundings. A little table was drawn near her; half-used medicine bottles were upon it; Deborah was sitting over by the fire, and Miss Jenner was standing in the window.

"Debby," she said, surprised to find her voice so weak; and then she lifted up her hand, and saw it was very thin.

"My blessed lamb!" cried the old woman, hastening to her side, followed quickly by Alice. "So you're better!"

Mildred found she had to keep still a long time before she could say any more. She nearly fell asleep again.

"Debby," she said presently, "is it long since I fainted? What time is it?"

"Oh, my lovey," said the old nurse, "you've lain in that blessed bed two weeks. You've been very ill, but, thank the Lord, you're better."

This was all Mildred knew for days. She had had a fever; and finding out the condition of things at the cottage, Miss Jenner had taken Mrs. Lee's affairs into her own hands. She had kept Milly, as a matter of course, had sent a good servant to care for Mrs. Lee, filled the store closet with every delicacy, and allowed Debby to watch and care for her "child," as she always called Mildred. Sometimes, as she lay still in her comfortable bed, Milly tried to recall the dreadful scene at Mr. Hardman's; and one evening, when she was sitting up for the first time before the fire, and after she had finished a dainty

Digitized by Google

MILDRED CONFESSES ALL TO MISS JENNER.

little supper, she ventured to ask Miss Jenner a few questions.

"Miss Jenner," she said, softly, "do you know all about it?"

"Yes," said Miss Jenner, smiling.

"And are they going to take me to court?"

"*No*," answered the elder lady, emphatically.

"But why not?" Milly persisted. "They said I stole that money."

"And *I* said you *didn't*," retorted Miss Jenner. "You let it all out in your fever, my dear. I think I understand it all."

"And you know—" faltered Mildred.

Miss Jenner smiled.

"Just see if I don't know," she said. "One evening a precious old humbug calling herself Widow Robbins came here to find you, and try and get out of you what you owed her—you *did* owe it, Milly—and my boy Roger was standing behind one of the trees, and heard the conversation; so he knew you were very badly off for twenty-two dollars, and as soon as he could scrape it together, what does he do but send it to you in a private note, saying you can pay it back to *him* when you like."

"Yes," said Mildred, eagerly, "I found that note one afternoon on my return home; but *in it* he bound me over not to speak of where I got the money until he came back. I felt dreadfully about it; but as soon as mother got well I intended telling her the whole story, and devising some way of paying Roger right back; and I will yet, Miss Jenner."

There was a moment's pause before Mildred said, "But how about the store—the robbery?"

"My dear," said Miss Jenner, "I am of the opinion that that was all arranged between Tom Hardman and Mrs. Robbins. I've seen her, and she admits she told him the whole story. He was angry because you seemed to snub him; and you made him feel his vulgarity, and so he devised this trick out of revenge. If there *was* any robbery, *he* was the thief!"

"And have you seen him?" inquired Milly, tears of gratitude and thankfulness pouring down her cheeks.

"Yes," said Miss Jenner, "and he and his father say the thing 'may blow over'; but that won't do for me. The first day you're well enough, you must drive down there in my carriage, and have them tell you they withdraw the accusation, and apologize for having made it. Now you must not talk any more." And Miss Jenner kissed her young friend, and moved away, taking up a book in a distant part of the room.

Mildred never forgot the two weeks that followed. With Miss Jenner she had long talks, in which she realized not only the folly of her extravagance, but the actual sin of her running into debt. A great many things which she had never thought of as serious now appeared to her in the light of *principles*, without which, as Miss Jenner told her, she could not live a perfect or even an upright life. When the day came on which she was declared well enough to drive with Miss Jenner to Mr. Hardman's, Mildred felt too humbled to rejoice in being received with any honor.

The girls looked at her, as she followed Miss Jenner into Mr. Hardman's office, nudging each other, and casting half-envious glances toward their former companion. Mary Hardman was nowhere to be seen, but Mr. Tom was with his father, and received Miss Jenner and Mildred with a stiff sort of pompousness. Miss Jenner had very little to say, and it was only later that Milly fully recalled the scene—Mr. Hardman's apologies, and Mr. Tom's surly assent. When they came back to the store, Milly paused to say a few words here and there, and as she walked away, it was some relief to hear a voice saying,

"Well, I'm glad it's all right; I never *could* believe it of Milly Lee."

When I knew Mildred Lee she was a woman of nearly thirty, and at the head of her own house; but the lesson of her girlhood had done her a lasting service. No one ever had it to say of her that she bought or used any article for which she could not at the *moment* pay, and her advice to young people was invaluable. When I knew her, her home was in the Brick House. Mrs. Lee did not long survive the serious illness of that winter, and Miss Jenner cared tenderly for the orphans her old friend's widow left.

Mildred speaks now with tears of gratitude of all the past, even of its miseries; and the gray silk dress, worn but once, and still brown with stains, is treasured as a memorial of the *bargain* by which Mildred purchased her high sense of honor.

THE END.

Digitized by Google

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's-maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,

She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her;
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow";
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the tender ship, you see."
"The tender ship," cried Sally Brown
"What a hardship that must be!

"Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;

But, oh! I'm not a fish woman,
And so I can not swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place
That's underneath the world:
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'baccо box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well"
But could not, though he tried:
His head was turned—and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd bells;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

Digitized by Google

SIERRA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

I live 'way up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, five thousand feet above the sea. The snow here is four feet deep. My brother and I have lots of fun sliding down hill on snow-shoes. Our snow-shoes are made out of strips of wood about six feet long and four inches wide, with leather straps in the middle to put our toes in. The shoes that grown people use are from eight to fourteen feet long.

I am ten years old. My father takes HARPER'S WEEKLY, and we like to look at the pictures. He subscribed for YOUNG PEOPLE for us at the beginning of the second volume. MAY C. T.

DERBY, CONNECTICUT.

I am twelve years old. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and all the scholars in my school like it. I get a copy every week because I am a good girl, and I wish every little girl would do the same. K. L. M.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and we think it grows better all the time. I enjoyed reading the letter from one of the party who visited Harper's Building, and I hope some time to see it all myself. I guess, if I am a girl, I should not be afraid, and "run away" from any of the machinery; anyhow, not from the folding-machines, for some of them are made right here in our own shop.

After we have read our YOUNG PEOPLE all through, we send the numbers to the Children's Hospital, so that the poor little ones there may have the pleasure of reading such a nice little paper. ISABEL C.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I was so sorry when the story of "Paul Grayson" was finished.

I am boarding in town and going to school this winter, but my home is about five miles away, in the country. I go out there every Friday night.

Yesterday I went out hunting. I have a double-barrelled shot-gun, which pa gave me for help ng pick up potatoes. I have a horse and a saddle and bridle of my own, and in the summer I have to ride lots. Sometimes I ride thirty miles at a time.

I get up the cows, and take them out every day. In the summer we have school within half a mile of our house. BERTIE R.

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to the Post-office Box. Now I thought I would tell about the freezing of the Ohio River. Just below here it is frozen solid, and crowds of people skate on it every day. It is not frozen in front of Newport, because a steam ferry runs between here and Cincinnati, and the boats keep the ice broken. They do not allow it to get thick enough to hold people, because if it was, everybody would walk over without having to pay the ferry.

The Licking River, a very small tributary of the Ohio, is frozen over too, and I went skating on it yesterday. HARRY R.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

We want to know who "Jimmy Brown" is. When papa read "Our Baby," mamma, my aunts, uncles, and cousins laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

I made me some arrows with pins stuck in them.

The Christmas number of YOUNG PEOPLE was the best of all. STEWART H.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I commenced to take YOUNG PEOPLE last November, and I like it very much. I enjoy reading the little letters in the Post-office Box, and I like all of the stories. I think "Toby Tyler" is splendid.

I hope all the little folks who read YOUNG PEOPLE had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. FRED R.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

I was nine years old on the 7th of January. Papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for me ever since it began. He sent for a cover, and is having the first volume bound. I like it very much indeed.

I have had lots of sport coasting, and I will be very sorry when the snow is gone. CRAIG C.

EAST ROYALTY, VERMONT.

My home is in Factory Point, but I am up to my grandpa's now. He has got a big farm. He has fourteen cows and two calves. My papa is a doctor, and I have lots of rides with him. I am nine years old. CHARLEY C.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I thought I would write to the Post-office about the big spring in Indiana. It is called Harrison Spring, because it was owned by General Harrison when he was Governor of the Northwestern Territory. It looks like a very large pond, and is fifty-five feet deep in the centre. There are two streams flowing from it, which form an island, as they unite and form one stream at a little distance from the spring. About a mile farther on, this stream runs a saw-mill and a flour-mill. This spring is near the great Wyandotte Cave. GILBERT C. S.

I have increased my collection of stamps from seventy-five to fifteen hundred by exchange. I think this is the grandest of all the departments of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would now like to exchange twenty-five foreign stamps for five birds' eggs. Correspondents will please label the eggs.

ROBERT H. DAVIDSON,
Care of the Postmaster,
Tullahoma, Coffee County, Tenn.

I would like to exchange Texas postmarks for minerals or postmarks. Or I will exchange an ounce of the soil of Texas for that of any other State.

H. C. YANCEY,
P. O. Box 234, Houston, Texas.

I wish to inform those correspondents who desire to exchange minerals, shells, and curiosities with me, that I have changed my residence. My new address is, CHARLES LEADBETTER,
305 Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am a girl fourteen years old, but I am lame, and can not go out. I have a few crochet lace patterns which I would like to exchange for others. I would also like to exchange patterns of patchwork. If any little girl would like to know how to crochet a pair of doll's drawers, a jacket, or a petticoat, and will send me her address and a postage stamp, I will gladly answer her. ANNIE SLACK,
170 Fourteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have a list of every Indian tribe in the United States which I will give a copy of in exchange for Indian relics, foreign stamps, or postal cards.

JOHN E. WILLIAMS,
4 Harrison Street, New York City.

I have some genuine Indian bows and arrows, some fine silver and copper specimens, and a great number of Lake Superior agates, which I should like to exchange for shells and ocean curiosities.

HORACE H. MITCHELL, Duluth, Minn.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

A fifty-cent and a twenty-five cent stamp, for two Cape of Good Hope stamps.

WILLIAM R. CARMEN,
Mount Vernon, Westchester County, N. Y.

Fine samples of gold ore, showing the stages of concentration or separation of quartz from the precious metal, for rare postage stamps. In answering, correspondents will please specify stamps.

DWIGHT MARSHALL,
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

Postmarks. MARY B. REED,
Norwich, Chenango County, N. Y.

A piece of the first Atlantic cable for an American copper cent of 1799, or the half-cent of 1836, 1840, or 1852; or one Spanish and one English coin and two French coins for the American twenty-cent piece of 1877 or 1878. WILLIE B. SHOBER,
Cumberland, Md.

Lead or iron ore, and specimens of different varieties of quartz, for foreign postage stamps, skulls of small animals, ocean curiosities, petrifactions, and minerals of all kinds; or a piece of silver ore for a collection of the different varieties of stamps now in use in Canada. GEORGE C. BAGBY,
Comstocks, Washington County, N. Y.

Foreign postage stamps for stones from the different States. ARTHUR D. PRINCE,
Lowell, Mass.

We do not consider the above address sufficient. Correspondents who reside in large cities should always give their street and number, or the number of their post-office box.

Postmarks and stamps for stamps.

WILLIE H. HASKIN,
Fort Preble, Portland, Maine.

Rare postmarks for any variety of South American postage stamps or United States department stamps. FRANK SWETT,
1419 Taylor Street, San Francisco, California.

Stamps and postmarks in use in 1852, also some of 1860, for foreign postage stamps or curiosities of any kind. SADIE HAWLEY,
Fair Haven, Rutland County, Vt.

Texas flints, pretty stones, small shells, postmarks, stamps, specimens of different kinds of wood, petrified wood, cotton as it comes from the field, cotton seeds, or seeds of the "Indian plume," for foreign postage stamps, or good specimens of minerals and ores of all kinds SAMMIE RIBEN,
Groesbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

Soil and sand from Ohio for soil and sand from any other State or Canada; or an Indian arrow-head two and a half inches long, together with a specimen of Ohio soil, for twenty-five foreign postage stamps.

EMMER ENWARDS,
Washington C. H., Fayette County, Ohio.

Foreign postage stamps for United States Navy or Justice stamps. WALLACE GREEN,
Hackensack, Bergen County, N. J.

Soil from Missouri or Texas for soil from any other State; or a stone from Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, or Georgia for one from any other State.

HARVEY CLARK,
Lock Box 26, Butler, Bates County, Missouri.

Postage stamps and postmarks for winter skins of wild animals, or for stuffed birds.

JOHN LAWRENCE,
40 Washington Square, New York City.

Birds' eggs. GEORGE A. POST,
Florence House, corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, New York City.

Minerals, fish eyes from China, or West India beans, for minerals or any kind of curiosities.

CARL R. EARL,
22 North Shippen Street, Lancaster, Penn.

A carved shell, some seeds from the Sandwich Islands, or stones from Lake Michigan, for any foreign postage stamps except English and German. Chinese stamps especially desired.

WILLIAM C. MCCONNELL,
203 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Postmarks and revenue stamps.

WILLIE ROSE,
939 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stones from New Jersey for stones from any other State or Territory except Colorado and Wyoming.

JOHN W. ROSENBAUM,
194½ Morgan Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Two different War Department stamps and thirty postmarks for sea-weed, or the same, together with some moss and pretty shells, for a piece of stalagmite.

FLORIN DICKSON, Branford, Kent County, Del.

J. W.—The earliest calendars, as the Jewish, the Egyptian, and the Greek, did not begin the year where we do now; and the Jewish year, which opened on the 25th of March, continued to have a legal position in many Christian countries until a comparatively recent period. In England, it was not until 1752 that the 1st of January became the initial day of the legal, as it had long been of the popular, year. Several other countries made this change earlier than England—France in 1564, Scotland in 1600, Holland and Russia in 1700.

The Roman calendar, which made January the first month of the year, is credited to the second King of Rome, Numa Pompilius, more than six hundred years B.C. He added two months to the ten into which the year had been previously divided, and called the first one Januarius, in honor of Janus, the deity supposed to preside over doors.

Our Saxon ancestors originally called this the Wolf-month (*Wolf-monat*), because wolves were more than usually ravenous and daring in that season of the year.

A. T. G.—Snow crystals were first observed by the arctic explorer Scoresby, and for a time they were supposed to be peculiar to the polar regions. It was found, however, that these crystals were formed wherever snow falls. An interesting account of these beautiful formations, with engravings of many of them, was given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 15.

P. T. B.—When metal pins were invented and brought into use, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, they were a very acceptable New-Year's gift to ladies, and money given for the purchase of them was called "pin-money"—an expression which has come to mean the money set apart for a wife's private expenses.

INQUISITIVE JIM.—The best account of Petra, the wonderful rock-hewn city of Arabia, is to be found in Stephens's book of travels called *Egypt, Petra, and the Holy Land*. The present name of the little valley where it was situated is Wady Musa. The city, shut in by high cliffs, occupied an area of about half a mile square. The valley is watered by a stream, and the principal entrance is through a deep

Digitized by Google

rains, with rugged cliffs 200 feet high on each side. In ancient times Petra was a very strong city. It is mentioned in the Bible under the name of Selah, and received its present name, which signifies rock, from the Greeks, about 300 B.C. It was finally destroyed, by whom is not known, and was not heard of after the sixth century A.D. until it was discovered in 1812 by the traveller Burckhardt. The ruins, consisting of tombs, a theatre, temple, etc., are very interesting and picturesque.

W. H. J.—If your puzzles are good, and suitable for our columns, they will be accepted. We can not judge of the merits of the enigma you have already sent, as you neglected to inclose the answer. The *nom de plume* you have chosen is not good, but you can easily invent a better one.

LILLIE.—The introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of No. 45 explains why your request for exchange is not printed.

O. H. BRUM.—1. The United States government began the coinage of one-cent pieces in 1793. 2. In 1815, none were coined. 3. The last coinage of large one-cent pieces was in 1857. 4. The coinage of two-cent pieces began in 1864, and the last issue was in 1872. 5. The coinage of the nickel five-cent pieces began in 1865. 6. In 1864, both copper and nickel cents were coined. This double coinage did not happen in any other year.

B. L. S.—On page 398 of your bound volume of YOUNG PEOPLE is a story entitled "Camping Out," which will give you the information you require.

JOHNNIE.—White elephants are not a distinct species, but are simply albinos, which are found among animals, birds, and insects, as well as among members of the human family. In India the white elephant is considered a sacred animal, and is treated with the greatest reverence. When specimens are found in the woods and jungles, they are captured with tender care, and their possession is eagerly sought for by the sovereigns of the small kingdoms. White elephants have been the cause of many wars, as their possession is supposed to bestow greater benefits on their royal owners than either chests of gold or extended territory. One of the proudest titles of the King of Ava is "Lord of the White Elephant," and the King of Siam at Bangkok also counts his white elephants among his most precious possessions, as, according to Burmese superstition, they insure prosperity and good fortune to the nation. The death of one of these creatures is regarded as a national calamity, its funeral is conducted with great solemnity, and the entire people mourn as for the loss of a dear relative. These elephants are kept under richly embroidered canopies, are fed with the most delicious fruits, and members of the nobility seek for the honor of being custodian to the royal beast. When the elephant is taken to bathe in the river, it goes escorted by a band of music, and is followed by adoring crowds.

This singular reverence for an albino elephant has existed in Burmah for centuries. An English traveller who visited that country three hundred years ago describes the same treatment of this beast which may be seen at the present time.

Even the hairs of this creature are supposed to insure good fortune. In 1858, a foreign ambassador delivered some presents to the King of Siam, who ordered many presents to be given in return. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the King himself, with much solemnity, placed in the hands of the ambassador a small golden box, locked with a golden key, which he said was far more precious than all the other presents. The box, when opened, was found to contain a few hairs of a white elephant!

And, after all, this elephant is not white, but of a dull yellow color. It has white or reddish eyes, and is a very ugly-looking beast. No greater proof could be found of the moral darkness and ignorance of the natives of certain portions of India than their superstitious veneration for this animal.

F. G.—Read the paragraph appended to a letter from Ida Belle D. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 51.

HALLIE C. W.—The Hawaiian Islands were discovered by a Spanish navigator about the middle of the sixteenth century, but they remained comparatively unknown until visited by Captain Cook in 1778, who gave them the name of Sandwich, in honor of Lord Sandwich, an English statesman who conducted the naval affairs of England during our Revolutionary war. On St. Valentine's Day, 1779, Captain Cook was killed at Hawaii, the largest island of the group, in a quarrel with the natives. Mauna Loa, the volcano on the island of Hawaii, which has recently been in a state of eruption, is said to have the largest burning crater in the world.

EDWARD H. B.—There is no especial time for the printing of "Wiggles."

MATTIE H.—The story "Who was Paul Grayson?" was concluded in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57.

TILLIE DAVIS.—Send your full address, and we will print your request for exchange.

RIDLEY MCL.—Your puzzle is very good for the work of a "little eight-year-old boy," but we can not print it, as the same solution has already appeared in an earlier number of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Favors are acknowledged from Ruby W., C. H. B., M. Stiefel, Frank R., Joseph W. Hawkins, Marshall R. Grimes, Gay Wood, John V. Gould, Gracie K., R. M. Sites, Mamie K. Pope, Anna M. Roberts, Elsie E. T., Frank Davis, Mae King, Mary Olive L.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Harvey Ridgway, "Geo. Graphy," Grace A. McElroy, Percy Lincoln McDermott, A. G. G. M., "Nightingale," Alfred A. True, Craig Coburn, C. F. Bishop, Cal I Forny, Carrie and George Hall, M. S. Brigham.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

First in box, not in chest.
Second in hole, not in nest.
Third in meat, not in bones.
Fourth in rubble, not in stones.
Fifth in measure, not in mile.
Sixth in fashion, not in style.
Seventh in river, not in sound.
Eighth in fly, not in bound.
Ninth in mallet, not in saw.
The whole an article used in war.

D. L. S.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a familiar adage composed of 18 letters.
My 5, 12, 1, 18 is to separate.
My 15, 7, 9, 18 is to propose.
My 8, 2, 9, 10, 13, 4 is to describe.
My 17, 8, 6, 4 is a character in music.
My 11, 14, 15 is a boy's name. MARK MARCY.

2. I am a shrub composed of 6 letters.
My 4, 5, 3, 1 is a healthy drink.
My 6, 5, 4, 6 is a South American city.
My 4, 2, 5, 3 is armor. LIONEL.

3. I am composed of 9 letters, and am very pleasant in winter.
My 6, 8, 5 is part of the face.
My 1, 9, 7, 3 is an emotion.
My 6, 7, 8, 4 is used for trimming. MARY.

No. 3.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. Isaac ran every step of the way.
2. How Lillie has grown!
3. See that Kit eats his dinner.
4. Do you call him a hero? Not by any means. MABEL.
5. G. Matthew, renounce the company of those bad boys.
6. We were playing hide-and-seek, and I caught Rob in the swing near the tree.
7. Let us run and pick up the pears now, Birdie.
8. I saw your lunch pail in Nettie's closet. BESSIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 62.

No. 1.
P I N A L
I B I S
N I P
A S
L

No. 2. 1. Mouse-ear. 2. Porcupine. 3. Portland.

No. 3.
C O L O R
X E B E C
G I B E S
T U R I N
T E N G N

No. 4.
C H A M P L A I N
C A R A C A S
N A T A L
T A Y
G
D G N
G E N O A
B O L I V I A
G U A Y A Q U I L

WIGGLES.

THE following are the names of those who sent in answers to Wiggle No. 18:

Natalie Newell, Helen Edwards, I. La Rue, R. I. Brasher, Charlie Conklin, Horace Dodge, Joseph Welsh, Edwin M. Cox, Mark Manley, F. Place, M. P. Rich, Shelton A. Hibbs, Ellie Earls, Mansur Beard, G. Darling, Jack Evert, Jim Evert, Tom Evert, Will Evert, Bobbie Hornfager, C. H. L., N. Adda T., Toby, Crash, Damper, G. H. A., Racy B. Sweet, G. E. P., Newton I., M. Siegert, Annie A. Siegert, A. Utz, Worcester Wiggle Club, Santa Claus, Robinson Crusoe, Robert E. Walsh, Frank Zabriske, Millie Stephenson, Burton Harwood, Fanny Reed, Dayloo Reed, J. G. G., J. P. W., S. G. Hopkins, M. Goller, Alice Brown, H. M. Eaton, Carrie Harding, E. A. H., Carrie Peddle, Charles L. Glessner, W. Doerr, Thomas Buford, Frank J. Jones, A. R. H. H., N. P. Grensel, M. F. K., Randolph Bolles, J. Flaherty, T. Flaherty, Willie A. Scott, Fred Dierking, Louise Brown, Mary Dancy, Isobel L. Jacobs, Robbie H. Bradbury, G. H. Ralston, Lawrence Jones, Carrie E. Weightman, F. S. G., Willie Harris, J. M. Ingersoll, W. Harman, Louise Fowler, Sellie Fowler, Helen S. Woodworth, Elsie K. Trautman, Lynn Trautman, Amelie Ferrand, Harry B. Brazier, Stella Pratt, George H., Robert A. Magill, Nellie R. Field, Paddy Miles, Clara S. A., Willie R. Perkins, Henry Welsh, Harry Eichbaum, Albert Evans, Percy L. McDermott, C. C. Gardner, Rosa Freyenmee, L. G. Duffy, Mellie Rosenthal, J. Frees, W. F. Reed, F. L. Kittle, Walter Eichbaum, Tommy Booth, Charlie S. Bryant, Anna Jones, Grace T. Lyman, Nellie Brees, Walter Mandell, Bronte Smith, Bertie Seymour, Willie Seymour, Vannoy M. Wallace, Fanny M. Young, J. H. Young, S. M. Young, Lou Bell, J. W. Long, J. W. Kittrell, Bob Ewing, Otto D., Harry O. Boone, Harry Kenderdine, Grace Lansingh, Addie M. Taylor, Roy Demster, Percy Matthews, Harry Lander, Annie Reinhardt, Frank Lander, Ahaz Hyde, Sinclair G. Willis, Bessie H. Moore, Emma F. Cassidy, Pollie Burke, "Lone Star" (R. H. Davidson), Louis Burtoett, Frank Edinger, Nellie Hyde, Hellie Hyde, Daisy Hyde, Katie B. Barr, Mollie Edwards, Eddie D. Knowles, G. W. Bird, Wendell M. Frank, Bertram Frank, Willie Dorrance, Alfred P., Frank Hoover, S. H. S., J. S., George Shriver, Grace E. Stevens, Pearlie Hare, Little Pet Hare, Little Mary Hare, Little Johnnie Campbell, Edwin C. Hutmao, Robert G. Bidwell, Edith B., J. F. H., B. M. Allison, H. M. P., Fred Dale, Lelia King, Georgie Clementson, Percy A. Robbins, Eddie Booth, Norrie M. E., Harry Harper, Frank Ostrander, R. D. White, H. Sidway, F. Sidway, Gardner Howland, John A. Tompkins, Emma R. Bullock, Theresa A. Morro, B. L. Worden, Lydia M. Bennett, L. L. G., Cobweb, Du Puy, Waddy Thompson, D. W. G., John R. Glen, Jessie Glen, Kirk Romaine, E. D. Kellogg, Frank Crabbs, Thomas M. Armstrong, Henry C. Deknatels, Clarence Edsall, Fred R. Fisk, W. L. Green, Melville Wilson, A. C. Chapin, W. F., C. J. Breck, Jan., A. C. Pearsons, Albert J. Sullivan, Jacob Borr, Joe, Ed Smith, Joe Fitzsimmons, J. F. S., Asa Gallett, E. J. B., M. J. Caldwell, H. F., J. A. Fritz, Grace Hamilton, H. W. Smith, Donan A. Smith, Harry C. Sloso, Willie Reynolds, Charles D. Jones, Dimple McCree, R. H. K., John Carnahan, James W. Grubb, H. Adams, Little Jennie Simpson, Chester Marslich, Howard, N. B. B., Mary C. Green, B. L. Worden, Harry Tompkins, Jameson L. Fumey, Mattie L. Day, Jennie Janes, Wilfred H. Warner, Ben W. G., Mary E. Heartwell, Teddy Smith, Charles H. Tucker, T. Bert. John, Vianie John, Sue John, Edmond H. Binot, Nelson C. Metcalf, H. T. Gottsleben, L. G. Baker, Genevieve, Carl Mueller, M. D. M., "Go Bang" (J. R. Blake), Charles P. Gifford, Edmund Stirling, Bertie Headley, Bertha S., O. Führiets, M. M., Willie Green, Charles Barker, George St. Clair, Daisy Crampton, George Taylor, John N. Howe, C. E. S. S., "Daisy," S. J. G., Carry Owen, Bertie W. Gifford, Bessie H. Moore, Marion P. Wiggin, F. R. S., Mollie C. Wrenshall, B. E. H., George B. Rogers, D. H. Rogers, W. H. Cantrell, Eddie G. Cantrell, Wamie Force, Bevy Pettit, Woodvill Wrenshall, Howard Rathbone, G. W. D., Arty Taylor, Jonalemon, G. V. E., L. A. Osborne, L. B. Parsons, Grace and Jennie, Millie Olmstead, Lucy and Fred.

A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 66 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued February 1, will be begun a new Serial Story, entitled

"PHIL'S FAIRIES,"

by MRS. W. J. HAYS, author of "The Princess Idleways," etc.

NOTICE.

HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the Bound Volume of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for 1880 is entirely out of stock, and will not be reprinted at present.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 16, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE No. 17.—SEE PAGE 207.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 66. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, February 1, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

KITTY'S FIRST PIE.

Baked in a patty-pan,
  Flaky and light,
Done to a turn,
  And seasoned just right,
By a recipe taken
  From mother's big book,
And some words of advice
  Thrown in by the cook,
    In Kitty's first pie.

She made it herself,
  Did little Miss Kit,
Without the least help,
  Not one tiny bit.
But in eating it she'll have
  Assistance enough;
For there's Bertha her sister,
  And little dog Buff,
And dear Mrs. Purr
  (Who's a cat, as you know),
And all the sweet dolls
  Sitting up in a row,
Each waiting her turn
  For a piece of the pie;
And all the young people
  Besides you and I
Would, if asked, take a bit
  Of Kitty's first pie.

Of course 'twill go round,
  For it's round as a wheel,
Though I doubt if for all
  It would make a full meal.
But I'm sure there's enough
  For each one to taste,
And pass an opinion
  On the mince and the paste
    Of Kitty's first pie.

Digitized by Google

HAKON AND RAGON.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE ORCADES

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

On, how the wild north winds stormed loud in the Pentland Firth,
Beating the shores of the Orcades Isles, all white with foam!
Oh, 'mid the shuddering cold and frost, was life aught worth?
Yes, for they saw through the blackness the lights of Home.

Hakon and Ragon alone were left of the gallant crew
That had sailed to the arctic seas more than a year ago.
Some had perished of hunger, and some where great winds blew:
Only they two on the ship, sinking so surely below.

But when the morning dawned, and the ship broke slowly apart,
They saw men launching the life-boat. Ah, would it come too late!
Naught was left but a three-foot spar. Each saw, with a sinking heart,
It would keep but one afloat. Then Hakon said, sadly: "My mate,

"Thou hast a wife and lasses and lads, and I am only one.
Good-by! I'll give thee a chance, Ragon. God bless thee, mate! Good-by!"
And down he sank with a smiling face, his duty bravely done.
Little he cared for fame: he'd found a noble way to die.

Then, when the tide beat inland, and Hakon came to his place,
All the little Orcades town brought back the hero's clay,
And bore him to Ragon's cottage with loving tears and grace.
Many were there to weep for him, many were there to pray.

The dominie kissed his brave cold hand, and said, "Hakon, well done!
Mothers, I bid you tell your sons how Hakon lived and died.
Nay, do not weep; this sailor boy a noble crown has won:
He rests in God, and in our hearts his memory shall abide."

And in that "Court of Peace" that lies in Stromness old and gray
There is a spot where, spite of cold, the long green grasses wave,
Where youths and maidens wander, and little children play.
Ask them its charm, they'll answer you, "Why, this is Hakon's grave!"

THE RAISING OF THE OBELISK.

BY E. MASON.

IT was a beautiful day, and ever since early morning people had been pouring into the great square in front of St. Peter's, at Rome, and now at noon the square was filled with a silent crowd, the neighboring balconies with groups, silent too, and all gazing intently in the same direction. Not at the Pope, who, in his robes, and attended by his suite, was conspicuous in one of the balconies, nor at the strange sight at the four corners of the square—four empty gibbets which rose threateningly against the blue sky—but at the centre, where were a number of workmen, with machinery, grouped about the obelisk.

This huge mass of stone had hitherto defied all efforts made by different architects to raise it to its pedestal; many lives had been lost in the attempts, much money and time wasted; and the Pope had at last declared that the next architect who should volunteer for the task would, if unsuccessful, be severely punished. There was one, however, Fontana, who felt confident that he could raise the obelisk, and well knew, if he did succeed, he should have an assured career before him; so, carefully making his preparations, he applied to the Pope for permission, only stipulating that, in order to insure success, there must be perfect quiet during the operation. This was why the gibbets stood at the corners, the Pope having officially announced that, as unbroken stillness must be preserved, and the workmen not disturbed by cries or acclamations from the excited spectators, any one who made a noise or spoke during the time set apart for the raising should be hanged; and with this wholesome terror before their eyes, it was believed the crowd would not be tempted to disobey the order.

All were intent on the one thing, and watched anxiously the workmen, as cautiously they heaved the ropes, and slowly the mighty obelisk began to move, then gradually to assume a more erect position, and finally hung suspended in mid-air, needing but one more effort, when it would stand on its pedestal, its lofty spire pointing heavenward.

But, alas! the strained, overwrought ropes seemed able to bear no more; already tense with the enormous weight, they were slowly beginning to separate. It was a moment of breathless suspense; the mighty crowd stood motionless, scarce daring to breathe, so great was their anxiety; and the wretched Fontana, foreseeing the overthrow of all his hopes of fame and wealth, and his destruction in the downfall, now imminent, of the ponderous column, in his despair hid his face in his hands. Suddenly a voice broke the death-like silence. It uttered but one word—"Aqua" (water); but no word ever sounded sweeter or brought more hope than did that to Fontana, whose energy revived. With a gesture he pointed to the fountains in the square, and the crowd aiding the workmen, they dashed the water over the smoking, quivering ropes; the final haul was given, and the obelisk stood firm and straight on its pedestal.

One long, heart-felt acclamation broke from the throng, and the lately wretched Fontana saw himself in one brief moment rescued from the depths of despair. The acclamations ceased, and the Pope, commanding silence, ordered the workman who had disobeyed the decree of silence to be brought before him, and asked what reason he had to give why the forewarned punishment should not be executed upon him. The poor fellow pleaded the benefit which the pronouncing of the one word had caused, and the Pope not only graciously admitted the plea, but bade him ask any favor, and it should be granted.

With humility, the workman asked only for the privilege of selling palms on Palm-Sunday in the great square of St. Peter's; and if we only knew his name, which unfortunately was not thought worthy of being recorded, we could tell, when in Rome on Palm-Sunday, if his descendants still enjoy the grant given by the Pope.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURE OF THE MONKEYS.

THE boy tried to rise to his feet, but his head whirled so, and he felt so dizzy and sick from the effects of his fall, that he was obliged to sit down again until he should feel able to stand. Meanwhile the crowd around the wagon paid no attention to him, and he lay there quietly enough, until he heard the hateful voice of Mr. Lord, asking if his boy was hurt.

The sound of this voice affected Toby very much as the chills and fever affect any one, and he shook so with fear, and his heart beat so loudly, that he thought Mr. Lord must know where he was by the sound. Seeing that his employer did not come directly toward him, the thought flashed upon his mind that now would be a good chance for him to run away, and he acted upon it at once. He rolled himself over in the mud until he reached a low growth of fir-trees that skirted the road, and when once

Digitized by Google

he was beneath their friendly shade, he arose to his feet, and walked swiftly toward the woods, following the same direction that the monkeys had taken.

He no longer felt dizzy and sick; the fear of Mr. Lord had taken all that from him, and made him as strong as he ever was in his life.

He had walked rapidly for some distance, and was nearly beyond the sound of the voices in the road, when he was startled by seeing quite a procession of men emerge from the trees, coming directly toward him.

He could not understand the meaning of this strange company, and it frightened him so that he attempted to hide behind a tree, in the hope that they might pass without seeing him. But no sooner had he secreted himself than a strange, shrill chattering came from the foremost of the group, and in an instant Toby was out from his place of concealment.

He had recognized the peculiar sound as that of the old monkey who had left him a few moments previous, and he knew now what he did not know before, owing to the darkness. The new-comers were the monkeys that had escaped from the cage, and had been overtaken and compelled to come back by the old monkey, who seemed to have the most perfect control over them.

The old fellow was leading the band, and each one had clasped hands with the others, which gave the whole crowd a most comical appearance, as they came up to Toby, half hopping, half walking upright, and all chattering and screaming like a crowd of children out on a holiday.

Toby stepped toward the noisy crowd, held out his hand gravely to the old monkey, and said, in tones of heart-felt sorrow:

"I felt awful bad because I thought you had gone off an' left me, when you only went off to find the other fellows. You're awful good, Mr. Stubbs; an' now, instead of runnin' away as I was goin' to do, we'll all go back together."

The old monkey had grasped Toby's extended hand with his disengaged paw, and, clinging firmly to it, the entire crowd followed, without breaking the line, chattering and scolding at the most furious rate, while every now and then Mr. Stubbs would look back and scream something, which would cause the confusion to cease for an instant.

It was really a comical sight, but Toby seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world that they should follow him in this manner, and he chattered to the old monkey quite as fast as any of the others were doing. He told him very gravely all that he knew about the accident, explained why it was that he conceived the idea of running away, and really believed that Mr. Stubbs understood every word he was saying.

Very shortly after Toby had started to run away, the proprietor of the circus drove up to the scene of the disaster, and, after seeing that the wagon was being rapidly fixed up so that it could be hauled to the next town, he ordered that search should be made for the monkeys. It was very important that they should be captured at once, and he appeared to think more of the loss of the animals than of the damage done the wagon.

While the men were forming some plan for the search, so that in case of a capture they could let each other know, the noise made by Toby and his party was heard, and the men stood still to learn what it meant.

The entire party, who were waiting to learn the reason of the confusion, burst into shouts of laughter as Toby and his companions walked into the circle of light formed by the glare of the lanterns, and the merriment was by no means abated at Toby's serious demeanor. The wagon was now standing upright, with the door open, and Toby led his companions directly to it, gravely motioning them to enter.

The old monkey, instead of obeying, stepped back by Toby's side, and screamed to the others in such a manner that they all entered the cage, leaving him on the outside with the boy.

Toby motioned him to get in too, but he clung to his hand, and scolded so furiously, that it was quite apparent he had no idea of leaving his companion. One of the men stepped up, and was about to force him into the wagon, when the proprietor ordered him to stop.

"What boy is that?" he asked.

"Job Lord's new boy," said some one in the crowd.

The man asked Toby how it was that he had succeeded in capturing all the runaways, and the boy said, gravely:

"Mr. Stubbs an' I are good friends, an' when he saw the others runnin' away, he just stopped 'em, an' brought 'em back to me. I wish you'd let Mr. Stubbs ride with me; we like each other a good deal."

"You can do just what you please with Mr. Stubbs, as you call him. I expected to lose half the monkeys in that cage, and you have brought back every one. This monkey shall be yours, and you may put him in the cage whenever you want to, or take him with you, just as you choose, for he belongs entirely to you."

Toby's joy knew no bounds; he put his arm around the monkey's neck, and the monkey clung firmly to him, until even Job Lord was touched at the evidence of affection between the two.

While the wagon was being repaired, Toby and the monkey stood hand in hand watching the work go on, and those in the cage scolded and raved because they had been induced to return to captivity. After a while the old monkey seated himself on Toby's arm, and cuddled close up to him, uttering now and then a contented sort of a little squeak as the boy talked to him.

That night Mr. Stubbs slept in Toby's arms in the band wagon, and both boy and monkey appeared very well contented with their lot, which a short time previous had seemed so hard.

When Toby awakened to his second day's work with the circus, his monkey friend was seated by his side, gravely exploring his pockets, and all the boy's treasures were spread out on the floor of the wagon by his side. Toby tried to remonstrate with him on this breach of confidence, but Mr. Stubbs was more in the mood for sport than for grave conversation, and the more Toby talked, the more mischievous did he become, until the boy gathered up his little store of treasures, took the monkey by the paw, and walked him toward the cage from which he had escaped on the previous night.

"Now, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, speaking in an injured tone, "you must go in here, and stay till I have got more time to fool with you."

He opened the door of the cage, and the monkey struggled as well as he was able, until Toby was obliged to exert all his strength to put him in.

When once the door was fastened upon him, Toby tried to impress upon his monkey friend's mind the importance of being more sedate, and he was convinced that the words had sunk deep into Mr. Stubbs's heart, for, by the time he had concluded, the old monkey was seated in the corner of the cage, looking up from under his shaggy eyebrows in the most reproachful manner possible.

Toby felt sorry that he had spoken so harshly, and was about to make amends for his severity, when Mr. Lord's gruff voice recalled him to a realizing sense that his time was not his own, and he commenced his day's work with a lighter heart than he had had since he stole away from Uncle Daniel and Guilford.

This day was not very much different from the preceding one so far as the manner of Mr. Lord and his partner toward the boy was concerned; they seemed to have the same idea that he was doing only about half as much

Digitized by Google

BRINGING BACK THE RUNAWAYS

work as he ought to, and both united in swearing at and cursing him quite as much as possible.

So far as his relations with other members of the company were concerned, Toby stood in a much better position than he did before. Those who had witnessed the scene told the others how Toby had led in the monkeys on the night previous, and nearly every member of the company had a kind word for the little fellow, whose head could hardly be seen above the counter of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs's booth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO BUILD A SAIL BOAT.

BY F. S. C.

AS a matter of course, your ice-boat has been built, rigged, and ironed; and after a variety of mishaps you are fully able to manage her under sail. A locomotive has been raced with, perhaps, and beaten; Bill B. and Charlie A. have the marks still on their shins where the bowsprit stay or runner plank ran against them. A heavy fall of snow or the ice-men will spoil your sailing; no doubt it has come to pass, and you are left out in the cold, with nothing to do but blow your fingers, and blame the snow and the ice-men. After flying along at the rate of a mile a minute in, you might say, unlimited space on a gigantic pair of skates, it is rather a hard matter to be obliged to come down to an ordinary pair, with but a small pond to skate on, at a speed of, say, six miles an hour, and the wind in your favor, too.

But it won't do to brood over your troubles, and lay the blame on the ice-men or the snow.

Why can't you build another boat for the next sailing season, and let your ice-boat go for a little while? You are still on good terms with your friend the carpenter? and you haven't bothered the life out of the blacksmith with the iron-work of your ice-boat? You must call them to your aid again, and also make friends with the painter.

With your experience in boat-building, you ought to make something nice this time. Suppose you try to build a flat-bottomed sail-boat, large enough to hold you and several of your friends. A sail-boat is much harder to build than any that you have yet tried; but that is no reason why you can't do it.

In the first place, you want two pine boards for the sides, twelve feet long, twenty inches wide, and one inch thick, well seasoned, and free from knots or checks. Cut as shown in Fig. 1, using divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 to guide you. You must be careful about your measurements, or you will have a leaky boat.

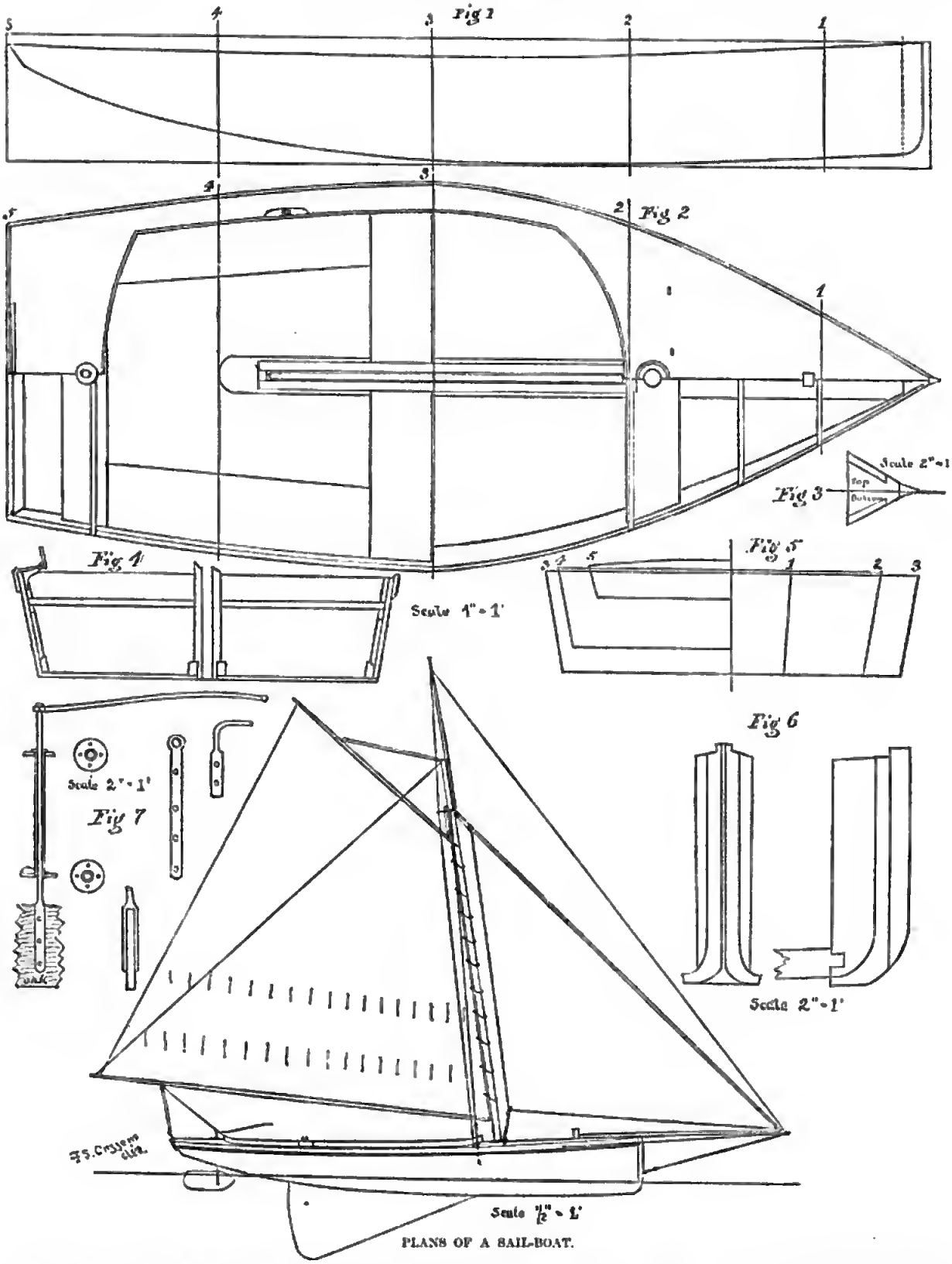
Get a piece of oak for the dead-wood, or stem, eighteen inches long, four inches deep, and six inches thick. Follow the measurements carefully, and take particular notice of the difference between the top and bottom in Fig. 3. The keelson is made of white pine, nine feet long by seven inches deep and five and a half inches wide. Get the curve of the bottom from the side; it commences at the dotted line on Fig. 1, thence aft to section marked 4. You must allow, however, for the mortising in the back of the dead-wood, as shown in the side elevation, Fig. 6. Cut four boards, following the patterns marked 1, 2, 3, 4, Fig. 5; these are intended to mould your boat on. No. 5 is the stern, which is to be made of oak one inch thick, and is a fixture. The others are to be removed just as soon as the bottom is nailed on. Fasten the sides to the dead-wood with good-sized brass screws. Then put the moulds in their respective positions, as marked in plan Fig. 2; bend and nail the sides to them. Screw the stern piece in place, and turn the boat over, and with plane and straight-edge prepare for putting on the bottom. Use white pine seven-eighths of an inch thick. Fasten with galvanized nails, making the joints as tight as possible.

Cut an opening in the keelson for the centre-board trunk, as shown in Figs. 2 and 4, then nail in position from the bottom. Saw through the bottom board into the keelson, for your trunk comes through, and is flush with the bottom of the boat. Be careful that the ends of the boards are nailed to the keelson at the opening. Take out the moulds, and put inside a ribbon of oak one by three inches. Screw to the sides and bottom. This, you will find, stiffens the sides very much. Also put in ribs of oak one inch square, mortised into the ribbon, and cut off flush with the top of the side, twenty inches apart. These are not absolutely necessary, but will give your craft additional strength. You might get in a heavy storm, you know, or experience severe head-winds.

Thwarts of pine one and three-quarter inches thick are to be placed in next, with the exception of the one amidships. These serve the place of moulds, and keep the sides in place, to be held in position by oak strips underneath them. Screw them to the sides, and the thwarts to them. The forward one serves as mast step, and the after one as support for the rudder-post. Your deck beams are made of oak one inch thick and two inches deep, three forward and one aft. These beams must be cut with curved tops so as to make a crown for your deck, that it may shed water. The stern piece shows the height of the crown aft. Forward of the cockpit it ought to be two inches above the side, then a gradual sweep to the stern. The deck may now be put on, and planed flush with the side. Put an oak ribbon one by three inches on the outside, flush with the top of the deck. Fasten to the sides with brass screws. The lower edge of the ribbon might have a bead cut on it. It makes a finish, you know.

Make the centre-board trunk of pine twenty inches

Digitized by Google



PLANS OF A SAIL-BOAT.

wide, one and three-quarter inches thick, and five feet long; ends one and a half by two inches, fastened in by brass screws; the trunk to be rabbeted, and fitted into the keelson, and running through flush with the bottom. Make the centre-board of yellow pine four feet six inches long, one and a quarter inches thick, and two feet wide, dowelled with galvanized rods. This will stiffen and weight it at the same time. Fasten in the trunk with a pin at the lower end forward. Don't put your deck on before your trunk is in, just because the deck is spoken of first. Speaking of that, you must strengthen the narrow part of the deck with brackets, as shown in Fig. 4.

Digitized by Google

Now for the blacksmith. Make the rudder-post of iron three-quarters of an inch in diameter, running through gas-pipe, and fastened to the deck and the bottom with collars. (Fig. 7 gives details.) A steel pin through the rudder-post keeps it from falling through. This rests on the collar. The stay irons are screwed to the sides and inside of the oak ribbon; the traveller is fastened to the inside of the stern. Don't forget to put an iron ring on it before it is fastened down. That finishes the iron-work.

Your hull is now done, with the exception of a few minor details. The combing of the cockpit is to be made of half-inch oak three inches high. Nail to the edge of the deck inside. The bitt for the bowsprit to be stepped in runs through the deck and into the keelson. Calk the seams with oakum and white lead, and give the hull a priming coat of paint. Then go ahead and get out your spars. Take the measurements from the side elevation at the bottom of the page. Make the spars of yellow pine. Running rigging, three-eighth-inch Manila rope; standing rigging, half-inch Manila rope. Brass rings on masts; smaller ones on jib-stay. Sails of yacht drill. Two rows of reefing points. Jib-sheets to run through eyelets, then aft to cleats near the stern. Make a spreader for the topmast-stays three feet long; good stiff wire three-sixteenths of an inch will do. Turn an eye at either end, and run stay through it.

Paint the hull black, inside drab, oak ribbon dark red, and beading yellow. If you like, you may put on a water-line. Varnish spars, combing, and deck. As for the latter, you had better paint that buff.

OUR NINE-POUNDER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WHILE I belonged to the whaling bark *Hector*, cruising in the Gulf of Guinea, and occasionally touching upon the coast, there would now and then come to our knowledge some incident connected with the slave-trade, and more than once our curiosity was excited by the sight of suspicious vessels.

We learned, among other things, that the most notorious craft of the slaver fleet was a Brazilian brig called the *Dom Pedro*, having a crew of seventy men, with a pivot twenty-four-pounder and four carronades.

Time after time this brig had been chased by the English cruisers, yet always escaped; and it was very evident that she must have poured golden fortunes into the hands of a number of unscrupulous individuals at Rio Janeiro.

Of such matters we often conversed in the forecastle, while the proximity of the African coast tended to vivify our conceptions of the secret and dreadful traffic of which we had heard and read so much.

Among our foremast hands were two colored men, both hailing from the New England sea-port where the bark belonged, and as well known there as the captain himself, although they had originally been slaves at the South. Recognized as "Black Abe" and "Yellow Jack," they ranked with the best of the *Hector's* crew; able, willing, and full of jollity. The idiom of the plantation still clung to them, but for years they had followed the sea, and each had a wife and family in our village.

It was with a marked abhorrence that the two blacks would advert to the villainous business of the coast, as if dreaming of some possible but very improbable contingency by which they themselves might yet be consigned to the ghastly hold of a slaver. Of course they could entertain no serious apprehension of the kind, yet the passing thought was natural; and more than once, under the shadow of some sultry African headland, or in view of a vessel of mysterious character, the simple fellows were teased by their white shipmates with good-natured jokes in this direction.

But how little did any of the bark's company imagine the episode which was in reality at hand!

The *Hector* having made a somewhat fortunate cruise wanted at length but one or two whales. In quest of these she ran up the Bight of Benin; and here, close in with the coast, we presently raised a large school.

Our three boats were lowered, and we commenced a long and weary chase, the wildness of the game making it almost impossible to arrive within striking distance.

The general direction of the pursuit being to windward, the bark could follow us only by short tacks, so that, after a time, her topmasts alone were visible above the horizon; and at sunset, the atmosphere having become somewhat hazy, she was wholly out of sight. Nor from the mate's boat, in which I was, could we discern either of the two others, so widely had the chase scattered the three consorts.

About five miles off, however, was a vessel of some kind, nearly or quite becalmed, which might be a merchantman, a whaler, a man-of-war, or perhaps something of more questionable character.

"I guess," said Mr. Gale, the mate, "that the old man and Mr. Orne have pulled back to the bark. At all events, we may as well give it up first as last, for it's—"

"There she blows!" called Yellow Jack, looking off to starboard. And "There she blows!" said Black Abe, as a second spout ascended, close to the first; for the two colored men were both of our boat's crew.

The whales, three in number, which had come to the surface not a quarter of a mile off, may have made a portion of the dispersed school we had pursued. This time they appeared unsuspicious, and we approached very near them. Our oars had been laid aside, and we had taken silently to our paddles, all of us standing carefully up, and each plying his noiseless implement.

Suddenly there was a rushing sound close beside us, a cataract of water tumbled against the boat, and a fourth whale, shooting his square head twenty feet high, "breached," as the sailors call the movement, not ten yards from our gunwale. Impelled toward us by his momentum, he fell with his under-jaw just grazing the side of our poor little craft.

Confused, or, as whalemen call it, "galleyed," by the accident of his position, the monster, instead of turning away from us, started straight on, overturning and crushing the boat, and leaving us in the water, his three hitherto motionless companions gliding off almost as rapidly as himself.

It was one of those accidents to which whalemen are always liable, and which no watchfulness can avert.

Six in number, we clung to the wreck of the boat, confident that the *Hector* would pick us up in the morning, should not the unknown vessel, which was still in sight, anticipate her in so doing.

As it grew dark, however, the stranger, who seemed to have scarcely any wind, and so but very gradually neared us, was lost to view. Presently a very faint concussion broke the evening air, and we knew that the *Hector*, perhaps some twelve or fifteen miles off, had fired her nine-pounder to make us aware of her position. Probably Captain Phillips, our commander, and Mr. Orne, the second mate, had long since returned to the vessel, where our own absence must cause some anxiety.

Twice after this during the night the signal was repeated. At length the day broke, and not more than a mile off we saw the becalmed stranger of the previous evening, with a light breeze just beginning to fill his sails.

As he came up within a cable's length of us, we were surprised at the number of his crew; and it was with a kind of startled curiosity that, as his vessel—a large, rakish, full-rigged brig—rolled lazily in the groundswell, we caught glimpses of a heavy cannon mounted amidships on her deck, so high that it could be fired over her low bulwarks.

Digitized by Google

She might have run directly for us, and taken us on board by means of lines, but her captain preferred rather to lower a boat. None of us liked the appearance of things, and all glanced instinctively at Black Abe and Yellow Jack.

From the mingled tongues upon the brig's deck, in several of which we were hailed, we judged her crew to be composed chiefly of Spaniards and Portuguese, with a sprinkling of English or Americans.

The boat was manned with armed sailors, and as she came up to us, one of her hands, who acted as spokesman in English for the others, commanded Jack and Abe to get on board of her. The poor terrified fellows refused; but the ruffians pricked them with their bayonets, and threatened them with instant death in case of further hesitation.

"We want nothing of the rest of you," said the hard-featured villain who had first spoken; "your ship will pick you up by-and-by, and we can't be bothered with saving a parcel of blubber-hunters; but we take *wool and ivory* wherever we can find them."

The feeble resistance of the two colored men was speedily overcome, and, wounded and bleeding, they were dragged into the boat, Mr. Gale and the rest of us expostulating vainly as we lay helpless on the floating boards.

Poor Abe! poor Jack! we saw them forced up the gangway of the sharp, saucy brig, and driven upon her deck. It was a spectacle at which Mr. Gale shed tears of grief and rage, while the indignation of his remaining crew equalled his own. We thought of the families of the kidnapped men—the simple wives and the little dark children who would be looking for the two stout colored tars when the *Hector* should get home.

"That brig," said the mate, "I think, is the *Dom Pedro*. I would rather have lost all I shall make on this voyage than have had such a thing happen. The miserable, cowardly villains!"

A few hours later a boat from the *Hector* picked us up; but when we reached our vessel, the slaver was out of sight. With a freshening breeze, she had stood along the coast, the tall tree-tops of which were barely discernible from aloft, and would doubtless enter some neighboring inlet or river's mouth, where her living freight might be in waiting.

For three days on board the *Hector* little was talked of but our two hapless shipmates and their wretched fate. In the mean while, however, remaining upon the same cruising ground, we secured the amount of oil required to fill the vessel.

The last of our blubber was boiled out in the night; and at daybreak next morning we heard the report of guns, as if some vessel were pursued and fired upon by another.

As the sky lighted up, we made out a brig under full sail, standing directly toward us, and presently saw that she was chased by a ship. The firing, however, had now ceased; probably from the fact that the fugitive had widened the distance between herself and her pursuer. We were standing easily along under short sail, and the two strangers were rapidly coming up astern of us, each crowding all his canvas in the exciting trial of speed.

"That's the villain," cried Mr. Gale, looking steadily through his glass—"the very scoundrel that stole my men. But he'll get away, after all. That British sloop of war can't sail with him—he's run her out of gunshot already!"

All who had been in the mate's boat saw that the coming brig was indeed the kidnapper of poor Jack and Abe. Her low black hull and symmetrical spars were not to be mistaken.

Again the pursuing ship essayed two or three shots from her bow guns, but the distance was evidently too great, and once more she ceased firing. There could be no doubt that the piratical slaver would escape her, and the excitement and chagrin of our own crew became intense.

The fleeing vessel passed within a furlong of us, and was soon ahead. What a tempting mark she presented, with those long and tapering yards and jaunty topmasts!

Captain Phillips was a man of quick impulses and determined resolution. The scoundrels who had insulted him by stealing his men were close under his eyes, and almost within pistol-shot. The ship of war in chase could not cripple the brig by her distant fire. He glanced about the *Hector's* decks, and a bare possibility suggested itself.

"Get ready that nine-pounder!" he cried. "Mr. Orne, have up the powder. You'll find three or four cannon-balls down there too. And now bear a hand, for there's no time to lose."

Mr. Orne, taking with him a couple of the crew, ran below, and five minutes later, the long nine—an old but somewhat handsome gun—stood grimly ready for action, having within it a heavy charge of powder and two well-fitting balls.

The *Hector's* course was altered for the occasion, so that the gun could be brought to bear on the brig from what is called a "swing port," and then all save the captain stepped back while he arranged his aim.

"When I give the word," he said to Mr. Gale, who held the match, "don't lose a fraction of an instant—let her go at once."

How keenly he squinted along that trusty old gun! How carefully he raised or depressed its breech! Now it was an inch too high, now an inch too low.

"Ah! there! there!" he muttered; "no!—yes!—that's it!—just a little!—just a frac— *Let her go!*"

The gun almost parted its breech tackles with the recoil, as the charge burst from the muzzle, tearing our nerves with its noise.

"I haven't hit her!" cried the captain, springing to the side, and gazing almost wildly at the brig—"haven't touched her. Load up again! Where's your powder? Load up, load up!"

"Hold on, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Gale. "Look! look! What's the matter with her foretopmast? It's going, sir—it's going."

As he spoke, the foretopmast of the slaver leaned heavily to leeward; then, like a falling tree by a river's brink, went swashing into the water.

The game was up with the fast-sailing brig. Confounded by the disaster, her crew attempted no revenge upon us, as they might have done, with their pivot cannon; and in less than half an hour the *Dom Pedro*, as she proved to be, was a prize to the pursuing sloop of war. Both our nine-pound balls had taken effect aloft.

It was found that the Brazilian brig had on board no less than five hundred slaves, among whom, to our great joy, were discovered Black Abe and Yellow Jack. The captain of the British cruiser delivered over to us our two shipmates; while with the rest of the blacks, the prisoners, and the prize, he prepared to bear away for Sierra Leone, where the wretched Africans would once more breathe the air of freedom.

How happy were Abe and Jack! How they laughed and cried, danced and wept! And oh! the tales they told us of the miserable slave brig!

In two months thereafter we arrived home with a full ship; and when the *Hector* had been hauled in at the pier head, it did us all good to see four little colored children, followed by their mothers, come running down to the water-side to be folded in the arms of the warm-hearted fellows who so short a time before must utterly have despaired of such a meeting.

"Dar's de ole gun dat saved us," said Abe, to his little family, indicating the nine-pounder.

"An' dar's de man dat aimed it," responded Jack, with a grateful look toward Captain Phillips.

And so they went up the wharf.

Digitized by Google

THE NEWSBOYS' HOME AND HOW IT HELPED JOE.

BY F. E. PRYATT.

"HERE'S yer five o'clock e-dishun, *Post*, *Express*, an' *Commercial*—full account of Gen-er-ull Garfield on the tow-path!" shouted three urchins, planting themselves directly before a portly old gentleman who was slowly puffing up stairs to the elevated railway.

"Clear out, you little scamps!" grumbled the besieged, adding, more amiably, as he caught sight of the youngest of the three, "give me a *Post*, sonny, and change this quarter."

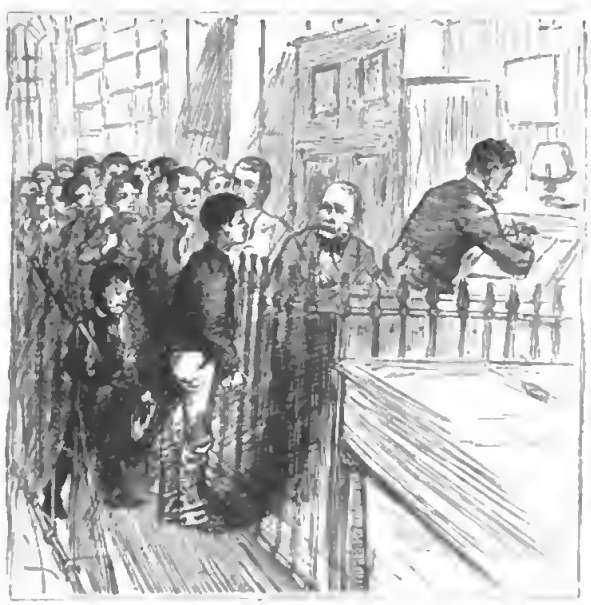
"Thankee, sur," said Joe Brown, the lucky competitor, diving into the deepest of pockets for the needful coppers, then dashing pell-mell after his comrades in pursuit of a probable customer.

"*Post*, *Express*, an' *Commercial*—full account of Gener-ull Garfield!" still rang the cry an hour later, while in and out, up and down and across the streets, darted the lithe, eager little fellows, until the crowd began to thin out, the papers were nearly all sold, and a distant bell reminded them that if they wanted their six-cent supper, it was high time to be off for the Lodging-House.

Let us follow them as they hasten to the lofty brick building which stands on the triangle formed by the meeting of New Chambers, Duane, and North William streets.

The great doors are wide open; we pass in with Joe, his two comrades, and half a score of bustling, laughing lads, mount two long flights of stone steps, and enter the large lecture or school room on the second story, with its rows of desks and benches, and the convenient lockers or closets against the walls.

One by one, in orderly fashion, the boys step within the iron railing, state their names, ages, and parentage to the clerk, receive numbered keys to their lockers, and pass on.

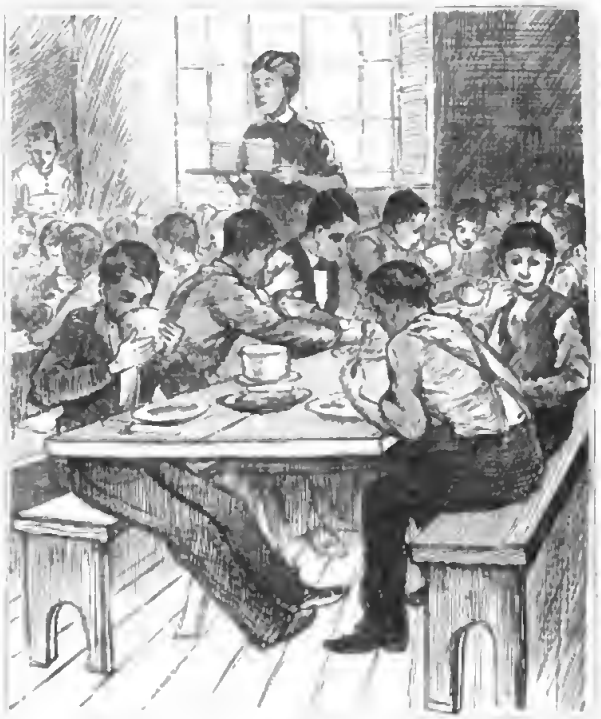


BEING REGISTERED.

Here a lad locks up his bundle of unsold papers until after supper, another his blacking-box and brushes, a third his hat and jacket; then away for the lavatory, with its long ranges of foot and plunge baths, and its shining basins under the bright copper faucets.

Business must be unusually brisk, or the demands of the "inner man" unusually lively, if one may judge by the celerity with which the boys appear, brushed and combed and ruddy-faced, for supper.

"Hurry up, Bill, and get yer ticket," cried Joe, passing up to the desk, and depositing twelve cents for bed and supper, then taking his place at the end of the line that was already on the move.



AT SUPPER.

"Sixty, sixty-one, two, three, four," calls the Superintendent as the boys file past, and the tramp of descending feet comes to us through the open doorway.

By the time we reach the dining-room, with its expanse of polished floors and high column-supported ceiling, seventy or eighty boys are seated at long tables, which present an inviting appearance with their white enamelled cloths, platters piled high with bread, and rows of capacious bowls steaming with fragrant tea.

What a busy scene it is for the time! the bread mountains diminish like snow before the sun, the tea fountains vanish like rain on thirsty soil, and the young women attendants, in their neat dresses and aprons, pass to and fro continually with their renewing bread trays and flagons of tea and syrup.

The majority of the boys laugh and chatter like magpies, but here and there sits a silent little news merchant, whose mind, absorbed with visions of "extras," hurries him on to the wished-for future.

See, there they go, half a dozen of them, with quick steps and anxious faces; they will notify the watchmen that they must keep late hours, and pay the required trifle for retaining their locker keys beyond time. Up to midnight their shrill cries will ring through the gas-lighted thoroughfares of the great city, while many—or, indeed, most—of the young readers of this paper are dreaming happy dreams in bed.

Digitized by Google

It is now nearly eight o'clock, supper is over, and the boys disperse for the short evening before them before bed-time: for all must be within doors at half past nine, or pay a fine.

THE GYMNASIUM

Some of the boys go out for a walk, others, I am sorry to say, to spend their earnings at the cheap theatres and shows of the city; but the sensible ones drop their spare pennies or silver coins into the odd-looking savings-bank near the door, and hasten up stairs to the reading-room or the gymnasium. Let us follow some of them to the latter.

What a jolly place it is! One could have no end of fun with its horizontal and parallel bars, its rings, ladders, and flying trapeze; it is better than a circus.

There's a race for you already on that long ladder rising from one side of the room, crossing over, and coming down on the other slantwise. Johnnie Wilson has started at the north end, Billy Jones at the south end. There they go, hand over hand! Now they meet overhead in the middle. I declare, Billy's feet touch the floor first; he has beaten by three rounds.

"Hurrah for Billy! three cheers for Billy Jones!" shout the boys who are watching them.

Yonder three lads are trying their strength lifting iron weights in the corner. Tough work they find it, and soon leave to take a look at a comrade who hangs by his feet from a horizontal bar.

Now he swings back and forth before the little group, who are eager to risk their necks in the wonderful experiment.

See! he lets go, and with a dexterous swing catches by his hands, and drops safe and sound before his admirers.

This is nothing to what is going on yonder, where two boys are performing prodigious feats on the flying trapeze, squirming and twisting, and turning somersaults, hanging by their chins, then by their toes, and then by each other, until the looker-on trembles and grows dizzy.

Let us look for wee Joe Brown; he is not here, neither is he in the reading-room below-stairs, where a dozen or more youngsters are amusing themselves quietly, some reading story-books and illustrated papers, others playing checkers or dominos.

I'll tell you where Joe is. He is one of the early birds. Since four o'clock in the morning, when he went out for his daily papers, only when he ate his simple meals, his busy little feet have paddled about the great city, his childish voice has shrilled forth the familiar cry, "*Sun, Herald,* an' *Tri-bune, Post, Xpress,* an' *Commercial,*" until, too sleepy to read, too weary for even the fascination of watching the flying "trapezeists," he sought the solid comfort of the dormitory.

Look in at the long tiers of beds one above another, like berths in a steamboat. In number 69 you will find Joe sleeping the sleep of the innocent and weary.

Would not the young people like to hear how Joe happens to be in the Newsboys' Home? I'll tell you. It all came about through Lenny Williams, who is a "call-boy" at one of the small

THE DORMITORY.

Digitized by Google

theatres up town, and lives at the Duane Street Lodging-House.

Very late one stormy night in midwinter, as he was coming home from his work, he fancied he heard a child sobbing, and stopping, he discovered by the feeble flickering light of a gas lamp a small figure crouching in the low doorway of one of the old-fashioned shops of that quarter.

His heart gave a great bound of pity and sympathy for the poor homeless little creature so tattered and forlorn. His own jacket was wet without, but within it was dry and warm. To pull it off and place it around the shoulders of the shivering child was but the work of an instant.

"Get up on your pins, little 'un, an' come along with me," said Lenny, assisting him, and buttoning the jacket close under his throat.

With difficulty the poor child, whom you must have guessed before this was Joe Brown, rose and limped along, for he was stiff with cold and weak with hunger.

Before they reached the Lodging-House, Lenny won from him his pitiful story—how, driven from home by the cruelty of his drunken father and step-mother, he had wandered the streets from day to day, managing by dint of begging and running errands, and sleeping in dark corners known only to the wretched and homeless, to keep soul and body together while the fine weather lasted.

A kind old apple woman only yesterday had given him a basket, and some matches to sell; but then came the cold, pitiless rain, and nobody wanted to buy anything; so he had strayed from street to street, until he had lost his way in the dark, and sat down, utterly worn out and famished, where Lenny found him.

"Yes, chicken," said Lenny, as he finished his sad story, "you'd hev froze to death as sure as a gun. But cheer up; here we're home at last."

Never will Joe forget the glow and warmth of the "drying-room" into which he was led. There were three other boys there hanging up their wet clothes to dry.

And wasn't the bath warm and delightful into which they plunged him!

For a long time Joe could not understand why there should be a clean, whole shirt, a jacket and trousers, socks and shoes, all ready for such a poor miserable little stranger.

And the bowl of hot bread and milk, what a luxury it was!—surely he must be in heaven, the place where all good, unhappy boys go when they die. Perhaps he had really died, out in that pitiless storm, and was there! He rubbed his eyes, and expected to see wings, and was disappointed at not finding them.

The books of the institution tell how the seven-year-old child, deserted by his inhuman parents, was taken within the sheltering doors of the Lodging-House; but in another book the recording angel has written how a simple "call-boy" on that dark night did the will of his heavenly Master.

That night Joe had a blessed sleep in his little bed with its nice sheets and downy "comfortables," so that when he woke the next morning he was a new little man; but after breakfast he was happier than a king, for the Superintendent loaned him a small sum of money to buy some newspapers.

Two or three of the boys volunteered to teach him "lots" about selling them; and they did, for before night he had sold two sets of morning and evening papers.

A prouder, more independent little fellow than Joe can not be found anywhere, because he not only earns his meals and lodging, and helps a comrade occasionally, but every night drops pennies or nickels into savings-box No. 90.

This he has been doing for some months; at the end of each he receives ten per cent. interest.

Joe, being studious and ambitious, faithfully attends the evening schools; he does not mean to grow up to be an ignorant, useless man; besides, he must make the most of his time, for he indulges in the dream of a happy home in the country, and though he hasn't told me, I am sure he is saving up that money to buy a good stock of books to take with him.

LITTLE BIDDY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY CHARA B. CONANT.

"MOTHER, can I have a birthday?"

"A birthday?" asked Mrs. Keaney, pausing in the midst of her washing, and looking down, half bewildered, half amused, at her little daughter.

"Yes, mother. I *have* birthdays, don't I, just the same as Mabel Ray?"

"Shure there's no mistake about that, darlint," laughed her mother, resuming her work. "Eight years ago next week you came into this throublesome world. That's two things we have in common wid the rich, innyhow—the day of our birth, an' the day of our death."

"But, mother," persisted Biddy, her big blue eyes rounder still with eagerness, "can't I have a party on my birthday? Mabel Ray had one last week; Eliza told me so. An' she had ice-crame, an' cake wid raisins in it, an' a wax doll what opens its eyes, an' lots o' children come to play wid her. An', oh, mother—"

"Sakes alive, Biddy! what's got into you?" said her mother, gazing down at her with a mingling of pride, amusement, and regret. No bonnier child than Biddy could you find anywhere. Her complexion was a pure red and white, her hair chestnut, falling in natural curls over her shoulders, her mouth as sweet a rose-bud as Mabel Ray's.

"She's as pretty as inny lady's child of them all," thought her mother; "an' as gintle an' good." But aloud she said, decidedly:

"Honey, you're talkin' nonsinse. I've hard work enough to kape us both in bread an' mate, let alone clothes, widout givin' parties for you. Ice-crame an' cake, indade! It's a nigger waiter you'll be wantin' nixt, to be openin' the door for your stylish frinds," she went on, chuckling, as she wrung out one of Mrs. Ray's embroidered white skirts.

"Oh, mother, I know you couldn't give me *such* a party. But I thought I might have just a few little frinds in to play wid me, an' we'd have some crackers, an' some ginger cookies maybe; and thim two pinnies you gave me would buy candy an' nuts. An' if—"

"An' who do you want to invite, may I ax?" said the mother, trying not to laugh.

"Oh, mother, if I could ask poor little Jim Swaney, the boy what lives acrost the way—he's lame, you know; an' little Annie his sister. They're so poor, an' the father gets drunk, an' bates thim awful. I'd like thim to have a good time for onst."

"Bliss your little heart!" said the mother; "you shall have thim in an' welcome, an' I'll buy some cookies to trate thim wid, and maybe something besides. But don't you ask another child in this neighborhood; they're a bould, bad set, as you know, and it's sorry I am we have to live in the midst of thim."

"No, mother, I won't; but I do wish I could ax some of the girls I go to school wid. There's Sally Flynn, and Jenny Dean, an' Mary Connor, and Ann Gormly, an' Kitty Fay, an'—"

"Saints presarve us!" cried Mrs. Keaney. "Do you want to bring all New York in on me? No, no, honey, I can't affoord such a party as that. Be off to school now, like a good child, and don't bother me no more."

But the pleading face of her little girl, the only child she had, haunted Mary Keaney, and when, later in the day, some unexpected work arrived from a lady to whom Mrs. Ray had recommended her, she resolved at once to gratify her darling.

Digitized by Google

"It comes only onst a year," she said, "an' she's the only child I've got. I'll buy 'em some cookies an' gingerbread, an' a half-dozen limons to make some limonade wid; an' I hope they'll be satisfied, for I can't do no more."

So Biddy, to her great joy, was allowed to invite half a dozen little girls, her most "intimate" friends, to her "party," which would take place Thursday afternoon of the following week.

When Mrs. Keaney took Mrs. Ray's clothes home Thursday afternoon, she told Eliza, the chamber-maid, as a good joke, about her little girl's "party" and the expected guests.

Thursday afternoon came, and about four o'clock "Lame Jim" and his sister arrived, and were received by Biddy, fresh and sweet as a pink in her clean cambric frock, with a rose-colored ribbon tied above her shining hair. Mrs. Keaney had but two little rooms in the third story of a tenement-house, but though poor and scantily furnished, they were kept as clean and sweet as broom and scrubbing-brush could make them.

How happy little Jim was! How his sweet wan face brightened like a pale flower brought into the sunshine! Mrs. Keaney placed him in her one rocking-chair, and gave him and little Annie a drink of milk and a goodly slice of bread and butter straightway, for she knew how little they had to eat at home.

And soon arrived the six girls all together; and what a merry clatter of tongues there was in that little kitchen! They were just as happy as if they had worn silk dresses and kid slippers—happier, perhaps. Soon all were engaged in a merry game of "hide the thimble," Jim as active as any one, hopping nimbly about on his crutches. At last they found the thimble snugly hid in his pocket, where Kitty Fay had cunningly slipped it, unknown even to the boy himself.

Game followed game in quick succession, until Mrs. Keaney, who had been looking on smiling, ordered them into the bedroom.

"Guess she's settin' the table," said Mary Connor: "I hear the dishes rattlin';" and hereupon they all fell a-chuckling. A few moments after, they were called into the next room.

"Ain't it jist illegant?" whispered Ann Gormly to Sally Flynn. "Look at the sugar-cookies! and, oh my! there's limonade. I smell it."

"Can't you behave?" said Sally, reprovingly. "One 'ud think you'd niver been to a party before."

"No more I haven't," said Ann, quite above concealment. "Oh, goody, Sally, there's slices of mate atween the bread an' butter!"

"Ain't she a greedy?" whispered Sally to Jenny.

"Poor thing! they say she's most starved at home," said kindly little Jenny. "Her father's been out of work these three months."

Mary Keaney, hospitable-hearted soul, had not been able to content herself with the bill of fare she at first meditated. The table was bountifully spread with sandwiches, cookies, molasses-cake, rosy-cheeked apples, and a plate of gay-colored candy in the centre.

Biddy's cheeks were like roses, and her eyes like stars. Was there ever such a mother, and such a "party"? The good cheer soon set all the little tongues going, while Mrs. Keaney watched the "fun," well pleased, and kept the plates and glasses filled.

In the midst of their festivity Mrs. Keaney was called down stairs. She came up in a few moments with something wrapped up in her apron.

The children were too absorbed to notice her, but when in a few moments she appeared bearing a big earthen platter exultingly aloft, what a shout went up from all the little throats!

"Ice-crame! ice-crame!" Even demure Sally joined in the cry; and Ann Gormly nearly fell out of her chair in her joyful excitement.

"Oh, mother! mother! have you given *all* your money for my party?" cried Biddy, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, and feeling a pang of self-reproach amid her transports.

"My lamb, who sent it I don't know, but I mistrust Mrs. Ray. An' look at the illegant cake wid the dape white frostin', an' the Charlotte-Russys too!" she added, setting two other dishes on the table. The children sat a moment dumb with admiration, then set up another shout.

"The man said he'd a horrible job to find the place, an' I reckon it's the first time ice-crame an' Charlotte-Russys found their way to Rid Lane!" said Mrs. Keaney, who scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry herself.

"Oh, mother, wasn't it lovely in Mrs. Ray?"

"Troth it was, darlint. It must be Eliza tould her, and—"

"Scarcely were the words out of her mouth, when a loud rap at the door made her start.

"Sakes alive! I hope nobody's come to say the ice-crame wint to the wrong place!" She opened the door; there stood John, Mrs. Ray's colored man.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Keaney," surveying her with a condescending smile. "Here's a package for Biddy, with Miss Mabel's love. Sorry to be so late, but I had a number of other errands, and it was hard to find the place. Good-evenin'," and before Mrs. Keaney could speak, he was gone, anxious to escape a reproof from his mistress for his delay.

With trembling fingers Mrs. Keaney undid the strings, while the little group looked breathlessly on. But when at last she brought out a doll—a lovely wax doll, with golden hair and large brown eyes—a cry of admiration broke from all but Biddy. She stood speechless, with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes, gazing up at the doll.

"Och, darlin', where's your tongue?" cried Mrs. Keaney. "Such a swate doll, dressed up so illegant, an' she can open an' shut her eyes! Look, honey, look! Why, what *are* you crying for?"

"It's too beautiful!" sobbed little Biddy. "Everythin's so beautiful, I don't know what to do!"

That night, as Biddy lay in her bed, while her mother was tucking her in, she said, with a long sigh, "Oh, mother! mother! I'm so glad I've had a birthday! I'll niver forget it as long as I live! Oh, mother, wasn't it jist beautiful?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Keaney. But a little jealous pang gnawing at her heart made her add, "I couldn't give you ice-crame, darlin', nor wax dolls, but—"

Biddy threw both her arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mother! dear, darlin' mother! what you did was most of all. Oh, there niver was a mother like mine!"

A tear rolled down the mother's cheek. What reward could be sweeter than those loving words, the clasp of those little arms about her neck? And so ended Biddy's happy birthday.

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter I.

THE WIND HARP.

"OH, Lisa, how many stars there are to-night! and how long it takes to count just a few!" said a weak voice from a little bed in a garret room.

"You will tire yourself, dear, if you try to do that; just shut your eyes up tight, and try to sleep."

"Will you put my harp in the window? there may be a breeze after a while, and I want to know very much if there is any music in those strings."

"Where did you get them, my darling?"

"From Joe."

"Joe, the fiddler?"

"Yes, he brought me a handful of old catgut; he says he does not play any more at dances; he is so old and lame that they like a younger darky who knows more fancy figures, and can be livelier. He is very black, Lisa, and I am almost afraid of him; but he is so kind, and he tells me stories about his young days, and all the gay people he used to see. Hark! that is my harp; oh, Lisa, is it not heavenly?"

"I don't know," said poor tired Lisa, half asleep, after her long day's work of standing in a shop.

Phil's harp was a shallow box, across which he had fastened some violin strings rather loosely; and Phil himself was an invalid boy who had never known what it was to be strong and hardy, able to romp and run, or leap and shout. He had neither father nor mother, but no one could have loved him more or have been any gentler or more considerate than was Lisa—poor, plain Lisa—who worked early and late to pay for Phil's lodging in the top of the old house where they lived, and whose whole earthly happiness consisted in making Phil happy and comfortable. It was not always easy to do this, for Phil was a strange child: aside from the pain that he suffered, he had odd fancies and strange likings, the result of his illness, and being so much alone. And Lisa could not always understand him, for she lived amongst other people; rough, plain, careless people, for whom she toiled, and who had no such thoughts as Phil had.

"'HOW LOVELY THEY ARE!' THOUGHT PHIL."

From the large closet that served as her bedroom, Lisa often heard Phil talking, talking, talking, now to this thing, now to that, as if it were real, and had a personality; sometimes his words were addressed to a rose-bush she had brought him, or the pictures of an old volume she had found on a stall of cheap books at a street corner, or the little plaster cast that an image-seller had coaxed her to purchase. Then, again, he would converse with his knife and fork or plate, ask them where they came from, how they were made, and of what material. No answer coming, he would invent all sorts of answers, making them reply in his own words.

Lisa was so used to these imaginary conversations that they did not seem strange to her.

Phil had, too, a passion for music, and would listen intently to the commonest strains of a hand-organ, and Lisa had given him a little toy harmonica, from which he would draw long, sweet tones and chords with much satisfaction.

Old Joe, who blackened boots for some of the lodgers, had heard the child's attempts at music, and had brought his violin and played for him. One day, happening to leave it for a while on the window-ledge, Phil's quick ear had detected a low vibration from the instrument. This circumstance, and something he had read about a wind

Digitized by Google

harp, had given him the wish to make one—with what success he was anxious to find out, when Lisa laid it in the open window for him.

A soft south wind was blowing, and as Phil spoke, it had stirred the loose strings of the rude Æolian harp, and a slight melodious sound had arisen, which Phil had thought so beautiful. He drew his breath even more softly, lest he should lose the least tone, and finding that Lisa was really asleep, propped himself up higher on his pillows, and gazed out at the star-lit heavens.

He often talked to the stars, but very softly and wonderingly, and somehow he could never find any answers that suited him; but to-night, as the breeze made a low soft music come from his wind harp, filling him with delight, it seemed to him that a voice was accompanying the melody, and that the stars had something to do with it; for, as he gazed, he saw a troop of little beings with gauzy wings fluttering over the window-ledge, and upon the brow of each twinkled a tiny star, and the leading one of all this bevy of wee people sang:

"Come from afar,
Here we are! here we are!
From yon Silver Star,
Fays of the Wind,
To children kind."

"How lovely they are!" thought Phil; "and so these really are fairies. I never saw any before. They have wings like little white butterflies, and how tiny their hands and feet, and what graceful motions they have as they dance over my harp! They seem to be examining it to find out where the music comes from; but no, of course they know all about it. I wonder if they would talk to me?"

"Of course we will be very glad to," said a soft little voice in reply to his thoughts.

"I was afraid I would frighten you away if I spoke," said Phil, gently.

"Oh no," replied the fairy who had addressed him; "we are in the habit of talking to children, though they do not always know it."

"And what do you tell them?" asked Phil, eagerly.

"All sorts of nice things."

"Do you tell them all they want to know?"

"Oh no," laughed the fairy, with a silvery little voice like a canary-bird's. "We can not do that, for we do not know enough to be able to: some children are much wiser than we. I dare say you are."

"Indeed I am not," said Phil, a little sadly; "there are so many things that puzzle me. I thought that perhaps, as you came from the stars, you knew something of astronomy."

"What a long, long word that is!" laughed the fairy again. "But we are wind fairies; and yet the Father of the Winds is called Astræus—that sounds something like your long word, does it not?"

"It sounds more like Astrea, and that means a star."

"Why, where did you learn so much?"

"I saw it in a big book called a dictionary."

"Another long word. Doesn't your head ache?"

"Sometimes, not now. I have not any books now, except picture-books."

"Did you ever have?"

"Oh yes; when papa was living we had books, and pictures, and many beautiful things; but there was a great fire, and all sorts of trouble, and now I have only Lisa. But Lisa does not understand as papa did; it was he showed me that word in the dictionary."

"Oh, don't say that great ugly word again! Shall I tell my friends to make some more music?"

"Yes, please."

The wind fairy struck her little hands together, and waved her wings. In a moment the little white troop danced over the strings of the harp, and brought out sweet, wild strains, that made Phil nearly cry for joy. They seemed to be dancing as they did it, for they would join hands and sway to and fro; then, parting, they wound in and out in graceful, wreath-like motions, and the tiny stars on their foreheads flashed like diamonds. Up and down they went, the length of the strings, then across, then back again; and all the time the sweet wild music kept vibrating. "How lovely! how lovely!" said Phil, when there was a pause.

"I am so glad you like it!—we often make music for people, and they hardly hear it," said the fairy.

"I do not see how they can help hearing," said Phil.

"Why, I'll tell you how: we frequently are in the tree-tops, or whirling about low bushes; every soft breeze that blows has some of our music in it, for there are many of us: and yet very few people pay any attention to these sounds."

"When the wind screams and roars in winter, is it you, then, who does that too?" asked Phil.

"Oh no," said the fairy, rustling her wings in some displeasure. "We are of the South Wind only, and have no such rude doings: I hope I may never have any work to do for the North Wind, he is so blustery. Now it is time you went to sleep, and we can not stay longer, for if the moon rises we can not see our star-beams, and might lose our way. We will just fan you a little, and you will soon be in dreamland."

FAST ASLEEP.

As she spoke, Phil saw her beckon to her troupe, and they all flocked about him, dazzling him so with their starry coronets that he was forced to shut his eyes, and, as he closed them, he felt a gentle wafting as of a hundred little wings about his forehead, and in another moment he was asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROCKY LAKE, HALIBURTON.

I had my brother used to have such good times fishing on these lakes in our canoes, and hunting deer in the woods, but now I am so lonely, for my only brother is dead. He went out in the woods to hunt deer, and got lost, and froze to death. He was sixteen years old, two years older than I am. It has been a very cold winter here, and he froze to death on the 19th of November. As our neighbors all live many miles away, there were only father and I to hunt for him, and I found him dead the third day. He forgot to take matches, and it snowed so much he could not see his tracks to get back. It seems very hard for me to live here without my brother.

My sisters and I have received a good many requests for loons' and gulls' eggs and for moss, and we will attend to them all, next summer, as soon as we can gather them, for there is any amount of those things here.

I received some pretty Christmas and New-Year's cards and books, and my sister has received some presents and a doll from some readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, and we have sent a set of deer horns and what eggs we had in return, and in the spring we will be sure to send other eggs we have been asked for.

EASTER W. LOUKMAN,
Dorset P. O., Muskoka District, Ontario, Canada.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am going to write, so that some little girl may see what a nice time a friend of mine and myself have been having. We dressed two dolls, and saved up our money until, with what was given to us and what we had saved ourselves, we had five dollars. Then we carried the dolls and the money to the Children's Hospital, and gave them to some sick children. It made the children very happy. M. LOELOW C.

WINTSON, VERMONT.

I have three Cotswold lambs, named Fanny, Nora, and Cora. They are very tame, and will eat out of my hand.

I am eleven years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE all myself. Last summer I had a very fine sage bed. I cut the green leaves, and dried them, and when they were sold, they brought more than enough to pay for my YOUNG PEOPLE.

We have a piano. I have taken fourteen lessons, and can play a few pieces. NELLIE J. J.

SARANAC, MICHIGAN.

I am eight years old. I have a brother ten years old and a sister two years old. My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and he lets me read it sometimes. I think it is very nice. My brother said he was going to write a letter to the Post-office Box, but I am going to surprise him, and send one first. ALLIE S.

DAYTON, OHIO.

I am a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE, and although I am not one of the "little folks," I find the Post-office Box very interesting, as I am very fond of children and of pets. I have a bright, intelligent pony, a Mexican dog four years old that does not weigh more than two pounds, a mocking-bird, canaries, and a lot of fancy pigeons, and two aquaria filled with fish. I must add my cat also, although it is a poor stray waif that came to the house only a short time ago. I had it carried away several times in the evening, as I had determined it must go, on account of my birds. But as soon as the door was opened in the morning, Cattie would be there, and after giving one glad little mew, she would begin rubbing around my feet and purring in such a cunning way, as though asking if she might not stay. One day I heard Cattie calling in such a peculiar way that I opened the door. There she was, with a mouse in her mouth, and she began purring and rubbing around me. I stooped down and petted her, and she seemed very proud, and ran away to eat her mouse, casting a backward glance, as much as to say, That settles it; I shall stay. And so she shall and welcome, if she will be contented to make her home in the stable, with only an occasional visit to the house.

Will Mary R., of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, please oblige me by giving her method of cultivating heliotrope, as it is one of my favorites, and I can never succeed in raising it. I have over two hundred plants in my parlor and sitting-room windows, and not one heliotrope. SALLIE E. L.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

There are four of us little folks here. Mamma or papa reads YOUNG PEOPLE to us every week. We have all the numbers from the first. Papa is having them bound in a book, and we expect it every day. We all like the Post-office Box very much, and the stories too, although some of them are too old for us; but we will have the book, and will understand them better when we are older.

We have a big dog, Rover. When he stands up on his hind-legs, he can put his fore-paws on papa's shoulder. He is awfully afraid of a gun, and runs and hides when one is fired off. We have five Sea-bright bantams; they are no larger than quails, and are very pretty.

I was eight years old Christmas-day. Walter is six and a half, Ollie is three and a half, and Robbie is four months.

Papa writes this for me, because it is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, but Walter and I go to school, and will soon be able to write for ourselves. We both go to Sunday-school at nine o'clock every Sunday morning. ELLA R. W.

LAKEWOOD, NEW YORK.

I have a beautiful black goat named Dan, and a complete set of silver-plated harness. I have a wagon; I drive out with it in summer; and for winter I have an elegant red box cutter, and a string of silver bells, and a beautiful robe. I have a nice house for my goat, and in one corner of it I have a harness box. Dan will not allow any boy to come near him, but he loves me dearly, and I love him. I am eleven years old. I have no brother or sister, but I have a cat that I think the world of, and a pet turtle about as large as a silver dollar. HARRY C. H.

SAGINAW CITY, MICHIGAN.

I am eleven years old, and I have always lived in Saginaw. A year ago last Christmas my papa gave me a pony, and on my last birthday I had a present of a saddle.

We have a club called the Saginaw City Horse Guards. There are about ten boys belonging to it. Last summer we used to go to the woods to play "follow my leader," and we had lots of fun. And we went to the fair dressed in uniform.

It is very cold weather here. The other day we boys flooded the back part of our yard, and made a skating rink twenty-seven feet wide and forty-one feet long, and now we have a nice place to skate. It is very good sleighing here, and I am having a splendid time sleigh-riding. FRED H. J.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

I am eight years old. Papa gave me YOUNG PEOPLE for my Christmas present.

In September we visited Le Grand, where the Iowa marble quarries are, and I saw the men getting marble, and I brought home some pretty specimens.

There are two tribes of Indians not far from us, and some of them are in town almost every day. They are lazy and dirty, and the ladies here will not let the squaws into their houses; for if they do, the squaws will not go away again until they are made to. LUTIE B. R.

KEYSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

I began taking YOUNG PEOPLE in November, and I am very much interested in "Toby Tyler" and "Mildred's Bargain."

We have a missionary society in the village, called "The Children's Baptist Missionary Society." We meet once every month, and at each meeting two of the members are required to read something. I had to read at our first meeting, and I read "Out of the Woods," from YOUNG PEOPLE No. 53, which pleased everybody very much.

I am eleven years old, and I have three sisters. I came here in May to stay with my grandpapa and grandmamma, but I am going to Brooklyn in February.

We have an old horse here that is nearly twenty-six years old. His name is Joe, and every one thinks there is no horse like him. JULIA M. C.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

My uncle sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I enjoy it very much. Santa Claus brought me a knife, a football, a book, and a pair of gold cuff buttons. I have a little sister named Lizzie. She can talk and walk. CHARLIE H. R.

COLFAX, CALIFORNIA.

We have read with interest and pleasure the entertaining stories in YOUNG PEOPLE, and we think the children in the United States ought to give a vote of thanks to this nice little paper, which provides such pleasant reading for them.

Colfax, where we live, is a pleasant place, and the climate here is delightful. Some time ago we had a small snow-storm, but now (January 5) the green grass is springing up all about.

We have a wiggle club here, and send you a few which we have made. We wish all possible success to YOUNG PEOPLE. HERBERT JEANNIE.

The wiggles from this California club came too late to be printed with the others, but we acknowledge them with thanks. The same acknowledgments are due to George Arthur, Helen A. Searing, and other correspondents whose wiggles arrived behind time.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have three pet turtles, but they all buried themselves under the flower bed before the ground was frozen.

I spent one summer at Cape May, and there I found a turtle that was so tame it would eat out of my hand, and drink out of a tea-spoon. I fed it on raw meat, soaked bread, and worms, but it ran away. I am twelve years old. ELSIE B.

I wish to exchange postage stamps with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I have also a large piece of wood, full of worm-holes, that came out of the bottom of a large vessel that went over three thousand miles on her first voyage, and was eaten by worms. If any boy would like a piece of this wood, I will send it in return for some good foreign stamps.

GEORGE H. EVANS,
Care of Kelsey & Suydam,
99 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

I am nine years old. I would like to exchange postage stamps or iron ore, for minerals, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics, with any readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. G. C. WARNER,
Salisbury, Litchfield County, Conn.

I have a collection of birds' eggs, and would like to exchange with other collectors. I have also a collection of postmarks, and I will give twenty (all different) for any egg not already in my collection.

DE WITT AYERS, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

I want to tell you what mamma gave me for my Christmas present. A little while before Christmas she said she was tired of moving my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE round from one place to another, so she gathered them all up and put them away, as I thought. But Christmas-eve they came back to me handsomely bound, and I find them a great deal nicer to read. In looking through the book I find a great many pieces I never noticed before. Mamma says I can take it until I am fifteen, and have it bound every year. I am eleven years old now, so then I will have five nice volumes.

I am beginning a collection of curiosities, and would like to exchange small sea-shells or stones with any little boy or girl for any curiosity, or for different kinds of moss. JESSE PEARSON,
Xenia, Greene County, Ohio.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have received so many letters in answer to my request for exchange that I can not possibly supply all demands immediately, but will do so as soon as possible. I hope those who have been so kind as to write to me will not think I have forgotten them. ANNIE P. CARRIER.

I wish to inform correspondents who desire to exchange with me that I have changed my address from New York to Brooklyn, as given below. I will now exchange foreign and United States revenue stamps and postmarks, for Indian curiosities.

GEORGE B. DONNELLY, 331 Hicks Street,
Corner of Atlantic Av., Brooklyn, L. I.

I have about one thousand postmarks, and a large collection of minerals, coins, stamps, and curiosities, which I will exchange for birds' eggs. All eggs must be in good condition and unbroken, as I use fine steel borers to make the holes. I wish nothing but eggs in exchange.

J. N. KRIEGSHAUSER, 490 Fifth Street,
Between Breckinridge and Kentucky,
Louisville, Ky.

In my letter printed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62 I intended to say that I would exchange postmarks, not for other postmarks, but for stamps and minerals. I regret that I made the mistake.

TEDDY SMITH, 641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have never been to school, but I can read, and I could write till I got too nervous. I have been sick for six years, and can not run around like other little girls, but I am very happy, because everybody is very good to me. My uncle John sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I have had it since the first number.

I have three canary-birds, and two of them that are in one cage are trying to build a nest. I have a lot of books and dolls. I did have a kitten, but it had fits, and we sent it away. My papa wrote this for me, because I have to lie in bed, and can not guide a pen. MAGGIE B.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postage and revenue stamps.
J. E. JOHNSON, JUN.,
Longdale, Alleghany County, Va.

Stones of Maryland, for stones of any other State.
T. MORRIS BROWN,
199 Hoffman Street, Baltimore, Md.

Indian arrow-heads, flint rock, and petrified wood, for postage stamps and silver ore.
WALTER BUCHANAN,
Butteville, Marion County, Oregon.

A specimen of petrified cedar, for one of zinc ore.
WILLIAM E. CHASE,
Franklin, Essex County, N. J.

Foreign and rare United States postage stamps.
LEWIS G. PARK,
24 Arlington Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Peacock coal, for minerals, shells, or curiosities.
ANNA C. BURTON, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Postmarks, for foreign and United States postage

Digitized by Google

stamps (except one, two, and three cent United States stamps), coins, birds' eggs, or minerals.
LOUIS A. OSBORNE,
237 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

Norwegian postage stamps, for other foreign stamps. ANTON HUSVEDGARD,
Stoughton, Dane County, Wis.

Ocean curiosities, stones from Ireland, or Indian arrow-heads, for foreign coins.
WINFRED D. HUBER,
Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Foreign stamps and curiosities, for the same or for autographs. FRANK OSBORN,
Care of Mrs. C. L. Osborn,
471 East Town Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Stamps for shells, or for autographs of renowned men and women. S. D. G.,
P. O. Box 1221, Plainfield, N. J.

Foreign and United States postage stamps.
WILLIE S. SMITH, P. O. Box 50,
Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Soil from Massachusetts, for soil of New York or Pennsylvania. CAMILLA W. MASSEY,
74 Columbia Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Twenty-five postmarks (no duplicates), for five foreign stamps. Those of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island especially desired.
KITTY RAND,
3024 Wells Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Birds collected in Vermont, for foreign or old issues of United States postage stamps.
CLAYTON J. KINGSLEY,
P. O. Box 285, Burlington, Vt.

Ohio and other Western postmarks, for postmarks from the South; or Italian and Bavarian stamps, for other foreign stamps.
MAURICE A. MCMILLAN,
Washington C. H., Fayette County, Ohio.

Postage stamps, for curiosities.
EDWARD H. DILLON,
217 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

Birds' eggs, stamps, or minerals, for birds' eggs, sea-shells, or curiosities, especially with correspondents in the Southern States or west of the Mississippi. Lists of curiosities exchanged.
HARRY SPAULDING,
Albion, Orleans County, N. Y.

Five varieties of Turkish postage stamps, for any other rare stamps. NED PRATT,
2431 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Specimens of wood from Ohio, showing the bark of the tree, for similar specimens from any other State. EDDIE WILLIAMS, P. O. Box 135,
Loveland, Clermont County, Ohio.

Postage stamps, for pieces of rare wood. Specimens should be three-fourths of an inch thick, two inches wide, and two inches long.
L. H. NELSON,
3804 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Postage stamps and postmarks, for insects or curiosities. EDDIE A. JONES,
29 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Indian arrow-heads, for cotton or rice as taken from the field, or other curiosities.
WILLIE WILLIAMS,
Economy, Wayne County, Indiana.

Postmarks from the eastern portion of the United States, for others from the West.
WILLIE F. DIX,
444 High Street, Newark, New Jersey.

A small specimen of copper ore, for an Indian arrow-head, or some other Indian relic.
HARRY E. DIXON,
111 East Fifty-first Street, New York City.

A self-inking printing-press and one font of type, for a collection of birds' eggs.
FRED CHENEY, 51 Fort Avenue,
Boston Highlands, Boston, Mass.

A triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp and other rare stamps, for stamps, Indian relics, or minerals.
RUTH L. SEWALL,
96 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Twenty-five postmarks of New Jersey and New York, for twenty-five of any other State.
A. M. WOODRUFF,
645 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Stones and curiosities from Hot Springs, Arkansas, for Indian relics, sea-weeds, or shells, stones from any State except Tennessee and Arkansas, or curiosities of any kind. WILLIAM H. ROWLAND,
140 Adams Street, Memphis, Tenn.

A piece of pure white coral, for minerals, ocean curiosities, lava from a volcano, or choice shells; or some yellow and white sand arranged in bottles, for a star-fish or a sea-horse. SALLIE KELLEY,
Kleine St., East Walnut Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Postage stamps and postmarks, for Indian relics, minerals, fossils, or California curiosities.
JOE F. FOLSOM,
Bloomfield, Essex County, N. J.

Ten Michigan postmarks, for ten postmarks from other States. HARRY W. QUIMBY,
777 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Postage stamps. Jamaica stamps a specialty.
CHARLES H. ISRAELS,
Irving Institute, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Stamps and postmarks. FRANK B. MYERS,
Ishpeming, Mich.

Minerals, for good foreign postage stamps.
CLINTON C. ANDREWS,
Kirkwood, St. Louis County, Missouri.

HARRY J.—Any mineral or any package containing minerals, shells, or similar matter, not exceeding four pounds in weight, may be sent by mail at the rate of one cent for each ounce. In exchanging stones from different States, it would always be better to send some specimen of interest in itself, and one which represents the character of some mine or of celebrated ledges or quarries within the State limits. For example, it would be much more interesting to have a specimen in your collection labelled, "Marble from Vermont" or "Iron Ore from Connecticut," than to have the same specimen simply labelled a stone from either of those States. From Iowa, where you live, a specimen of galenite from the lead mines would be interesting, or any mineral found in abundance near your home.

A. J. GIBBS.—The first canal in the United States is supposed to have been built in the Connecticut Valley to allow boats to pass around the falls at South Hadley and around Turner's Falls at Montague. In February, 1792, the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act incorporating a company for the building of this canal, and operations were soon after commenced at South Hadley. The engineer was Benjamin Prescott, of Northampton. The Middlesex Canal, from Boston to Lowell, was built a few years later, and also a portion of the Mohawk Valley Canal. In 1797 six miles of the latter were completed, making a passage around rapids on the Mohawk River for boats of fifteen tons.

The first canals were built by the ancients for purposes of irrigation, but at a very early period they were also used as navigable channels. The royal canal of Babylon, built about 600 B.C., is one of the earliest mentioned in history. The Grand Canal of China, which is about 650 miles long, was built during the eighth century. At the changes of level the boats were dragged up inclined planes, and it was not until about 1480 that locks were invented by two Italian engineers. After this invention, by which one of the greatest impediments to canal navigation was removed, the construction of canals became general throughout Europe. One of the largest enterprises of the kind was that undertaken by Peter the Great during the first years of the eighteenth century; 1434 miles of canals were built connecting St. Petersburg with the Caspian Sea and with inland districts.

The first canal was built in England in 1760, and at the present time there are about 47,000 miles of canals in Great Britain.

Favors are acknowledged from Frankie L. Garbutt, F. M. Elliot, Albert H. Hopkins, Josie Chesley, N. D. Sagden, A. H. Patterson, Gracie Mathews, May Arnold, Willie Derr, Florence E. Lewis, Calvin Colton W., Henry J. Nuhn.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Harry H. Dickinson, Rebecca Hedges, Mertie H., Thomas M. Armstrong, Allie Meawell, Hugh Pilcairn, Will B. Shober, Grace B., William Harris, Walter P. Illies, C. Wieland.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A lake in Louisiana. A city in Northern Europe. A river in Mexico. A city to Japan. A city in Germany. In Montreal. A river in Europe. A river in Italy. A capital of one of the United States. A river in the western part of North America. A river near the east coast of British America. Centrals read downward spell the name of one of the divisions of Germany. FANNIE E. S.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

First in haul, not in beef.
Second in rock, not in reef.
Third in fortune, not in fate.
Fourth in fish, not in bait.
Fifth in bed, not in cot.
The whole an animal never shot.
F. V.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is part of the body.
My 4, 5 is a river in Europe.
My 6, 7, 8 is a cooking utensil.
My 9 is a vowel.
My 10, 11, 12 is the generic name of certain animals.
My whole is an animal. WILLIE L. K.

2. I am composed of 6 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a part of the head.
My 4, 5, 6 is something John Gilpin lost.
My whole is an insect.

3. I am composed of 9 letters.
I am an English bird, and may often be seen in the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 seeking my simple 6, 7, 8, 9.

4. I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is part of a shoe.
My 5, 6, 7 is wrath.
My whole is a creature found in South America.
BEATRICE.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, a beautiful mineral. Second, a tree. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, a metal. FRANK.

2. First, a girl's name. Second, to rend. Third, to accept. Fourth, a character in mythology.
HALLA.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In corn, not in ear.
In horse, not in deer.
In stay, not in go.
In spry, not in slow.
In lun, not in horse.
In rat, not in mouse.
In fly, not in dove.
My whole the synonym of love.
JAMES E. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 63.

No. 1.

P E T A R D	P E S T E R
E L I N O R	E N E R V E
T I N G L E	S E Q U I N
A N G O L A	T R U A N T
R O L L E R	E V I N C E
D R E A R Y	R E N T E D

No. 2.

J
C U P
C A B I N
J U S I L E E
P I L O T
N E T
E

No. 3.

F la G
A lona O
M arve L
E ude D
Fame, Gold.

No. 4. Vulture.

No. 5.

I llinois
N ebraska
D elaware
I owa
A labama
N ew York
A rizona

NOTICE.

HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the Bound Volume of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for* 1880 *is entirely out of stock, and will not be reprinted at present.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

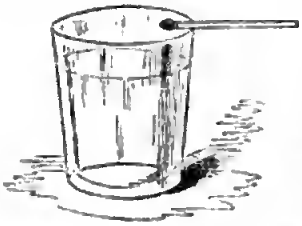
THE VOLUMES OF HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



THE TUMBLER TRICK.

THIS trick consists in balancing a match on the edge of a tumbler containing water, in the position represented in our picture, and then drinking the water without dropping the match. Solution in our next.

IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

"To sleep! to sleep!" called December,
To the cheery young strawberry vines.
"Not a green leaf is left on the maple,
Nor the creeper that round it entwines;
And the song-birds have gone to the South-land,
And the last of the flowers is dead,
And it's time that all good little strawberry plants
Were fast, fast asleep in their bed."

"Who cares?" said they, saucily; "we don't,
Though all that you tell us be true.
We're as wide, wide awake as we can be,
And we won't go to bed, sir, for you."
"Oh, you won't!" and he summoned a snow-storm,
While he laughed with a merry "Ho! ho!"
And in spite of themselves soon those saucy young plants
Were under a blanket of snow.

MIRTHFUL MAGIC.

BY G. B. BARTLETT

HOW TO PLACE AN EGG SO IT CAN NOT BE BROKEN WITH A TIN PAN.

SHOW a large tin pan and a common egg, and allow the spectators to handle and examine both to see that there is no deception about either. Then let any one take the pan, and be ready to strike with all his might. When he has tried in vain to guess how you can place the egg where it can not be broken with the pan, stand it up in the corner of the room, and of course it will be impossible for any one to hit it.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITHOUT WORK.

Draw several lines radiating from a central point, and let each player choose a line and be sure to remember which it is. Each then places a piece of money on his line, and you say, "Take particular notice of your line and money, so that you will not forget either." Then move the pieces of money about, taking care that not one piece remains on its original line. Ask each one in turn, "Is that your line?" and of course every one will say, "Yes." Afterward say to each, in the same order, "Is that your money?" touching the piece that is now on the line belonging to the person addressed. When all have answered these questions in the negative, you calmly collect and pretend to pocket all the money, with the quiet remark, "As you have all said that that was not *your* money, I think it must be mine."

Say to any person, "I will lay a wager to any amount that I have more money in my pocket than you have." After an animated debate, and exhibition of the contents of pockets, you say, "I have more money in my pocket than any one, for some of you have any money in my pocket."

Say to the ladies, "A man can marry any woman he pleases." After the long and indignant protest, calmly reply, "A man may marry any woman he pleases, but the trouble is to find the woman that he does please."

The Point of a Diamond.—Some time ago a Mr. Tarrants executed some writing on a small piece of glass with a diamond the point of which had been ground a million times finer than that of a pin. This writing was the Lord's Prayer, and the lines were so fine that they were quite invisible to the naked eye. If the whole of the Old Testament were written the same size, it would only occupy a space equal to that of a thumb-nail. The magnifying power of the microscope necessary to enable us to read this minute writing is so great that if it were possible to put a small boy under the glass, he would look ten times taller than Bunker Hill Monument, and his head would be the size of the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

PUSSY AND THE SNOW.

Pussy—born last summer—
Never saw the snow
Till this winter morning
Just an hour ago.
"Oh! what pretty lamb's-wool!"
Said she, when it began
To fall; "I'll go and play with it."
And out-of-doors she ran.
But back again, astonished,
In greatest haste came she.
"That is the queerest, coldest wool
That ever I did see!"

OUTSIDERS.

SMALL BOY (*who has been waked up by the music at an evening party*). "They are just going down to Supper. Don't you smell the Ice-Cream and Cake and things."

UNNECESSARY REQUEST.

BROTHER ON SLED. "Don't push too quickly, Alice."

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 67. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, February 8, 1881.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

MUFFLED.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"RUBE, me boy, what's the name of this?" exclaimed Pat Linihan, as the last wagon of the mining outfit was hauled into position, and the grizzled veteran he spoke to was dragging the harness from his favorite span of mules.

"The name of it? Do you mean this hollow we've pulled up in?"

"'Dade an' I do, thin. Ye've put a name of some kind to ivery rock an' bush we've seen the day."

"Well, then, mebbe it's the Chico Valley. It's a place I'll be glad to git out of with all the hair on my head."

"It's a swate spot, for all that. Is it near here thim Wallopy red-skins lives that makes it a bad boordin'-house for white min?"

"Yes, this is just the place. But there isn't many of 'em, and we didn't send 'em word we was comin'. Mebbe we'll find our way through the pass before they scent us. They're venomous, they are. Worst kind."

The two mules had been standing as if they were listening to him, but now, as old Rube cast them loose, the off mule suddenly threw up his heels and set out at a sharp trot into the grass, while his mate stretched his long neck forward in a sonorous bray.

"That 'll do, Gov'nor," remarked Rube. "We all know you kin do it. You and the Senator had better jest feed yer level best while yer chance is good. Mebbe you'll be an Indian's mule yet, before you die."

ATTACKED IN THE PASS.—Drawn by Frenzeny.

Digitized by Google

"Saints preserve thim, thin. It's foine mules they are," said Pat, very soberly. "Misther Adanis, was ye hearin' the churakther he gave the place we're in?"

"Is there any danger, Rube?—any real danger?"

"Not if we can find our way through the pass, Charlie. It's more like the neck of a bottle than anything else. Hope they haven't corked it up with rocks for us."

A tall, slightly built boy was Charlie Adams, and his bright blue eyes were wide open, with a look in which there was more fun and love of adventure than fear of anything—even of Hualapais* Indians.

He had been staring around the broad level valley while the miners were going into camp, and it did seem as if he had never looked upon anything more beautiful. The grass was so luxuriant and green; the scattered groves had been set down exactly in the right places; the mountains arose so grandly on every side; surely there could not have been imagined a prettier picture in a more wonderful frame. He said so to Rube Sarrow, but all the reply he got from the grim old wagon-master was,

"Ye-es, and the red-skins mean to keep it. Thar's been more than one outfit wiped out u-tryin' to squeeze through the Union Pass."

The wagons of the train were drawn up in two rows, about fifty yards apart, the light "ambulance," from which Rube had unhitched the Governor and the Senator, was pulled across one of the open spaces at the end, and a brisk fire had been started at the other. The ground so inclosed contained room enough to "corral" all the mules and horses of the train in case of an attack, and the members of that exploring party were likely to be able to defend such a fort against any ordinary band of red men.

Not a sign of the presence of Indians in the neighborhood had yet been discovered, and before the middle of the afternoon the scouts sent out came in with a couple of fat deer.

"That looks well," growled old Rube. "The valley hasn't been hunted out lately. Mebbe we'll git through all right."

The animals were watched pretty carefully, nevertheless, and they all had a good long rest and time to feed.

"They'd bettber make the best of it," said Pat Linihan to Charlie Adams. "It's a long pull and a hard one they've got before thim. Wud thim red-skins take the skelp of a mule, do ye s'pose?"

"They'd give more for yours, Pat. They'd risk almost anything for hair as red as you have. Light their pipes, you know."

"That's more'n I kin do wid it mesilf. But thim ambulance mules, now. Luk at the ears of thim. Did yez iver see the loike on any humun bein' before?"

The Governor and the Senator were mules of the largest and unguinliest type, and they seemed to remember enough of what Rube had said about Indians to keep them pretty close to the camp all the evening. None of the others were permitted to stray to any great distance, and about midnight they were all silently collected.

The men had taken the whole matter as quietly as had their four-footed servants, eating and sleeping as if there were no Indians in the world, or at least in the neighborhood of the Hualapais Mountains and the Union Pass.

All the men, perhaps; but Charlie Adams was not a man yet, and the young blood was tingling through his veins at the thought of actual danger and an attack from Indians. There was no need to wake him up or call him when the time came to get ready for another march. He was wide awake from head to foot, and seemed to be everywhere at once, with his repeating carbine in his hand.

It was a queer piece of work Rube and his teamsters were at for the next hour or so. They began by wrapping all the old blankets they had, and some new ones, around the circumference of the wagon wheels, and they greased the journals of the axles until there was no chance left for a squeak to come from them.

"They'll travel without a sound," said old Rube. "How're ye gittin' on with the critters, boys?"

That had been a job which interested Charlie Adams exceedingly. Every mule and horse was fitted with a pair of buffalo-skin or blanket moccasins, so that his feet would fall silently upon the hardest ground. Some of the men said "shoes," some "boots," and Pat Linihan called them "stockin's, begorra"; but Rube said "moccasins," and Charlie took him at his word.

Between one and two o'clock, the camp, with its fire piled up to a brighter blaze than ever, was left behind them, and the long mining train moved onward toward the dangerous pass. It was wonderful how little noise they made, and Pat Linihan remarked to old Rube:

"Sure an' it's the first toime I iver druv a muffled mule."

"Muffle yer tougue," growled old Rube. "That's one thing I forgot."

They made good speed, and before long Charlie Adams was aware that the narrow wagon trail they were following had led them between great walls of rock.

"We'll do it," whispered old Rube to Charlie. "They're up there on the cliffs, some of 'em, as a matter of course; but we're going to beat 'em this time. They have an awful advantage over any fellows down here. All they need do is to tumble down rocks on us in some places. There's just one bad spot to go by now," said he, a little later, "but it's almost daylight. I wish we were well past the neck."

Nearer and nearer drew the walls of rock, but there were no sounds made for them to echo, until at last, as he and the Senator pulled their ambulance over an unusually rough place, and paused for breath, the Governor seized the opportunity to stretch out his ugly neck.

Oh! what a bray was that! It seemed to fill every cranny of the Union Pass, and stir up the sleeping echoes, and climb up over the crags, and old Rube instantly shouted:

"Whip up, boys! Forward now for your lives! That thar was jest one other thing we forgot to muffle."

The whips cracked sharply enough now, and the Governor received at least his share in payment for his music.

There was no more silence. In less than a minute the heights above them rang with fierce whoops and yells. The savages had been taken a little by surprise, but they were there, and they had been waiting for that train. It had nearly passed them, but they were determined to make an effort for its capture.

Whoop after whoop, and then the crash and thud of rocky masses tumbling down the chasm.

It was getting lighter every minute, and Charlie Adams strained his bright eyes up along the crags in the hope of seeing a mark for his carbine.

Suddenly the sharp reports of rifles came from the front, and old Rube exclaimed:

"Indians in the pass! That's bad. We were almost through."

So they were, for the ambulance Pat was driving, and that Rube and Charlie were guarding, was the very tail of the train.

"Look out, Charlie."

"Bedad, they've done it! What 'll I do now?"

A heavy bowlder had come smashing down through the tilted top of the ambulance, making dire destruction of the closely packed stowage, and startling Pat half out of his wits.

"Unhitch! Save your mules!"

The Governor and the Senator had something to say about that. They were worse scared than Pat himself, and they declared it, as mules will, in about half a bray

* Pronounced Walapi.

Digitized by Google

apiece; but then they sprang wildly away up the pass, dragging behind them the battered ambulance, Pat and all.

"Go it, Pat! Come on, Charlie! There's a fight ahead, but we're beyond the neck."

The "fight ahead" was over quickly enough, for less than half a dozen Indians had clambered swiftly down to hide behind logs and rocks, and try to check the advance of the train. It was getting light enough for them to use their rifles, but so could the miners, and that was bad for that squad of "Wallopies," as Pat called them. Only two of them climbed up the rocks again, and all the harm they did was to wound three of the mules, and send a ball through the arm of a driver. Their friends on the heights were fairly driven to cover again by the storm of rifle-bullets sent after them, and Charlie Adams's carbine cracked as loudly as if he had been six feet high and weighed two hundred pounds.

"I wonder if I bit any of them?" he said to Rube, after they reached an open place and halted the train.

"Dunno 'bout that. Most likely. I kinder hope we barked some on 'em. But that there was a leetle the tightest squeeze I ever hed in Union Pass. All because I didn't muffle the bray of that mule."

"Did ye know," added Pat, "the big stone that kim into the ambylance mashed in the molasses kag? It's a swate mess they've made of it."

LILY'S BALL.

Lily gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Tinyly dressed, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

THE PIRATE KIDD.

THE tumult in New Amsterdam when, in August, 1664, English men-of-war appeared in the bay was excessive. An embassy was sent to the English commander, Nichols, at Gravesend Bay; it was composed of the Dutch clergyman and his brother, a physician. The English refused to hear of anything but submission, and brave Governor Stuyvesant yielded to the storm. No blood was shed, no gun fired; the town submitted peacefully to the invader, and its name was changed from New Amsterdam to New York.

But the Dutch longed for their natural government, and more than once it was reported that the great Admiral De Ruyter, at the head of the fleet with which he swept the European seas, was coming to Sandy Hook, and would retake the city. But he never came. A few years later, in the second Dutch war, 1673, a fleet of twenty-three ships from Holland sailed through the Narrows, reduced the fort on Staten Island, and recaptured New York. But in 1674 peace was made between Holland and England, and New York was restored to the English.

From that time for many years Sandy Hook witnessed no hostile armament, and only the white sails of the peaceful trader entered the deep channel that opens into the Lower Bay.

New York flourished in quiet ease; its Dutch burgomasters were changed to aldermen; its fair young maidens with their admirers made up boating parties from the Battery, or rode in gigs up to the famous Kissing Gate. But all the people of New York were not so respectable; it was, in fact, the haunt of disreputable persons and maranders from all parts of the world, and among them might be seen about this time the rough, bronzed face, the sturdy figure, of the cruel pirate Kidd. Possessed of a considerable fortune, which he had made in a seafaring life, Kidd had retired from his occupation, whatever it had been, and settled peacefully with his wife and children in New York. He was probably looked upon as a substantial citizen. He was thought a skillful sailor. And when in 1695 the English government resolved to send a ship to the East Indies to put down the pirates who swarmed in the sea between Arabia and Bombay, the Governor of New York, Lord Bellamont, selected Kidd to command the expedition.

Kidd went over to London, was given a fine ship, the *Adventure* galley, and came back to New York to gather his crew. He was sure of finding here desperate men willing to aid him in any wicked enterprise. The ship was soon manned, and in February, 1697, sailed out from Sandy Hook on its dreadful voyage. Instead of putting down piracy, Kidd became the most cruel and terrible of pirates. He haunted the Eastern seas, plundered the rich vessels of Arabia, Armenia, or Portugal, and made such enormous profits that even his sailors grew wealthy. But his savage cruelty was terrible even to his own crew. He cut the throats of his prisoners, or plunged them into the sea. The pirate ship was a scene of demoniac wickedness. One of his crew, whom he had called a dog, cried out, in remorse, "Yes, I am a dog; but it is you that have made me so." Kidd, enraged, struck him dead at a blow.

Possessed of an immense fortune in gold, silver, jewels, the pirate came back to New York in 1699, hoping, perhaps, to purchase a pardon for all his crimes with the aid of his powerful friends. Once more the *Adventure* galley, or some other vessel of his fleet, sailed by the Hook, stained with blood and massacre, but laden with a cargo richer than any ship had ever brought to the quiet city before. Tradition relates that Kidd had his friends in the coves and bays of Long Island: that he deposited $200,000 in gold dust and coin on Gardiner's Island; that he buried his treasure on Martha's Vineyard, and lived in a cave still seen on its lonely shore. His ship he is supposed to have

Digitized by Google

sunk near Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson, and here a party of persons may at times be seen diligently laboring to find the sunken vessel. To Mrs. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, Kidd gave a robe of cloth of gold that was long preserved in the family. He strove to hide from the agents of the government, who were in pursuit of him, but was decoyed to Boston, carried to England, tried for piracy, condemned, and executed. It is said that the first rope used to hang him broke, and he fell to the ground; a second was brought, and the horrible monster perished at last, March 23, 1701. From that time pirates were banished from the American ports, although they still swarmed in the West Indian seas and all the unfrequented parts of the ocean.

THE FIRST MOUSE.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DINNER PARTY.

AT noon Toby was thoroughly tired out, for whenever any one spoke kindly to him, Mr. Lord seemed to take a malicious pleasure in giving him extra tasks to do, until Toby began to hope that no one else would pay any attention to him. On this day he was permitted to go to dinner first, and after he returned he was left in charge of the booth. Trade being dull, as it usually was during the dinner hour, he had very little work to do after he had cleaned the glasses and set things to rights generally.

Therefore when he saw the very thin form of the skeleton emerge from his tent and come toward him, he was particularly pleased, for he had begun to think very kindly of the thin man and his fleshy wife.

"Well, Toby," said the skeleton, as he came up to the booth, carefully dusted Mr. Lord's private chair, and sat down very cautiously in it, as if he had expected that it would break down under his weight, "I hear you've been making quite a hero of yourself by capturing the monkeys last night."

Toby's freckled face reddened with pleasure as he heard these words, and he stammered out, with considerable difficulty, "I didn't do anything; it was Mr. Stubbs that brought 'em back."

"Mr. Stubbs?" and here the skeleton laughed so heartily that Toby was afraid he would dislocate some of his thinly covered joints. "When you was tellin' about Mr. Stubbs yesterday, I thought you meant some one belonging to the company. You ought to have seen my wife Lilly shake with laughing when I told her who Mr. Stubbs was."

"Yes," said Toby, at a loss to know just what to say, "I should think she would shake when she laughs."

"She does," replied the skeleton. "If you should see her when something funny strikes her, you'd think she was one of those big plates of jelly that they have in the bake-shop windows;" and Mr. Treat looked proudly at the gaudy picture which represented his wife in all her monstrosity of flesh. "She's a great woman, Toby, an' she's got a great head."

Toby nodded his head in assent. He would have liked to have said something nice regarding Mrs. Treat, but he really did not know what to say, and thus he simply contented himself and the fond husband by nodding.

"She thinks a good deal of you, Toby," continued the skeleton, as he moved his chair to a position more favorable for him to elevate his feet on the edge of the counter, and placed his handkerchief under him as a cushion; "she's talking of you all the time, and if you wasn't such a little fellow, I should begin to be jealous of you—I should, upon my word."

"You're both very good," stammered Toby, so weighted down by a sense of the honor heaped upon him as to be at a loss for words.

"An' she wants to see more of you. She made me come out here now, when she knew Mr. Lord would be away, to tell you that we're goin' to have a little kind of a friendly dinner in our tent to-morrow—she's cooked it all herself, or she's going to—and we want you to come in an' have some with us."

Toby's eyes glistened at the thought of the unexpected pleasure, and then his face grew sad as he replied, "I'd like to come first-rate, Mr. Treat, but I don't s'pose Mr. Lord would let me stay away from the shop long enough."

"Why, you won't have any work to do to-morrow, Toby—it's Sunday."

"So it is," said the boy, with a pleased smile, as he thought of the day of rest which was so near. And then he added, quickly: "An' this is Saturday afternoon; what fun the boys at home are havin'! You see, there hain't any school Saturday afternoon, an' all the fellers go out in the woods."

"And you wish you were there to go with them, don't you?" asked the skeleton, sympathetically.

"Indeed I do!" exclaimed Toby, quickly; "it's twice as good as any circus that ever was."

"But you didn't think so before you came with us, did you?"

"I didn't know so much about circuses then as I do now," replied the boy, sadly.

Mr. Treat saw that he was touching on a sore subject, and one which was arousing sad thoughts in his little companion's mind, and he hastened to change it at once.

"Then I can tell Lilly that you'll come, can I?"

"Oh yes, I'll be sure to be there; an' I want you to know just how good I think you both are to me."

"That's all right, Toby," said Mr. Treat, with a pleased expression on his face; "an' you may bring Mr. Stubbs with you, if you want to."

"Thank you," said Toby, "I'm sure Mr. Stubbs will be just as glad to come as I shall. But where will we be to-morrow?"

"Right here. We always stay over Sunday at the place where we show Saturday. But I must be going, or Lilly will worry her life out of her for fear I'm somewhere get-

Digitized by Google

ting cold; she's awful careful of me, that woman is. You'll be on hand to-morrow at one o'clock, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," said Toby, emphatically, "an' I'll bring Mr. Stubbs with me too."

With a friendly nod of the head, the skeleton hurried away to re-assure his wife that he was safe and well, and before he had hardly disappeared within the tent, Toby had another caller, who was none other than his friend old Ben, the driver.

"Well, my boy," shouted Ben, in his cheery, hearty tones, "I haven't seen you since you left the wagon so sudden last night. Did you get shook up much?"

"Oh no," replied Toby; "you see, I hain't very big, an' then I struck in the mud, so I got off pretty easy."

"That's a fact, an' you can thank your lucky stars for it, too, for I've seen grown-up men get pitched off a wagon in that way, an' break their necks doin' it. But has Job told you where you was going to sleep to-night? You know we stay over here till to-morrow."

"I didn't think anything about that; but I s'pose I'll sleep in the wagon, won't I?"

"You can sleep at the hotel, if you want to; but the beds will likely be dirty, an' if you take my advice, you'll crawl into some of the wagons in the tent."

Ben then explained to him that after his work was done that night, he would not be expected to report for duty until the time for starting Sunday night, and he concluded his remarks by saying:

"Now you know what your rights are, an' don't you let Job impose on you in any way. I'll be round here after you get through work, an' we'll bunk in somewhere together."

The arrival of Messrs. Lord and Jacobs put a stop to the conversation, and was the signal of Toby's time of trial. It seemed to him, and with good reason, that the chief delight which these men had in life was to torment him, for neither ever spoke a pleasant word to him; and when one was not giving him some difficult work to do, or finding fault in some way, the other would be sure to be at it, and Toby had very little comfort from the time he began work in the morning until he stopped at night.

It was not until after the evening performance was over that Toby had a chance to speak with Mr. Stubbs, and then he was so tired that he simply took the old monkey from the cage, nestled him under his jacket, and lay down with him to sleep in the place which old Ben had selected.

When the morning came, Mr. Stubbs aroused his young master at a much earlier hour than he would have awakened had he been left to himself, and the two went out for a short walk before breakfast. They went instinctively toward the woods, and when the shade of the trees was once reached, how the two revelled in their freedom! Mr. Stubbs climbed into the trees, swung himself from one to the other by means of his tail, gathered half-ripe nuts, which he threw at his master, tried to catch the birds, and had a good time generally.

Toby, stretched at full length on the mossy bank, watched the antics of his pet, laughing boisterously at times as Mr. Stubbs would do some one thing more comical than usual, and forgot there was in this world such a thing as a circus, or such a man as Job Lord. It was to Toby a morning without a flaw, and he took no heed of the time, until the sound of the church bells warned him of the lateness of the hour, reminding him at the same time of where he should be—where he would be if he was at home with Uncle Daniel.

In the mean time the old monkey had been trying to attract his young master's attention, and, failing in his efforts, he came down from out the tree, crept softly up to Toby, and nestled his head under the boy's arm.

This little act of devotion seemed to cause Toby's grief to burst forth afresh, and clasping the monkey around the neck, hugging him close to his bosom, he sobbed:

"Oh, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Stubbs, how lonesome we are! If we was only at Uncle Daniel's, we'd be the two happiest people in all this world. We could play on the hay, or go up to the pasture, or go down to the village, an' I'd work my fingers off if I could only be there just once more. It was wicked for me to run away, an' now I'm gettin' paid for it."

He hugged the monkey closely, swayed his body to and fro, presenting a perfect picture of grief. The monkey, not knowing what to make of this changed mood, cowered whimperingly in his arms, looking up into his face, and licking the boy's hands with his tongue whenever he had the opportunity.

It was some time before Toby's grief exhausted itself, and then, still clasping the monkey, he hurried out of the woods to the town and the now thoroughly hated circus tents.

The clocks were just striking one as Toby entered the inclosure used by the show as a place of performance, and, remembering his engagement with the skeleton and his wife, he went directly to their tent. From the odors which assailed him as he entered, it was quite evident that a feast of no mean proportions was in course of preparation, and

TOBY IS INTRODUCED TO THE ALBINOS.

Digitized by Google

Toby's very great appetite came to him in full vigor. Even the monkey seemed affected by the odor, for he danced about on his master's shoulder, and chattered so that Toby was obliged to choke him a little in order to make him present a respectable appearance.

When Toby reached the interior of the tent, he was astonished at the extent of the preparations that were being made, and gazed around him in surprise. The platform on which the lean man and fat woman were in the habit of exhibiting themselves now bore a long table, loaded with eatables; and from the fact that eight or ten chairs were ranged around it, Toby understood that he was not the only guest at the feast. Some little attempt had also been made at decoration by festooning that end of the tent at which the platform was placed with two or three flags and some streamers, and the tent poles were fringed with tissue-paper of the brightest colors.

Toby had had only time enough to notice this, when the skeleton advanced toward him, and with the liveliest appearance of pleasure, said, as he took him by the hands with a grip that made him wince,

"It gives me great joy, Mr. Tyler, to welcome you at one of our little home reunions, if one can call a tent, that is moved every day in the week, home."

Toby hardly knew whom Mr. Treat referred to when he said "Mr. Tyler," but by the time his hands were released from the bony grasp, he understood that it was himself who was spoken to.

The skeleton then formally introduced him to the other guests present, who were sitting in one end of the tent, and evidently anxiously awaiting the coming feast.

"These," said Mr. Treat, as he waved his hand toward two white-haired, pink-eyed young ladies, who sat with their arms twined around each other's waists, and had been eying the monkey with some appearance of fear, "are the Miss Cushings, known to the world as the Albino Children; they command a large salary, and form a very attractive feature of our exhibition."

The young ladies arose at the same time, as if they had been the Siamese Twins, and could not act independently of each other, and bowed.

Toby made the best bow he was capable of, and the monkey made frantic efforts to escape, as if he would enjoy twisting his paws in their perpendicular hair.

"And this," continued Mr. Treat, pointing to a sickly, sour-looking individual, who was sitting apart from the others, with his arms folded, and looking as if he was counting the very seconds before the dinner should begin, "is the wonderful Signor Castro, whose sword-swallowing feats you have doubtless heard of."

Toby stepped back just one step, as if overwhelmed by awe at beholding the signor in the guise of a humble individual, and the gentleman who gained his livelihood by swallowing swords unbent his dignity so far as to unfold his arms, and present a very dirty-looking hand for Toby to shake. The boy took hold of the outstretched hand, wondering why the signor never used soap and water, and Mr. Stubbs, apparently afraid of the sour-looking man, retreated to Toby's shoulder, where he sat chattering and scolding about the introduction.

Again the skeleton waved his hand, and this time he introduced "Mademoiselle Spelletti, the wonderful snake-charmer, whose exploits in this country, and before the crowned heads of Europe, had caused the whole world to stand aghast at her daring."

Mademoiselle Spelletti was a very ordinary-looking young lady of about twenty-five years of age, who looked very much as if her name might originally have been Murphy, and she too extended a hand for Toby to grasp, only her hand was clean, and she appeared to be a very much more pleasant acquaintance than the gentleman who swallowed swords.

This ended the introductions, and Toby was just looking around for a seat, when Mrs. Treat, the fat lady, and the giver of the feast which was about to come, and which already smelled so invitingly, entered from behind a curtain of canvas, where the cooking-stove was supposed to be located.

She had every appearance of being the cook for the occasion. Her sleeves were rolled up, her hair tumbled and frowzy, and there were several unmistakable marks of grease on the front of her calico dress.

She waited for no ceremony, but rushed up to Toby, and taking him in her arms, gave him such a squeeze that there seemed to be every possibility that she would break all the bones in his body; and she kept him so long in this bear-like embrace that Mr. Stubbs reached his little brown paws over, and got such a hold of her hair that all present, save Signor Castro, rushed forward to release her from the monkey's grasp.

"You dear little thing," said Mrs. Treat, paying but very little attention to the hair-pulling she had just undergone, and holding Toby at arm's-length, where she could look into his face, "you were so late that I was afraid you wasn't coming, and my dinner wouldn't have tasted half so good if you hadn't been here to eat some."

Toby hardly knew what to say at this hearty welcome, but he managed to tell the large and kind-hearted lady that he had no idea of missing the dinner, and that he was very glad she wanted him to come.

"Want you to come, you dear little thing!" she exclaimed, as she gave him another hug, but was careful not to get her head where Mr. Stubbs could get hold of the hair again—"of course I wanted you to come, for this very dinner has been got up so that you could meet these people here, and so that they could see you."

Toby was entirely at a loss to know what to say to this overwhelming compliment, and for that reason he did not say anything, only submitting patiently to the third hug, which was all Mrs. Treat had time to give him, as she was obliged to rush behind the canvas screen again, as there were unmistakable sounds of something boiling over on the stove.

"You'll excuse me," said the skeleton, with an air of dignity, waving his hand once more toward the assembled company, "but while introducing you to Mr. Tyler, I had almost forgotten to introduce him to you. This, ladies and gentlemen," and here he touched Toby on the shoulder, as if he were some living curiosity whose habits and mode of capture he was about to explain to a party of spectators, "is Mr. Toby Tyler, of whom you heard on the night when the monkey cage was smashed, and who now carries with him the identical monkey which was presented to him by the manager of this great show as a token of esteem for his skill and bravery in capturing the entire lot of monkeys without a single blow."

By the time Mr. Treat got through with this long speech, Toby felt very much as if he was some wonderful creation whom the skeleton was exhibiting; but he managed to rise to his feet, and duck his little red head in his best imitation of a bow. Then he sat down and hugged Mr. Stubbs to cover his confusion.

One of the Albino Children now came forward, and while stroking Mr. Stubbs's hair, looked so intently at Toby that for the life of him he couldn't say which she regarded as the curiosity, himself or the monkey; therefore he hastened to say, modestly,

"I didn't do much toward catchin' the monkeys; Mr. Stubbs here did almost all of it, an' I only led 'em in."

"There, there, my boy," said the skeleton, in a fatherly tone, "I've heard the whole story from old Ben, an' I sha'n't let you get out of it like that. We all know what you did, an' it's no use for you to deny any part of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

A SNOW BLOCKADE.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

SOME boys, you know, think it is capital to be at boarding-school, and other boys don't like it. But there is no doubt that all think it is splendid to come home for a holiday. But what if your home has been burned down, as was Will and Harry Baker's, and your parents are living at a hotel until the house can be rebuilt?

The Baker boys wrote home to Rawley: "We expect living in a hotel is pretty nice, but of course we can't do many of the things we had planned for this holiday."

"The new house can not be made ready before spring," wrote Mrs. Baker, "but I do not think you have planned much you will not be able to carry out. I have one fine piece of news to tell you. Your uncle Ben and aunt Sue, whom you have not seen since you were very little fellows, and those six cousins, whom you have never seen, have sold their old home in Maine. Uncle Ben is going to build a house here, not far from our old home. Until it is finished, he has rented a house, and you and your cousins should have fine times together."

The idea of meeting these cousins took away much of Will's and Harry's disappointment. School broke up early on Thursday morning, and the next day, Friday, was to be Mrs. Baker's birthday—a great day with the Bakers.

Several of the boys who had to pass through New York city in going home went with the Baker boys, when they all arrived there, to help them select Mrs. Baker's present. Then Will and Harry started for the ferry, having full time to make their train. But while riding there the street car was delayed at a cross street where a fire had broken out. Watching the exciting scene, not more than five minutes seemed to have been lost, but to the boys' amazement the last boat to make connection with their train had left when they reached the ferry. And what was worse, it was the last train before next morning to make connection at the Junction for Rawley. After a council, it was decided to go and stay overnight at the hotel used by Mr. Baker when in New York, and to telegraph to Rawley what had happened.

In the morning, when the boys awoke, they were dismayed to find that a heavy snow-storm had set in. At the dépôt, long trains covered with snow were arriving, much delayed, and every one was talking of the storm, and what probably would happen if the snow continued. It was a great relief to Will and Harry when at last their express train started, though the snow fell steadily and fast. An extra engine, pushing a snow-plough, ran ahead to clear the track, and the boys anxiously watched the storm and the progress of the train.

"An hour and a quarter late," said Will, noting the time as the train drew up at the Junction station. The Rawley train, with a snow-plough ahead of the locomotive, stood on the other side of the platform, and a few passengers were in the dépôt, who had been waiting for the New York express. There was a stout farmer talking with the conductor of the Rawley train; and as Will approached the latter to ask a question, he overheard him say,

"Yes; it does look a little doubtful if we will get through to Rawley before the snow is drifted too deep for us."

"How far along do you think you will get? To Sanmere?"

Sanmere was ten miles from Rawley.

"To Rawley, I hope," answered the conductor, moving away. "All aboard!"

Toward Sanmere the track was built in a narrow defile cut through a hill, and beyond were a number of these cuts. When the train neared Sanmere, the engine and plough were uncoupled from the cars to clear the track in this narrow defile, and running swiftly ahead, were soon lost to sight in the falling snow. In half an hour the engine was backed to where the train stood. It was decided to leave the cars, and try to carry the passengers to Sanmere on the engine. The six passengers, the trainmen, and the mail agent with his mail-bags, crowded into the cab, and the engine was slowly and carefully steamed through the snow-choked defile, and down to the station.

Will and Harry hurried into the waiting-room to warm themselves, and looking out at a window they saw a gentleman muffled in a great-coat directing the other four passengers—probably to a hotel. He then entered the waiting-room, shaking his coat free of snow.

"Snowed in, eh, Masters Baker?" said he, in a pleasant tone. "But you are a good deal better off than you think. What you want now is a good warm dinner, and merry people to eat it with."

Will and Harry looked at the gentleman narrowly as he shook hands with them, but they could not remember having ever seen him before.

"I know your father and mother well," continued the gentleman. "My name is Benjamin, and I keep Benjamin's House here in Sanmere. I'm a good landlord, if I say so myself, and promise you that directly there is a dinner coming on my table well worth your eating."

"I'd rather get to Rawley to-day than eat a dozen good dinners," thought Will.

"Have you a sleigh, Mr. Benjamin, and a pair of good horses to hire, to take us to Rawley?" asked Harry.

"Yes," answered Mr. Benjamin; "but the first thing you want is your dinner. After dinner, if you wish to go to Rawley, I have just the sleigh and pair of horses that can take you there. Now come along. Each of you catch hold of one of my arms; I'm nearly as good as a snow-plough."

Before the boys had walked far along the snow-covered streets of Sanmere, it seemed as if they had known Mr. Benjamin for a long time.

"Here we are," said he, stopping before a large house.

There was no "Benjamin's House" sign to be seen, but the snow was falling fast enough to hide a dozen signs.

"My house is full of people to-day," said Mr. Benjamin, "so come right up stairs to a warm room, where you can change your clothes and shoes, and make ready for dinner. Now make yourselves at home, and when dinner is ready I will come for you."

Merry peals of laughter could be heard down stairs, and there were evidently plenty of young people in the house.

"If we only had mother and father here," said Will, "it would be nearly as good as being at home."

"That's so," agreed Harry. "This is the kind of hotel I would like to live in. I wonder if Pop knows about it?"

Directly a dinner-bell rang, and there was a noise of feet sounding as if the people were going in to dinner. In a moment in came Mr. Benjamin, his eyes twinkling with fun, and invited them down to dinner.

"I didn't tell you," said he, as he led the way, "that it is a celebration dinner for my guests. I shouldn't be surprised if you should know some of the people."

Before the dining-room door was reached, a side door swung open, and in a moment the boys found themselves in a pair of warm arms.

"Mother!" "Father!"

They were indeed Mr. and Mrs. Baker. Wide open swung the dining-room door, and there, waiting, were Aunt Sue, the six new cousins, and a dozen more people.

"Welcome to Benjamin's House!" called Uncle Ben—Mr. Benjamin, as Harry had first called him, being Uncle Ben Starr his own merry self. "And, boys, if you want to go to Rawley through all this snow, my horses and sleigh shall take you."

What a dinner that was! And what a time there was, too, explaining how Uncle Ben had invited all the Bakers to his house to spend the holidays, and to surprise Will and Harry!

Digitized by Google

CARNIVAL SKETCHES.

Digitized by Google

CARNIVAL SKETCHES.—(CONTINUED.)

Digitized by Google

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. IV.

A GENTLEMAN who has done more beautiful art work than any other I have ever known once told me that his principle was first to know the rules of art, and then to do as he saw fit. The one rule of the embroiderer's art that I would specially emphasize for you is that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing as well as you know how. You do not wish to fill your homes with worthless work. It is vastly better to do but little, and to make that as choice and dainty as possible, for the first charm of embroidery is its nicety.

Having thus put you on your guard, let me tell you how the New England stitch may be modified and rendered more simple. This modified stitch is only for those who are so painstaking that they can be trusted never to slight their work except judiciously, for no lazy needle-woman could resist the fascination of this easiest of embroidery stitches. She would never use another. If you can not trust yourself, skip this article.

FIG. 14.

Take your first stitch as in Fig. 10, then, instead of reversing the stitch and pushing the needle from you, point the needle toward you as shown in Fig. 14.

Of course when each stitch is taken naturally with the needle pointing toward you, the work reels off wonderfully fast, but the stitch loses in effect, for instead of the pretty double twist, you now have the needle cross the thread but once, making a single twist not nearly so pretty when examined closely. (For work that is only to have its little day, like a tidy or a bureau-cover, I should surely use this modified form of the stitch. Life is too short to spend time in pushing your needle backward, when pushing it forward will do as well. For nice work, for hangings before choice little cabinets, or for a bed-spread that may last a century, take the stitch the old way; but for work that is not meant to last a lifetime, use the easiest stitch possible.)

FIG. 15.

FIG. 16.

Fig. 15 is meant to be repeated for the ends of a table-scarf or bureau-cover, with the border in two shades; another line can be added a half-inch below 2 to give weight to the border.

The lines 1 and 2 are to be worked in stem stitch, the space *a* filled with a darker and *b* with a lighter shade; *c* is not filled in. The design (Fig. 16) can be colored to suit your room or the shade of the stuff on which it is worked, though old gold, soft yellows, pinks, and blues would be pretty for the flowers, the border being in old golds or blues.

This design would do well scattered, or, to use the technical word, *powdered*, over a small curtain, alternating it with small sprays from the design like *x* or *y*, or for the corners of a small table-cover.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

IBYCUS was travelling one day on the road between Athens and Sparta, when he was set upon by some brigands, who robbed and murdered him. He cried for help—none was at hand; but just at

the last he raised his dying eyes toward the sky and saw a flock of cranes flying high in the air above his head, and with his last breath he called upon *them* to avenge him. The assassins laughed at such a prayer; but it was strangely answered. The men hurried off to Atheus to enjoy their booty, and a few days afterward went to the theatre, which in those days was in the open air. As the performance was going on, some birds were noticed flying low above the assembled crowd. "Ha! ha! those are the cranes of Ibycus!" one of the robbers unthinkingly said to his neighbor. Sorely he repented it the next moment, for others had caught the words. "Ibycus? Ibycus? What had become of him?" He was a well-known man, and had been missed. The men were seized, and believing that the gods had revealed their crime, they confessed all, and were executed. This story is beautifully told in one of the poems of Schiller, the great German poet.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter II.

PHIL'S NEW FRIEND.

OLD black Joe had not always been either a boot-black or fiddler. In his youthful days he had been a house-servant, and had prided himself on his many accomplishments—his dexterity at dinners, his grace at evening parties, the ease and unconcern with which he could meet embarrassing emergencies at either; but times had changed for him. His old employers had died, a scolding wife had made his home unhappy, he had lost the little money he had saved, and he was no longer the bright, cheerful young fellow he had been. Age and rheumatism had made him crusty; but beneath the outward manner, which sometimes was very cross, he had a tender heart and a pitiful nature.

Of late years he had picked up enough for his support in the many little ways incident to city life. He could whitewash, sweep chimneys, run on errands—or rather walk on them, and that, too, very slowly. He shovelled snow and carried coal, sawed wood and helped the servants at whose homes he was employed.

His occupations took him about to many houses, but he always irritated the people with whom he came in contact by invariably assuring them that their masters and mistresses were not of the real stuff that ladies and gentlemen of *his* day were made of; that fine feathers did not make fine birds; that people nowadays were all alike, and had no manners.

He made one exception only, in favor of a maiden lady, whose parents he had known, whose servants were kind to him, and whose retired and dignified way of living quite suited his fastidiousness.

This was a Miss Schuyler; and nothing pleased Joe more than to have this one person, whom he regarded with unqualified admiration, send for him to bestow the monthly allowance she was in the habit of giving him. On the day that he expected this summons he always gave an extra touch to his toilet, exchanged his torn coat for a patched one, his slouch hat for a very much worn beaver adorned with a band of rusty crape, and out of the pocket of his coat, but never upon his hands, was to be seen an old pair of yellow kid gloves.

In the course of Joe's wanderings he had chanced to hear of the invalid boy Phil, who liked to listen to his fiddle, and it did not take long to strike up an acquaintance between them.

Often on a rainy day, or when work was dull, Joe would spend an hour or two with Phil, relieving his loneliness, soothing his pain, and cheering him with his music and his rambling talk about "old times" and the people he had seen.

It was the latter part of May, and had been very warm; but Joe buttoned up his best coat and donned his beaver, for his pay was due at Miss Schuyler's. She lived in a large house, rather imposing and handsome, and in the gayest part of the city: but she was by no means imposing or gay in her own person. A little figure, simply dressed, a kind face without beauty, a gentle manner, and a certain gracious kindliness and familiarity had endeared her to Joe. On this day she was not, as usual, sitting with her work in the library, where the sun poured in on the bronzes and richly bound volumes, on the old engravings and the frescoed ceiling—for Miss Schuyler liked light and warmth and color—but she was away up in the top of the house, directing her maids in the packing of blankets and woollens and furs, preparatory to leaving her house for the summer. Joe had mounted stair after stair seeking her, and by the time he reached her was quite out of breath; this, and the odor of camphor and cedar wood, made him sneeze and cough until Miss Schuyler said to one of the maids in a whisper, "The poor old soul would have been black in the face had he ever been white."

To Joe himself she said, very kindly, "My good old friend, you need not have taken so much trouble to see me; I could have come down to you."

"Laws, Miss Rachel, I knew you was busy, and nuffin's ever a trouble to do for you; I go to the tops of houses often—just come from one where poor Phil's a-groanin' with pain. That chile 'll die if somebody don't do suthin fur him soon."

"What child?" asked Miss Schuyler, whose tender point was her love of children. "You haven't any grandchildren, Joe, have you?"

"No, Miss Rachel, de Lord nebber trusted me with any chil'en."

"Well, who is Phil?" said Miss Schuyler, absently; adding, to one of her maids, "Take care of that afghan; wrap it in an old linen sheet; it was knitted by a very dear friend, and I do not want it moth-eaten; I had rather lose a camel's-hair shawl." Which evidence of regard seemed very extravagant to the girl who was obeying instructions, but which Joe thought be appreciated.

"Haven't I tole ye about Phil, Miss Rachel?"

"I don't know. I don't think you have; but come down to my room, Joe, and then I can listen to your story."

Giving a few more directions, Miss Rachel led the way to a lovely sunny room, with flower baskets in the windows, soft blue draperies, and delicate appointments. Seating herself at a desk, and pointing Joe to a chair, upon which the old man carefully spread a silk handkerchief lest his clothes should soil the blue cushions, she counted out the money due him, and placed it in an envelope, saying, as she did so, "Now tell me about that child."

"It's a white chile, Miss Rachel."

"Well, I like white children, Joe, though I must confess the little colored ones are much more interesting," said Miss Rachel, smiling.

"I thought you liked my people, Miss Rachel; but this poor Phil's a gentleman's son, very much come down far's money goes. He is too young to know much about it, but the girl who takes care of him was brought up in his family, and she says they was well off once."

"But what about the boy?" asked Miss Schuyler, a little impatiently.

"He's a great sufferer, but he's a wonderful chile. He loves to have me play for him, and then he tells me the thoughts that come to him from the music. I's no great player, Miss Rachel," said Joe, modestly, "but you'd think I was, to hear him talk. He sees fairies, and he dreams beautiful things, and his big brown eyes look as if he could

Digitized by Google

BLACK JOE, THE FIDDLER.

a'most see 'way up into heaven. Oh, he's a strange chile; but he'll die if he stays up in that garret room and nebber sees the green fields he's so hungry for."

Miss Rachel's eyes were moist, but she took a card and pencil from her desk. "Where does he live—in what street and what number?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rachel— You jess go up the Avenue, and turn down the fourth nr fifth street, and up a block or twn, and it's the fust house with a high stoop and green shutters. I allers go in the alleyway, so I forgit numbers."

Miss Schuyler bit her lip to keep from smiling, thought a moment, scribbled a memorandum, rang the bell, and gave some more directions; left the room, and came back with her bonnet on. "Can you show me the way to Phil's house, Joe?"

"Course I can, Miss Rachel," replied the old man, delighted that his words had aroused his listener's sympathies.

"It's not very far; he's all alone, 'cause Lisa has to be away all day. And I shouldn't wonder"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"if sometimes he was hungry; but he'd nebber say so."

This latter remark made Miss Schuyler bid Joe wait for her in the hall, while she went to a closet, found a basket, in which she placed a snowy napkin, some biscuit, some cold chicken, and a few delicious little cakes. In her pocket she put a little flask of some strong cordial she had found of service on her many errands of charity.

How proud Joe was to be her escort! but how meekly he walked behind the lady whose footsteps he thought were those of a real gentlewoman, the only one to whom he would accord this compliment, although he passed many elegant dames in gay attire.

The little gray figure, with its neat, quiet simplicity, was his embodiment of elegance, for somehow Joe had detected the delicate perfume of a sweet nature and a loving heart—a heart full of Christian charity and unselfishness.

They walked for some distance, and the day was so warm that Miss Schuyler moderated her usual rapid pace to suit the old man's feebler steps. Off the Avenue a long way, up another, down a side street, until, amidst a crowded, disagreeable neighborhood, Joe stopped.

"You had better lead me still, Joe. The boy might be frightened or annoyed at seeing a stranger: I dare say he's nervous. Go up, and I will wait outside the door while you ask him if I may come and see him. Wait, there's a flower stall a little way from here; I will get a bunch. Take my basket, and I will be back in a few moments. I am glad I thought of the flowers; children always like them."

She hastened off, while Joe leaned on his cane and muttered blessings upon her; but some rude boys beginning to chaff him, he turned on them with his usual crustiness, and quite forgot his beatitudes.

Miss Schuyler came back in a few minutes with a lovely bunch of bright blossoms embosomed in geranium leaves.

"Now, then, Joe, this shall be my card; take it in, and tell Phil I am coming."

"God bress you, Miss Rachel!" was all Joe could reply.

Miss Rachel had her own way of doing things. It was nothing new for her to carry flowers and dainties to the sick poor. She had been much with sick people, and she knew that those who have no luxuries and few necessaries care for the things which do not really sustain life quite as much as do those who can command both.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY MONKEY.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

THERE never was such luck. I've always thought that I'd rather have a monkey than be a million heir. There is nothing that could be half so splendid as a real

Digitized by Google

live monkey, but of course I knew that I never could have one until I should grow up and go to sea and bring home monkeys and parrots and shawls to mother just as sailors always do. But I've actually got a monkey and if you don't believe it just look at these pictures of him that Mr. Travers made for me and told me to send to the YOUNG PEOPLE so that Mr. Harper would know that the monkey was genuine and unadulterated.

It was Mr. Travers that got the monkey for me. One day there came a woman with an organ and a monkey into our yard.

She was an Italian, but she could speak a sort of English and she said that the "murderin' spalpeen of a monkey was just wearing the life of her out." So says Mr. Travers "What will you take for him?" and says she "It's five dollars I'd be after selling him for, and may good luck go wid ye!"

What did Mr. Travers do but give her the money and hand the monkey to me, saying, "Here, Jimmy! take him and be happy." Wasn't I just happy though?

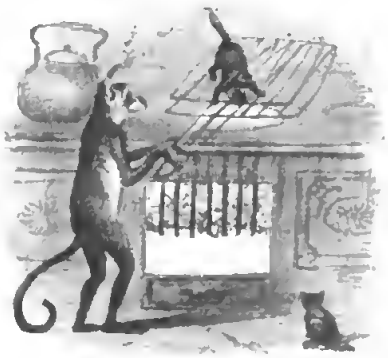
Jocko — that's the monkey's name —is the loveliest monkey that ever lived. Toby Tyler may talk about his "Mr. Stubbs," and tell how he understands everything said to him, and begs for crullers, and all that; but I tell you "Mr. Stubbs" was just an ordinary 1.-literit monkey alongside of my Jocko. I hadn't had him an hour when he got out of my arms and was on the supper table before I could get him. The table was all set and Bridget was just going to ring the bell, but the monkey didn't wait for her.

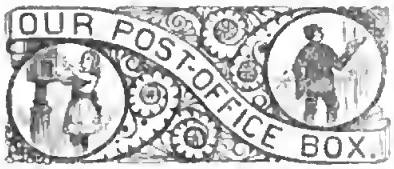
To see him eating the chicken salad was just wonderful. He finished the whole dish in about two minutes, and was washing it down with the oil out of the salad bottle when I caught him. Mother was awfully good about it and only said, "Poor little beast he must be half starved Susan how much he reminds me of your brother." A good mother is as good a thing as a boy deserves, no matter how good he is.

The salad someway did not seem to agree with Jocko for he was dreadfully sick that night. You should have seen how limp he was, just like a girl that has fainted away and her young man is trying to lift her up. Mother doctored him. She gave him castor-oil as if he was her own son, and wrapped him up in a blanket and put a mustard plaster on his stomach and soaked the end of his tail in warm water. He was all right the next day and was real grateful. I know he was grateful because he showed it by trying to do good to others, at any rate to the cat. Our cat wouldn't speak to him at first, but he coaxed her with milk, just as he had seen me do and finally caught her. It must have been dreadfully aggravoking to the cat, for instead of letting her have the milk he insisted that she was sick and must have medicine. So he took Bridget's bottle of hair-oil and a big spoon and gave the cat such a dose. When I caught him and made him let the cat go there were about six table-spoonfuls of oil missing. Mr. Travers said it was a good thing for it would improve the cat's voice and make her yowl smoother, and that he had felt for a long time that she needed to be oiled. Mother said that the monkey was cruel and it was a shame but I know that he meant to be kind. He knew the oil mother gave him had done him good, and he wanted to do the cat good. I know just how he felt, for I've been blamed many a time for trying to do good, and I can tell you it always hurt my feelings.

The monkey was in the kitchen while Bridget was getting dinner yesterday and he watched her broil the steak as if he was meaning to learn to cook and help her in her work, he's that kind and thoughtful. The cat was outdoors, but two of her kittens were in the kitchen, and they were not old enough to be afraid of the monkey. When dinner was served Bridget went up stairs and by-and-by mother says "What's that dreadful smell sure's you're alive Susan the baby has fallen in to the fire." Everybody jumped up and ran up stairs, all but me, for I knew Jocko was in the kitchen and I was afraid it was he that was burning. When I got into the kitchen there was that lovely monkey broiling one of the kittens on the gridiron just as he had seen Bridget broil the steak. The kitten's fur was singeing and she was mewing, and the other kitten was sitting up on the floor licking her chops and enjoying it and Jocko was on his hind-legs as solemn and busy as an owl. I snatched the gridiron away from him and took the kitten off before she was burned any except her fur, and when mother and Susan came down stairs they couldn't understand what it was that had been burning and guessed the cook must have put egg-shell on the fire.

This is all the monkey has done since I got him day before yesterday. Father has been away for a week but is coming back in a few days, and won't he be delighted when he finds a monkey in the house?





ATHENS, GEORGIA.

I wish to say to the correspondents who wrote to me for exchange of postmarks that I can not answer all their letters right away, as I have received so many, but I will answer them as soon as I can.
LOUIS J. BRUNNY.

In justice to Master Louis, we state that the above letter was received at our office on December 14, 1880, but owing to the crowded state of our Post-office Box, has been pushed aside until now.

A large number of our correspondents are in the same trouble as this Georgia boy. The demands upon them are so large that they can not possibly obtain a sufficient supply of postmarks, stamps, or other things to meet them all promptly, and they are in distress, fearing that they will be thought dishonorable, when they are in reality overwhelmed by the great number of demands upon their boyish resources.

The explanation of this trouble is very simple. A boy possessing a small number of stamps and postmarks, or perhaps a shelf of pretty minerals, being anxious to obtain more, sends a request for exchange to YOUNG PEOPLE. Now the subscribers to YOUNG PEOPLE number many thousands, and the number of readers can not be estimated. A great many of these also have small collections which they are anxious to enlarge. The consequence is that the boy who has offered exchange receives to his astonishment a dozen or more letters daily, many of them containing specimens for which an immediate return is expected. Now he has started out with, say, three hundred postmarks—probably not so many—as his stock in trade, and has offered a given number from the State where he lives for the same number from any other State. The demands of the first week exhaust his small store, and even with the help of his friends he can not collect fast enough to satisfy his correspondents. He can not see those he has received, even were he willing to part with them, for they are not from the State from which he has promised specimens, so he is compelled to work slowly, and appear for the time to be neglectful and remiss in keeping his promises. Could he answer every letter, and explain how matters stood, of course all would be right, but he is a school-boy, and has lessons to learn, or is otherwise employed; and even if he has leisure, no one needs to be told that to answer a large number of letters every day is an impossible performance for a boy from ten to fifteen years old, the average limits of the age of those who offer exchange in our columns.

In view of the impossibility of promptly answering all communications, the Post-office Box is often requested to publish an explanation. Whenever it is possible, we print these boyish appeals for indulgence, but they are very often crowded out.

We are sorry to see so little reason and forbearance on the part of some boys who fail to receive answers from exchanges at the time they expect. We have received numerous complaints, to all of which we pay no attention, and which we often have positive proof are wholly unjust. We assure those boys from whom we have received such communications that they do not rise in our estimation by their hasty accusations of their correspondents, of whose circumstances or character they know nothing, beyond the mere fact that their letters to them have not been immediately answered. A boy who is himself honorable will seek excuses for his delinquent correspondent, and will never accuse him of unfairness, even in his own mind, unless he has positive proof that the charge is well founded. In future, all requests for exchange, accompanied by complaints of the delinquency of other parties, will not be noticed in our columns.

Considering the length of our exchange list, these misunderstandings have been so few that they may be classed as exceptions to the general rule. The majority of our correspondents speak in the highest terms of the fairness with which exchanges have been conducted, of the valuable additions they have made to their collections, and of the pleasant friendships they have formed.

In spite of all our good advice in the matter of full and distinctly written addresses, carelessness in this respect is still the source of some annoyance. We frequently receive letters from boys and girls who are troubled because they have received some specimen which they can not even acknowledge, as the sender omitted either name or address, sometimes both. We have no space to explain all these matters, and in such cases leave it for the careless correspondent to learn by experience the troublous results of inattention.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY FOR HOME STUDY.—A very useful society has been formed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of aiding boys of fifteen years and upward in systematic study. It is organized under the lead of such gentlemen as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, William D. Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, and others, and is designed to guide and encourage the youth of America by opening to them, by means of correspondence, systematic courses of study in various subjects. Courses of reading and plans of work are arranged, from which subscribers to the society may select one or more, according to their taste and leisure, and aid is given them from time to time through directions and advice. The courses embrace history, natural science, mathematics, and literatures of different nations, divided into sections. No subscribers are admitted under fifteen years of age. Each member pays a fee of two dollars on entering. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the secretary, Frederic Gardiner, Jun., Cambridge, Massachusetts, to whom all communications, marked Y. M. S. on a corner of the envelope, should be sent by all who desire further information on the subject, with postage stamp inclosed for the reply.

CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

We report willow "pussies" found on Sunday, January 16. As this may seem incredible, we inclose a sprig of the "pussies." J. and M.

A fresh twig covered with soft, pearly aments accompanied this letter.

FRASER FALLS, MINNESOTA.

For two winters my gift from a lady who never forgets me is YOUNG PEOPLE. It is the greatest pleasure I have, for I am a helpless invalid. I can not stand or take a single step, and never shall until I walk in the golden streets. I have only the partial use of my left hand. I can read, and with great effort write a little. I know so well how to pity the sick and lame children who sometimes write to the Post-office Box! I want to thank YOUNG PEOPLE for brightening so many of my weary hours. I mean to have it always. EDDIE S.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I read in YOUNG PEOPLE about "An Empty Stocking" and the Toy Mission, and I want to tell the children what we did in our Kindergarten, Christmas. Our dear teacher told us each to bring a toy or some pretty thing, and together with some other kind Kindergarten teachers she made a beautiful tree for the poor children of the free Kindergartens of Cincinnati.

I love YOUNG PEOPLE. I am seven years old now, and I am going to take it until I am a young lady.

My brother has eight rabbits, and he calls them "The Bucktoot Family." JULIA H. D.

MIDDLE BAR, CALIFORNIA.

My grandma has made me a present of YOUNG PEOPLE.

My mother says there were some pictures of the place where we live in HARPER'S MAGAZINE once, and of men washing gold out of the river. Chinamen get gold out of it now.

I have never been to school, but I am going when I am twelve. I am eight now, and my mother teaches me. My brothers are learning German, and sometimes they talk it to me. KATE S.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

Here are some pretty experiments for the Chemists' Club.

Tin Tree.—Pour about a pint of distilled or rain water into a common decanter; put in three drams of chloride of tin, and about ten drops of nitric acid. When the chloride of tin is dissolved, suspend a piece of zinc wire in the mixture, and set the whole where it will not be disturbed. In a few hours the wire will be covered with beautiful crystals of tin precipitated from the solution. In this experiment it is wonderful to see the laminæ, or thin plates, shoot out, as it were, from nothing.

Silver Tree.—Put into a decanter four drams of nitrate of silver, and fill up the decanter with distilled or rain water; then drop in about an ounce of mercury, suspend a piece of zinc wire, and place the mixture where it will not be moved. In a short time the silver will be precipitated in beautiful and sparkling arborescent forms. JOHN E. H.

These metal trees make very beautiful ornaments, and it is very interesting to watch the formations. A recipe for a lead tree was given in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 48.

OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

My school-teacher has started a "Boys' and Girls' Lyceum" in our school. We prepare original pieces, and answer questions, and we speak, read, sing, and play on the piano.

There is a little snow on the ground, and it is very slippery. I fell off my sled to-day, and cut my cheek.

I have lots of dolls, and my pet doll is named Louise, after my mamma. I am nine years old.
MAUDE M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the First Reader. What I like to do best is to fish. I often catch twenty in one day. I can swim under water and dive. I do all these things at my grandmother's in the country. ARTHUR D. B.

My brother Arthur and I have a boat, and we row up the river which runs in front of our house in the country. Then one of us steers the boat, while the other sits in the bow with an oar raised, and the wind and the tide carry us home. I am nine years old. FELIXIE C. B.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA.

We think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is the best paper published. Mamma gave it to my sister for a birthday present. I am five years old. I can read a little, and can print a letter. I printed this.

We have a calf named Rosie that is only a year and two months old, and weighs eight hundred and eighty-five pounds. I have a dear baby brother.
HELEN M.

NEW YORK CITY.

I enjoy reading HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much, although I am fifteen years old. I am employed in a large hardware house in this city. I think we boys ought to appreciate the privilege given us in this paper of exchanging our postage stamps and postmarks. And it is a satisfaction to feel that the same paper we receive and read is also received and read by so many other boys and girls in so many different parts of our own and other countries. J. C. L.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I want to tell you how near I came to being run over by an engine. It was one awful cold Saturday morning, and the sidewalk on the avenue where we slide was all covered with ice. I started at the top of the hill, and went down very swiftly. At the foot of the hill there is a railroad, and on one side of it there was a big snow-bank. When I got to that snow-bank, I could not stop my sled, and I went clear over it right in front of an engine that was standing on the track. I got up and took myself and the sled out of the way in a hurry, and just then the engine started. HORACE G. B.

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI.

I am nine years old, and I go to school. We have a class of boys, and we read in YOUNG PEOPLE instead of a reader. We read all the stories, and like them very much. We expect to have a railroad here in a few years, and street cars too. CHARLES W. W.

LINCOLN, TENNESSEE, JANUARY 18, 1881.

I have received over thirty applications for Egyptian stamps, and my supply is exhausted. Applicants will please wait until I can get more stamps from my sister, who is in Egypt.
AMBROSE STRANG.

NEWCASTLE, DELAWARE.

I am very much pleased with YOUNG PEOPLE. My uncle sends it to me, and also to a little girl in Brooklyn, and one to Illinois. I am eight years old. My papa reads the stories to us, and also the letters in the Post-office Box. I think all the little people would like to hear again from Judith Wolff, of Barranquilla, in the United States of Colombia.
NELLIE B. F.

I would like to exchange foreign postage stamps and some very old United States stamps, for coins, minerals, or insects. I am twelve years old.
L. A. V. Z.,
52 University Place, New York City.

Last Christmas my mamma presented me with a year's subscription to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it so much I think it would be a good plan for every little boy's mamma to do the same.

I have a few postage stamps from New Zealand, Turkey, Hong-Kong, and other localities, which I would like to exchange for others. I am ten years old.
FRANK L. MCDERMOTT,
523 Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

I wish to begin a collection of birds' eggs, and will give forty stamps for four eggs, or ten stamps for one egg. I am eleven years old.
FRANK L. BARNES,
103 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

I am trying to get a collection of shells and other curiosities, but as yet I have very few things.

I would like to exchange some shells, a wild boar's tooth, and a few other curiosities, for curiosities and birds' eggs. ALICE E. TROUP,
P. O. Box 618, Newport, R. I.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Digitized by Google

Postmarks. SAM G. SMITH, Heckatoo, Lincoln County, Ark.

Stamps from Sweden and Switzerland, for stamps from Germany. ALICE V. SMITH, Holly Tree Coffee Rooms, Newport, R. I.

A Swedish coin of 1871, for ten foreign stamps, or for the same number of the United States Treasury or Naval Departments. JAY H. MALTBY, Detroit, Becker County, Minn.

Postmarks, United States and foreign stamps, silver and copper coins, Indian relics, and other curiosities. E. L. BAION, Sunbury, Penn.

Postmarks, for German, French, Italian, or Spanish stamps. B. C. G., P. O. Box 1138, Mankato, Minn.

Stamps, postmarks, birds' eggs, or minerals, for sea-shells, Florida moss, or any curiosity from the South or far West. JOHN C. FOSTER, Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio.

Minerals. JOHNSIE SEELEY, Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Indian arrow-heads, for coins. CHARLES F. JENKINS, West Chester, Chester County, Penn.

Foreign stamps, for Indian arrow-heads or birds' eggs. HOWARD G. CHASE, 19 Woodland Terrace, West Philadelphia, Penn.

One hundred stamps from Brazil, Spain, Australia, and other foreign countries, for fifteen coins. HOWARD J. VAN DINES, 89 State Street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Foreign, United States, and internal revenue stamps, postmarks, and United States and foreign coins, for birds' eggs, minerals, or coins. WILLARD BARNES, Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Twenty-five postmarks, for four birds' eggs. CLAUDE N. CORNTOCK, Albany, Gentry County, Mo.

A rock from Missouri, for one from any other State except Colorado. HARRY LEE, Warrensburg, Johnson County, Mo.

Postmarks. FRANK H. PAYNE, P. O. Box C, Titusville, Penn.

Rare birds' eggs, for others. EDDY LOOMIS, P. O. Box 191, Geneva, N. Y.

Stamps, for Indian arrow-heads or other relics, old coins, ocean curiosities, or South American stamps. Twenty foreign stamps, for a good specimen of gold ore. R. H. HUMPHREY, 98 Court Street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Postmarks. CHARLES H. DAILEY, Dayton, Campbell County, Ky.

Curious rocks from Indiana, for Indian arrow-heads or sea-shells. CLARENCE MARSHALL, Economy, Wayne County, Ind.

Patterns for knitted lace. HELEN A. SEARING, Sangerties, Ulster County, N. Y.

Postmarks. ADOLPH VALOIS, 267 First Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Rock from Italy, for European postage stamps. A. J. DENT, Care of J. E. Dent, Columbia, S. C.

Calcite, dog-tooth-spar, amygdaloid, and Roxbury pudding-stone, for other minerals. Specimens from Nova Scotia especially desired. CHARLES GARRISON, 32 Linwood Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps, for birds' eggs, Indian relics, ocean curiosities, or minerals. JENNIE DERISON, Bay City, Mich.

Stamps and monograms, for birds' eggs. CHARLES G. CARTER, P. O. Box 1167, Titusville, Penn.

Postmarks, for United States and foreign postage stamps. CHARLES J. LIVINGSTON, P. O. Box 200, Reading, Penn.

Postage stamps. HARRY F. SINCLAIR, 109 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York city.

C. N. C.—The specimen you send is a postmark. For purposes of exchange it is better to cut the postmark square, as it is more easily pasted in an album in the manner described in an article on "Stamp Collecting" in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 54, which has been applied by many of our readers to postmarks as well.

We have been requested to bring to the notice of those correspondents who may write to Judith Wolff, of Barranquilla, that they can not receive answers to their letters sooner than six or eight weeks.

"ELECTRICITY."—"The Brave Swiss Boy" has not been published in book form. The entire story, however, is contained in the first nine numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I.

VIRGIE McL.—We are very sorry to disappoint you, but our Post-office Box is so crowded that we can not give up space to your poem. Neither can we print your offer of exchange, for reasons which were given in the introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 45.

NELLIE A. B.—See answer to William D. in the Post-office Box of No. 64.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The article you inquire about is entitled "A Cheap Canoe," and is contained in No. 36, page 559, of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I.

A. C.—The price of the cover for HARPER'S MAGAZINE is fifty cents.

OTIS S.—We can not give the description you desire.

C. P. J.—It is now so late in the season that the information you ask for will not be given in YOUNG PEOPLE until next winter.

SCHOOL-BOY.—Ferdinand De Soto, who discovered the Mississippi River, was born in Estremadura, Spain, about 1496. He came to America when very young, and was one of the most daring companions of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru. In 1538 he attempted the conquest of Florida, believing that he should find heaps of gold there, instead of which he and his men had a very sad time, and after many misfortunes, gave up their fruitless search. De Soto died on the banks of the Mississippi in 1542, and his companions, wishing to conceal his death from the Indians, sunk his body by night in the middle of the river.

JULIA J. B.—Juggernaut, the holy city of the Hindoos, is situated on the Bay of Bengal. Its main street is composed of temples and other religious edifices, and at the southern end is an immense structure, said to have been built during the twelfth century, which is dedicated to the idol Juggernaut—a word signifying "lord of the world." This idol has an enormous chariot forty-five feet high, and mounted on sixteen wheels, and during the great festival, which occurs in March, it is taken from the temple, and being placed on the chariot, is dragged about the streets by the thousands of pilgrims who come from all parts of India to this yearly celebration. So terrible are the ignorance and superstition of these idol-worshippers that, until prevented by the British authorities, hundreds threw themselves beneath the wheels of this enormous car during its passage through the city, and were crushed to death. Even mothers would throw their infants to be killed in this horrible manner, thinking in this way to secure for them eternal happiness and favor in the eyes of the hideous idol. Although this absurd worship is still carried on to a large extent, the sacrifice of victims is no longer possible.

WILLIE PARKHURST.—"How to Build an Ice-Boat" was published in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 56.

FRED B. AND FRED W.—A set of Dallemeyer lenses, even of the smallest size, is somewhat expensive. You can get good portrait lenses from eight dollars a set to a very high price. There are other and cheaper kinds which would, no doubt, answer your purpose. The best thing for you to do is to go to some large dealer in photographic instruments, and get a list of styles and prices of lenses and materials.

"The Moral Pirates" began in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 31, and was concluded in No. 45.

Favors are acknowledged from Freddie L. Foster, Kirk Hauldock, E. H. Brown, Mary L. Slusser, Maggie A. E., Effie C. L., Lee M. Hopper, Maud P. Abbott, John Demarest, Mamie Valentine, William G. Moore, B. F. Corey, Minnie C. M., Bessie W., Maud C., Samuel K. R., R. T. H., L. Jay E., Mertie W. H., Willie C. C., Lewis H., Pickey and Quinea Francis, Marion Ellis, Irene McM., Willie Lloyd, "Starlight," Neil Beck, Ida H. Bartlett, Josephine Beckman, Mertie W. L., Gertrude G., Jimmie Caufield, Stella L. Paine, Asenath Michener, Mary Lawrence, David Baker Rosimore, A. G. D., Willie C. Whetton, Mary L. McCullock.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Roe Stewart, Howard B. Lent, Eddie and Willie Kendel, Louise Smith, Bessie Winans, G. J. Broome, Jim, Charles Taylor, E. J. W., Carrie M. Pike, "Starry Flag," Isobel and Harry Jacobs, E. E. Harris, Daisy Mitchell, Allie Maxwell, Andrew C. De Motte, Charlie Haight.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In frequent, not in oft.
In liquid, not in soft.
In laugh, out in scream.
In vision, not in dream.
In channel, not in strait.
In door, not in gate.
In pouch, out in plunder.
In stumble, not in blunder.
In plant, not in tough.
In coarse, not in rough.
In cycle, not in year.
My whole a season drawing near.

DAME DUDEEN.

No. 2.

MONOGRAM.

Across.—A cut. A germ. To rip. To pull. In the body.

Down.—A letter from Washington. In the same manner. Regular. To notice. To venture. A fish. A pronoun. Another letter from Washington.

WALTER.

No. 3.

DIAMOND.

In ride. A character in music. Parts of the body. Suspended. To loose. A Latin numeral. In ride.

MARK MARCY.

No. 4.

BABY SQUARES.

1. First, a musical instrument. Second, a tree found in the East Indies. Third, a bog. Fourth, a town in Upper Egypt. JOHNSIE.

2. First, prospect. Second, inactive. Third, a girl's name. Fourth, feeble. T. K. P.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In bold, not in shy.
In run, not in fly.
In tongue, not in head.
In white, not in red.
In above, not in land.
In arm, not in hand.
In fire, not in water.
In flue, not in mortar.
In type, not in feature.
My whole a short-lived creature.

JOHN N. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 64.

No. 1.

```
        P           R
      K E G       J O T
    P E N N Y - R O Y A L
      G N U       T A G
        Y           L
```

No. 2.

```
P R A T E     H A B I T
R I P E N     A B O D E
A P A R T     B O H E A
T E R S E     I D E A L
E N T E R     T E A L S

  H I G H     C B A B
  I D L E     R O B E
  G L E E     A B E L
  H E E D     B E L T
```

No. 3. Potash.

No. 4. Kentucky.

Charade, on page 192—Crowbar.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SOLUTION TO TUMBLER TRICK.

INTERLOCK the prongs of two forks as represented in the engraving; then firmly wedge the match between one of the lower prongs and the fork above it, and you will find you can easily balance the match in the desired position, and also drink the water.

PREDICAMENTS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

THIS funny game comes from our German cousins, who know how to have a good time, in spite of their gravity. In the evening they like to join with their children in merry games around the cheerful lamp and by the flashing fire, and it is from them that the ideas, or turning points, of many of our best games come. This one will be found easy enough for the little ones, and amusing enough for their parents and older friends.

Any number of people can play. All sit around the room, and each one whispers to his right-hand neighbor some situation in the form of a question; for example, "What would you do if your manuscript was left at your home, forty miles away, and you had not discovered the fact until you had arisen to lecture?" Or any imaginary predicament may be suggested; as, "What if you were driving a load of ashes over a steep hill, and found that you had forgotten to put up the backboard of the cart?" These questions may also touch upon sentiment; as follows, "If you were talking sentimentally to a young lady in the woods, what if the bank on which you were seated proved to be previously occupied by a red ants' nest?"

These situations must be as quaint, funny, and varied as possible; and when one has been whispered to each person, all communicate in the same manner, to the one on the left, some remedy, which, as well as the question, must be remembered. These may be of a healing nature, like Russia salve, soothing syrup, poor man's plaster; or serious, like a gunshot, a halter, or an elopement; and when recited, are prefixed with the words, "I should try," or some appropriate beginning.

When all are provided with a situation and a remedy, the game is begun by some one, who calls upon a lady or gentleman by name, and then asks, "What would you do if—" and adds the predicament which has been given to the speaker. The person addressed then replies, "I should try—" and gives the remedy which has been whispered to him.

The combination seldom fails to prove very amusing, either from the exceedingly apt or the eccentric nature of the dialogue. The player who gave the remedy proceeds at once to call out another name, the gentleman usually naming a lady, and the ladies a gentleman, and thus the game goes merrily on. In order to make it perfectly clear to the children, it may be well to give a few connected questions and answers:

"Mr. Smith, what would you do if you were up in a balloon, and should break your head against the tail of a comet?"

"I should buy a cabbage."—"Miss Johnson, if you were dancing the heel-and-toe polka, and should fall in the middle of the ball-room, what would you do?"

"I should preserve my equilibrium."—"Mr. Roberts, if your heart were broken, what would you do?"

"Bind her over to keep the peace."—"Miss Lewis, what would you do if you were compelled to use the same glass as a beggar?"

"I should say, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"—"Mr. Brown, what if you failed to make an impression?"

"I should try indelible ink."

A CHARADE.

BY H.

My first may grace the festive board
With rosy colors bright,
And from the pantry's spicy hoard
'Tis often brought to light.

But shared beside the mountain stream,
Or by old ocean's swell,
Where many happy lovers dream,
Its value who can tell?

My second is what you, I hope,
Will never do to me;
But lest you should, your Bible ope,
And there your fate you'll see.

But in my whole what happy hours,
What moments rare, are spent,
Kissed by the breeze to which the flowers
Their savors sweet have lent!

Through fairy-land, unknowing care,
The spirit wanders free,
While birds with music fill the air—
Oh, give my whole to me!

AN ACHIEVEMENT.

"Hi, Tom, look! I kin stand on one Foot an' keep both Eyes open!"

"DET UP!"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 68. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, February 15, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

PERILOUS COASTING.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

A RIPPER.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"IT'S nothing on earth but a pair of bobs. We've rigged that kind of thing lots of times over on our hill. All you need is a couple of sleds and a plank."

"Yes, Rod, and when you've done it, they won't steer worth a cent."

"Yes, they do. Dig your heels in."

"Stop your sled just so much every time you dig. A rudder's just as bad. We've tried 'em."

"So've we, Court Hoffman. I guess there wasn't ever anything much started on your hill till after we'd showed you how, over on ours."

"You never showed anybody how to make a ripper like this."

"Ripper? We'll see about that."

There they stood looking at Courtland Hoffman's new coasting machine. He was the undoubted leader of the West Hill coasters, as Rodney Sanderson was of the East Hill boys.

The new ripper was a beauty, and had cost some money. It was, as Rod said, a pair of bobs, with a plank on top to hold them together. There was room on it for half a dozen boys, and more if they packed, and it was handsomely finished. The one thing about it that no boy in Cuzco Centre really believed in, except Court Hoffman, was the steering gear.

This was a half-wheel, as wide as the sled, mounted on the front bob, on an axle that went down through the plank; and the idea that when you turned that wheel the front bob would turn too, and the ripper be steered by it, was too much for anything. Some of the oldest men in the village had shaken their heads at that sled, and Squire Sanderson himself had remarked to Deacon Rogers, "They didn't spile the boys with any such nonsense in our day, Deacon."

Cuzco Centre had two hills, one on each side, and they were tremendous affairs. The older people believed they were put there so as to have a valley between them for the village to stand in, but the boys knew exactly what they were really for, especially in winter, and when the coasting was good.

The main street ran through the middle of the valley and the village; but it failed to make a fair division of things, for the river ran a crooked parallel with it a short distance eastward. It was the glory of the East Side boys that the river ran through their ground—fish, swimming-hole, ponds, skating, old bridge, and all—but it cut off the lower end of their long coast from the hill road. No sled in Cuzco had ever reached the bridge, however, so it was just as well; but the West Side boys told wonderful stories of the distances they had buzzed over on the half-mile level at the bottom of their hill. That was what Court Hoffman meant, too, when he said:

"You wouldn't have room for a ripper on your hill. If you want to see how one works, you'll have to come over and look on. Give you a ride, too, if you think you wouldn't be afraid. They go just like lightning."

Rod Sanderson did not say anything, but he looked up the road toward the East Hill, and the high, white, snow-covered ridge seemed to say:

"Look up here. There is as much of me as ever there was. You do your share, and we'll beat 'em."

Court Hoffman made two boys happy by letting them drag his ripper home for him, and Rod Sanderson walked off with an idea in his head.

"There 'll be a moon to-night. Never was better coasting. I'll just try it on."

Part of that idea was now lying over in his father's barn-yard, in the shape of an old weather-beaten, worn-out double-seated sleigh, with a goose-neck front. It had been a handsome affair in its day, but it had not had any day to speak of since Rodney could remember. It was drifted under now, and it took a good hour to get it out, even with the help of Put Willoughby.

"Going to make a ripper of it?" said Put, doubtfully. "The runners are all right, but the box is on it yet, and the seats."

"We'll put in buffalo robes and blankets, and fix it fine."

"How on earth 'll you steer? There isn't any boy in Cuzco with legs enough to heel it for a sleigh of that size."

"I'll show you. I'm going to rig a boom out astern for a rudder. Steer like a ship."

"You don't say!"

Put had a good deal to say, however, when he saw Rod cut a hole in the back of that sleigh box, and shove through it a long pole with a spike on the end.

"Steer? Of course it will. I could steer it myself. Only how on earth 'll we ever get it up to the top of the East Hill?"

There might have been some difficulty about that, if all the boys on that side of the main street had not taken the matter in hand. They were a public-spirited lot, and they were all jealous of Court Hoffman's town-made, new-fangled, fancy-painted gimcrack. They knew it wouldn't work, and they said so, and they pulled and pushed at Rod's wonderful idea that evening until they got it up the hill. Then they all got in, or tried to, and the old ark looked more like a pyramid of boys than anything else.

It was a splendid moon-lit evening, and the West Hill boys were out, every soul of them, and the best friends Court Hoffman had were half afraid he wouldn't invite them to ride on his ripper the first time. Then they were more than half afraid he would, for they all knew Deacon Rogers had said there was no telling where that thing would go to if it once got well a-going.

The valley, and the village, and the river, and the East Hill would be in the way, to be sure, and that was something; but the hill road was as slippery as ice, and the new ripper looked more and more like a shark when Court Hoffman lifted it to show them how bright and smooth the runner irons were.

He showed them also how the wheel worked, and declared that he could steer that ripper all around a house. That was what made Jim Delany ask,

"Could ye stheer it round a wood-sleigh, wid three yoke of oxen, av ye met 'em in the sthrate yonder?"

"I'll show you. Now, boys, who's going with me? Hurrah! The more the merrier."

"I'm wid ye," shouted Jim Delany. "It 'll be bad luck for any horned baste we run into."

One after another the larger boys followed Jim, and Court never stopped to count.

"Keep your feet on the foot-rests," he shouted. "Hold on hard. Hold steady as rocks. We'll be off in a minute. Ready, all? Go, then."

And go it was, with nearly a mile of sloping road before them, and beyond that the long glittering reach of the level.

There was time for a cheer or two, and they gave one, and nearly half of another; but that second cheer seemed to be cut in two by something.

Court Hoffman grasped his wheel tiller with all the strength he had in him, and looked straight ahead. He had ridden on that sort of machine before, and he knew what was coming the moment she got her speed on.

But the other boys?

Dan Varick's grip on Jim Delany would have brought a yell from him if he had dared to open his mouth. Jim was thinking, too, but he and all the rest were thinking the same thought.

"Fences? They're nothing but two black streaks at the side of the road. Oh dear! we'll go clean through the village. What if we should run into something!"

They held on like good fellows, and made that ripper-

Digitized by Google

load of boys as nearly as possible one solid mass, so that it was easier for Court Hoffman to steer. Even he, though, was beginning to have his doubts as to where they would bring up, and whether he could steer safely around the curve where the road from the West Hill crossed the main street, and met the road from the East that led over the bridge.

The speed was awful! No express train ever went faster, and a race-horse would have been passed as if he were standing still.

Danger in it? Of course there was, and the lives of all of them depended upon the nerve and pluck of Court Hoffman, and the skill he might show in getting around the curve. Yes, and on whether or not there should be a clear road, or a stray team or cow or human being to run against.

It was a terrible risk to run, and all the boys left on the hill were glad they had let somebody else try the first ride on the ripper.

Before the beginning of that swift, perilous dash, however, Rod Sanderson and the East Side boys had completed their preparations. Some of them had to get off and push to get the old sleigh started, and only one of these managed to get on again. Three more jumped off before the "whopper," as Rodney called her, had gone ten rods, and it may have been because they had doubts as to where she would fetch up.

"She just steers lovely," remarked Put Willoughby, as he noticed how Rod Sanderson was straining at the long handle of his rudder.

"She's beginning to go faster!"

"She's a-gaining!"

"Don't she go it!"

"Hurrah—ah—aw—aw!"

They all joined in that, but at just that moment the old sleigh shoved her goose-necks over the little roll at the edge of the first really steep slope of the East Hill road, and she seemed to give a great jump.

"Rod, where's your rudder?"

"Gone! I—"

There was no more to be said. It had been jerked from him, through the hole he had cut for it, the moment the bent spike caught in an icy place, and the old sleigh had things in her own hands from that moment.

She seemed to know it, and to be tickled half to death over the notion of doing her own running, without a span of horses in front of her. She was not a ripper, indeed, but she was a whopper, and she had weight enough on board to give her all the impetus she needed down that hill.

How she did plunge and slip! and how the loose snow and bits of ice did fly! Still, she had been over that road many a time, and seemed to know it like a book now; that is, the ruts were deep, and her runners kept in them as surely as the wheels of a street car keep in the grooves of the track. Faster and faster, with nobody to steer, and no earthly chance of stopping her! There never was such coasting, nor so many boys doing it on one big sled.

Rod Sanderson looked out ahead over his crouching load, and the wind cut by his face as if there had been a hurricane. A team on the bridge! What if it should come on into the road? What if the old sleigh should take a notion to go on over the bridge and into the village, or anywhere?

"Oh dear! she's going faster!"

The short stretch of level road at the bottom of the East Hill was reached like a flash, and it was now going by like another flash—a little slower, to be sure, but with no sign of stopping.

The driver of the team on the bridge had halted his oxen, and the boys in the sleigh seemed all at once to feel the same impulse to dodge. They leaned toward the right, and it may be some of them meant to jump; but the pressure helped a clog of wood the runners touched at that moment to turn the "whopper" out of the ruts of the road, and into the well-worn slide that led down the river-bank. It was her last plunge, and she was nearly out of breath when she took it, but it was well for those boys the ice was so thick. It bore them splendidly, sleigh and all, and away they went, until their ride used itself up, just half way over. Just as they were all drawing their breath for a grand hurrah, something black and long shot down from the western bank of the river, and out upon the very ice that belonged to them.

"Coming right for us!"

"Boys! boys! that's Court Hoffman's ripper!"

Court had done it. He had steered successfully around the curve, partly because some of his speed had gone when he reached it, and his remaining impetus had carried him on until he slipped into the gentle declivity toward the bridge and the river.

"I say," said Rod Sanderson, as the passengers of the ripper sprang to their feet, "how far did you have to haul that thing after you got down hill?"

"Ran all the way itself."

"Well, so did our whopper. Steered herself, too, and that's more'n yours can do."

"Well, yes, I should say so."

Court was looking and feeling a little thoughtful. The coasting on the West Hill was almost too good for his ripper, and he wanted to consider the matter before he tried it again.

As for the "whopper," there was no such thing as persuading the East Hill boys to haul her up the road for another free ride that evening.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

III.

BY J. J. CASEY.

IN a previous chat with you I gave a few directions how to start properly in collecting stamps. You also got an inkling of the vast extent of Philately. While it embraces but two classes, stamps for postal purposes and stamps for revenue purposes, it has divided these two classes into several divisions, each of which has an equal importance, and each of which claims for itself all that can be given to it either of time or money. Jack of all trades, and master of none, can very truly be applied to stamp collecting. One who attempts to collect all kinds of stamps may, by the expenditure of a very large amount of money, succeed in accumulating a very great number of stamps; but one becomes merely an accumulator, and has ceased to be a Philatelist. The rule among collectors to-day is to take up some special portion of Philately, and to direct all their efforts to that portion.

Stamps for postal purposes include government adhesive stamps, local stamps recognized by several governments, private express stamps and private post-office stamps once prevalent in this country, stamped envelopes and stamped newspaper wrappers, postal cards, and proofs and essays. Stamps for revenue purposes include government adhesive stamps, municipal stamps, private die stamps of the United States, and proofs and essays. Here are divisions enough. To attain excellence, or even good results, in any one division, the others must be given up. One is just as fruitful of interest as another, but postage stamps of government issue are the most popular, being the easiest within reach.

Stamped envelopes and wrappers and postal cards should not be mutilated by having the design cut out. In the early days of collecting, attention was generally paid to the design only, which, whether in adhesive stamps or on envelopes, was trimmed up to the printed portion. The album-makers were responsible for this mutilation by marking off spaces in their albums. Collectors foolishly trimmed their stamps to fit into the prescribed spaces—a

Digitized by Google

course which they have since regretted; for these trimmed specimens, exceedingly valuable, and oftentimes priceless when not mutilated, would not now be admitted into any first-class collection. Even to this day the album-makers virtually compel the collector to cut the impression out of the envelope, or else have an album with unsightly pages here and there. But under no consideration should the envelope or postal card be mutilated. You may say that it is not practicable to keep the entire envelope in a book. But you do not keep butterflies or birds' eggs in a book. Keep the envelopes and cards in a box until you can devise a plan of your own for mounting them. I have a very excellent plan for mounting envelopes and cards, and one of these days I may explain it to you.

Government local stamps are privileges extended to individuals or localities for postal purposes within limits. The most important of these are the Russian local stamps. You are aware that Russia has a large extent of territory; the postal service of the Russian Empire is not yet adequate enough to cover properly this vast extent, and accordingly it has extended to all the governments or provinces of Russia local mail privileges. As a result of this, over a hundred and ten towns have their special postage stamps. These are the most interesting of all stamps, from the many historical or emblematical designs engraved on them. A full collection of these stamps would number between four and five hundred specimens.

With these government local stamps must not be confounded what are sometimes, but erroneously, called "United States locals," but which are in reality nothing more than private express stamps. Between thirty and forty years ago, private individuals, and sometimes express companies, carried letters between various cities, or most usually within the limits of certain cities or towns. Payment was indicated by stamps. The Post-office Department soon broke up these concerns, as interfering with the postal privileges of the government, and none are now in existence as letter-carrying concerns save a few firms in this city to whom the privilege is given by one of the old colonial charters, and with which the government can not interfere. I shall not discuss the admissibility of these stamps into a collection, although opinion is divided. But I would advise my young friends to give them a wide berth. Of the hundreds which are known, you can not possibly get together enough genuine specimens to fill up a page of your book. To supply the demand there is no lack of counterfeits or concoctions, which will be represented to you as just as good as the stamps themselves.

But do not fill your albums with these vile forgeries. Many an album containing many fine stamps has been rendered almost worthless because page after page was plastered over with forgeries, reprints, and re-strikes of these private express stamps.

Among revenue stamps there are two most interesting classes—the municipal stamps of Italy and the private die or private proprietary stamps of this country. Revenue stamps are more in number than postage stamps, and, generally speaking, are more difficult to obtain, because of the higher values which the stamps represent. But the Italian municipal and the United States private die stamps will well repay the efforts of the young collector.

On one other point I wish to counsel you. Let there be consistency in your collection. By this I mean, let your stamps be all cancelled or all uncancelled. Nothing looks so bad as to see part of a set bright and clean, and the rest all smudged with cancelling ink. Cancelled stamps are in the main much cheaper than uncancelled stamps, and the collector has less difficulty in procuring cancelled specimens than he has in procuring uncancelled specimens. In fact, one difficulty collectors of clean stamps have to contend against is that it is almost impossible to procure clean copies of some of the great rarities. But these will not trouble you for some time. Bear in mind what I said in a previous paper about putting in your collection none but perfect specimens. If you are careless on this point, you may be often imposed upon by many dealers, who will take particular pains to offer you their worst specimens.

MY FIRST MUFF.

BY F. C.

Here's my little lady,
  Dressed with thoughtful care,
Smiling at the sunlight,
  Smiling at the air.

Whither, little lady,
  Whither shall we go?
O'er the lofty hill-tops—
  Through the winter's snow?

Will you with me wander
  Through the copses bare,
Where the dead leaves linger?—
  Autumn left them there.

No, my little lady;
  Snows would damp your feet;
Thorns would tear your jacket,
  Trimmed with ermine neat.

I will fetch a carriage,
  Drawn by ponies fine,
Lined with silken cushions,
  Fit for lady mine.

We will drive right swiftly
  O'er the hill-tops then—
Drive as quick as lightning
  Through the merry glen.

Then my little lady
  Safe from harm will be,
And her rich soft ermine
  From sharp thorns be free.

Digitized by Google

[Began in No. 88 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER X.

MR. STUBBS AT A PARTY.

TOBY was about to say that he did not intend to represent the matter other than it really was, when a voice from behind the canvas screen prevented further conversation.

"Sam-u-el, come an' help me carry these things in."

Something very like a smile of satisfaction passed over Signor Castro's face as he heard this, which told him that the time for the feast was very near at hand, and the snake-charmer, as well as the Albino Children, seemed quite as much pleased as did the sword-swallower.

"You will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the skeleton, in an important tone; "I must help Lilly, and then I shall have the pleasure of helping you to some of her cooking, which, if I do say it, that oughtn't, is as good as can be found in this entire country."

Then he too disappeared behind the canvas screen.

Left alone, Toby looked at the ladies, and the ladies looked at him, in perfect silence, while the sword-swallower grimly regarded all, until Mr. Treat appeared bearing on a platter an immense turkey, as nicely browned as any Thanksgiving turkey Toby ever saw. Behind him came his fat wife carrying several dishes, each one of which emitted a most fragrant odor; and as these were placed upon the table, the spirits of the sword-swallower seemed to revive, and he smiled pleasantly, while even the ladies appeared animated by the sight and odor of the good things which they were to be called upon so soon to pass judgment.

Several times did Mr. and Mrs. Treat bustle in and out from behind the screen, and each time they made some addition to that which was upon the table, until Toby began to fear that they would never finish, and the sword-swallower seemed unable to restrain his impatience.

At last the finishing touch had been put to the table, the last dish placed in position, and then, with a certain kind of grace, which no one but a man as thin as Mr. Treat could assume, he advanced to the edge of the platform, and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, nothing gives me greater pleasure than to invite you all, including Mr. Tyler's friend Stubbs, to the bountiful repast which my Lilly has prepared for—"

At this point, Mr. Treat's speech—for it certainly seemed as if he had commenced to make one—was broken off in a most summary manner. His wife had come up behind him, and, with as much ease as if he had been a child, lifted him from off the floor, and placed him gently in the chair at the head of the table.

"Come right up and get dinner," she said to her guests; "if you had waited until Samuel had finished his speech, everything on the table would have been stone-cold."

The guests proceeded to obey her kindly command, and it is to be regretted that the sword-swallower had no better manners than to jump on to the platform with one bound, and seat himself at the table with the most unseemly haste. The others, and more especially Toby, proceeded in a leisurely and more dignified manner.

A seat had been placed by the side of the one intended for Toby for the accommodation of Mr. Stubbs, who suffered a napkin to be tied under his chin, and generally behaved in a manner that gladdened the heart of his young master.

Mr. Treat cut generous slices from the turkey for each guest, and Mrs. Treat piled their plates high with all sorts of vegetables, complaining, after the manner of housewives generally, that the food was not cooked as she would like to have had it, and declaring that she had had poor luck with everything that morning, when she firmly believed in her heart that her table had never looked better.

After the company had had the edge taken off their appetites, which effect was produced on the sword-swallower only after he had been helped three different times, the conversation began by the fat woman asking Toby how he got along with Mr. Lord.

Toby could not give a very good account of his employer, but he had the good sense not to cast a dampener on a party of pleasure by reciting his own troubles, and he said, evasively,

"I guess I shall get along pretty well, now that I have got so many friends."

Just as he had commenced to speak, the skeleton had put in his mouth a very large piece of turkey—very much larger in proportion than he was himself—and when Toby finished speaking, he started to say something evidently not very complimentary to Mr. Lord. But what it was the company never knew, for just as he opened his mouth to speak, the meat went down the wrong way, his face became a bright purple, and it was quite evident that he was choking.

Toby was alarmed, and sprang from his chair to assist his friend, upsetting Mr. Stubbs from his seat, causing him to scamper up the tent pole, with the napkin still tied

TOBY SITS DOWN ON MR. STUBBS.

Digitized by Google

around his neck, and to scold in his most vehement manner. Before Toby could reach the skeleton, however, the fat woman had darted toward her lean husband, caught him by one arm, and was pounding his back, by the time Toby got there, so vigorously that the boy was afraid her enormous hand would go through his tissue-paper-like frame.

"I wouldn't," said Toby, in alarm; "you may break him."

"Don't you get frightened," said Mrs. Treat, turning her husband completely over, and still continuing the drumming process. "He's often taken this way; he's such a glutton that he'd try to swallow the turkey whole if he could get it in his mouth, an' he's so thin that 'most anything sticks in his throat."

"I should think you'd break him all up," said Toby, apologetically, as he resumed his seat at the table; "he don't look as if he could stand very much of that sort of thing."

But apparently Mr. Treat could stand very much more than Toby gave him credit for, because at this juncture he stopped coughing, and his face was fast assuming its natural hue.

His attentive wife, seeing that he had ceased struggling, pulled him up above the chair, and sat him down with a force that threatened to snap his very head off.

"There!" she said, as he wheezed a little from the effects of the shock; "now see if you can behave yourself, an' chew your meat as you ought to. One of these days when you're alone you'll try that game, and that 'll be the last of you."

"If he'd try to do one of my tricks long enough, he'd get so that there wouldn't hardly anything choke him," the sword-swallower ventured to suggest, mildly, as he wiped a small stream of cranberry-sauce from his chin, and laid a well-polished turkey bone by the side of his plate.

"I'd like to see him try it!" said the fat lady, with just a shade of anger in her voice. Then turning toward her husband she said, emphatically, "Samuel, don't you ever let me catch you swallowing a sword!"

"I won't, my love, I won't; and I will try to chew my meat more," replied the very thin glutton, in a feeble tone.

Toby thought that perhaps the skeleton might keep the first part of that promise, but he was not quite sure about the last.

It required no little coaxing on the part of both Toby and Mrs. Treat to induce Mr. Stubbs to come down from his lofty perch; but the task was accomplished at last, and by the gift of a very large doughnut he was induced to resume his seat at the table.

The time had now come when the duties of a host, in his own peculiar way of viewing them, devolved upon Mr. Treat, and he said, as he pushed his chair back a short distance from the table, and tried to polish the front of his vest with his napkin:

"I don't want this fact lost sight of, because it is an important one. Every one must remember that we have gathered here to meet and become better acquainted with the latest and best addition to this circus, Mr. Toby Tyler."

Poor Toby! As the company all looked directly at him, and Mrs. Treat nodded her enormous head energetically, as if to say that she agreed exactly with her husband, the poor boy's face grew very red, and the squash pie lost its flavor.

"Although Mr. Tyler may not be exactly one of us, owing to the fact that he does not belong to the profession, but is only one of the adjuncts to it, so to speak," continued the skeleton, in a voice which was fast being raised to its highest pitch, "we feel proud, after his exploits at the time of the accident, to have him with us, and gladly welcome him now, through the medium of this little feast prepared by my Lilly."

Here the Albino Children nodded their heads in approval, the sword-swallower gave a little grunt of assent, and thus encouraged, the skeleton proceeded:

"I feel, when I say that we like and admire Mr. Tyler, all present will agree with me, and all would like to hear him say a word for himself."

The skeleton seemed to have expressed the views of all present remarkably well, judging from their expressions of pleasure and assent, and all waited for the honored guest to speak.

Toby knew that he must say something, but he couldn't think of a single thing; he tried over and over again to call to his mind something which he had read as to how people acted and what they said when they were expected to speak at a dinner table, but his thoughts refused to go back for him, and the silence was actually becoming painful. Finally, and by the greatest effort, he managed to say, with a very perceptible stammer, and while his face was growing very red:

"I know I ought to say something to pay for this big dinner that you said was gotten up for me, but I don't know what to say, unless to thank you for it. You see I hain't big enough to say much, an', as Uncle Dan'l says, I don't amount to very much 'cept for eatin', an' I guess he's right. You're all real good to me, an' when I get to be a man, I'll try to do as much for you."

Toby had arisen to his feet when he began to make his speech, and while he was speaking, Mr. Stubbs had crawled over into his chair. When he finished, he sat down again without looking behind him, and of course sat plump on the monkey. There was a loud outcry from Mr. Stubbs, a little frightened noise from Toby, an instant's scrambling, and then boy, monkey, and chair tumbled off the platform, landing on the ground in an indescribable mass, from which the monkey extricated himself more quickly than Toby could, and again took refuge on the top of the tent pole.

Of course all the guests ran to Toby's assistance; and while the fat woman poked him all over to see that none of his bones were broken, the skeleton brushed the dirt from his clothes.

All this time the monkey screamed, yelled, and danced around on the tent pole and ropes as if his feelings had received a shock from which he could never recover.

"I didn't mean to end it up that way, but it was Mr. Stubbs's fault," said Toby, as soon as quiet had been restored, and the guests, with the exception of the monkey, were seated at the table once more.

"Of course you didn't," said Mrs. Treat, in a kindly tone; "but don't you feel bad about it one bit, for you ought to thank your lucky stars that you didn't break any of your bones."

"I s'pose I had," said Toby, soberly, as he looked back at the scene of his disaster, and then up at the chattering monkey that had caused all the trouble.

Shortly after this, Mr. Stubbs having again been coaxed down from his lofty position, Toby took his departure, promising to call as often during the week as he could get away from his exacting employers.

Just outside the tent he met old Ben, who said, as he showed signs of indulging in another of his internal laughing spells,

"Hello! has the skeleton an' his lily of a wife been givin' a blow-out to you too?"

"They invited me in there to dinner," said Toby, modestly.

"Of course they did, of course they did," replied Ben, with a chuckle; "they carries a cookin'-stove along with 'em, so's they can give these little spreads whenever we stay over a day in a place. Oh, I've been there!"

"And did they ask you to make a speech?"

"Of course. Did they try it on you?"

"Yes," said Toby, mournfully, "an' I tumbled off the platform when I got through."

Digitized by Google

"I didn't do exactly that," replied Ben, thoughtfully; "but I s'pose you got too much steam on, seein' 's how it was likely your first speech. Now you'd better go into the tent an' try to get a little sleep, 'cause we've got a long ride to-night over a rough road, an' you won't get more'n a cat-nap all night."

"But where are you going?" asked Toby, as he shifted Mr. Stubbs over to his other shoulder, preparatory to following his friend's advice.

"I'm goin' to church," said Ben, and then Toby noticed for the first time that the old driver had made some attempt at dressing up. "I've been with the circus, man an' boy, for nigh to forty years, an' I allus go to meetin' once on Sunday. It's somethin' I promised my old mother I would do, an' I hain't broke my promise yet."

"Why don't you take me with you?" asked Toby, wistfully, as he thought of the little church on the hill at home, and wished—oh, so earnestly!—that he was there then, even at the risk of being thumped on the head with Uncle Daniel's book.

"If I'd seen you this mornin', I would," said Ben; "but now you must try to bottle up some sleep agin to-night, an' next Sunday I'll take you."

With these words old Ben started off, and Toby proceeded to carry out his wishes, although he rather doubted the possibility of "bottling up" any sleep that afternoon.

He lay down on the top of the wagon, after having put Mr. Stubbs inside with the others of his tribe, and in a very few moments the boy was sound asleep, dreaming of a dinner party at which Mr. Stubbs made a speech, and he scampered up and down the tent pole.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STANLEY'S GREAT JOURNEY.

BY WILLIAM L. ALDEN.

THE great journey of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in which he crossed the continent of Africa, was both the longest and the most important journey that any African traveller has made. Both Dr. Livingstone and Commander Cameron had already crossed Africa, but they crossed it by a more southerly and much shorter path than that taken by the American traveller. They suffered a great deal from fever and weariness and the terrible heat; but Mr. Stanley, in addition to these miseries, was compelled to fight his way through tribe after tribe of blood-thirsty cannibals, and to follow the course of a dangerous river, full of rapids, in a frail boat. It is almost a miracle that he ever lived to reach the civilized world; and had he not been as prudent and skillful as he was brave and persevering, he never would have finished his journey.

Mr. Stanley started from Zanzibar—a town on the east coast of Africa—in November, 1874, with three young Englishmen and three hundred and fifty-three native Africans. Only a few of these were armed with rifles, for most of them were porters. In Africa, calico and beads are used for money, and as a traveller must have plenty of these with him, he has to employ a great many porters. You will ask why he does not have horses or oxen to carry his goods. The reason is that there is an insect in Africa, called the tsetse, the bite of which kills all animals of burden, so that travellers have to hire natives to carry all their property on their heads.

Stanley marched first to Lake Victoria—a lake discovered by Captain Speke in 1858, and which is one of the sources of the Nile. After sailing all around this lake in a boat which was made for him in England, and was built so that it could be taken apart and carried by the porters, he went to another great lake, discovered by Captain Burton in 1856, and called Lake Tanganyika. This he also circumnavigated in his boat, and discovered that it had no outlet. West of Lake Tanganyika Dr. Livingstone had discovered a great river, which he thought might be the Congo. Commander Cameron had also seen this river, and both of them wanted to descend it to its mouth, but they thought it would be impossible to make their way through the fierce savages who live on its banks.

When Stanley reached this great river, two of the young Englishmen that had started with him, Fred Barton and Edward Pocock, had already died of the deadly African fever, and so many of his other men had died, or deserted, or been killed, that he had only one white man, Frank Pocock, and one hundred and forty-nine natives—some of whom were women—who were willing to join him in a voyage down the river. He bought a number of canoes, and with these and his English boat, the *Lady Alice*, began his voyage. He had to fight almost constant battles with the natives, and the great river, with its swift current, that swept many of his canoes over the rapids, was almost as dangerous as the savages. In one of these rapids poor Frank Pocock was drowned, and when, after suffering the most terrible hardships, Stanley reached the Portuguese settlement near the mouth of the Congo, he had only one hundred and fifteen followers left, and these, like himself, were nearly dead from starvation, disease, and hardship.

One day Mr. Stanley was sailing on Lake Victoria in the *Lady Alice* with eleven natives, and being out of provisions, and very hungry, they rowed toward the shore, intending to land and buy food. About two hundred savages, armed with spears and bows and arrows, gathered to meet them. Stanley's men called to them, and told them they were friends, and wanted to buy food. The savages seemed to be peaceful, but as soon as the boat touched the shore, they seized it, and dragged it twenty yards up the beach, with Mr. Stanley sitting in it.

Then they swarmed around him, yelling and flourishing their clubs and spears. Many of them took aim at Stanley with their arrows; but he told his men to speak gently to them, and to convince them that they were friends. They demanded calico and beads, and Stanley gave them all they asked. Then they seized the boat's oars, and carried them off; but still the traveller made no resistance. The crowd constantly increased, until there were at least three hundred of the savages, all armed and painted for battle. They abused Stanley and his men, telling them they were cowards, and that they were going to kill them, and twenty times Mr. Stanley thought his last moment had come. Finally he told one of his men to go a little distance away from the boat, and to engage the attention of the savages, while the rest of them should take hold of the boat on each side, and at the word of command try to launch it. They did so; but the savages saw the boat moving, and rushed to the water's edge just as she glided into the lake. The man who had tried to attract the attention of the wretches while the boat was launched sprang into the water after her, and a savage was just on the point of spearing him, when Stanley fired, and saved his follower's life by shooting the spearman. The men now climbed into the boat, and tearing up the bottom boards, tried to paddle with them away from the shore, while Stanley threatened the savages with his gun, and for a few moments kept them at a distance. They soon plucked up courage, however, and springing into their canoes, paddled after the *Lady Alice*. There was no escape except by driving the enemy back, and Mr. Stanley, with four shots from his elephant rifle, loaded with explosive balls, sunk two of the canoes, and killed five men, after which the others retreated, and the *Lady Alice*, after paddling all night, and driving before a heavy gale all the next day and all the next night, in imminent peril of sinking, brought her exhausted crew to an uninhabited island, seventy-six hours after the fight. Instead of showing a hard-hearted readiness to fire on the poor Afri-

Digitized by Google

STANLEY ATTACKED BY THE NATIVES.

cans, in this, as in all his other fights, Stanley showed the most wonderful self-control, and only used his rifle when he had to choose between being killed, together with his men, and firing on his brutal foes.

The greater part of Stanley's battles were fought while descending the Congo. Sometimes the natives came out in canoes and attacked him on the river, and sometimes they attacked him while he was camping on the shore. Once fifty-four canoes, carrying at least two thousand men, were successfully beaten off in a sharp battle. At night the camp had to be protected by a stockade made of brush-wood; and often the tired explorer, after paddling all day, had to watch all night to repel the constant attacks of the enemy. Sometimes, when they were dragging the canoes through the forest around the rapids, the woods would suddenly be alive with cannibals who had been lying in ambush. Armed with clubs and spears and poisoned arrows, they would rush on Stanley and his handful of men, shouting that they would eat the strangers for dinner. But whether there were a hundred or a thousand of them, Stanley always managed to drive them back. It was his cool courage, quite as much as the rifles of his men, which gave him the victory. Had he not been a man born to command, he could never have inspired his men with courage to face such swarms of savages; and had he not been as brave a man as ever lived, he could never have fought hand to hand with a score of hungry cannibals all at once, and driven them back in terror of the dauntless white man.

Mr. Stanley has furnished a splendid example of what patience, perseverance, and courage can accomplish in the face of the most formidable obstacles, and he will always be celebrated as one of the greatest explorers the world has ever known.

Digitized by Google

A STRANGE VALENTINE.

BY KATE McD. R.

"WHEN *will* you be ready to go down street for our valentines, Lilla?" asked Margie Goold, as she stood listlessly at the window watching the passers-by. "You said you'd go half an hour ago, and I've been waiting ever since."

But Lilla was deep in her arithmetic, and apparently unconscious that Margie had asked any question, until suddenly she jumped up, and throwing some papers well covered with figures into the grate, exclaimed,

"I would have been ready long ago had it not been for that horrid D."

"Why, Lilla Goold, you ought to be ashamed to call D. *horrid*," cried little Fay, indignantly, from her seat on the rug, where she was giving Fido a lesson in making believe dead.

"Yes, indeed, you ought," seconded Margie. "Mamma was saying just a day or two ago that we must respect D., and remember what a faithful nurse she was to all of us. And you, of all others, to call her names, when she sat up night after night with you when you were so ill! And anyway she has only come to bring the clothes home, and will probably go right away again, as she always does."

Lilla interrupted Margie's praise of their old nurse by throwing herself on the sofa and laughing immoderately.

Margie looked indignant, Fay puzzled, while Fido came quickly to life and barked vociferously.

"There! even Fido resents having D. so talked about," cried Margie, triumphantly.

"I never meant *Dinah* at all," laughingly protested Lilla. "She is a dear old soul. I mean the D in my example, who is digging a ditch with A, B, and C, and I'm to find out how long it takes them, and then how much faster D works than A. I get along finely until D appears, and then I don't know how to go on."

"Oh," said Margie, in a relieved tone; "but wasn't it strange that just as you said something about D, old nurse D. came across the street with the washing, and of course I thought you meant her. Here she comes out again, and the poor thing can hardly stand, it is so slippery. Mamma"—as Mrs. Goold entered the room—"why does D. bring the clothes still? I should think Rosa would offer to come with them, instead of sending her old aunt out. Why, just see! she can scarcely stand."

"Rosa does not send her, dearie," said Mrs. Goold, joining her little girls at the window, "for she told me she thought it dangerous for Dinah to be out in the winter so unprepared as she is, but that Dinah *persists* in coming, no matter what the weather, that she may inquire *herself* about 'de chillen.'"

"Good old D.," said Fay, using the name that Lilla—the first baby—had given Dinah, and both the others had adopted in their turn. "Why, mamma," continued the little one, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of Dinah's departing figure, "how will she ever get home? There! good! Rosa has met her. I'm so glad!"

"D. needs a pair of that new kind of rubbers that we stopped to look at to-day in Mr. Brooks's store window," said Lilla, putting away her books, "and then she could get along finely."

"Let's get her a pair," exclaimed the wide-awake Margie, "when we go for our valentines. Will you give us the money, mamma? I think the price is a dollar."

"I'll give twenty-five cents toward it," answered Mrs. Goold, as she laid some money on the table, and left the room.

"Of course mamma means by *that* that we ought to give the rest. What do you say to getting the rubbers, instead of valentines for Lou and Jess?" suggested Margie.

"Then they won't send us any. They never do, you know, until they get ours."

"That's so; and Madge Hammond proposed to-day that

"PERSEVERANCE."

Digitized by Google

all the girls bring their valentines to school Monday, and we want to have as many as we possibly can, and here"—spreading them out upon the table as she spoke—"so far I've got only three."

Fay's brown eyes were opening wider and wider as she listened. "Papa gave me a lot of pennies to send a vantaline to Cousin Daisy, but I'd rather send a rubber vantaline to Dinah."

"You little darling!" cried Lilla, kissing her, "you're a lesson to us." Then, turning to Margie: "I guess if baby can give *her* money, *we* can. Let's go right down for the rubbers, and send them in valentine style, as Fay proposes. Yes, of course Fay shall go too," she added, noticing the large eyes turned questioningly to hers.

About an hour later they rushed into the sitting-room, exclaiming, "We've got them, and they're beauties—lined throughout, and come over the ankles."

"How did you know the size?" inquired Mrs. Goold, after she had duly admired them.

"The most fortunate thing in the world," answered Margie, "was our meeting Rosa just as we were going into the store; and after she had promised not to breathe a syllable to D., we told her the plan, took her into the store with us, and she selected the rubbers."

And as Margie paused, Lilla went on: "Rosa says they're just the thing, and she's coming over to-night to tell us how D. likes them. Mr. Brooks waited on us himself at first, and looked crosser than a bear. He had his green glasses on, and stared at us so hard that I was glad when a gentleman came in to see him, and one of the clerks took his place."

"And the clerk," put in Margie, "kept telling us that the rubbers were the latest thing in the market, and I laughed right out at the thought of D.'s knowing or caring whether they were in style."

"Then," resumed Lilla, "as we were leaving the store, Mr. Brooks stepped forward, and said, in the sternest tone, to Rosa—you know she used to work at his house—'I wish you would wait a few moments, Rosa; I desire to speak to you;' so we left her there."

It was a picture not soon to be forgotten that met Mr. Goold's gaze as he came upon the little group in the cozy sitting-room, lighted only by the bright coals in the grate.

"Still talking valentines?" he asked, kissing mamma, and lifting Fay from her arms to his own. Then sitting down, and putting her on his knee, he questioned, "Well, how about them?"

Lilla and Margie then began an account of buying Dinah's rubber shoes, and when they were brought for his inspection, to their great delight he dropped a piece of money in each.

"Now Rosa will have a s'prise too," cried Fay, clapping her hands.

Supper over, the sleigh came round, and soon the package was left at Dinah's door, and the children were home again.

"Now I must try that example once more," announced Lilla, as she bent over her book. Then, after a few moments' study, "Oh! I see—I have it!" she cried, triumphantly: "D works just twice as fast as A."

"D must have worn a pair of stylish rubbers," laughed Margie. "Probably A couldn't stand as firmly in the ditch."

While they were laughing at Margie's explanation, Jane came to the door with some valentines, which excited the usual amount of wonderment.

"I had no idea we'd get so many," said Lilla, in a satisfied tone; "I don't believe Madge can be ahead of us."

Another knock, and Rosa presented herself with a "Can I come in?" which showed all her beautiful teeth. The children made a rush for the young colored girl, and overwhelmed her with questions.

"Oh, chillen, she *was* so pleased, and so berry thankful! She wanted to come right over and show dem to you all, but I 'suaded her to wait till mornin'." And then Rosa went on to say what a perfect fit the rubbers were, and how Dinah was singing around, as happy as could be, and in a hurry for morning, that she might wear them.

"Does she s'pect who sent 'em?" asked Fay.

"I's 'fraid she does, honey, 'cause when she went to try dem on, some money fell out, an' I said: 'Dem careless chillen! I's feared Miss Goold's bringin' dem up to tink money grows on bushes'; an' Aunt Dinah said, 'Did dey gib 'em?' so I jest said, 'I'll take de money dar fust, anyway, an' see,'" and Rosa held up two silver pieces, saying, "Who lost, I's found?"

"Why, Rosa, it's your s'prise," explained Fay—"your vantaline," at which Rosa's astonishment and delight knew no bounds.

"Altogether it's been the nicest Valentine's Day we've ever had," Lilla and Margie agreed, as they were getting ready for bed, and Fay said, drowsily, from her crib, "I shouldn't think you'd care, *now*, if Madge Hammond"—and then the words came slower and slower, "should bring—twenty—rubbers—in—a—ditch."

Jane came into the nursery next morning, saying, "There is a valentine at each of your plates this morning;" but not another word would she say about them.

You may be sure no one was late to breakfast *that* morning, and I wish you could have seen how three expectant faces lit up as each spied a tiny basket of flowers at her plate.

"When *did* they come?" "Who *could* have sent them?" "Will they keep fresh till Monday?"

"Wait a minute," said papa, feeling for his pencil. "I must write down all these questions. Now I'm ready for number four."

"Don't tease us, papa," pleaded Margie. "Just answer what we've asked already."

"Agreed: firstly, they came last night, and mamma thought it best not to wake you; secondly, Mr. Brooks sent them."

"Mr. Brooks!" all in chorus.

"Yes, he's a kind of bear, I heard yesterday," said papa.

Lilla looked ashamed.

"Thirdly, they *will* keep till Monday, if good care is taken."

"Then we can carry them to school," joyfully exclaimed Lilla.

"And what do you think of Mr. Brooks now?" asked mamma.

"Why, I don't know *what* to think, I'm so surprised. Are you certain they're from him?"

"I judge so, from what Rosa told me last night. Mr. Brooks asked her who you were, and when she told him you were going to send the rubbers as a valentine to Dinah, he said, 'I believe I'll write down their names: "One good turn deserves another."' And more than that, Rosa says he is one of the kindest men she ever knew, and far from being as cross as he looks."

"I think," said Lilla, "I shall remember after this lesson to 'judge not by appearances.'"

"I guess I'll keep account of all the proverbs about Mr. Brooks," said Margie, and reaching mischievously for papa's pencil, she wrote:

"Before you say 'tis chill December,
Know all the signs of mild September."

SAID Blackbird to Miss Yellow-Bird:
"How bright the sun does shine!
And you look sweet. Oh, pray consent
To be my Valentine?"
"I really can't," said Yellow-Bird;
"I don't to you incline;
I am too blonde—indeed, I am—
To be your Valentine."

Digitized by Google

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter III.

PHIL HAS A VISITOR.

PHIL was alone, as indeed he was always, except on Sundays, or the few half-holidays that came to Lisa. Once in a while Lisa begged off, or paid another woman for doing an extra share of work in her place, if Phil was really too ill for her to leave him. The hot sun was pouring into the garret room, though a green paper shade made it less blinding, and Phil was lying back in a rocking-chair, wrapped in a shawl. On a small table beside him were some loose pictures from a newspaper, a pencil or two, and an old sketch-book, a pitcher of water, and an empty plate.

The boy opened his closed eyes as Joe came in, after knocking, and looked surprised.

"Why, Joe, what is the matter?" he asked. "You do not come twice a day very often."

"No," said Joe, "nor are you always a-sufferin' as you was this mornin'. I've come to know how you are, and to bring you *that*," said he, triumphantly putting the nosegay before the child's eyes.

The boy nearly snatched the flowers out of Joe's hand in his eagerness to get them, and putting them to his face, he kissed them in his delight.

"Oh, Joe dear, I am *so* much obliged! Oh, you darling, lovely flowers, how sweet you are! how delicious you smell! I never saw anything more beautiful. Where did they come from, Joe?"

"Ah, you can't guess, I reckon."

"No, of course not; they are so sweet, so perfect, they take all my pain away; and I have been nearly smothered with the heat to-day. Just see how cool they look, as if they had just been picked."

"It's a pity the one who sent 'em can't hear ye. Shall I bring her in?"

"Who, Joe—who do you mean?"

"Joe means me," said a soft voice; "I sent them to you, and I am Miss Rachel Schuyler, an old friend of Joe's. I want to know you, Phil, and see if I can not do something for that pain I hear you suffer so much with. Shall I put the flowers in water, so that they will last a little longer? Ah, no, you want to hold them, and breathe their sweet fragrance."

Miss Schuyler had opened the door so gently, and appeared so entirely at home, that Phil took her visit quite as a matter of course, and though astonished, was not at all flurried. He fastened his searching gaze upon her, over the flowers, which he held close to his lips, and made up his mind what to say. At last, after deliberating, he said, simply, "I thank you very much." His thoughts ran this way: "She is a real lady, a kind, lovely woman; she has on a nice dress—nicer than Lisa's; she has little hands, and what a soft, pleasant voice! I wonder if my mother looked like her?"

Miss Schuyler's thoughts were very pitiful. She was much moved by the pale little face and brilliant eyes, the pleased, shy expression, the air of refinement, and the very evident pain and poverty. She could not say much, and to hide her agitation, took up the sketch-book, saying, "May I look in this, please?"

Phil nodded, still over the flowers.

As the leaves were opened, one after the other, Miss Schuyler became still more interested. The sketches were simply rude copies of newspaper pictures, but there was no doubt of the taste and talent that had directed their pencilling.

"Have you ever had any teaching, Phil?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered Joe for Phil, thinking he might be bashful. "He hasn't had no larnin' nor teachin' of anythin'; but it is what he wants, poor chile, and he often asks me things I can't answer for want of not knowin' nuthin' myself."

"And what is this?" said Miss Schuyler, touching the box with violin strings across it, which was on a chair beside her.

"Please don't touch it," answered Phil, anxiously; then fearing he had been rude, added: "It is my harp, and I am so afraid, if it is handled, that the fairies will never dance on it again. You ought to hear what lovely music comes out of it when the wind blows."

Phil spoke as if fairies were his particular friends. Miss Schuyler looked at him pitifully, thinking him a little light-headed. Joe nodded, and looked wise, as much as to say, "I told you so."

Just then Phil's pain came on again, and it was as much as he could do not to scream; but Miss Rachel saw the pallor of his face, and turning to Joe, asked:

"Does he have a doctor? Is anything done for him?"

"Nuthin', Miss Rachel, that I knows of. I never knew of his havin' a doctor."

"Poor child!" said Miss Rachel, smoothing his forehead, and fanning him. Then she tucked a pillow behind him, and did all so gently that Phil took her hand and kissed it—it eased his pain so to have just these little things done for him. Then she poured a little of her cordial in a glass with some water, and he thought he had never tasted anything so refreshing. She sent Joe after some ice, and spreading her napkins out on Phil's table, set all her little store of dainties before him, tempting the child to eat in spite of his pain.

Phil thought it was all the fairies' doing and not Joe's—poor pleased Joe—who looked on with a radiant face of delight. Phil would not eat unless Joe took one of his cakes, so the old fellow munched one to please him.

Meanwhile Miss Schuyler gazed at the boy with more and more interest; a something she could hardly define attracted her. At first it had been his suffering and poverty, for her heart was tender, and she was always doing kind deeds; but now as she looked at him she saw in his face a likeness to some one she had loved, the look of an old and familiar friend, a look also of thought and ability which only needed fostering to make of Phil a person of great use in the world—one who might be a leader rather than a follower in the path of industry and usefulness. The grateful little kiss on her hand had gone deeply into her heart. Phil must no longer be left alone: he must have good food and medical care and fresh air, and Lisa must be consulted as to how these things should be gained. So while Phil nibbled at the good things, and Joe chuckled and talked, half to himself and half to Phil, Miss Schuyler wrote a note to Lisa, asking her to come and see her that evening, if convenient, explaining how her interest had been aroused in Phil, and that she wanted to know more about him, and wanted to help him, and was sure she could make his life more comfortable, and that Lisa must take her interference kindly, for it was offered in a loving spirit. Then she folded the note, and gave it to Phil for Lisa, and arranging all his little comforts about him, bade him good-by.

Phil thought her face like that of an angel's when she stooped to kiss him; and after Joe, too, had hobbled off, promising to come again soon with his violin, he took up his pencil, and tried to sketch Miss Schuyler. Face after face was drawn, but none to his taste: first the nose was crooked, then the eyes were too small, then the mouth would be twisted, and just as Lisa came in, with a tired and flushed face, he threw his pencil away, and began to sob.

"Why, my dear Phil," said Lisa, in surprise, "are you so very miserable to-night?"

Digitized by Google

PHIL AND MISS SCHUYLER.

"No, I am not miserable at all," said Phil, between his tears; "that is, I have had pain enough, but I have had such a lovely visitor!—Joe brought her—and I wanted to make a little picture of her, so that you could see what she looked like; and I can not. Oh dear! I wish I could ever do anything!"

"Ah, you are tired; drink this nice milk, and you will be better."

"I have had delicious things to eat, and I saved some for you, Lisa. Look;" and he showed her the little parcel of cakes Miss Schuyler had left. "And see the big piece of ice in my glass."

"Some one has been kind to my boy."

"Yes; and here is a note for you; and you must dress up, Lisa, when you go to see our new friend."

Lisa looked down at her shabby garments; they were all she had, but she did not tell Phil that her only black silk had been sold long ago. She read the note, and her face brightened. There seemed a chance of better things for Phil.

"I will go to-night, if you can spare me."

"Not till you have rested, Lisa; and you must drink all that milk your own self. Did you ever hear of Miss Schuyler?"

"I don't know," said Lisa, meditating; "the name is not strange to me. But there used to be so many visitors at your father's house, Phil dear, that I can not be sure."

"She is so nice and tender and kind— Have you had a tiresome day, Lisa?" added Phil, quickly, fearing Lisa might think herself neglected in his eager praise of the new friend.

"Yes, rather; but I can go. So Joe brought her here?"

"Yes; and see these flowers—yes, you must have some. Put them in your belt, Lisa."

"Oh, flowers don't suit my old clothes, child; keep them yourself, dear. Well, it is a long lane that has no turning," she said, half to herself and half to Phil. "Perhaps God has sent us Miss Schuyler to do for you what I have not been able to; but I have tried—he knows I have."

"And I know it too, dear Lisa," said Phil, pulling her down to him, and throwing both arms around her. "No one could be kinder, Lisa; and I love this old garret room, just because it is your home and mine. Now get me my harp, and when you have put it in the window, you can go; and I will try not to have any pain, so that you won't have to rub me to-night."

"Dear child!" was all Lisa could say, as she did what he asked her to do, and then left him alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE END OF MY MONKEY.

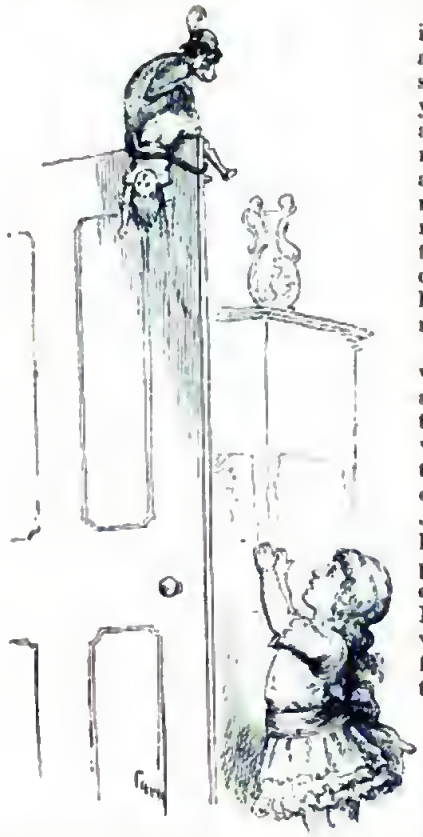
BY JIMMY BROWN.

I HAVEN'T any monkey now, and I don't care what becomes of me. His loss was an awful blow, and I never expect to recover from it. I am a crushed boy, and when the grown folks find what their conduct has done to me, they will wish they had done differently.

It was on a Tuesday that I got the monkey, and by Thursday everybody began to treat him coldly. It began with my littlest sister. Jocko took her doll away, and climbed up to the top of the door with it, where he sat and pulled it to pieces, and tried its clothes on, only they wouldn't fit him, while sister, who is nothing but a little girl, stood and howled as if she was being killed. This made mother begin to dislike the monkey, and she said that if his conduct was such, he couldn't stay in her house. I call this unkind, for the monkey was invited into the house, and I've been told we must bear with visitors.

A little while afterward, while mother was talking to Susan on the front piazza, she heard the sewing-machine up stairs, and said, "Well I never that cook has the impudence to be sewing on my machine without ever asking leave." So she ran up stairs, and found that Jocko was working the machine like mad. He'd taken Sue's nightgown and father's black coat and a lot of stockings, and shoved them all under the needle, and was sewing them all together. Mother boxed his ears, and then she and Sue sat down and worked all the morning trying to unsew the things with the scissors.

Digitized by Google



They had to give it up after a while, and the things are sewed together yet, like a man and wife, which no man can put asunder. All this made my mother more cool toward the monkey than ever, and I heard her call him a nasty little beast.

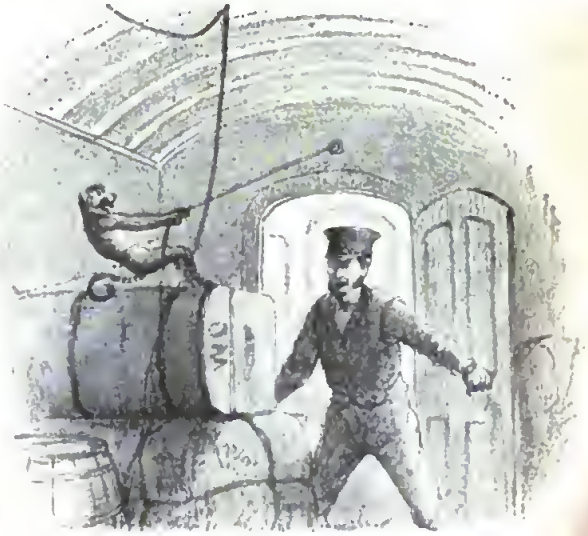
The next day was Sunday, and as Sue was sitting in the hall waiting for mother to go to church with her, Jocko gets up on her chair, and pulls the feathers out of her bonnet. He thought he was doing right, for he had seen the cook pulling the feathers off of the chickens, but Sue called him dreadful names, and said that when father came home, either she or that monkey would leave the house.

Father came home early Monday, and seemed quite pleased with the monkey. He said it was an interesting study, and he told Susan that he hoped that she would be contented with fewer beaux, now that there was a monkey constantly in the house. In a little while father caught Jocko lathering himself with the mucilage brush, and with a kitchen knife all ready to shave himself. He just laughed at the monkey, and told me to take good care of him, and not let him hurt himself.

Of course I was dreadfully pleased to find that father liked Jocko, and I knew it was because he was a man, and had more sense than girls. But I was only deceiving myself and leaning on a broken weed. That very evening when father went into his study after supper he found Jocko on his desk. He had torn all his papers to pieces, except a splendid new map, and that he was covering with ink, and making believe that he was writing a President's Message about the Panama Canal. Father was just raging. He took Jocko by the scruff of the neck, locked him in the closet, and sent him away by express the next morning to a man in the city, with orders to sell him.

The expressman afterward told Mr. Travers that the monkey pretty nearly killed everybody on the train, for he got hold of the signal cord and pulled it, and the engineer thought it was the conductor, and stopped the train, and another train just behind it came within an inch of running into it and smashing it to pieces. Jocko did the same thing three times before they found out what was the matter, and tied him up so that he couldn't reach the cord. Oh, he was just beautiful! But I shall never see him again, and Mr. Travers says that it's all right, and that I'm monkey enough for one house. That's because Sue has been saying things against the monkey to him; but never mind.

First my dog went, and now my monkey has gone. It seems as if everything that is beautiful must disappear. Very likely I shall go next, and when I am gone, let them find the dog and the monkey, and bury us together.



Digitized by Google

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ROMA, ON THE RIO GRANDE, TEXAS, *December 31, 1880.*

Early this morning, just as we were all dressed, a great noise was heard on the stairs; it was Morton, who was shouting, "Oh, papa, the ground is all over white, and the orange-tree has a great white cap on its head!"

We all knew at once that it was snow, which we children had heard and read so much about, but had never seen.

We all rushed out, and found the air full of little feathers, and everything dazzling white. We went wild over it. Papa chased our two little brothers, washed their faces with snow, and showed them how to make snow-balls, and after doing so, got pelted by his boys, and girls too, for that matter, for we all took part. Two inches of snow had fallen. The air was still and calm. And at last we thought of the snow crystals we had read about in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and asked papa to show them to us. He got a piece of black cloth, and we spread it on the top of a box in the yard, and recognized nearly all of the forms we had seen in the illustration. Little Northern readers will say, "Why such a fuss about two inches of snow?" But they must remember we had never seen it before, and I do not believe they ever saw an orange-tree loaded with snow, and its golden fruit shining out from a setting of frosted silver and deep green leaves. I know they never saw anything so beautiful in their lives.

But I forgot—I must tell you who I am, or rather who we are. We are seven sisters and brothers. Our two elder sisters are married, and have homes of their own. I am the youngest of the girls, and the two boys are the youngest of the family. My mother is a Mexican lady, and father is an American from Ohio. He has lived in this country thirty years. One sister, one brother, and myself were born in Mexico, and Spanish is our mother-tongue, but we read and understand YOUNG PEOPLE.

CLOTILDA C.

TUPATIRA, MISSISSIPPI.

I have six cats. Two of them I work in a little wagon. When I can get some little boys to help me, it is royal fun to drive them.

I do not go to school, as we have none near by, and I have no one to go with me. I had three sweet little sisters and one little brother, but they all died. I would love to tell you a great deal about them, but this is my first letter to the Post-office Box, and I am afraid it will be too long, and go into that much-dreaded waste basket. I will be nine years old the 17th of February.

It is awfully cold here this winter. JACK C.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I would write to say how much I like the stories of "Toby Tyler" and "Mildred's Bargain." They are so nice I can not help writing to tell you.

I am glad to hear from so many little girls who have seen blossoms and fruit as late in the season as I have. REBA H.

SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN.

I want to tell the boys and girls what we do away out here in Sheboygan. This winter has been very cold, and it has been thirty degrees below zero part of the time. A good deal of snow has fallen, and yesterday the pupils of my school took a sleigh-ride. We were in a large sleigh drawn by four horses. We went to Sheboygan Falls, and on the way we saw farm-houses, forests, and fields all covered with deep snow.

Sheboygan is a nice place in summer. It is on the western shore of Lake Michigan, about sixty miles north of Milwaukee. I am eleven years old.

KAWIA B.

BRIDGEWATER, NEW YORK.

My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it ever so much.

We have the dearest little three-year-old colt. Papa broke him to the harness last fall, and he seems to enjoy taking us out to ride. Papa is going to have him trained to the saddle for my use.

I have to walk three-quarters of a mile to school. The snow has drifted nearly level with the fences, and now the crust has formed, so that we enjoy skimming over it. MAY H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid, and only wish it would come every day. I could never get tired of reading it. Toby Tyler's life with the circus is delightful. I would like to have such a friend as "Mr. Stubbs."

We are having the coldest winter known in this city for years. My little sister, my brother, and myself have elegant times coasting down the streets.

EMMA H. T.

OILBOY, CALIFORNIA.

I have received so many answers to my request for exchange, which was printed in YOUNG PEOPLE, that my stock of duplicate eggs is exhausted. I will keep the addresses, and in the spring, when I can get a new supply of eggs, will try to answer all letters which I can not answer now.

FANNIE W. ROGERS.

Owing to the severe weather, I have been unable to collect enough arrow-heads to supply all my correspondents, but I will send them as soon as possible. If those who have offered me coins and other things in exchange will wait until I can get some more arrow-heads, which will be before long, I will be very glad. ISOBEL L. JACOBS,
Darlington Heights, Prince Edward County, Va.

I am very much interested in the Post-office Box. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

I live beside the beautiful Geneva Lake, which is a great summer resort. In warm weather we have great sport fishing, but now it is all ice-boating and skating.

We raised five Brahmah chickens last summer. They were very tame. One went to sleep with its head on my aunt's shoulder, and they were capital pickpockets. They were in such demand that we had to part with all but one. She is named Pulleta, and is so tame I can pick her up anywhere.

I would like to exchange postmarks, for foreign stamps, or shells from the Gulf of Mexico or Atlantic coast. HERBERT C. SOOTHILL,
P. O. Box 207, Geneva, Wis.

I would like to exchange pieces of bass-wood, red and white oak, bird's-eye and hard and soft maple, iron-wood, red and yellow birch, elm, ash, and butternut, for specimens of other kinds of woods. Correspondents will please mark specimens.

GEORGE EMERY,
Horsey, St. Croix County, Wis.

I would like to exchange postmarks, for sea-shells. I am nine years old. REYNOLDS WHITE,
132 East Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

I will exchange postmarks, for stamps, with any little boy or girl. I am nine years old.

PERCY G. LAPEY,
62 Clinton Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I would like to exchange postage stamps. I have a Swedish, a Canadian, and a New South Wales stamp, two Italian, some French, English, and old issues of United States stamps, which I will give for others. A SUBSCRIBER TO "YOUNG PEOPLE,"
141 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I wish to notify correspondents that I do not wish to exchange for postage stamps any longer, but I will exchange stamps, curiosities, shells, and minerals, for curiosities, shells, and minerals.

V. L. KELLOGG,
P. O. Box 411, Emporia, Kansas.

I would like to exchange shells and pressed seaweeds, for other shells, Lake Superior agates, ore, or other small specimens of minerals. I would like everything sent me to be clearly marked, and I, in return, will name and classify the shells.

MISS MAY HART,
Soquel, Santa Cruz County, Cal.

I live only eighteen miles from King's Mountain, where a great battle of the Revolutionary war was fought.

I have a little rat terrier I have named Rip Van Winkle, because he sleeps so much. I would like to exchange birds' eggs with readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am twelve years old.

WILLIE F. ROBERTSON, Yorkville, S. C.

I have a collection of about fifteen hundred stamps, and I have about five hundred duplicates, which I would like to exchange for others. Correspondents will please send a list of those they desire.

HIRAM H. BICE,
30 Second Street, Utica, N. Y.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Coins or specimens of woods, for Indian relics, curiosities, fossils, or minerals.
ALFRED S. KELLOGG,
P. O. Box 108, Westport, Fairfield County, Conn.

Postage stamps. J. CLARKE BENSELL,
307 East Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps, for Indian relics, or anything suitable for a museum. GEORGE LUNHAM,
147 Skillman Street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Foreign postage stamps.
LIONEL W. CROMPTON,
Care of Mr. Clifton, 104 Sixth St., Hoboken, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps, for old issues of United States postage stamps, or for any Department stamps.
FRANK BANG,
271 Avenue B, New York City.

Postmarks, for stamps. JAY HOLLIS GIBSON,
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A silver Japanese coin and a piece of prehistoric pottery, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow.
DAVID M. GERGO,
404 Penn Street, Reading, Penn.

Ocean curiosities, for a guinea-hen's egg or other eggs; or twenty-five postmarks, for a Chinese stamp and nine other foreign stamps.
HELEN S. LOVEJOY,
39 Munjoy Street, Portland, Maine.

Cotton and rice as they grow, Spanish moss, arrow-heads, Southern insects, or pressed flowers, for stamps. JOHN J. HAWKINS,
Prosperity, S. C.

An ancient Spanish coin to exchange for some curiosity. THOMAS EWING,
Osceola, Clark County, Iowa.

Persian, Japanese, and other stamps, for Turkish or South American stamps or minerals.
THEODORE MORRISON,
3302 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Teasels, which are pretty for bouquets and decorating, for coins, curiosities, or minerals.
J. E. GARBUTT,
Garbutt, Monroe County, N. Y.

A stone from Delaware or Pennsylvania, for one

Digitized by Google

from any other State; or shells, postmarks, or June beetles, for one of any kind, or for curiosities.
S. STINSON,
1705 Oxford Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Sea-shells or minerals, for minerals.
JOHN D. BROWN,
P. O. Box 171, Newton Centre, Mass.

Pressed sea-weeds from Santa Cruz, on Monterey Bay, for ferns or sea-weeds from other localities.
NELLIE HYDE,
102 Third Street, Oakland, Cal.

Postmarks. HENRY F. STEELE,
63 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Soil from Illinois, for that of any other State.
ARTHUR DAVENPORT,
34 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

An Italian stamp, for one of any other foreign country. GIOSGINO CHAPMAN,
Everett House, Union Square, New York City.

A ten-cent United States stamp, War Department stamps, or a Cuban, Spanish, or Netherlands stamp, for a Brazilian ten-reis. FRED MCGAHIE,
78 Second Place, Brooklyn, L. I.

Twenty-five postmarks, for a Japanese, Chinese, or East Indian stamp, or twelve other foreign stamps.
ANNIE DRYDEN,
Care of John Dryden, Brooklin, Ontario, Canada.

Buttons, or California postmarks, for postage stamps. FLOY MOODY,
Care of Charles Moody,
San Jose, Santa Clara County, Cal.

Postmarks and postage stamps, for Indian relics and ocean curiosities. CHARLES B. BARTLETT,
92 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postage stamps, minerals, fossils, coins, ocean curiosities, and Indian relics. S. G. GUERRIER,
Emporia, Kansas.

Stamps from Peru, United States official stamps, and others, in exchange for rare stamps.
ALLEN B. BAKER,
P. O. Box 1275, Bay City, Mich.

Copper ore from the Eli Copper Mines, New Hampshire, specimens of meteoric rock, and stone from the Hoosac Tunnel, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, fossils, or minerals.
FRED W. GLASIER,
P. O. Box 235, Adams, Berkshire County, Mass.

Ocean curiosities, for turtles not more than three inches long, newts, or lizards. Correspondents will please write before sending any of these creatures.
DANIEL D. LEE, 14 Myrtle Street,
Jamaica Plains, Suffolk County, Mass.

Postmarks, for postmarks; or twice the number of postmarks, for any number of postage stamps.
RALPH D. CLEARWATER,
Care of A. T. Clearwater, Kingston, N. Y.

EDMUND S. H., AND R. D. BRITTON.—The disastrous war between Peru and Chili originated in a dispute about certain privileges to mine copper and nitrate of soda in the desert region of Atacama, the strip of sea-coast on the Pacific, belonging to Bolivia, which separates Peru from Chili. In 1873, the nitrate grounds were ceded by the Bolivian government to a Peruvian business house, which transferred a portion of its rights to some Chilian merchants. A heavy export duty was immediately laid on the nitrate by Bolivia, which step was considered by the Chilian government as a direct insult to its merchants, and also to be in contradiction to earlier concessions made by Bolivia to Chili. The Peruvians, fearing the ruin of their mining interest, took up the cause of Bolivia, and much secret diplomacy was going on, when suddenly, on April 6, 1879, Chili made a declaration of war against Peru, and prepared to support its claims by arms. The naval combat of Iquique took place in May of the same year, in which both Chili and Peru lost valuable war vessels. For several months Chili maintained the blockade of Iquique, and meanwhile the Peruvian iron-clad *Huascar* was harassing Chilian ports, until, in October, 1879, she was captured by two Chilian men-of-war. The Chilian army and the united forces of Peru and Bolivia met in numerous engagements, but since the capture of the *Huascar* the war has been one prolonged success for Chili. After the battle of Chorillos, on January 14, 1881, in which the Peruvian forces were completely overthrown, the Chilian armies marched triumphantly into Lima, on the 17th of the same month. An armistice is now asked for by the diplomatic body at Lima, and it is to be hoped that this foolish devastation of a beautiful country will soon come to an end.

GRACE H.—You will find simple recipes for cream candy in the Post-office Boxes of YOUNG PEOPLE Nos. 35 and 38.

WILLIE F. W.—It is impossible to trace the superstition concerning Friday to its source. It exists among many different peoples, each assigning to it an origin in accordance with the belief of the country. The Friday superstition is met with even among the Brahmins of India, who hold it unlucky to begin any enterprise on that day. In ancient times, thirty-two days in the year were considered unlucky by the astrologers, and warnings were given against the performance of any work of importance on those days—an advice which was no doubt strictly followed by all lazy people.

FRED L. C.—Mount Everest is the highest mountain of the earth. It is situated in the northern part of Nepaul, which is an independent state of Hindostan, lying between Thibet and British India. Mount Everest is a part of the eastern range of the Himalayas, and, according to measurements taken in 1856, has an altitude of 29,002 feet, and thousands of cattle and sheep and mountain goats are herded on its broad slopes of pasture-lands.

J. N. H.—If your puzzles are suitable for our columns, they will be accepted.

M. I. S.—The double-page pictures in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are bound by being fastened to a narrow strip of paper, which is called a "guard." Any good book-binder will understand how this should be done.

A. J.—The line in question appeared in literature, and was often given as a quotation, long before the ballad which you mention was printed.

LULU DE L.—We can not make room to print your little story.

KARL C. W., AND OTHERS.—The answers to all puzzles given in our columns are printed in full three weeks after the publication of the puzzles.

H. D. F.—The directions for tracing a pattern on Russia crash were given in "Embroidery for Girls, No. 2," in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57, November 20, 1880.

H. H. C.—Egypt and China are both supposed to be the oldest countries in the world, but it is impossible to tell to which the greatest age may be assigned, as the most learned historians differ upon this point. The earliest development of civilization was probably in Egypt. Damascus, if not the first city in the world, was certainly one of the earliest of consequence. The date of its foundation is unknown, but it was a flourishing place in the time of Abraham, and is mentioned in the book of Genesis.

MARIE BROOKE.—If what appears to be sand and dirt will not wash off from your copper ore, we can not tell you how to clean it, without seeing the specimen. What you consider dirt may be a coating of oxide.—Your wiggles were received too late for insertion.

CONSTANT READER.—A very good mucilage, similar to that used on postage stamps, may be made as follows: acetic acid, one part; gum-dextrine, two parts; water, five parts. Dissolve in a water-bath, which consists of one vessel within another, like a double glue-pot, so that the mixture may be evenly heated. When the gum is well dissolved, add one part of alcohol.

FALL RIVER.—Make your camera box of quarter-inch black-walnut; or pine of the same thickness will do equally well, and will be more easily worked, and cost less, and if neatly stained will make a pretty box. The expense of your camera, apart from the lenses (see answer to Fred B. and Fred W. in Post-office Box of No. 67), will be very small; and if you are handy with tools, you will have no trouble in the construction, if you follow the directions and drawings given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 63. Perseverance and ingenuity will have a great deal to do with your success.

CHARLES A. G.—It is not easy to give you advice in a matter which may affect your whole life, but we venture to suggest the trade of a printer as one by which a boy of your age, if he be industrious, can earn his living in a very pleasant manner after he has conquered the difficulties which meet a beginner in whatever branch of apprenticeship he may select.

WILLIE LLOYD AND M. D. AUSTIN.—Send your full address, and we will gladly print your requests for exchange.

Favors are acknowledged from Addie B. McEwen, Annie H. Rundlett, Mamie E. S., Charlie Hopper, Charles F. Bailey, Lyman C. S., Ella A., Edward L. Haines, Albert H. F., J. A. M. and A. W. W., Milard B., M. B. W., Istalina B., Jennie Craig, Edith M., Eva D. Aldrich, Joseph T. H., Wilfred J. Wood, George W. Merritt, Howard Coleman, J. D. Pettigrew, E. G. Robinson, Arthur W. French, H. M. Redlein, E. A. Folsom, Percy T. Warner, Helena Pierce, Minnie L., George C. Williams, Ferdinand Travis, Ollie J. McKay, Louis Van A., Lena Burrows, Eudora Bishop, Belle Wallace, S. J. Coutsworth, E. R. G., Jacob S. Kinsely, Josie L. Stone, Frank A. Taylor, Gottfried Steenken.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Willie F. Robertson, Edwin Nesmith, Bessie Comstock, Cora R. Price, "Lone Star," Dora Neville Taylor, J. M. Haydock, Willie Parkhurst, Willie F. Woolard, Percy L. McDermott, Nellie Brainard, W. L. Trotter, "Jupiter," M. Lila Baker, "Bolus," Ed I. T., Annie De Pfuhl, James W. Downing, Benno Myers, Karl C. Wells, Millie C. B., Blanche Jefferson, Frank Lomas, Andrew De Motte, Fred Wieland, "Starry Flag," Grace A. McK., Jennie and May Ridgway, Charlie Haight, Grace Montgomery, Fanny B. Squire, Willie M. Hargest.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HALF-SQUARE.

A poetic foot. To honor. Sang. To endeavor. A pronoun. A letter. STARRY FLAG.

No. 2.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

A debate. Permanent. A public carriage. Kindness. A home of wild beasts. In February. Cunning. A fruit. Decoration. An angry speech. Negligent. Centrals—An emblem of peace.
DAME DUDDEN.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

First in carol, not in song.
Second in justice, not in wrong.
Third in save, not in keep.
Fourth in huddle, not in heap.
Fifth in vain, not in proud.
Sixth in still, not in loud.
Seventh in slave, not in master.
Eighth in slow, not in faster.
Ninth in grieve, not in cry.
An enterprising town am I,
And though my site is drear and cold,
Men seek me for my hidden gold.
E. B.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

My whole is composed of 10 letters, and has been received by many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.
My 4, 8, 5 is a sin.
My 6, 10, 7 is used by fishermen.
My 2, 1, 9 is the front of an army.
My 3, 9, 7 is an insect. G. T. W.

No. 5.

BIXIUM.

In smart, not in good.
In hat, not in hood.
In plant, not in tree.
In caged, not in free.
In viola, not in flute.
The whole a Southern fruit. BOLUS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 65.

No. 1. Bombshell.

No. 2. 1. Never too late to mend. 2. Kalmia. 3. Fire-place.

No. 3. 1. Crane. 2. Owl. 3. Kite. 4. Heron. 5. Wren. 6. Robin. 7. Snow-bird. 8. Linnet.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

Oh! Kitty dear,
See here, see here,
Some one a Valentine has sent
For "Kitty Lee";
That's you or me—
How can we tell which one is meant?

I think 'tis me;
For, don't you see,
By dear young Tommy Dodd 'tis written;
If 'twas for yet,
'Tis surely true,
It would have come from Tommy's kitten.
(And Pussy said, "Me-you!")

Ho! he! St. Valentine once more
Returns, with all his brilliant store
Of verses sweet and pictures gay;
You pick and choose whate'er you may.
Poor Bobby sees one, bright and fine;
He wants it for his Valentine.
Alas! his pennies all are spent;
For candies and for cakes they went.
What, Bobby! sobs and tears? O fie!
You can do better if you try:
Just write her one, in rhyme and metre,
And she will think it all the sweeter.

Here sits a maiden all forlorn,
Without her Valentine:
She's waited there since early morn—
The post brought ne'er a line.

Some love short boys,
Some love tall;
This little maiden
Loves them all.

Whoever passes,
Rain or shine,
She thinks 'tis sure
Her Valentine.

I love my neighbor over the way,
And bless the Saint who makes this day;
In coming years may her love and mine
Date from to-day and my Valentine!

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 69. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, February 22, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance

HOW THE PENNANT WAS WON.

AN ICE-BOAT STORY.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

BUMP, bang, clatter, clatter.

"Eh! hello, who's there?" and Arthur jumps from his warm bed, and starts, shivering, to open the window-shutter; but ere he can reach it, another thump from without, and the rattle of a broken snow-ball on the tin roof of the veranda greets his ears.

He gets the shutter open just as Joe Henderson is about to throw another snow-ball, to knock at his door, as it were.

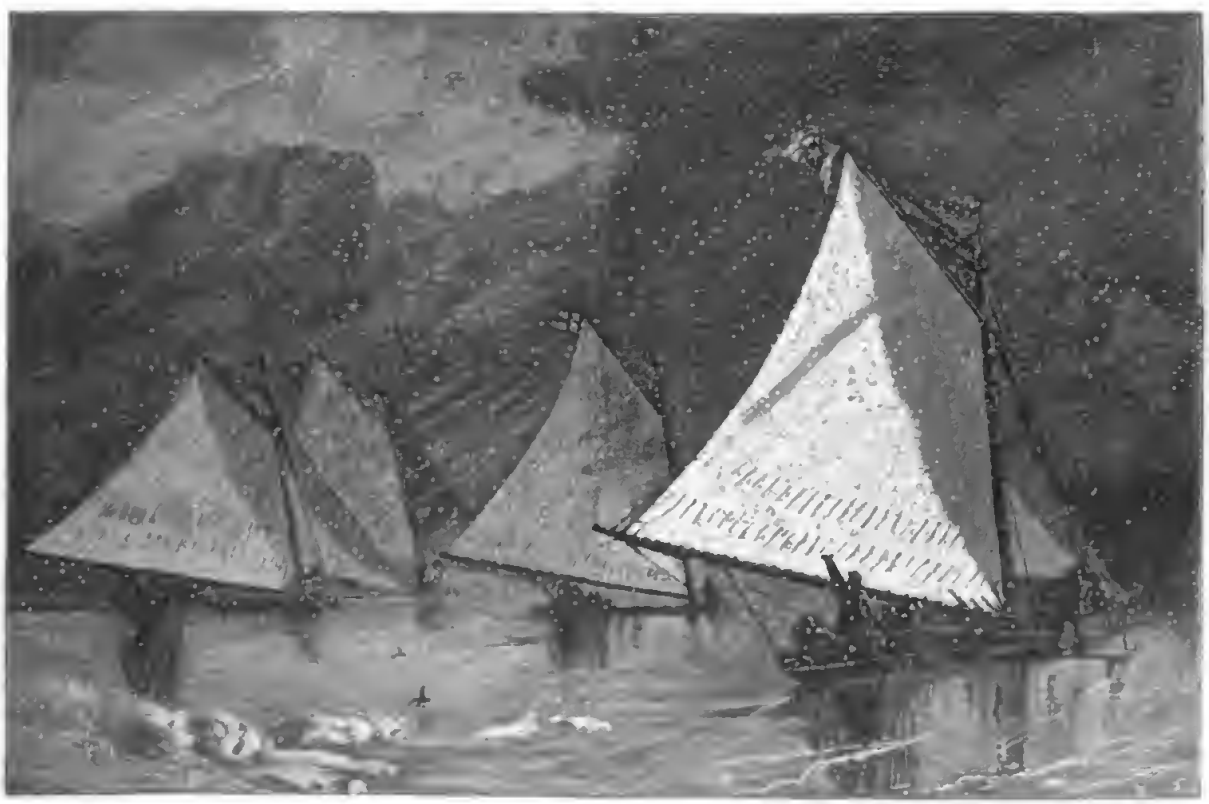
"Hello, Joe! what's up? Phew! ain't it cold?"

"Oh, Art, hurry up and dress, and come down," cries Joe. "I've splendid news for you. The river is frozen clear to Tarrytown, and the ice-boats from there are coming over to race with the Nyack boats to-day, and Uncle Nye is going to enter his new yacht, the *Jack Frost*, in the regatta, and says you and I may go along to help make up the crew. Won't it be fun, though? There's an elegant breeze."

"I should say so," chattered Arthur, as he shivered before the window. "But I'm afraid I can't go. I don't dare miss school, it's so near examination-day."

"Oh, that's all right," cried Joe. "I stopped with a letter at Dominie Switchell's on my way up, and he's laid up with another attack of rheumatism, and can't teach school to-day. Ain't it glorious?"

"Elegant! Hooray! I'm with you!" shouted Arthur, as he disappeared from the window. Hurrying on his clothes, and scarcely dipping his face in the icy water, he



THE RACE ON THE TAPPAN ZEE.

Digitized by Google

completed a hasty toilet, bounded down stairs two steps at a time, and tumbled over a chair that grandma had placed before her door to trip up burglars.

"Oh dear, what's the matter?" cried a voice from the room, as grandma opened the door and peeped into the hall.

"Why, Artie dear, how you frightened me! What is the cause of—"

"Ice-boat regatta to-day," shouted Artie, rubbing his ankle; "and there's no school, and I'm going on the *Jack Frost*. Won't be back till afternoon; keep my dinner hot, and—" The rest of the sentence was inaudible to grandma, for the boy was down the back stairs and in the kitchen, where, joined by Joe, he hurriedly ate the breakfast which good-natured Julia quickly set before them, for she knew just how to treat boys, having been a romping country girl herself.

In a few minutes the back door banged to, and our lads ran down the slippery pathway toward the river, where the bright sails of the Tarrytown fleet were already gliding toward the hither shore, as if in challenge to a contest. A minute's steady trot brought the boys to the steamboat dock where the ferry-boat lay frozen in. A number of graceful ice-yachts were gliding hither and thither over the glassy surface, while several near the wharf stood with sails flapping in the crisp, freshening breeze, as numbers of men and boys hurried about making the last preparations for the race, while shouts and halloos resounded on all sides. An animated group was gathered about one large and very stanch-looking boat.

"Oh, ain't she a beauty?" exclaimed Artie, as they ran and slid over the ice toward her.

"Why, it's the *Jack Frost!*" replied Joe. "Look at her flag; and here comes Uncle Nye, and Marc, and Charlie Haines, who built the boat."

"Good-morning, boys; just in time," called Mr. Nye. "It's a fine day for our sport. Jump aboard now, and let's be off. Haines, you take the windward runner; Joe, you stand by the peak halyards; Marc, you take the jib sheets; while Artie minds the main, and I'll tend the helm. Now tuck in the buffalo-robes. Are you all ready there forward?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Let go; steady now; there she fills;" and as the beautiful craft gathered headway, and glided over the smooth ice, a cheer went up for the new yacht. As they gained the open ice, several other racers ranged alongside to test the speed of the new-comer.

"What boat is that, Charlie?" called Mr. Nye, pointing to a fine boat close to.

"That's Mr. Snow's boat, the *Icicle*, sir; and here comes Mr. Voorhees's flyer, the *Avalanche*. There's Mr. Smith's *Snow Squall*, from Tarrytown. Look out, sir; here comes Mr. Hoff's boat, the *Marie*, trying to cross our bows. But she can't do it."

In a few minutes the *Jack Frost* had drawn away slightly from her rivals; and putting about, Mr. Nye ran back, and brought the boat to a stand-still near the dock.

"Oh, uncle, do you think we'll win the race?"

"I can not tell, of course, Joe, but Haines says she handles beautifully, and we stand a good chance if nothing breaks."

"Is Artie there?" called a voice from the dock to Joe.

"Yes, Ed, he's here."

"Tell him that grandma sent him this muffler, and wants him to wrap well up, and not catch—"

"There goes the signal to get ready!" exclaimed Charlie, as he jumped on the windward runner; and they ran rapidly down to the starting-point, where a long line of boats was drawn up like white-winged birds, their sails trembling in the breeze.

"What is the course, sir?" asked Artie.

"From Hook Mountain to Piermont Dock, two miles out in mid-river, then back to the Hook, three times—about thirty miles."

"There, Artie, there's the new pennant the young ladies offered as a prize last year, and Tom Hackett and Jim Burger, from Tarrytown, won it on the *Eagle*; but the boys say they didn't win it fairly, for they started ahead of the rest, and crowded one of our boats into an ice crack, and broke her runner."

"Now, boys, attention," ordered Mr. Nye, sharply. "Let her come into the wind."

"Are you ready?" came a clear voice down the wind; and a pistol report cracked on the air.

"Jib sheet—quick, Marc; more main sheet, Art; now sway down on the peak halyards, Joe; lie close, Haines. That's it—all snug;" and they were off on the race.

After our boys had attended to their duties, they had time to look about at the rest of the fleet.

Away on either side stretched a line of swiftly moving yachts, white sails flat as boards, flags fluttering, the wind humming through the rigging, while their glittering runners cut feathery flakes of glistening ice in their tracks.

"Oh, ain't it too bad!" cried Joe. "The *Eagle* and *Icicle* are both ahead of us."

"Never mind, boys; it's early in the race yet. Wait till we get on a wind," replied Haines. "Now watch the turning-point, sir; don't let the *Snow Squall* get inside of us; ready, about," and the three leading boats turned the stake together.

"Phew! how we fly!" cried Art. "Isn't she a hummer?"

"I wonder why they call a boat *Jack*, and then call it 'she,' as if it were a girl?" queried Joe.

"Give it up," replied Marc.

"Because they require so much rigging," promptly responded Mr. Nye.

"Oh, uncle, that's not fair," cried Joe; "you knew the answer before."

"Well, I've two daughters, and ought to," replied Mr. Nye; and they all joined in his jolly laugh.

"Look out for the crack ahead!" shouted Charlie, as they rushed by a split in the ice. "Ready, about!" away they went on the other tack; and so the exciting race went on. Now one boat would be ahead, again another would dart by and take the lead, but some had fallen so hopelessly in the rear, that only a half-dozen remained in the race, and of these it was hard to tell which was the swiftest.

"I'm afraid we're going to have a snow-squall, sir," shouted Charlie. "There's a black cloud coming over the Hook Mountain."

"Let it come; I think the heavier it blows, the better for us," replied Mr. Nye.

The race was now three-quarters run, and everything must be decided in a few minutes. The squall had come over the Hook, darkening the heavens, and the gale made the boats dart along with lightning speed.

"The *Marie* is ahead of us," exclaimed Charlie Haines, peering into the flying snow. "Hello, something's the matter with her! Boat ahoy! Sheer off, or you'll run into us. Steady, boys," and a phantom shape rushed out of the mist and darted across their wake with peak halyard parted and the mainsail thundering in the wind.

The snow now hid everything in a wild whirl of mist.

"Here comes the *Eagle*, sir," as another yacht appeared close aboard in the gloom, with her flag streaming wildly on the gale.

"Keep off! keep off!" roared Charlie Haines to Tom Hackett, who was steering the rival yacht.

"Clear the track!" came back the answer, in angry tones.

"Keep on your course, Mr. Nye!" yelled Charlie. "You have the right of way, and he dare not run us down."

Scarcely had he spoken when Hackett altered his boat's course.

Digitized by Google

"Luff, sir, luff!" shouted Charlie Haines, and with a light touch of the helm, Mr. Nye avoided the collision. Not entirely, though, for the *Eagle* caught her jib-stay under her rival's main-boom; a sharp snap followed, a heavy lurch, and the *Eagle*, devoid of her jib, whirled about and upset, throwing her crew along the ice.

"Served them right!" exclaimed Haines. "They tried to crowd us out of our course, but got upset themselves. Now, boys, hold on tight."

A terrific gust of wind and snow drove them swiftly on; it blew so hard, that the windward runner, with Charlie clinging to it, was lifted high in the air, and it seemed as though the boat must capsize.

"Shall we drop the peak?" called Mr. Nye. "I hardly think she'll stand it."

"Yes, she will, sir," answered Charlie. "Hold hard, *every one!*" and a moment later he added, "Hurrah! I see the stake ahead," and a burst of sunshine through the clouds revealed the flag close by.

Several other boats now emerged from the squall, but much of their canvas was shivering, and most of their peaks had been dropped before the fury of the gale.

It was no use trying to recover their lost ground, and our friends on the *Jack Frost* darted by the flag, winners of the race by several seconds, and also of the champion pennant of the Tappan Zee.

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

GOING TO A PARTY.

I REMEMBER that when I was quite young going to a party was nearly as much a trial to me as a pleasure. Being diffident, I dreaded entering the room, and encountering the eyes of the people already assembled there; and once fairly in, I was overshadowed all the evening by the dreadful necessity of, by-and-by, retiring. Besides, I felt a sense of responsibility which was very oppressive, and was so afraid of not doing or saying what was expected of me, that I moved and acted awkwardly, and no doubt looked perfectly miserable.

Perhaps some of you may have had experiences similar to mine. Now let me tell you that I have lived to laugh at my foolish shyness, and to be very sorry for boys and girls who suffer from the same thing. When you are invited to a company, the first thing in order is to reply to the invitation. This is *polite*, whether you accept or decline, and it is *imperative* if you decline. Send your answer as soon as possible, in some such simple phrase as this: "Harold," or "Florence, thanks Mrs. —— for her kind invitation for Thursday evening, and accepts it with pleasure," or "declines it with real regret," as the case may be. Arrived at your friend's house, you will be directed to the proper place for the removal of your wraps, and the arrangement of your toilet, and then you have only to proceed to the parlor, where your hostess will relieve you from embarrassment by meeting you at once. She is, of course, the first person whom you are to greet. Having spoken to her, you are at liberty to find other friends. Do not think that people are looking at you, or noticing your dress or your looks. They are doing nothing of the kind. Engage heartily in whatever amusement is provided for the occasion, but do not put yourself needlessly forward. If spoken to, reply modestly but intelligently, even though for the moment there may be a hush in the room. If you really wish to enjoy yourself, seek out somebody who seems to be more a stranger than yourself, and try to do something for his or her pleasure. Forget that you are not acquainted with everybody, and remember that it is your duty to help your hostess in making her party a success. Should your greatest enemy be present, you must of course be perfectly civil and agreeable in your manner to him, for in your friend's house you are both under a flag of truce.

When you say good-night to your entertainers, be sure to thank them for the pleasure you have had. Do not stay too late, but avoid being the first to go; or, if you must leave early, do it as quietly as possible, lest your withdrawal should be the signal for others to leave, thus breaking up the party too soon.

POPPING CORN.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

This is the way we drop the corn—
Drop the corn to pop the corn:
Shower the tiny lumps of gold,
All that our heaping hands can hold;
Listen awhile, and blithe and bold,
Pip! pop-corn!

This is the way we shake the corn—
Shake the corn to wake the corn:
Rattle the pan, and then behold!
What are the tiny lumps of gold?
Pretty wee white humps in the fold!
Tip-top corn!

THE WEEPING-WILLOW.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

YOU have seen and admired the weeping-willow tree—the *Salix babylonica*—upon which the captive Hebrews hung their harps when they sat down "by the rivers of Babylon" and "wept when they remembered Zion." It is a native of the garden of Eden, and not of America, and I will tell you how it emigrated to this country.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago a London merchant lost his fortune. He went to Smyrna, a sea-side city in Asia Minor, to recover it. Alexander Pope, one of the great poets of England, was the merchant's warm friend, and sympathized with him in his misfortunes.

Soon after the merchant arrived in Smyrna, he sent to Pope, as a present, a box of dried figs. At that time the poet had built a beautiful villa at Twickenham, on the bank of the river Thames, and was adorning it with trees, shrubbery, and flowering plants.

On opening the box of figs Pope discovered in it a small twig of a tree. It was a stranger to him. As it came from the East, he planted the twig in the ground near the edge of the river, close by his villa. The spot accidentally chosen for the planting was favorable to its growth, for the twig was from a weeping-willow tree—possibly from the bank of one of "the rivers of Babylon"—which flourishes best along the borders of water-courses.

This little twig grew vigorously, and in a few years it became a large tree, spreading wide its branches and drooping, graceful sprays, and winning the admiration of the poet's friends as well as of strangers. It became the ancestor of all the weeping-willows in England.

There was rebellion in the English-American colonies in 1775. British troops were sent to Boston to put down the insurrection. Their leaders expected to end it in a few weeks after their arrival. Some young officers brought fishing-tackle with them, to enable them to enjoy sport after the brief war. Others came to settle on the confiscated lands of the "rebels."

Among the latter was a young officer on the staff of General Howe. He brought with him, wrapped in oiled silk, a twig from Pope's weeping-willow at Twickenham, which he intended to plant on some stream watering his American estate.

Washington commanded an army before Boston, which kept the British imprisoned in that city a long time against their will. On his staff was his step-son, John Parke Custis, who frequently went to the British head-quarters, under the protection of a flag, with dispatches for General

Digitized by Google

Howe. He became acquainted with the young officer who had the willow twig, and they became friends.

Instead of "crushing the rebellion in six weeks," the British army at Boston, at the end of an imprisonment of nine months, were glad to fly, by sea, for life and liberty, to Halifax. Long before that flight, the British subaltern, satisfied that he should never have an estate in America to adorn, gave his carefully preserved willow twig to young Custis, who planted it at Abingdon, his estate in Virginia, where it grew and flourished, and became the parent of all the weeping-willows in the United States.

Some time after the war, General Horatio Gates, of the Revolution, settled on the "Rose Hill Farm," on New York Island, and at the entrance to a lane which led from a country road to his house he planted a twig from the vigorous willow at Abingdon, which he had brought with him. That country road is now the Third Avenue, and the lane is Twenty-second Street. Gates's mansion, built of wood, and two stories in height, stood near the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Second Avenue, where I saw it consumed by fire in 1845. The tree which grew from the twig planted at the entrance to Gates's lane remained until comparatively a few years ago. It stood on the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-second Street. It was a direct descendant, in the third generation, of Pope's willow, planted at Twickenham about 1722.

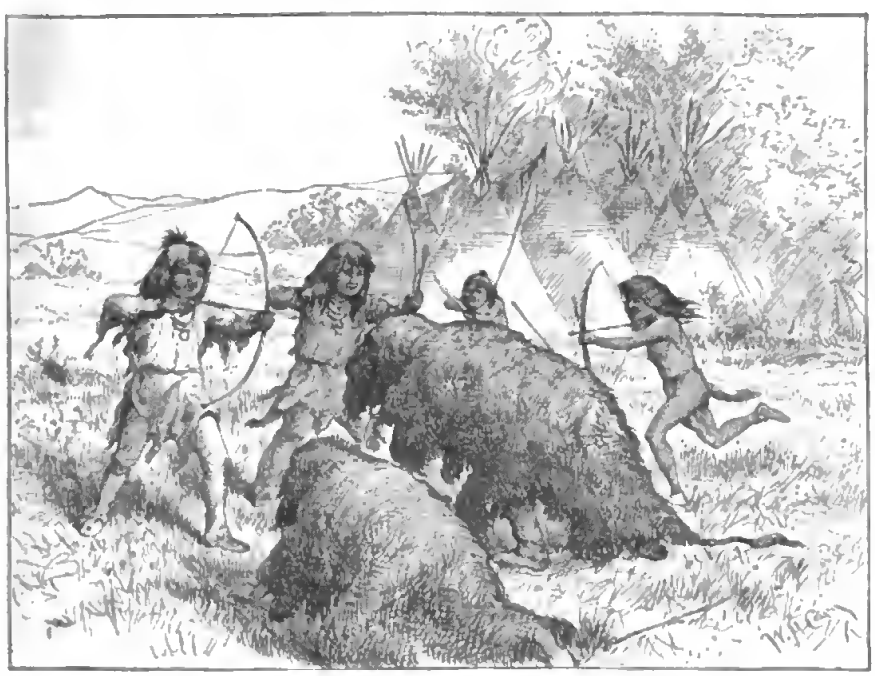
THE GAME OF "BUFFALO."

IN inventing games, and playing them heartily too, the Indian children of the western plains are fully as active as their little white brothers and sisters of the east.

One of the favorite games among the boys of the great Sioux nation is that of "Buffalo," a game that may be played by any number; but while as many as choose may act as hunters, only two, and they the largest and strongest, can be buffaloes. These two procure a couple of buffalo-robes as nearly perfect as possible, and, going a short distance from camp, put them on, get down on their hands and knees, and pretend to be feeding. Then the hunters, each armed with a bow and a quiver of blunt-headed arrows, creep cautiously toward their game, taking pains to keep on the leeward side of the feeding animals.

Taking advantage of every hummock and tuft of grass to conceal their approach, the hunters finally get within bow-shot of the make-believe buffaloes. At a signal a flight of arrows is discharged at the hairy monsters, and they in turn, apparently maddened by the pain of their wounds, charge upon the hunters, bellowing with rage, and knocking down with their heads any whom they happen to overtake.

Finally the buffaloes are supposed to be killed; they roll over and lie perfectly still, while the hunters, with loud rejoicings, remove their skins, which they bear in triumph to camp. Then all, hunters and buffaloes, unite in a wild dance in imitation of their fathers when they return from a successful hunt, and the game is ended.



INDIAN CHILDREN PLAYING "BUFFALO."—Drawn by W. M. Cary.

[Begun in No. 58 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XI.

A STORMY NIGHT.

WHEN Toby awoke, it was nearly dark, and the bustle around him told very plainly that the time for the departure was near at hand. He rubbed his eyes just enough to make sure that he was thoroughly awake, and then jumped down from his rather lofty bed, and ran around to the door of the cage to assure himself that Mr. Stubbs was safe. This done, his preparations for the journey were made.

Now Toby noticed that each one of the drivers was clad in rubber clothing, and, after listening for a moment, he learned the cause of their water-proof garments. It was raining very hard, and Toby thought with dismay of the long ride that he would have to take on the top of the monkeys' cage, with no protection whatever save that afforded by his ordinary clothing.

While he was standing by the side of the wagon, wondering how he should get along, old Ben came in. The water was pouring from his clothes in little rivulets, and he afforded most unmistakable evidence of the damp state of the weather.

"It's a nasty night, my boy," said the old driver, in much the same cheery tone that he would have used had he been informing Toby that it was a beautiful moonlight evening.

"I guess I'll get wet," said Toby, ruefully, as he looked up at the lofty seat which he was to occupy.

"Bless me!" said Ben, as if the thought had just come to him, "it won't do for you to ride outside on a night like this. You wait here, an' I'll see what I can do for you."

The old man hurried off to the other end of the tent, and almost before Toby thought he had time to go as far as the ring, he returned.

"It's all right," he said, and this time in a gruff voice, as if he were announcing some misfortune; "you're to ride in the women's wagon. Come with me."

Toby followed without a question, though he was wholly at a

loss to understand what the "women's wagon" was, for he had never seen anything which looked like one.

He soon learned, however, when old Ben stopped in front—or rather at the end—of a long covered wagon that looked like an omnibus, except that it was considerably longer, and the seats inside were divided by arms, padded to make them comfortable to lean against.

"Here's the boy," said Ben, as he lifted Toby up on the step, gave him a gentle push to intimate that he was to get inside, and then left him.

As Toby stepped inside he saw that the wagon was nearly full of women and children, and fearing lest he should take a seat that belonged to some one else, he stood in the middle of the wagon, not knowing what to do.

"Why don't you sit down, little boy?" asked one of the ladies, after Toby had remained standing nearly five minutes, and the wagon was about to start.

"Well," said Toby, with some hesitation, as he looked around at the two or three empty seats that remained, "I didn't want to get in anybody else's place, an' I didn't know where to sit."

"Come right here," said the lady, as she pointed to a seat by the side of a little girl who did not look any older than Toby; "the lady who usually occupies that seat will not be here to-night, and you can have it."

"Thank you, marm," said Toby, as he sat timidly down on the edge of the seat, hardly daring to sit back comfortably, and feeling very awkward meanwhile, but congratulating himself on being thus protected from the pouring rain.

TOBY IN THE "WOMEN'S WAGON."

The wagon started, and as each one talked with her neighbor, Toby felt a most dismal sense of loneliness, and almost wished that he was riding on the monkey cart with Ben, where he could have some one to talk with. He gradually pushed himself back into a more comfortable position, and then had an opportunity of seeing more plainly the young girl who rode by his side.

She was quite as young as Toby, and small of her age; but there was an old look on her face, that made the boy think of her as quite an old woman cut down to fit children's clothes. Toby had looked at her so long and earnestly, that she observed him, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Toby Tyler."

"What do you do in the circus?"

"Sell candy for Mr. Lord."

"Oh, I thought you was a new member of the company."

Toby knew by the tone of her voice that he had fallen considerably in her estimation by not being one of the performers, and it was some little time before he ventured to speak; then he asked, timidly, "What do you do?"

"I ride one of the horses with mother."

"Are you the little girl that comes out with the lady an' four horses?" asked Toby, in awe that he should be conversing with so famous a person.

"Yes, I am. Don't I do it nicely?"

"Why, you're a perfect little—little—fairy!" exclaimed Toby, after hesitating a moment to find some word which would exactly express his idea.

This praise seemed to please the young lady, and in a short time the two became very good friends, even if Toby did not occupy a more exalted position than that of candy-seller. She had learned from him all about the accident to the monkey cage, and Mr. Stubbs, and in return had told him that her name was Ella Mason, though on the bills she was called Mademoiselle Jeannette.

For several hours the two children sat talking together, and then Mademoiselle Jeannette curled herself up on the seat, with her head in her mother's lap, and went to sleep.

Toby had resolved to keep awake and watch her, for he was quite struck with admiration at her face, but sleep got the better of him in less than five minutes after he had made such a resolution, and he sat bolt-upright, with his little round head nodding and bobbing, until it seemed almost certain that he would shake it off.

When Toby awoke, the wagon was drawn up by the side of the road, the sun was shining brightly, preparations were being made for the entrée into town, and the harsh voice of Mr. Job Lord was shouting his name in a tone that boded no good for the owner of it when he should make his appearance.

Toby would have hesitated before meeting his angry employer, but that he knew it would only make matters worse for him when he did show himself, and he mentally braced himself for the trouble which he knew was coming. The little girl whose acquaintance he had made the night previous was still sleeping, and wishing to say good-by to her in some way without awakening her, he stooped down and gently kissed the skirt of her dress. Then he went out to meet his master.

Mr. Lord was thoroughly in a rage when Toby left the wagon, and he saw the boy just as he stepped to the ground. The angry man gave one quick glance around, to make sure that none of Toby's friends were in sight, and then he caught him by the coat collar, and commenced to whip him severely with the small rubber cane that he usually carried.

Mr. Job Lord lifted the poor boy entirely clear from the ground, and each blow that he struck could be heard nearly the entire length of the circus train.

"You've been makin' so many acquaintances here that you hain't willin' to do any work," he said, savagely, as he redoubled the force of his blows.

"Oh, please stop! please stop!" shrieked the poor boy in his agony. "I'll do everything you tell me to, if you won't strike me again."

This piteous appeal seemed to have no effect upon the cruel man, and he continued to whip the boy, despite his cries and entreaties, until his arm fairly ached from the exertion, and Toby's body was crossed and recrossed with the livid marks of the cane.

"Now let's see whether you'll 'tend to your work or not," said the man, as he flung Toby from him with such force that the boy staggered, reeled, and nearly fell into the little brook that flowed by the road-side. "I'll make you understand that all the friends you've whined around

in this show can't save you from a lickin' when I get ready to give you one. Now go an' do your work that ought to have been done an hour ago."

Mr. Lord walked away with the proud consciousness of a man who has achieved some great victory, and Toby was limping painfully along toward the cart that was used in conveying Mr. Lord's stock in trade, when he felt a tiny hand slip into his, and heard a childish voice say:

"Don't cry, Toby. Some time, when I get big enough, I'll make Mr. Lord sorry that he whipped you as he did; and I'm big enough now to tell him just what kind of a man I think he is."

Looking around, Toby saw his little acquaintance of the evening previous, and he tried to force back the big tears that were rolling down his cheeks, as he said, in a voice choked with grief, "You're awful good, an' I don't mind the lickin' when you say you're sorry for me. I s'pose I deserve it for runnin' away from Uncle Dan'l."

"Did it hurt you much?" she asked, feelingly.

"It did when he was doin' it," replied Toby, manfully, "but it don't a bit now that you've come."

"Then I'll go and talk to that Mr. Lord, and I'll come and see you again after we get into town," said the little miss, as she hurried away to tell the candy vender what she thought of him.

That day, as on all others since he had been with the circus, Toby went to his work with a heavy heart, and time and time again did he count the money which had been given him by kind-hearted strangers, to see whether he had enough to warrant his attempting to run away. Three dollars and twenty-five cents was the total amount of his treasure, and large as that sum appeared to him, he could not satisfy himself that he had sufficient to enable him to get back to the home which he had so wickedly left. Whenever he thought of this home, of the Uncle Daniel who had, in charity, cared for him—a motherless, fatherless boy—and of returning to it, with not even as much right as the Prodigal Son, of whom he had heard Uncle Daniel tell, his heart sank within him, and he doubted whether he would be allowed to remain if he should be so fortunate as ever to reach Guilford again.

This day passed, so far as Toby was concerned, very much as had the others; he could not satisfy either of his employers, try as hard as he might, and, as usual, he met with two or three kindly disposed people, who added to the fund that he was accumulating for his second venture of running away, by little gifts of money, each one of which gladdened his heart, and made his troubles a trifle less hard to bear.

During that entire week one day was very much like another. Each day he added something to his fund, and each night it seemed to him that he was one day nearer the freedom for which he so ardently longed.

The skeleton, the fat lady, old Ben, the Albino Children, little Ella, and even the sword-swallower, each gave him a kindly word as they passed him while he was at his work, or saw him as the preparations for the grand entrée were being made.

The time had passed slowly to Toby, and yet Sunday came again, as Sundays always come; and on this day old Ben hunted him up, made him wash his face and hands until they fairly shone from very cleanliness, and then took him with him to church. Toby was surprised to find that it was really a pleasant thing to be able to go to church after being deprived of it, and he was more light-hearted than he had been since he left Guilford when he returned to the tent at noon.

The skeleton had invited him to another dinner party; but Toby had declined the invitation, agreeing to present himself in time for supper instead. He hardly cared to go through the ordeal of another state dinner, and, besides, he wanted to go off to the woods with the old monkey, where he could enjoy the silence of the forest, which ever seemed like a friend to him, because it reminded him of home.

Taking the monkey with him as usual, he inquired the nearest way to some grove, and without waiting for dinner, started off for an afternoon's quiet enjoyment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORY OF THE DIGITS, AND WHAT THEY REPRESENT.

1 is the lord of the manor,
2 is his swan-like bride,
3 is his gentle daughter,
And 4 is the pony to ride;
5 is young Jack, so nimble,
6 is the careful maid,
7 the priest so humble,
And 8 is the church where he staid;
9 is the palace castle,
And 10 the poor around—
This is the story of Numbers,
While the whirl of Time goes round.

THE TALL PINE.

A STORY FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"THE tall pine" grew upon the backbone of Bald Mountain, a mighty spur of the Green Mountain range, and from nearly every point for miles around the great tree could be seen standing out clear and distinct against the sky, and towering, like Saul, head and shoulders above its brethren.

It happened that upon a certain Fourth of July, years ago, the eloquent orator of the day, in dilating upon the grandeur of his country and her great men, particularly that greatest of all, George Washington, turned, in a sudden fit of inspiration, and pointed to the tall pine.

"As yonder magnificent tree, fellow-citizens," said the grandiloquent speaker, "uplifts itself above all the giants of the surrounding forest, so, friends and fellow-citizens, does the character of George Washington uplift itself above all others upon the page of history."

These words were received with great applause, and the tall pine was ever after known in the neighborhood as "George Washington."

The land upon which "George Washington" stood was owned by a crabbed old farmer named Hardaker. Mr. Hardaker had a contract for supplying the Fitchburg Railroad with wood, and, winter by winter, was gradually stripping his share of Bald Mountain of all its beautiful trees. This made good places to go blackberrying, but hurt the appearance of the hill-side very much. People wondered how Mr. Hardaker could be so "mean" as to cut everything down so, all at once. He did not need the money particularly, and his motive was just "clear greed"—or so the neighbors said.

At last he neared the vicinity of the tall pine; and as February advanced he announced, with a loud laugh at his own wit, that he was going to "celebrate Washington's Birthday by cutting down 'George Washington' himself with his little hatchet."

This created no little excitement throughout the town, and everybody protested.

"Oh, I wouldn't, Mr. Hardaker," said Mr. Prouty, the village minister; "it has been a landmark here for many years, and it is really, as things have come to be, an object lesson in history to all the children and youth around."

"Humph!" said the old farmer, crossly. "I ain't a settin' up lan'marks for folks, or a-givin' objec' lessons. I pay taxes for all that sort of thing to be did in the schools—awful big taxes, too. *I* can't raise the money to pay 'em without cuttin' timber pretty stiddy. I calc'late there's

Digitized by Google

—wa'al, a thousan' foot o' lumber in that ar pine, an' I can't afford to leave it stan' no longer."

The old farmer scowled and shook himself as he walked away. He was evidently more "sot" than ever on cutting down "George Washington."

There was a bright boy in town, the son of a Mr. Farnsworth, and named, like so many other bright American boys, after the father of his country. As might have been expected of a boy with such a name, Master George Washington Farnsworth had been brought up to think very highly of his namesake, and all of the Farnsworth family were justly indignant when the news of Farmer Hardaker's intention reached them.

"I declare," said his sister Grace, "it almost seems like killing a real person."

"Well," said her mother, thoughtfully, "you can't expect to find much sentiment in a grasping, narrow-minded man like Mr. Hardaker. There isn't any use in saying much about it, but it is too bad to do it—on his birthday, too. I'm really ashamed to be so 'worked up,' but it seems as if a tree like that might be allowed to stand till it died a natural death."

"'The bolt that strikes the towering cedar dead
Glides harmless o'er the hazel's lowly head.'"

quoted Grace.

"Cedars and hazels alike fall before Farmer Hardaker's rapacious axe," said her mother, smiling. "I fancy that he doesn't skip anything, judging from the looks of the poor, shorn mountain-side. It's too bad!"

But, day by day, Farmer Hardaker's ox-sleds, unheeding the expostulations of the entire population, climbed the steep, and came back loaded with the carcasses of "George Washington's" sturdy neighbors. He was getting very near to "George" himself.

"I say, boys," said George Farnsworth to his schoolmates, as they were sliding at recess, a few days after he had overheard the conversation between his mother and sister—"I say, ain't it pretty mean of old Hardaker to cut down 'George Washington'?"

"It is that," said several of the boys, heartily, and they turned and looked up to the stately tree, which stood in silent grandeur, as ever since they could remember, and appealed speechlessly to them all.

"He says," continued George, "that he is going to celebrate Washington's birthday by cutting it down with his little hatchet."

The other boys laughed, but George kept sober.

"It's rather funny," he said, slowly; "but can't we manage to save it some way?"

The general opinion seemed to be—borrowed from their friends at home, probably—that it couldn't be done, until at last Tom Dermot said, speculatively,

"Maybe he'd sell it?"

"Maybe he would," said George, brightening up. "You know my name's George Washington, boys, and I'm bound to save the dear old gentleman if I can."

"I don't see why he couldn't sell it standing as well as cut up," continued Tom—"only, if he would, it wouldn't do us any good. We haven't got any money."

"Maybe we could raise some," said George, bravely. "Wonder how he'd sell it?"

"Dear enough, I presume; but we might ask him."

The upshot of this conversation was that, after school, George Farnsworth persuaded his father to let him and Tom Dermot, feeling pretty important, you may be sure, take his horse and sleigh to go over and talk with Mr. Hardaker upon the subject of selling "George Washington" standing.

"Thirty dollars," said the gruff old fellow, who was very angry at the remarks which had been made at his expense, and who had vowed that he would cut the tree down now, whatever happened.

"I won't leave the plaguey thing up for a cent less than thirty dollars."

"I'm afraid we can't raise a sum like that between now and day after to-morrow," said George, looking at Tom in some dismay.

"Then I'll cut it down," roared Mr. Hardaker; and seeing what a rage he was in, the boys discreetly took their leave. They amused themselves on the way home by singing, as loud as they possibly could,

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,"

"Father," said George, when they reached home, "he says thirty dollars—not a cent less."

Mr. Farnsworth gave a long whistle.

"Pretty dear," he said, smiling, "but I'm glad you have shown so much interest. I'd almost give five dollars myself to save the old tree."

"Would you, father—would you?"

"But I don't want to encourage Hardaker in such extortion as that."

"But you know he's mad, father—that's why he sets the price so high. He thinks now that we can't raise the money, and so he can cut the tree down."

"Yes, I don't see any way to save it."

But George would not give it up, and pleaded his cause so well that his father finally told him that if he and Tom could raise the other twenty-five dollars in time, he would really give him five dollars.

The boys started out that evening in fine spirits to "solicit" for "George Washington." The enthusiasm over the historical "Old South Church" in Boston never ran higher. Mr. Prouty gave them one dollar, and Mr. Steele, the school-master, another. Everybody gave them something. It was astonishing to see how many friends the old tree had.

When school was out the next day, George and Tom started again for Farmer Hardaker's. They were feeling pretty well, for George had in his pocket a deed of the tree, drawn up by the village lawyer, and needing only the signatures of Farmer Hardaker and witnesses to make it valid, and thirty dollars in good current money.

They managed to catch their man just as he was starting for the station with a load of chestnut wood for ties.

"Mr. Hardaker," said George, politely, springing from the sleigh, and approaching the old man, "would you mind stepping into the house a minute, and signing a deed for me?"

"Signing a deed?" said Farmer Hardaker, opening eyes and mouth very wide.

"Yes, sir," went on George, courteously. "You said that you would sell us the tall pine for thirty dollars, and I have brought you the money, and a deed of the purchase for you to sign."

"The mischief you have!" said the old fellow, crossly, but with his eyes twinkling a little at the sight of the money, which George judiciously exposed just then. "Wa'al, I s'pose I'll have to give in."

So the money was handed over, and the rest done in good shape, and the boys went home feeling better than they had ever felt before in their lives.

One or two who hadn't had a chance to contribute to the "fund" went up to the top of the mountain on the 22d of February with their mite. It was a silver plate, on which were inscribed these words (you may have seen them before):

GEORGE WASHINGTON:
First in War, first in Peace, and first in the Hearts of his Countrymen.

And that very plate, only tarnished a little by wind and weather, may be seen upon the mighty trunk of "George Washington" to this day.

Digitized by Google

COASTING SKETCHES.—Drawn by F. S. Church.

Digitized by Google

"ROMEO AND JULIET."

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

WHEN my good uncle Benjamin sent home his presents for the children I am afraid there was less harmony in the family—that is, amongst my brothers and sisters—than one might have expected. The presents were many, the choice was embarrassing, and tastes did not agree. Tom was the bother—Tom always has been the bother, I am sorry to add. Without Tom I think we could have got along pretty well, and arranged our differences by degrees, and with the help of mamma and the governess, and perhaps papa to be called in if wanted very much. But Tom—though he is my own brother, and I love him dearly, particularly when he is good, which occurs on his birthday, and sometimes on half-holidays—was very aggravating. I don't remember when Tom was more aggravating, except when he was getting over the measles, and bit his nurse in the arm. Tom was greatly excited over the presents, and said they were all for him—Uncle Benjamin being his godfather — until papa explained the case, and read aloud uncle's letter to us.

"Let the dear children take it in turns to choose, according to their respective ages," wrote uncle.

Maggie was the eldest, and chose the "love-birds," two pretty little dears like baby paroquets, green balls of wool with red noses—crimson beaks, papa calls them. We were all anxious about the love-birds: they were something alive, and to be petted and made much of. It was discovered, however, that Tom wanted the love-birds; it was his second choice, and he had set his heart upon them. And having set his heart upon them, Tom sat down and howled when Maggie had made her selection. There was no pacifying Tom — there never is, Bella says, and so does Charlie — and Tom stamped and raved and sobbed, and would not have anything else but the love-birds "if he died for it," he said. He was quieter when papa came in, and withdrew his threat of poisoning the birds if they became Maggie's property, and apologized behind the cuff of his jacket to his sister, and with his mouth full of cloth. Tom's apology having been graciously accepted, it remained to be seen if Tom's grief could be in any way appeased; and after some whispering between Maggie and mamma, in which I fancied I heard the words "pantomime next Christmas," it was finally settled that Maggie should be consoled by a box of paints, and Tom should have the birds. I don't think I could have agreed to that myself, although I don't quite know what mamma might have promised me; but I was content with my big doll, and I thought that when Tom was at school we should all be able to see the love-birds and feed them just as well as their owner. But we did not tell Tom this, or he might have sold the birds, or taken them to school in his pocket; for Tom was a very cross-grained brother when he liked, and was rather a trouble to mamma and papa. I was never a trouble—I was a good girl, and they called me "Pet."

Tom did not get tired of his present so soon as we expected. He was the whole day without getting tired, although a little shaken in the evening by an offer of his friend Walker—who came from school with five-and-twenty other friends to see the birds—to "swap" with him

FEEDING THE LOVE-BIRDS.

Digitized by Google

for ten white mice and a Jew's-harp. He was very fond of the birds, and he christened them Romeo and Juliet, because they were love-birds too, and we should hear all about them when we were a little older. Well, I hoped they loved each other better than Tom's birds, for presently Tom saw, and we all saw, that considering our Romeo and Juliet *were* love-birds, their behavior was far from conveying that idea to any one who studied them. They were quarrelsome in the extreme, which pleased Tom, who "liked to see them fight," he said; and as they were always fighting, he got a great deal of pleasure from Uncle Benjamin's present.

No, Romeo and Juliet gave no impression of love and happiness to any of us. Juliet was very spiteful, and even when huddled against Romeo for warmth would suddenly jerk her head round and try to peck his eye out. But Romeo was always on guard, having mistrusted Juliet from the first hours of his introduction to her; he was a bird who had seen the world, and thoroughly understood the character of his mate. Juliet was untrustworthy and malicious, and Romeo always kept his eye on her—the eye which she wanted to peck out especially. At feeding-time their conduct was the worst. We took it in turns to feed the birds, Tom, who loved them very much, having quite forgotten to feed them after the first four-and-twenty hours, and sister Maggie, who was always tender-hearted, took great pains over them, and tried hard to teach them better manners, especially at meal-times. Alone, each bird was as good as gold, but it was seldom that Juliet would allow Romeo to take any food out of a spoon without seizing the advantage of his being off guard to have a savage peck at him somewhere; and I am sorry to say that Romeo was almost as bad, and there were times when so many feathers of Juliet were found at the bottom of the cage, that we were afraid that in some rash moment of revenge he would pluck her like a goose.

This constant quarrelling and fighting, not to mention hours and days of incessant screaming, was a source of much anxiety to Maggie, and Bella, and Charlie, and Tottie, and me. Tom, as I have said before, liked it all very much, which we were sorry to see; but then Tom is a big boy, and fond of fighting. He is going to boarding-school next term, where papa says they will take the nonsense out of him, he hopes. I wonder how they will get it out, for there is a great deal in him, we all think. I have asked Tom, but he doesn't know. We told papa and mamma about the unhappy lives of Romeo and Juliet, and they were very much surprised. They had always understood that love-birds were most engaging and amiable creatures; and what unhappy difference of opinion could have led Juliet to regard Romeo with such complete contempt, or to induce Romeo to despise Juliet and try to hurt her—just as Juliet availed herself of every chance to do some mortal injury to Romeo—was a mystery which even our good, wise parents could not solve.

There came a time when there was great grief to us all. Tom had left the cage door open one day; the window was open, and Romeo, tired of his cage, of Juliet's henpecking, and of us, took advantage of Tom's carelessness and flew away to the outer world. We were all very sorry; even Juliet was very sorry, and sat in one corner of the big cage and moped, oh! so dreadfully, for the loss of her poor mate. Which mamma told us was a moral to us little ones to be contented and happy in each other's company; for no one could tell, not even Juliet, how painful it was to miss somebody forever to whom one had been unkind, or said or done harsh things, and what a bitter memory it would leave behind!

We thought so too, and we pitied poor Juliet very much, and were distressed that she lost her appetite, and that even lump-sugar was hardly to her taste. Yes, she was fretting for Romeo. There was no one to love now, or no one to peck; we were not quite certain which regret was uppermost in Juliet's mind. But we were sure that Juliet took Romeo's desertion of her very much to heart. And where was Romeo, who, after all, was our favorite? What had become of him? Had he found another home—another Juliet, perhaps? papa suggested, or was he wandering about the world, and being badly treated by other birds? or coming rapidly to ruin in the society of disreputable sparrows?

We offered a reward for him. Even Tom was distressed at the loss of him. "He was such a plucky little chap," Tom said; and Tom came home full of grief that afternoon, because John Simmonds had told him that somebody else had told him that he, the somebody else, had caught the bird and made a pie of him, to try how he would taste. Which was a wicked story of John Simmonds, for the very next day a gentleman in a corduroy suit splashed with whitewash, and smelling very strongly of paint and putty, called with Romeo in a little bag, and waited in the hall for the reward that had been offered. We all ran out to welcome back the truant, and papa was as glad as any of us, I am sure.

How we kissed and fondled poor Romeo, and what a grand procession of the family it was into the drawing-room to see the old companions reunited, and watch the joy of Juliet at the return of the loved one! I remember the man with the paper cap followed us, as papa had not paid him, in his excitement, and stood looking over our shoulders, as interested as ourselves. Juliet fluttered her wings and uttered what we took for a cry of joyful welcome, and Romeo was sent fluttering into the cage to rejoin his long-lost mate.

Alas! the meeting was not an affectionate one after all, or some little mistake had occurred, or Juliet was short-sighted and took Romeo for a stranger; for Juliet went straight at Romeo, and once more made every effort to peck his eye out, whilst Romeo, resenting the affront, or bewildered by emerging from his paper bag to daylight, flew wildly about the cage, and tried desperately to stretch Juliet a corpse at the bottom of it. We were aroused and alarmed—we shed many tears. Tottie screamed.

A husky voice behind us said at this juncture: "Ah, that's the worst of putting two Romeos in one cage, sir. It never answers—one of 'em's sure to kill the other."

"Two Romeos!" exclaimed papa. "Do you mean to say that Juliet isn't—isn't a female?"

"Bless your heart, sir, no."

"Good gracious! what a mistake of Uncle Benjamin's, to be sure!"

We have separated Romeo from Juliet now, and there is peace in the house at last. I am not quite certain there is a moral to this story, unless it is, "Do not judge by appearances," or proves that people who can not agree together are much better apart.

SEA-BREEZES.

BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

Berlin, *December*, 1880.

YES, we are really in Europe at last, my Clytie. So much has happened since I wrote last, that I don't know where to begin; and I shouldn't have a nidear what I had written about if I didn't keep a "mimete" of my letters, as papa says, in a little memberandum-book he gave me.

Everything I put down in it he calls an "entry." Funny to have a book full of *entries*, isn't it? Well, this is the last one; "Steamer—seasick—got over it—fun with R. and N. - dance on deck—will write next about Captain's birthday, etsetterer."

But now the birthday seems ages ago, and all that I can say about it is that the Captain was forty-five years old, and we had a neligant time, with all sorts of things for

Digitized by Google

dinner, and a birthday cake as big as a flower bed, with forty-five colored tapers, and every single slice had one or more presents in it, so we all got something. The Captain found in his piece a gold ring and a china Cupid, and a donkey with great long ears and his mouth wide open. Mamma had a stone cigar, and papa a *thimble;* and in my slice was the teentiest tontiest china doll not more than half an inch long. I keep her in a cradle made of a pecan-nut, and she's the cunningest child you ever saw. I've named her "Wee Tot," for the little girl who writes sometimes in my YOUNG PEOPLE'S Post-office Box.

A week after the birthday we derived at Bremen, and I was awfully sorry to leave the steamer, for it seemed almost like home. We had to say good-by to everybody, and it was real sad.

Papa, mamma, and I came away by ourselves, Cousin Frank and Cousin Carrie (and oh, Clytie, she is just *perfeckly eligant!*) went some other roundabout way from Bremen, and the Peytons are going to Paris first; but by-and-by our party will come together again, and we shall proberly live in the same house, or at least in the same place, for the winter.

We are at Aunt Mary's now. She lives here in Berlin, and is mamma's auntie as well as mine. She *used* to live in Cambridge when she was a little girl, and was dear great-grandma's truly baby once! I never saw her before, but I love her already. Uncle Max has gray hair, and wears speckertles, and carries a cane, and so I suppose he's *old*, but he plays with us children, and you can't help laughing just to hear *him* laugh, and he sings funny songs to us, and he doesn't *seem* any older than Randolph. He keeps us having a good time from morning till night; and guess how many children there are. But you never *could* guess. There's *eight* right here in the house, and all of them belong to Uncle Max and Aunt Mary.

Gretchen and Wilhelm are quite grown up, but Ilsie wears short dresses, and her hair in two long braids; Lisbet isn't any taller than I; Karl is eight years old, Fritz is six, and cunning little Max and Marie are three-year-old twins.

The nursery is the jolliest room in the house. The floor is bare, and polished like glass. The stove reaches almost to the ceiling, and is made of white porcelain covered all over with the prettiest little baby figures. They are raised 'way up, you know, and their arms are as round and fat as a real doll's. Some of them are playing tag, some are in swings or wading in brooks, and all round the top of the stove is a row of little angels. Wouldn't you like to see a stove like that? In the bay-window there are lots of plants, and three cages full of canary-birds, besides another cage, 'most as big as a bureau, for the parrot. He is gray, with red tips to his wings, and a green collar round his neck, and he calls all the children's names, and says "Guten Morgen," "Gute Nacht," "Schlafe wohl," "Wie geht's" (Good-morning, Good-night, Sleep well, How do you do?), and he sings and whistles, and is just as happy as the rest of the family.

And now tell me, was Jack's nose really broken, or only cracked, as we hoped when I came away, and did the glue-liniment do him any good? I *long* to know if poor little Mopsy can use her arm yet, or does she still wear it in a sling? Do they all mind you, Clytie, and is Leonora getting over her vain and silly ways? Don't fail to suppress upon her that "handsome *is* that handsome *does*," and of all things, don't allow her to be imperent to the others.

Give my love to George Washington and Lafayette, and tell them that of all the soldier-dolls on parade in the shops here (and there are whole regiments of them), I haven't seen one I would change for them. Papa says, "In military bearing they are equal to any we find here," and I agree with him. It is a great compliment, too, for Germany is full of soldiers.

Lisbet is calling me to go with her in the little goat-phaeton for a drive in the park. The next time I write I will tell you about this cunning little phaeton.

Gute Nacht—träume süss, as they say here. It means just what I say to you at home, Good-night and pleasant dreams.

Your loving mamma, BESSIE MAYNARD.

P.S.—Please tell Cousin Fanny, who reads my letters to you, that I do wish she would be your meanuensis, and write to me for you. If she looks close in your eyes, she can see what you will want to say, even if you do not speak, and a letter from you would be *such* a comfort to your anxious mamma.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

THERE have been heroines as well as heroes on the sea, and of these Mrs. Annie Wilson is certainly one. When she was fourteen years of age, she married the captain of a vessel sailing from Boston, and for seven years accompanied him on his voyages around the world, without accident.

But in 1872 the ship encountered a terrible storm off the banks of Newfoundland. The captain was knocked down and his shoulder was broken by the fall of one of the masts. The first mate and several of the crew were also disabled, and the second mate was so frightened that he could not give any orders. The captain was carried down, lashed on a door, into the cabin; and when his wife saw him rendered helpless in this way, instead of yielding to useless lamentations, she only thought of what she could do to supply his place. She rushed on deck, and called the men around her.

"Boys, our lives are in danger," she said; "but stick to me, and do what I tell you. I'll take you into port all right."

She set them to work to clear away the wreck; they manned the pumps; and when the gale had subsided a little, they rigged up a jury-mast, under their new captain's orders, set sail again, and in twenty-one days the ship was safely anchored at St. Thomas.

After the necessary repairs had been made there, and as her husband was still quite helpless, the brave woman worked the ship to Liverpool, and made the voyage in thirty days. After this, she settled down in New York, and for seven years has supported her crippled husband and her child by working as a clerk in a dry-goods store in this city.

A few months ago her husband died, and Secretary Sherman has appointed her to the post of inspectress in the New York Custom-house.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROMISE OF BETTER TIMES.

WHEN Phil was alone again, he waited impatiently for the long twilight to end in darkness, and the stars to come out. It seemed a very long time. Once in a while a faint murmur came from his harp, but it was a mere breathing of sound, and he turned restlessly in his chair. Then he closed his eyes and waited again, and his waiting was rewarded by a small voice in his ear whispering,

"Here we are, here we are."

"Oh," said Phil, "I thought you never would come again."

Digitized by Google

PHIL'S DREAM.

"Tut, tut, child, you must not be so doubtful," said the little voice again, and the starry coronet gleamed in his eyes.

"I have brought you some sweet odors of wild flowers, and spicy breath of pine and hemlock, for I thought you needed a tonic."

Phil smelled something exquisite as she spoke, but all he said was,

"What is a tonic?"

"Something the doctors give when children are pale and thin, and do not have enough fresh air. I don't pretend to know what it means, but I often go to see sick children in hospitals, and so I hear about such things."

"Hark! is that my wind harp?—why, it sounds like water dropping and gurgling over stones."

"It is the song of a mountain brook that my friends are singing as they dance over your harp. Look!"

Phil looked, and saw the flock of fairies like white butterflies swarming again over his harp, and heard the soft sweet singing which kept time to their steps.

"Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" said Phil.

"When you hear a brook singing, you must remember us," said the fairy.

"Indeed I will; but I am afraid I shall never hear one: only the hoarse cries of the street and the rumbling of wagons come to me here."

"Ah, better times are coming; then you will not need us."

Phil lay still in his chair, listening intently; the white figures glanced in shadowy indistinctness across the window, only the starry ray from each little brow lighting their dance. They swept up and down, and swayed like flowers in a breeze, and still the little clear notes of their song fell like dripping water in cool cascades. Now it flowed smoothly and softly, again it seemed to dash and foam among pebbly nooks.

"Does it rest you? are you better?" asked the one little fairy who did all the talking.

"Oh, so much!" said Phil.

After a while the song stopped, and the fairies drew all together in a cluster, and were quite still.

"What does that mean?" asked Phil.

"They are disturbed; there is a storm coming. We shall have to return."

"I am so sorry! I wanted to know more about you, and to see what you wear."

"Mortals must not approach us too nearly. We may draw near to you. See, I will stand before you."

"You seem to be all moonshine," said Phil.

"Yes," said the fairy, laughing merrily; "these robes of ours are of mountain mist, spangled with star-dust so fine that it makes us only glisten. We have to wear the lightest sort of fabric, so that we are not hindered in our long flights."

"Do you know flower fairies?"

"Yes; but we are of a very different race. I suppose you thought we dressed in rose leaves and rode on humble-bees; but we do not; we are more—now for a long word—more ethereal." And again the fairy laughed.

"Ether means air," said Phil, quite proudly. "Do you know any fairy stories?" he asked.

"Yes; shall I tell you one next time I come?"

"Oh do, please. So you *will* come again."

"Yes, if I can. Now I must go. I thought I heard distant thunder. We must fly so fast!—so fast! Good-by, good-by."

There was a long rumbling of thunder far off in the distance, and a cooler air in the hot, close room. Phil lay and dreamed, wondering how long it took the wind fairies to reach their home. Then the sweet spicy odors came to him again, and he lifted the languid flowers Miss Schuyler had brought him, and put them in his glass of water.

He dreamed of fair green fields and meadows, of silent lakes bordered with rushes, out of which sprang wild fowl slowly flapping their broad wings; of forests thick and dark, where on fallen trees the green moss had grown in velvet softness; of mountains lifting their purple tops into the fleecy clouds, and of long shady country roads winding in and out and about the hills; of lanes bordered with blackberry bushes and sumac, clematis and wild rose; of dewy nooks full of ferns; of the songs of birds and the chirp of insects; and it seemed to him that he must put some of all this beauty into some shape of his own creation—picture or poem, song or speech; and then came a sudden sharp twinge of pain, and the brightness faded, and the room was dark, and he was hungry, and only poor little Phil, sick and sad and weary and poor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.

Here is a chorus
Of boys and girls,
Wee little darlings,
Dear little pearls.
Hear their sweet voices,
Like tinkling chimes,
Merrily singing
Pinafore rhymes.

Mothers and sisters,
Cousins and aunts,
Listen delighted
To their little chants.
Here they are printed,
So you may see
What they are singing
So merrily.

Annie, Mary, and Kate,
Each busy with pencil and slate,
Three pretty pictures are making;
Just see the pains they are taking,
So eager, and still, and sedate!

But now it is growing quite late,
They put away pencil and slate;
And because they've been good in their classes,
They get some nice bread and molasses,
And swing on the garden gate.

Cuckoo!
Where are you?
I've been hunting all about,
And I wish you would come out!
Have you hid in the big fire-place,
Or the clock, or the porcelain vase,
Or flown to the top of the house,
Or crawled into his hole with the mouse?
It's awful mean to hide away,
When I want you to go out and play!

Boo! here I am, my little sis;
Now give me the sweetest, nicest kiss!

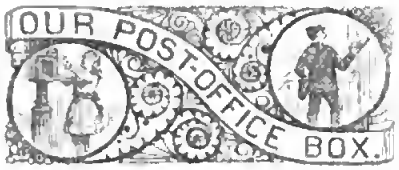
Your servant, madam! I must say
The bathing's very bad to-day;
The water never was so wet,
And colder, too, than ever yet;
I'm sure 'tis down to five degrees,
And I'm afraid you'd surely freeze.
A shark and sword-fish, too, have come,
And made themselves too much at home;
And just now, on the bath-house stair,
A water-witch sat combing her hair.
You can try it, madam, if you please,
But if they don't eat you up, you'll freeze.

Oh, such a funny dream I had when I was fast asleep;
I saw a lot of baby tots out of their cradles leap;
They threw away their rattles and their little ivory rings,
And joined their little hands to dance, the darling little things!

"Hurrah! hurrah!" they gayly sang; "we're on a jolly strike;
The nurse's rule is over now, and we do what we like;
We'll go to bed just when we please, and sit up at the table,
And eat whatever old folks do, as long as we are able.

"And if the nurses fret and scold, we'll put them all to bed,
And tell them not to make a noise, as they have often said;
They'll be afraid of getting whipped, and will not dare to peep."
And that's the funny dream I had when I was fast asleep.

Digitized by Google



EUREKA, NEVADA.

There are lots of silver mines near here. One day we went into the tunnel in Uncle Dick's mine. We all had candles—oh, it was so dark!—and I got some pretty specimens my own self. We rode almost fifty miles that same day, and had our dinner on the grass, near some springs. I thought it was ever so nice.

There are furnaces here where the silver, gold, and lead are "cooked" out of the ore. Papa sometimes takes us there, and I always want to stay longer, although the noise of the machinery almost makes my head crazy.

We used to have some periwinkles and some bugs in a glass jar, and lovely water-crosses growing, too. Mamma put the jar under the faucet every morning, and let the water run slowly to freshen it without disturbing "the family." The periwinkles ate the cress, and the bugs ate each other, until there was only one left; then he began to slime on the periwinkles; so we planted them all out in the ditch.

I am a little boy five years old, and my mamma wrote this for me. Brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE. We save them all, and we think everything of them. GEORGIE B. C.

CROSS VILLAGE, MICHIGAN.

I love YOUNG PEOPLE very much. We live near old Fort Mackinac, where the Indians once played a game of ball to mislead the white men, and then surprised and took the fort, killing nearly all the troops.

There are many Indians living here now. They are mostly of the Ottawa tribe. We live in an old Indian "garden." I have found an ancient tomahawk, a hoe, and a ladle.

I am seven years old, and I can read in the Fourth Reader. E. CLAIR S.

DOUGLAS CITY, CALIFORNIA.

I live up in the mountains of Northern California, in Trinity County. Although this place is called a city, it is only a small town. There are a great many Portuguese families living here, but only a few Americans.

I go to school eight months in the year. Last year I attended school at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. I enjoyed my stay there very much. I lived with my uncle. I was introduced to King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani, and I had a good opportunity of seeing the manners and customs of the people.

SADIE T.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

We think there is no paper that can excel YOUNG PEOPLE. There are seven of us children. We have a few curiosities. We have two vases made of lava from Herculaneum.

There were two British barks lost on the coast here.

I am nine years old, and am a constant reader of YOUNG PEOPLE. HENRY BURNSIDE T.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

We boys are having splendid coasting here. In the park near my home great numbers of boys and girls coast on the hills, and in many of the streets the boys coast four or five blocks without stopping.

I am going to have two very small alligators, which I can handle and play with, and I have a pet lizard, which I have kept in a glass globe for a year.

COLEMAN C. A.

NACOOCHEE, GEORGIA.

I have read every story, letter, and advertisement in YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. I think it is the best paper printed for young folks. The exchange department is the grandest of all. I commenced with a few Indian arrow-heads, and now I have a good collection of minerals, shells, and curiosities of various kinds, and am constantly receiving letters from new exchangers. The "wiggles," too, are very interesting. There is nothing that gives me so much pleasure as making "wiggles" or packing boxes of curiosities to send off.

Many good wishes to YOUNG PEOPLE, and may it ever be as bright and beautiful as now!

JOHN R. G.

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT.

I wrote a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE a little while ago, when I was at grandma's. My papa came after me, but I am very lonely now, for my little playmate, my dear little sister Annie, died of diphtheria while I was gone. I used to read the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE to her. I have a little dog, and I used to play lots with him, but I do not feel like playing any more. CHARLIE C.

CARROLL, OHIO.

I read all the letters in the Post-office Box every week with so much pleasure that I can hardly wait till my paper comes. Mamma gave it to me for a Christmas present.

My papa is agent at Crow Agency, Montana, and mamma and my brother and sister are there with him. I live with my uncle, and I go to school every day. Last spring papa was here, and he brought six Indians with him. They were very large Indians. One of them weighed two hundred and sixty-five pounds, and was over six feet tall. DANIEL M. K.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have had sleighing here for a long time, and first-rate coasting. All the hills around the town are crowded every night, and we coast by torch-light. I have two good sleds of my own. DAVIE B.

NYACK-ON-THE-HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, and I have very nice times. There has been skating on the Hudson River almost all winter. We have very fine hills here. I have a pair of bobs. As many as seven boys can get on it, and it goes very fast indeed. I hope it will snow more, and make the coasting better. WILLIE G.

I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for a year, and I think it is the best paper ever published.

I have a pet monkey named Jacko. He is up to all sorts of tricks. He will put wood on the fire, and put on the tea-kettle.

I would like to exchange minerals, for ocean curiosities.

The snow here is six feet deep.

E. G. KELLY,
616 East Eighth Street, Leadville, Colorado.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, *January 30, 1881.*

I wish to inform my correspondents that I have no more curiosities to exchange at present. I have sent for some more, but it will be some time before I get them. WILLIAM C. MCCONNELL.

I was born on the Island of Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies, and I can get many stamps from there and from the United States of Colombia, which I would like to exchange for others with readers of YOUNG PEOPLE in the United States or Canada.

J. DESOLA,
1051 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

WASHINGTON COURT-HOUSE, OHIO.

I have had over twenty applications for my arrow-head, and could only answer one. If I can get any more arrow-heads, I will send word to my correspondents. EMMA EDWARDS.

I have just begun a collection of stones, and have only a very few. I have three white flints, which I thought were petrified birds' eggs at first, which I would like to exchange for ocean curiosities. I expect to receive some better flints in a few weeks. I am nine years old. BERTHA BOOTH,
ADAMSON, JONES COUNTY, IOWA.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE what a pleasant winter we are having in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, three thousand feet above the sea. We have no snow. I found willow "pussies" on the 18th of January, and sister Bell found some spring flowers two days later.

Our dog Rover went hunting, and came home with his nose full of porcupine quills. Papa had a hard time pulling them out, it hurt Rover so badly.

I do not go to school in the winter. I study at home. I study language lessons, arithmetic, botany, spelling, and geography. I am eight years old. I want to take YOUNG PEOPLE always.

I will exchange minerals from the mines, for shells or any other curiosities, with any readers of the Post-office Box. LOU E. KEEP, Smiths Hill,
East Branch of Feather River, California.

I would like to exchange stamps of the United States Treasury and State Departments, postmarks, and Canadian and foreign postage stamps, for rare stamps and postmarks, or for specimens of ores, minerals, or shells. Correspondents will please label specimens.

I am ten years old.

WILLIE M. BOOS,
U. S. Consulate-General, Montreal, Canada.

I would like to exchange a pair of new nickle-plated club skates, which I do not need, as I have another pair, for any other similar article.

W. J. H.,
343 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LUCKNOW, *November 30, 1880.*

MY DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—When I last wrote to you, it was in the midst of the hot season; now it is a little cooler, but not much, and we have been through dreadful times since then. Though I don't often write to the Post-office Box, I love dearly to read all the letters the children send to it.

Our baby wasn't very well in the dreadful hot weather, and so mamma and I had to take him to the hills, where it is cool and nice. Of course we took his ayah and the khansamah (housekeeper) too; the rest of the help we get there, because we keep house just the same as here. Papa couldn't go, because the paper has to be printed, if it is hot, and they can't get it ready without him, so we went alone to Nainu Tal. Mamma says Tal means lake, and Naina is the name of a goddess that people thought (in the old days, you know, when they had goddesses) presided over the lake.

All through the rainy season, which begins the last of July, it had rained much more than usual; and one night the men around were up all night, turning the course of a stream that had swollen so they were afraid it would carry away some of the houses. So mamma was a little afraid to stay, and we were going home, and had engaged our dandies (a little like a kind of chair) and men to carry them, and were going to start the next Tuesday. It began to rain Thursday afternoon. It was the 16th of September, I remember, because baby was a year old that very day, and he had a new dress and lots of toys, and was just as cunning as he could be. But it rained hard all night, and the next day it was so dark mamma had to sit close to the window to see to write to papa. I never saw it rain so hard right straight along in my life, and I asked mamma if she didn't think it must look like the flood, and she said, Perhaps. After a while I went to bed and to sleep; but some time in the night mamma came and woke us all up, and said the room was filling with water. She dressed me, and nurse dressed baby; then the other people in the house came in, and mamma was so scared she didn't know what she was doing, and rolled up all her clothes and shoes and stockings in the bedding. The windows and doors were burst in, and we had to try to get somewhere, but even mamma didn't know where to go. But one of the men carried me, and nurse took baby; and the stones hurt poor mamma's bare feet so that two of the jhampanis carried her, and in the pouring rain we went to find Mr. Buck's house. We finally reached there, and had hardly dried ourselves before it was light, and the men thought that house would go too; so we all made another trip, this time to the chapel, and still it rained as hard as it could pour. I told mother I really thought it was another flood, and we'd better try to get up higher. But she said the higher we went, the worse it would be; if we could only get off this dreadful hill, we might be safe. Then I said again something about the flood, for I couldn't get it out of my head, it all looked so like the picture in the big Bible—people going about wringing their hands, and trying to get somewhere safe, men carrying children, half-dressed women, and all the white the rain pouring down as if it never would stop. Mamma stood stock-still, and took hold of me. "I tell you, child," she said, "God has promised—*promised*, do you hear?—never to drown the world again." So I said no more, and really felt better; for if everybody was not drowned, there might be a chance for us. We stood on the chapel veranda watching Mr. Cheney and Mr. Fleming trying to turn the course of one stream away from Mr. Cheney's house, when a great mass of stones, sand, and water took them off their feet quick as a flash. Mr. Cheney caught hold of the low roof of his house, and Mr. Fleming caught him, and they were saved from being carried over the side of the hill. We had hardly time to catch one breath, and not time to say a word, when the trees began to tremble, and loose rocks to shake, and in another minute the whole hill-side rushed past us, and the hotel, assembly-rooms, shops, and stores were carried right into Naina Tal. More than one hundred and fifty people were carried with them—some that we knew, and had laughed and talked with only yesterday—without time for one word to anybody, rushed straight to death. Oh, it was terrible! Our house was taken, too, and we could not stop to think, for we had to plan to go somewhere. I never cried one word. I only opened my eyes wider, and looked at mamma. She was just as pale as anything, and I heard her say, "I *can't*—I *can't* die this way!" I never thought; I only kept saying to myself, "God won't let there be a flood, He won't let it." Then Mr. Cheney came and said we must go. So we started down the Mall. Mamma took hold of my hand, but finally one of the men snatched me up and carried me; and when we came to a broad stream, I heard mamma say, "Jai Ram" (he is one of our jhampanis that carry us about the hill), "give me your hand." "Get on my back, Mem Sahib," he said; and mamma was in too much of a hurry to think, and hung on to him any way. I wanted to laugh, she looked so funny; but somehow there wasn't any laugh in me. Finally we came to a house, and went in; it was a Mr. Kelley's. We were dreadful tired—nothing to eat, and up all night. The men thought we were as safe there as anywhere we could get, so we dried ourselves. Pretty soon—about eight—we had dinner. We were so faint we would have eaten, I think, if the rain had carried on away the next minute.

It did not stop raining till Sunday night, and the next Thursday we started for home. Some of the bridges were gone, but we crossed over in boats, and Saturday morning got to Lucknow.

Wasn't papa glad to see us! The Lal Bagh mission girls had been in and trimmed the house to welcome us, and we went over to the boarding-school to breakfast. Papa said "that it just poured sixty-six hours—almost three days—and in that time thirty-three inches of rain fell—almost three feet." Then he showed me on the wall how high that would be; and you just measure yourself, and you'll see such a lot of water washing down a mountain-side must do something.

But I've been writing too long, so good-by.

JENNIE ANDERSON.

P.S.—Mamma says I ought to say, as nearly as they know now, forty white people and one hundred and fifty natives were killed.

We would like to exchange beryl, mica crystals, and garnets from Connecticut, or shells, coral, and sea-beans from Florida or California, for fine specimens of minerals, particularly from Lake Superior or Northern New York. Our collection is a good

Digitized by Google

one, and we would like good exchanges. We have also some curiosities, and could arrange exchanges for several different things.
WILLIE R. COBBS and CHARLES E. BRAINARD,
137 Washington Street, Hartford, Conn.

The following exchanges are also desired by correspondents:

Sea-beach pebbles from New Jersey, or stamps, for ocean curiosities, minerals, foreign postage stamps, or anything suitable for a museum; or a New Zealand stamp and five kinds of English stamps, for an Indian arrow-head.
CLARENCE R. WILLIAMS, 4811 Hancock Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.

Postmarks or stamps, for birds' eggs, Indian arrow-heads, or relics. Correspondents will please label all specimens distinctly. ERNEST OSBORNE,
761 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

Stamps. WINTHROP VARCHAS,
P. O. Box 432, Brookline, Mass.

An ounce of sand or a stone from Ohio, for the same from any other State. J. PEJOLS,
16 New Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps. Fifteen postmarks, for one stamp. GEORGE N. PRENTISS,
Watertown, Wisconsin.

Birds' eggs. WINSLOW F. WHITE,
1581 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postage stamps. S. WEAVHARDS,
Glass Lock Box 107, Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island, Canada.

A United States copper cent of 1802, for any ocean curiosity. FRANK P. HUNTER,
186 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

An opossum in exchange. JOE BIASALL,
P. O. Box 957, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Postage stamps. EDWIN S. KETCHUM,
Care of Ketcham Wagon Company,
Marshalltown, Iowa.

Mexican stamps and rare specimens of Mexican shells, for rare stamps from Ecuador, Peru, Guatemala, Finland, Iceland, or Philippine Islands.
HARRY L. BRIGGS,
48 Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

Postage stamps. G. M. WOODCOCK,
Care of William H. Lyon & Co.,
482 and 485 Broadway, New York City.

Postmarks. K. MCKENZIE,
12 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Cocoons of the silk-worm, for birds' eggs.
NELLIE BRAINARD,
265 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Shells, alligators' teeth, ocean curiosities, and stamps, for rare stamps, Indian relics, or minerals.
GEORGE W. MCELROSE,
24 Brill Street, Newark, N. J.

Postmarks. W. H. CHAPMAN,
Lock Box 40, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Postage stamps. PARIS L. CARR,
188 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, L. I.

Flints, for birds' eggs or postage stamps.
ELIJAH G. R.,
522 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Stamps, for coins or eggs. Correspondents will please label the eggs.
CHARLES C. KALBFLEISCH,
8 West Forty-ninth Street, New York City.

Five birds' eggs, for twenty-five foreign postage stamps. No duplicates. THOMAS LEWIS,
P. O. Box 197, Waterbury, Conn.

Postage stamps, for stamps or relics.
EZRA C. HARWOOD,
68 West Broadway, New York City.

Revenue stamps and postmarks, for stamps and minerals. E. H. SMITH,
Care of E. I. Smith, Corner of Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, Detroit, Mich.

A stone from Illinois, for one from any other State.
CHARLIE F. HAYES,
New Lenox, Will County, Ill.

California sea-weeds, acorn barnacles from the sea, some curious egg cases of a shell-fish, two flint arrow-heads, or some interesting objects for a microscope, for postage stamps from Asia, Africa, South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, or United States twelve, fifteen, or thirty cent, or any department stamps. HUMPHREY NOYES,
Community, Madison County, N. Y.

A three-cent Canadian stamp, for one from Cuba; or an Austrian stamp, for one from Italy.
JAMES P. HOLDRIDGE,
69 South Hamilton Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A collection of California sea-weeds, for specimens of wood from different States, or for United States minor coins. F. M. ELLIOT,
Evanston, Cook County, Ill.

A. P. J.—The Yellowstone River flows in a northerly direction out of Yellowstone Lake, and after a course of about 1300 miles, during which it descends about 7000 feet, it reaches the Missouri. The lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world, twenty-two miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen in breadth. Its elevation above the level of the sea is 7788 feet, and its greatest depth is 300 feet. Only four other lakes are known to have a greater elevation—lakes Titicaca and Uros, in Peru and Bolivia, which are respectively 12,874 and 12,329 feet above the level of the sea, and lakes Mainsarowar and Rakas-Tal, in Tibet, which lie at the great height of 15,000 feet. The Upper and Lower Falls of the Yellowstone are wonderfully beautiful. They are not more than a quarter of a mile apart. Before reaching the first fall the river flows through a grassy valley with a calm, steady current, until it plunges over a ledge 140 feet in height. The second fall is more than 350 feet high. Over this precipice the river plunges in snow-white foam and spray. From the foot of the falls rises a dense and heavy mist, and no one can approach within several hundred yards without being drenched to the skin. On the west side the wall of rock is covered to the height of about 300 feet with a dense carpet of mosses, grasses, and other vegetation, of the most vivid green. There is nowhere in the world a more beautiful scene than that which is presented by this remarkable fall, although Niagara is more impressive on account of the volume of water which pours over the precipice.

MARY B.—Among the most celebrated poems of Robert Burns are "Tam o' Shanter" (about which an article was printed in the Post-office Box in No. 56), "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," "Highland Mary," "John Anderson," "To a Mountain Daisy," "The Two Dogs," "The Banks o' Doon," "Mary Morison," "Bruce's Address," "John Barleycorn," and "For a' That, and a' That." The best piece for speaking is "Bruce's Address," which can be found in almost every collection of poetry.

MARGARETTA B.—The fifteen decisive battles of the world to which Mr. Herbert Spencer referred are probably those which are described in a volume bearing that title, written by Mr. E. S. Creasy, of England, and published in this country by Harper & Brothers. They are the battle of Marathon, the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse (B.C. 413), the battle of Arbela, the battle of the Metaurus, the victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, the battle of Châlons, the battle of Tours, the battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc's victory over the English at Orleans, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the battle of Blenheim, the battle of Pultowa, victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, the battle of Valmy, and Waterloo. These are called "decisive" battles because, in the words of the historian Hallam, "a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."

FREDERIK L. F.—Directions for making an Æolian harp were given in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 23, Vol. I.

S. S.—The rare issues of United States cents are of 1799, 1793, 1804, 1809, 1811, 1795, 1796, 1808, 1805, and 1823. The above dates are rare in the order given.

Many others are scarce; in fact, all before 1816, if in good condition, are worth much more than their face value. Collectors should remember that the value of all rare coins depends upon condition. A much-rubbed specimen of a cent of 1799 might be dear at one dollar, while an uncirculated cent of that date would readily find a market at thirty dollars.

READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE."—The postage stamps exchanged by our young correspondents are, as a rule, cancelled stamps cut from letters.

Correct answers to puzzles have been sent by Walter Atchison, May F. B., Bessie Comstock, Robson D. Caldwell, R. O. Chester, Mary E. DeWitt, Carrie Edwards, Fannie Edwards, Jesse S. Godine, William and Isabel Harris, Bessie R. Howell, Ralph B. Larkin, Thomas Lunham, Isabel L. Jacob, "Little Goosey," H. P. Mattlebam, O. A. Mueller, Percy McDermott, Mary E. Nesmith, Maggie Osborne, William Ottenbattel, Augusta Low Parks, Will H. Rogers, Will Rochester, Carrie Simonson, James Shriver, "Starry Flag," Nellie S., George Schilling, E. C. T., T. P. Tregnor, Woodville Wrensdall, Chester Maxwell White, Willie P. Woolard, Lily, Charles, and Fred W.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HALF-SQUARE.

A country in Europe. To separate. Practical skill. A pronoun. A letter. PARDY.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In little, not in grand.
In soil, not in land.
In going, not in come.
In water, not in rum.
In grain, not in hay.
The whole a beast of prey. MARTIN.

No. 2.

RIDDLE—(*To Belus*).

1	•	•	•	•
•	2	•	•	•
•	•	3	•	•
•	•	•	4	•
•	•	•	•	5
•	•	•	6	•
•	•	7	•	•
•	8	•	•	•
9	•	•	•	•
•	10	•	•	•
•	•	11	•	•
•	•	•	12	•
•	•	•	•	13

Across.—1. A bird. 2. Prolic. 3. A bird. 4. Polite. 5. To exhaust. 6. Refuse. 7. To allude. 8. A hard stone. 9. A fertile spot. 10. A weapon. 11. Captive. 12. Scanty. 13. Rust.

Zigzags.—Something many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will soon find. OWLET.

No. 4.

DIAMOND—(*To our Young Contributors*).

A letter. Equal value. A small surface. A universal remedy. A confused medley. To regain. Doctrine. A fluid. A letter. BOLUS.

No. 5.

CHARADE—(*To Zelotes*).

As long as we retain our breath
My first is with us until death;
But none amongst us—no, not one—
May keep it till to-morrow's sun.

My second, ever speeding fast,
The same in future as in past;
Forever onward still it goes,
And with it brings both joys and woes.

During my whole let's strive each day
Some worthy action to display;
And always deal with one another
As faithful friend and loving brother.
RIP VAN WINKLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 66.

No. 1.
C R E T I M A C H E S
A M S T E R D A M
C O N C H O S
T O K I O
U L M
E
I N N
T I B E R
A U G U S T A
R I O G R A N D E
R E S T I G O U C H E

No. 2. Mouse.

No. 3. 1. Hippopotamus. 2. Earwig. 3. Fieldfare. 4. Vampire.

No. 4.
O P A L E T T A
P I N E T E A R
A N N A T A K E
L E A D A R E S

No. 5. Charity.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; OUR SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

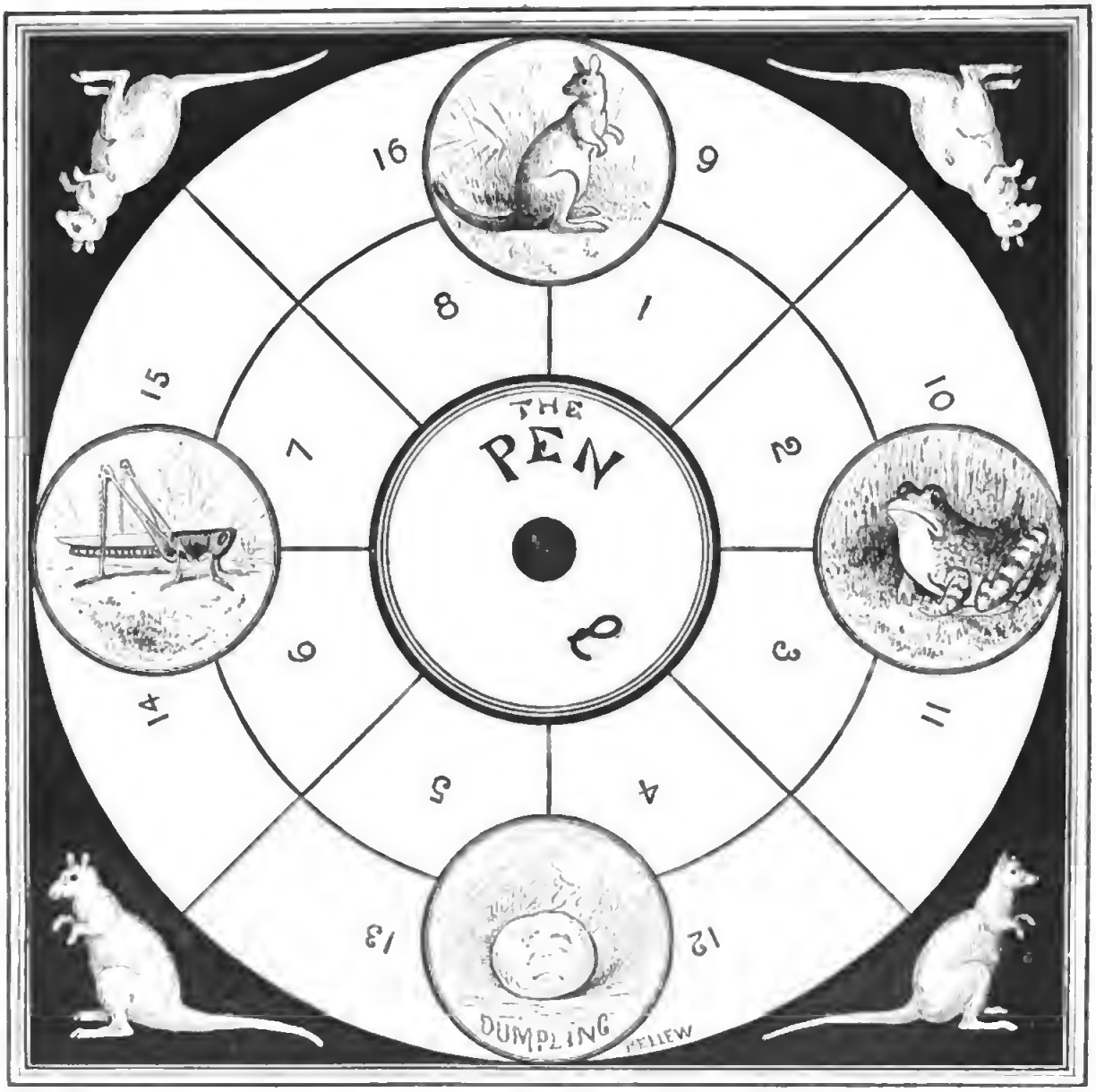
The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



THE GAME OF KANGAROO.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

THIS is an entirely new game, invented and designed especially for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we hope our readers will enjoy playing it. The game can be played by two or more persons; and if convenient, they should have a marker, or umpire, whose decision is in all cases final.

In the first place, each player should provide himself with a small strip of India rubber of about one or two inches in length; those elastic bands which are sold at every stationery store are the things to use; one of these cut in two will make an excellent pair of Kangaroos. Now if you twist one of these pieces of rubber up like a cord, and roll it into a kind of ball, and then place it on the table, it will immediately give a spring (that is to say, it will nine times out of ten), and sometimes a second spring, and then it will begin to squirm and roll over, until finally it stops. This piece of rubber is called the Kangaroo. The players can make their Kangaroos of any length they like, so that they be of the same thickness. Indeed, they may be of any size or form the players see fit, provided they all agree on the matter.

The way the game is played is this. You roll up your Kangaroo, and when you are ready, you place it on the black spot in the centre of the Pen, and as you let go you cry "Tip!" Then your Kangaroo jumps. If he does not jump out of the Pen, you lose 5. If he jumps into any of the spaces marked with numbers, you score the number marked in that space. If he hops on the line between two spaces, you count both numbers; but if he hops on the line of the Pen and a number, you only count half the number. If he hops or squirms into two or three numbers, you score for each one he touches. If he gets in Grasshopper, you score 20; if into Bullfrog, you score 30; and if into Kangaroo, 40. But if he gets into or only touches Dumpling, you lose 50. If he jumps off the board, it counts nothing.

As soon as you put your Kangaroo down, and cry "Tip!" your adversary commences marking crosses on a piece of paper or a slate—like this, × × × × × × × × ×—as fast as he can until you cry "Dead!" when he must stop; each of these crosses counts him 1. You, of course, watch your Kangaroo to see if he is likely to take another jump and give you a fresh count, and you only cry "Dead!" when you think he has no more life in him. If he jumps after you have cried "Dead!" you can count nothing for whatever he has made by the extra jump.

The umpire keeps the score of both players, and after each has thrown ten times, the score is added up, and whoever has the highest number wins the game.

Some attention must be paid to the making of the Kangaroo. The rubber must be slightly warm, so that it will hold together just enough to make two or three springs, if possible; but it must not be too warm, or it will stick together and not jump at all.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 70. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, March 1, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE BOY TIMOTHY.—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

TIMOTHY.

BY BISHOP T. U. DUDLEY.

IN a little town called Lystra, in Asia Minor, a multitude is gathered in the market-place. Two strangers are the attraction, who have strange tidings to tell. Their story is of one Jesus, a King, who, they say, was born in Judea some fifty years before. They tell of marvellous deeds of mercy which He wrought, and of words as marvellous and as merciful that He spake. They tell that He died on a cross, but that, King of Death, He came back from the grave at His own appointed time. They declare that He did visibly ascend into heaven, and now sitteth there to pardon and to bless all who will believe on Him. And even while the crowd is listening to the words of the chief speaker, whose name is Paul, he looks fixedly upon a poor lame man, a cripple from his birth, who is among his auditors, and cries with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet." Instantly the command is obeyed, and the life-time cripple leaps and walks.

Respectful attention straightway became enthusiasm. The market-place resounds with the shout, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men," and the priest who serves in Jupiter's Temple hastens with oxen and garlands to do sacrifice to the miracle-workers, despite their earnest remonstrance that they are but sinful men, come to tell them of the one living God.

But quickly there is interruption as effective as sudden from other strangers of the same distant nation, whose words persuade the fickle populace, and in a little while Paul is being dragged out of the city to all appearance dead. They have stoned the man to whom just now they would do sacrifice!

Among the listeners to the gospel Paul had preached, among the wondering spectators of the lame man's healing, among the on-lookers at the deed of violence, stands a boy, generous and warm-hearted, weeping manly tears over that which is done. His name is Timothy, and of him, as he sits there that day in his native town, his heart all aglow with the new hopes whereof he has heard, and his spirit all aflame with admiration for undaunted courage, and with pity for the innocent sufferer, our artist has given us the portrait. The Sacred Scriptures, which he has known from a child, have gained new meaning. He is reading the ancient writings with the new light which Paul has thrown upon them—the light from the open grave of Jesus.

He is the child from a mixed marriage, his mother a Jewess, but his father a Greek, and therefore he is but ill esteemed by the Hebrews who dwell in his town. The records of his life make no mention of his father, and from this fact it has been inferred that he died while Timothy was yet an infant. And we are plainly told that his education was all given by his mother, Eunice, and his grandmother, Lois, and that "from a child he knew the Holy Scriptures."

The face which the artist has drawn will represent to us what we should expect to be the appearance of a boy thus brought up, and the character which we judge him to have possessed, from the warnings and the advice given to him by his master and teacher, Paul. His piety, while sincere and intense, is yet of a feminine cast; his constitution is far from robust; he shrinks from opposition and responsibility; his tears lie close to their outlet, and are ready to flow and hide the suffering object; he will subject his body to denial greater than its strength will bear, and as the natural counterpart of these characteristics, he is in danger of being carried away by "youthful lusts." Such is Timothy when, after seven years have passed away, and the boy is grown to be a man, Paul, returning to Lystra to confirm and comfort the Christians there, will have him to be the companion of his journeyings and the best-loved friend of his heart.

There is not space in this article to recite the events of the career that followed. Let each of our boy readers search them out for himself, and learn of what doughty deeds a gentle spirit in a feeble frame is capable under the impulse of an earnest faith. Let us learn, moreover, from a life of noble devotion to high purpose so to devote our life, not, it may be of necessity, to proclaim a Gospel, as Timothy did, but surely to labor, not alone for self, but for our race.

He died a confessor of that faith he learned from the preacher at Lystra in his boyhood. "Out of weakness he was made strong." He, the timid, girlish, tearful boy, waxed valiant in the great fight, and is known to the Christian world as a saint of God and as the great Bishop of Ephesus.

THE NEW DOLL.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

You're a beautiful, beautiful dolly,
  And dressed like a sweet little queen;
Not to care for you, dear, may seem folly,
  When I've but a rag-doll so mean.
I know that its arms are the queerest,
  Its head very funny and flat;
Its eyes anything but the clearest;
  Yet old friends are best, for all that.

Your hair falls in ringlets so flaxen,
  Your eyes are delightfully blue;
Your cheeks they are rosy and waxen,
  You're charming, I'll give you your due.
Yet shall I give up Betsy Baker,
  Who hasn't a shoe nor a hat,
Because you've a splendid dressmaker?
  No! old friends are best, for all that.

You came Christmas morn, in my stocking;
  I ought to be proud, I suppose;
And not to be pleased would be shocking:
  Do, Betsy dear, turn out your toes.
Oh, you are my every-day dolly!
  And this one in silk dress and hat
I'll put on the shelf: call it folly,
  Yet old friends are best, for all that.

THE SNOW BEN.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"WE can beat that," said Joe Larkin, contemptuously, as he drew back and began to blow through his red fists. "That isn't any kind of a snow man."

"Like to know why," said Dan Madderley. "He's all right but his ears. We can make them of the same size, easy."

"Yes, but he ain't right anyhow. Everything's just stuck on outside. When I was in the city once, I saw a sculptor chiselling a man out of marble. 'Twasn't much like this thing."

"Well, of course it wasn't. Stone's better'n snow. Everybody knows that, I guess."

"No, it isn't. Not exactly. When you knock off a chunk of marble, you can't stick it on again."

"You might glue it, but I guess it would show the crack."

"Tell you what, boys," exclaimed Joe, with a new idea shining all over his face, "let's make a big snow marble down on the ice, and then let's dig it out into a man, just as the sculptors do."

There was an instant hurrah all around, and not one opposing vote; the half-finished snow man in Deacon Madderley's back yard was left to thaw down all alone, and in ten minutes more the whole crowd of young sculptors was down on the pond.

It was a warm day for winter, and the water was pouring over the dam in a hurry, but the ice was pretty firm up where the boys were, and the soft snow was in just

Digitized by Google

the condition to pack nicely. At it they went, as if they had a whole marble quarry to make, and were afraid some of their marble might get away from them.

"I say, now, Joe," shouted Burr Whitcomb, as the great white pile came up to his shoulders, "who're we going to sculp out? Anybody in partikler?"

"Julius Cæsar."

"No, we can't. You never saw him, nor we didn't either."

"Yes, I did. I saw a picture of him once, with a brass helmet on his head, and a sword in his hand."

"That 'd beat us, then," said Dan Madderley. "We'd better try George Washington."

"He's on horseback," said Joe, "and so is Andrew Jackson. No use for us to try a horse. Snow legs won't hold up. He'd come down all in a heap."

A dozen other great names followed, each bringing with it a chorus of doubts as to how he looked, and whether anything like him could be found in that heap of snow; but the shrill voice of little Billy McCoy settled the matter. He had followed his big brothers down upon the ice, and now he eagerly squeaked:

"Boys, why don't you scoop out Ben Franklin? Make him sitting down."

"Hurrah for you, Billy!" exclaimed Joe Larkin. "Guess we all know Ben. He's just the man."

"Guess he is," chirped Billy. "He's fat, too. You can make him real big."

On piled the snow, after that, until they had to reach up with their shovels. When Joe Larkin began to play sculptor, he had to dig his toes into the snow and climb.

"We'll make his head first," he sagely remarked; "and we'll cut out the rest of him to fit that."

"Dig away, Joe," shouted Burr Whitcomb, from the other side of the quarry. "Let's see which of us 'll get in first to where old Ben is."

"We'll set him up with his hands in his lap," said Joe; "and we'll part his hair in the middle."

Pieces of shingle, whittled to a sharp edge, did very well for chisels, and no mallets were called for. It was easy to work that kind of marble, and it was just as Joe Larkin had said about mending it. He had to carve Ben's nose for him over and over again, and the last time he shaved it smooth with his jackknife.

"We'll make his hair long, Burr, and lots of it. That 'll help hold his head up stiff, and we won't have to cut out so much coat collar. I say, you've made his arm on that side twice as big as this one."

"I can scrape it down. What 'll we do for buttons?"

"Boys," said Joe, "pack a lot of round, hard snow-balls, and cut 'em in two. They wore the biggest kind of buttons when Ben was alive; big as dollars."

"How about his hat?"

"He'll look better bare-headed. You can't make a snow brim stay on—not unless it's three or four inches thick, and that won't do."

Joe was giving special attention just then to the parting of Benjamin Franklin's hair, but in a moment more he sang out, "Look here, boys, he never was as fat as all that."

They had been digging away industriously at their part of the great patriot, but they had carefully put on quite as much snow marble as they had cut away. They had made Ben look more like Daniel Lambert than anybody else; but Joe Larkin came down now, and he speedily effected a wholesome change.

"Looks as if he could lift himself and get up now."

"Well, ye—es," said Burr, doubtfully; "but what about his legs? We haven't left any room for 'em."

"Yes we have. But you see we began at the top."

"What's he a-sitting on, anyhow?"

"On the ice. Tell you what, boys, we'll have to make him cross-legged."

"He wasn't a tailor," squeaked Billy McCoy. "He was the lightning-rod man."

Billy had watched all that work with his round mouth half open, and had seemed to regard the job as in a manner under his supervision. But then he had that way of looking at almost any work, no matter who might be doing it, and he had never been known to make any charge for his advice.

It was too late now for any discussion of the matter, however, and all the boys were proud of the way they crossed Benjamin Franklin's legs for him.

"We'll hide one of his feet under him," said Burr. "Joe, can you cut out the other one like a boot?"

"Of course I can."

He did, but if the hidden foot was as large as the one he fitted at the end of Ben's right leg, he could not have needed a great deal more to sit on.

Billy McCoy himself remarked of it, doubtfully, "It's just the biggest foot I ever saw."

The pegs on the sole of that boot and the heel of it were the last touches required, and the young sculptors stood back, and walked around their great work, again and again, in almost silent admiration. Ben fairly looked warm and comfortable in the flood of noon sunshine that was pouring down upon him.

"He'll thaw out," grumbled Dan Madderley; and just then there came a great shout from the shore.

The sun had been at work as well as the boys, and the thaw he was making had had a day or two the start of them.

The shout came from Billy McCoy's biggest brother, Bob, and they saw him dance up and down with excitement, while he swung his hat and repeated it: "Boys! boys! come in! The ice is breaking away!"

So much trampling and running to and fro, and so much added weight of boys and sculpture, had helped the sun above and the rising water below the ice, and now they all had just about time to hurry ashore. Then the great crack Bob McCoy had noticed grew rapidly wider, and they could hear all the frozen surface of the pond crack and split in every direction.

There was some fun in watching the ice break up, but there was sorrow among the sculptors, for all that.

"It's an awful pity to lose such a snow man as that is."

"He didn't even have time to thaw out."

"We can make another."

"There never was just such a Ben Franklin as that."

Probably not, and now there he was floating out into the middle of the pond on a wide cake of ice, and drifting down toward the dam. The water was rising, for the snow was melting fast, and the cake of ice Ben was on rocked now and then in a way which made him seem to bow to his friends on shore.

"Isn't he polite, though!" said Billy McCoy. "Pity he can't swim."

"Swim!" exclaimed Joe Larkin; "I guess so. There he goes, boys. Just a rod or two more."

Most of them gave vent to their feelings in a volley of snow-balls which fell about half way short of their mark. Then they all stood still, for the swift water seemed to seize Ben's cake of ice with a sudden jerk, and swept it to the edge of the dam. For one short minute the brittle raft stuck on the edge, and then it broke right in two. With a great slushy splash the snow Ben went to pieces, and was carried over the slippery "apron," down among the foaming eddies below.

Every boy that was looking on drew a long breath and held it for a moment, and then there rose a chorus of shouts.

Joe Larkin led off with, "Good-by, Ben!"

And the rest followed with: "Hi! hi! hurrah! Good-by, Ben!"

Burr Whitcomb remarked, a little soberly, as he turned away: "Well, I don't care; he was the best snow man I ever saw. He looked a good deal like Ben Franklin."

Digitized by Google

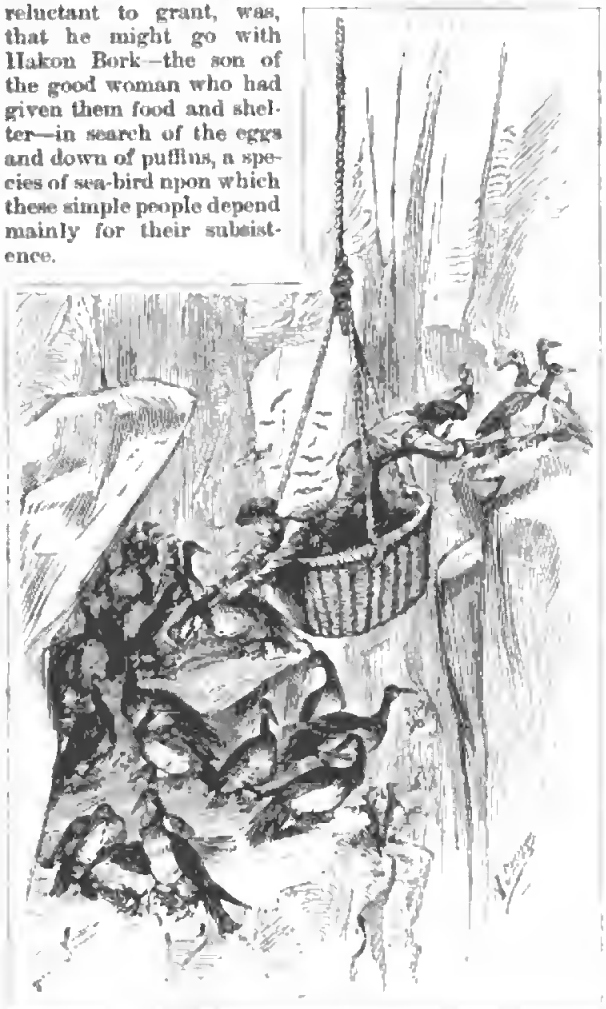
ARCHIE KIRK'S LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"ALICE, may I? Say I may. I can do it, dear sister"; and as he spoke, Archie Kirk bent eagerly over his sister's chair.

Three weeks before, he and Alice had been rescued—the only survivors—from a fine ship that had gone to pieces off the coast of the island of St. Kilda, which is a little speck of land in the wide waters of the Atlantic, forming a part of the Hebrides.

They had been tenderly cared for by the good islanders, and the request which Archie had made of his sister, and which she was very reluctant to grant, was, that he might go with Hakon Bork—the son of the good woman who had given them food and shelter—in search of the eggs and down of puffins, a species of sea-bird upon which these simple people depend mainly for their subsistence.



THE PUFFIN-HUNTERS.

"You are so young, and it is such a terrible way to earn your bread," replied Alice, who shudderingly remembered watching Hakon but the day before fasten his rope to a stake, and then lower himself down the awful precipice, with nothing but his firm grip to save him from falling into the foaming, raging sea beneath. "You are too young, Archie."

"Why, Alice, I am ten years old, and boys much younger than I go down all alone. These people are very good to us, but they are also very poor. I feel mean to accept their charity, and do nothing in return, when Hakon says I can help him if I will."

"It is so terrible, Archie, and if I should lose you too!" cried Alice, whose heart was still full of sorrow for her lost parents.

"God is good, my sister," said Hakon, "and I will watch thy brother carefully."

"You are right, Hakon; go, Archie, I will trust you to God's care."

So Archie bravely pulled his bonnet over his brows, and set out with Hakon and another man. After climbing to the summit of the great rocks, Hakon and Archie stepped fearlessly into the basket, and were slowly lowered over the side of the precipice, on whose edge a piece of wood was made fast to prevent the jagged rocks from cutting the rope. Down, down they went, the boiling sea below, the frightful precipices above, but in all the little shelves and fissures the puffins had made their nests. By a separate line they indicated to the man above when they were to be lowered or raised, and thus they labored away cheerily for hours, collecting many eggs and much down.

Archie showed great skill and coolness, and won great praise from Hakon, and after this he went with him on all such excursions, and as time went on was readily trusted down in the basket alone.

So the months slipped away, and Archie had, with Hakon's help, made himself a rope, such as is used for the perilous work of puffin-catching. The mode of making these ropes is as follows: A hide of a sheep and one of a cow are cut into slips, the latter being the broader; each slip of sheep's hide is then plaited to one of cow's, and two of these compound slips are then twisted together, so as to form a rope of about three inches in circumference. The length of these ropes varies from ninety to two hundred feet, and they are so valuable that a single one forms a girl's marriage portion in St. Kilda. Archie prized his very highly, not only because it was in a measure his own making, but because all his friends had denied themselves in some way or other to procure it for him.

Archie's life was very simple and very hard, but he enjoyed it, and for many months he was very useful to Hakon. Then one day the neighbors brought home a mangled body and laid it down on Dame Bork's hearth-stone. No need to tell the wailing mother, or the sorrowful Archie and Alice, poor Hakon's fate. The men went silently out, and the neighbor women spoke such words of comfort as their own losses, or the constant danger of their loved ones, prompted. Tenderly the dead was buried, and then the little household awoke to the duties of the day.

When their humble breakfast was over, Archie took his bonnet and rope, and said to the old dame, as he had said with Hakon many a morning,

"Give me your blessing, mother."

"Oh, Archie," said Alice, "must you go—all alone must you go?"

"I have a brave heart, Alice, which is good company." And then, glancing at Hakon's old mother, he whispered: "For Hakon's sake, as well as for her own kindness, we owe her every duty;" and then kissing Alice, he went off to the rocks.

As Archie had not Hakon now to help him, he had to leave his basket at home, and adopt the much less common but much more dangerous practice of reaching the birds' nests by fastening a simple rope to a strong stake securely driven into the earth a short distance from the edge of the precipice, and then gradually lower himself to some projecting cliff likely to contain the eggs and down of which he was in search.

So this morning, having reached the cloud-capped peaks, he secured his rope carefully, and then cautiously lowered himself until he reached a spot where the rocks overhung and sheltered a wide ledge.

He was sure that he would be likely to reap here an ample harvest, and he dexterously swung himself forward and gained a resting-place. As he expected, he found a great number of nests, and was soon eagerly filling the large pockets which are used for this purpose with

Digitized by Google

the eggs and down, the patient birds scarcely disturbing him by a flutter.

But in his ardor he had forgotten to fasten the rope tightly around his body; it slipped from his grasp, and after swinging backward and forward for some time, but without coming within his reach, at length settled many feet from the spot where he stood. For a moment he stood aghast. The sudden blow almost deprived him of the power of thinking, but gradually he recovered his senses, and began anxiously to look around for some means of escape.

Fearful was the prospect. The rock for hundreds of feet above was smooth as if chiselled by the mason's hand; many hundred feet below, the raging waters burst with terrific noise upon the pointed crags, while the depth to which he had descended, the solitude of the spot, and the roar of the waves, precluded all possibility of making himself heard.

One desperate chance alone remained: *by a bold leap he might catch the dangling rope.* It was an awful hazard, for if he failed, instant death would be the result. Yet if he remained on the rock, death, though slower, was no less sure. His resolution was taken. He lifted his eyes to heaven with one short strong prayer for help, then like a winged creature sprang forward, *and grasped the rope.*

Many a year passed before Archie Kirk told his sister and adopted mother of his leap for life on that day, when he, a lad twelve years old, had determined to fill the place of Hakon. He became the most expert bird-catcher and climber in the Hebrides, but he never again forgot to secure his rope. Nor in telling the story did he ever take any credit to himself. "God is good," he used to add, reverently; "the rope was in His hands, or I had not caught it."

[Begun in No. 58 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XII.

TOBY'S GREAT MISFORTUNE.

THE town in which the circus remained over Sunday was a small one, and a brisk walk of ten minutes sufficed to take Toby into a secluded portion of a very thickly grown wood, where he could lie upon the mossy ground, and fairly revel in freedom.

As he lay upon his back, his hands under his head, and his eyes directed to the branches of the trees above, where the birds twittered and sang, and the squirrels played in fearless sport, the monkey enjoyed himself, in his way, by playing all the monkey antics he knew of. He scrambled from tree to tree, swung himself from one branch to the other by the aid of his tail, and amused both himself and his master, until, tired by his exertions, he crept down by Toby's side, and lay there in quiet, restful content.

One of Toby's reasons for wishing to be by himself that afternoon was that he wanted to think over some plan of escape, for he believed that he had nearly money enough to enable him to make a bold stroke for freedom and Uncle Daniel's. Therefore, when the monkey nestled down by his side, he was all ready to confide in him that which had been occupying his busy little brain for the past three days.

"Mr. Stubbs," he said to the monkey, in a solemn tone, "we're goin' to run away in a day or two."

Mr. Stubbs did not seem to be moved in the least at this very startling piece of intelligence, but winked his bright eyes in unconcern, and Toby, seeming to think that everything which he said had been understood by the monkey, continued: "I've got a good deal of money now, an' I guess there's enough for us to start out on. We'll get away some night, an' stay in the woods till they get through hunting for us, an' then we'll go back to Guilford, an' tell Uncle Dan'l if he'll only take us back, we'll never go to sleep in meetin' any more, an' we'll be just as good as we know how. Now let's see how much money we've got."

Toby drew from a pocket, which he had been to a great deal of trouble to make in his shirt, a small bag of silver, and spread it upon the ground where he could count it at his leisure.

The glittering coin instantly attracted the monkey's attention, and he tried by every means to thrust his little black paw into the pile; but Toby would allow nothing of that sort, and pushed him away quite roughly. Then he grew excited, and danced and scolded around Toby's treasure, until the boy had hard work to count it.

He did succeed, however, and as he carefully replaced it in the bag, he said to the monkey: "There's seven dollars an' thirty cents in that bag, an' every cent of it is mine. That ought to take care of us for a good while, Mr. Stubbs, an' by the time we get home we shall be rich men."

The monkey showed his pleasure at this intelligence by putting his hand inside Toby's clothes to find the bag of treasure that he had seen secreted there, and two or three times, to the great delight of both himself and the boy, he

MR. STUBBS AND TOBY'S MONEY.

Digitized by Google

drew forth the bag, which was immediately taken away from him.

The shadows were beginning to lengthen in the woods, and, heeding this warning of the coming night, Toby took the monkey on his arm and started for home, or for the tent, which was the only place he could call home.

As he walked along he tried to talk to his pet in a serious manner, but the monkey, remembering where he had seen the bright coins secreted, tried so hard to get at them, that finally Toby lost all patience, and gave him quite a hard cuff on the ear, which had the effect of keeping him quiet for a time.

That night Toby took supper with the skeleton and his wife, and he enjoyed the meal, even though it was made from what had been left of the turkey that served as the noonday feast, more than he did the state dinner, where he was obliged to pay for what he ate by the torture of making a speech.

There were no guests but Toby present, and Mr. and Mrs. Treat were not only very kind, but so attentive that he was actually afraid he should eat so much as to stand in need of some of the catnip tea which Mrs. Treat had said she gave to her husband when he had been equally foolish. The skeleton would pile his plate high with turkey bones from one side, and the fat lady would heap it up, whenever she could find a chance, with all sorts of food from the other, until Toby pushed back his chair, his appetite completely satisfied if it never had been before.

Toby had discussed the temper of his employer with his host and hostess, and, after some considerable conversation, had confided in them his determination to run away.

"I'd hate awfully to have you go," said Mrs. Treat, reflectively; "but it's a good deal better for you to get away from that Job Lord if you can. It wouldn't do to let him know that you had any idea of goin', for he'd watch you as a cat watches a mouse, an' never let you go so long as he saw a chance to keep you. I heard him tellin' one of the drivers the other day that you sold more goods than any other boy he ever had, an' he was going to keep you with him all summer."

"Be careful in what you do, my boy," said the skeleton, sagely, as he arranged a large cushion in an arm-chair, and proceeded to make ready for his after-dinner nap; "be sure that you're all ready before you start, an' when you do go, get a good ways ahead of him; for if he should ever catch you, the trouncin' you'd get would be awful."

Toby assured his friends that he would use every endeavor to make his escape successful when he did start, and Mrs. Treat, with an eye to the boy's comfort, said, "Let me know the night you're goin', an' I'll fix you up something to eat, so's you won't be hungry before you come to a place where you can buy something."

As these kind-hearted people talked with him, and were ready thus to aid him in every way that lay in their power, Toby thought that he had been very fortunate in thus having made so many kind friends in a place where he was having so much trouble.

It was not until he heard the sounds of preparation for departure that he left the skeleton's tent, and then, with Mr. Stubbs clasped tightly to his breast, he hurried over to the wagon where old Ben was nearly ready to start.

"All right, Toby," said the old driver, as the boy came in sight; "I was afraid you was going to keep me waitin' for the first time. Jump right up on the box, for there hain't no time to lose, an' I guess you'll have to carry the monkey in your arms, for I don't want to stop to open the cage now."

"I'd just as soon carry him, an' a little rather," said Toby, as he clambered up on the high seat, and arranged a comfortable place in his lap for his pet to sit.

In another moment the heavy team had started, and nearly the entire circus was on the move. "Now tell me what you've been doin' since I left you," said old Ben, after they were well clear of the town, and he could trust his horses to follow the team ahead. "I s'pose you've been to see the skeleton an' his mountain of a wife?"

Toby gave a clear account of where he had been and what he had done, and when he concluded, he told old Ben of his determination to run away, and asked his advice on the matter.

"My advice," said Ben, after he had waited some time to give due weight to his words, "is that you clear out from this show just as soon as you can. This hain't no fit place for a boy of your age to be in, an' the sooner you get back where you started from, an' get to school, the better. But Job Lord will do all he can to keep you from goin' if he thinks you have any idea of leavin' him."

Toby assured Ben, as he had assured the skeleton and his wife, that he would be very careful in all he did, and lay his plans with the utmost secrecy; and then he asked whether Ben thought the amount of money which he had would be sufficient to carry him home.

"Wa'al, that depends," said the driver, slowly; "if you go to spreadin' yourself all over creation, as boys are very apt to do, your money won't go very far; but if you look at your money two or three times afore you spend it, you ought to get back and have a dollar or two left."

The two talked, and old Ben offered advice, until Toby could hardly hold his eyes open, and almost before the driver concluded his sage remarks, the boy had stretched himself on the top of the wagon, where he had learned to sleep without being shaken off, and was soon in dreamland.

The monkey, nestled down snug in Toby's bosom, did not appear to be as sleepy as was his master, but popped his head in and out from under the coat, as if watching whether the boy was asleep or not.

Toby was awakened by a scratching on his face, as if the monkey was dancing a hornpipe on that portion of his body, and by a shrill, quick chattering, which caused him to assume an upright position instantly.

He was frightened, although he knew not at what, and looked around quickly to discover the cause of the monkey's excitement.

Old Ben was asleep on his box, while the horses jogged along behind the other teams, and Toby failed to see anything whatever which should have caused his pet to become so excited.

"Lie down, an' behave yourself," said Toby, as sternly as possible, and as he spoke he took his pet by the collar to oblige him to obey his command.

The moment that he did this, he saw the monkey throw something out into the road, and the next instant he also saw that he held something tightly clutched in his other paw.

It required some little exertion and active movement on Toby's part to enable him to get hold of that paw, in order to discover what it was which Mr. Stubbs had captured; but the instant he did succeed, there went up from his heart such a cry of sorrow as caused old Ben to start up in alarm, and the monkey to cower and whimper like a whipped dog.

"What is it, Toby? What's the matter?" asked the old driver, as he peered out into the darkness ahead, as if he feared some danger threatened them from that quarter. "I don't see anything. What is it?"

"Mr. Stubbs has thrown all my money away," cried Toby, holding up the almost empty bag, which a short time previous had been so well filled with silver.

"Stubbs—thrown—the—money—away?" repeated Ben, with a pause between each word, as if he could not understand that which he himself was saying.

"Yes," sobbed Toby, as he shook out the remaining contents of the bag; "there's only half a dollar, an' all the rest is gone."

Digitized by Google

"The rest gone?" again repeated Ben. "But how come the monkey to have the money?"

"He tried to get at it out in the woods, an' I s'pose the moment I got asleep he felt for it in my pockets. This is all there is left, an' he threw away some just as I woke up."

Again Toby held the bag up where Ben could see it, and again his grief broke out anew.

Ben could say nothing; he realized the whole situation: that the monkey had got at the money bag while Toby was sleeping, that in his play he had thrown it away piece by piece; and he knew that that small amount of silver represented liberty in the boy's eyes. He felt that there was nothing he could say which would assuage Toby's grief, and he remained silent.

"Don't you s'pose we could go back an' get it?" asked the boy, after the intensity of his grief had somewhat subsided.

"No, Toby, it's gone," replied Ben, sorrowfully. "You couldn't find it if it was daylight, an' you don't stand a ghost of a chance now in the dark. Don't take on so, my boy. I'll see if we can't make it up to you in some way."

Toby gave no heed to this last remark of Ben's. He hugged the monkey convulsively to his breast, as if he would seek consolation from the very one who had wrought the ruin, and rocking himself to and fro, he said, in a voice full of tears and sorrow:

"Oh, Mr. Stubbs, why did you do it?—why did you do it? That money would have got us away from this hateful place, an' we'd gone back to Uncle Dan'l's, where we'd have been *so* happy, you an' me. An' now it's all gone—all gone. What made you, Mr. Stubbs, what made you do such a bad, cruel thing? Oh, what made you?"

"Don't, Toby—don't take on so," said Ben, soothingly; "there wasn't so very much money there, after all, an' you'll soon get as much more."

"But it won't be for a good while, an' we could have been in the good old home long before I can get so much again."

"That's true, my boy; but you must kinder brace up, an' not give way so about it. Perhaps I can fix it so the fellers will make it up to you. Give Stubbs a good poundin', an perhaps that 'll make you feel better."

"That won't bring back my money, an' I don't want to whip him," cried Toby, hugging his pet the closer because of this suggestion. "I know what it is to get a whippin', an' I wouldn't whip a dog, much less Mr. Stubbs, who didn't know any better."

"Then you must try to take it like a man," said Ben, who could think of no other plan by which the boy might soothe his feelings. "It hain't half so bad as it might be, an' you must try to keep a stiff upper lip, even if it does seem hard at first."

This keeping a stiff upper lip in the face of all the trouble he was having was all very well to talk about, but Toby could not reduce it to practice, or, at least, not so soon after he knew of his loss, and he continued to rock the monkey back and forth, to whisper in his ear now and then, and to cry as if his heart was breaking, for nearly an hour.

Ben tried, in his rough, honest way, to comfort him, but without success, and it was not until the boy's grief had spent itself that he would listen to any reasoning.

All this time the monkey had remained perfectly quiet, submitting to Toby's squeezing without making any effort to get away, and behaving as if he knew he had done wrong, and was trying to atone for it. He looked up into the boy's face every now and then with such a penitent expression, that Toby finally assured him of forgiveness, and begged him not to feel so badly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

IN the whole world there is probably no more beautiful ice scenery than that surrounding our own Falls of Niagara during a severe winter such as the one just passed. A few weeks ago one of our artists visited Niagara in order to make sketches that might convey to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE some idea of this wonderful scenery, and on the next page you may see the result of his labor.

Many of you have been to Niagara in summer, and know what a mass of boiling, seething foam the river is just below the Falls. Now it is all quiet, covered many feet thick with great cakes of ice that have plunged over the cataract, and become frozen into one vast solid mass which forms the famous ice bridge of which so much is written. As these great blocks of ice are of every conceivable shape, and are piled one on top of another in every imaginable position, this ice bridge is by no means an easy one to cross.

One of the most remarkable features of this Niagara winter scenery is the great ice mountain that rises grand and white in front of each fall for two-thirds of its height. These ice mountains are formed by the spray from the Falls, which freezes the instant it touches a solid body; and thus, as long as the cold weather lasts, the ice mountains are constantly growing higher and thicker.

The boys living in the village of Niagara, or who visit the Falls in winter, climb these ice mountains by means of foot-holes chopped in the ice with hatchets, and upon reaching the top, sit down and slide to the bottom.

The spray of which the ice mountains is formed, and of which the air near the Falls is filled, freezes so quickly whenever it touches anything, that while our artist was making his sketches it covered his pencil with a thick coating of ice until it looked like this (Fig. 1), and after he had held his sketch-book closed in his hand for a minute, it presented this appearance (Fig. 2).

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

He himself was so incased in white ice that he looked like a Santa Claus. Icicles hung from his beard, his mustache, his eyelashes, and from every point of his clothing, until he found he could only stand within reach of the spray for a few minutes at a time, or he would be weighed down and rooted to the spot by the rapidly accumulating ice.

The ice formed from the spray is not clear and glittering, but is of the purest white, like the frosting on wedding cake, only much whiter, and as it covers the branches and twigs of the trees in Prospect Park, and on the islands near the Falls, the effect is wonderfully beautiful. Glistening in the bright sunlight, these forests of ice are more like beautiful dreams of fairy-land than anything ever seen; and under the light of a full moon the scene is weird and ghostly, but beautiful beyond description.

On Luna Island, which divides the American Fall, every stone, stump, and bush has been covered with ice until it forms a grotesque figure in white. Some of these figures our artist has transferred to his paper, and named "Ice Goblins." The branches of the trees, beneath which visitors must walk, are so laden with these "Goblins" that they frequently break beneath the weight, and great pieces of ice rattle down about one's ears in the most unpleasant manner.

Digitized by Google

ICE GOBLINS AND WINTER SCENERY AT NIAGARA.—Drawn by W. H. Gibson.—[See Page 279.]

Digitized by Google

AN OTTER AND HER YOUNG.

THE OTTER.

THE otter is the aquatic member of the great weasel family, and plays the same part in lakes and rivers as his mischievous cousin in the forests. It is found in all parts of the world—on tropical islands throughout South America, and in the cold sea-coasts of Kamtchatka and Alaska. Eleven different varieties are mentioned by naturalists.

One of these, the sea-otter, haunts the rocky shores of the coasts and islands of Behring Sea and the Northern Pacific. Its habits are like those of the seal, and its soft, glossy black fur is very much prized, especially in China, where a trimming of otter fur is worn by high officials as a mark of rank.

The sea-otter is a very fond mother, and will fight vigorously in defense of its baby. If attacked when on shore, it will seize the baby in its mouth as a cat would seize a kitten, and scurry into the water as fast as possible, for once among the dashing waves it is safe, and will gambol and frolic gleefully with its rescued offspring. The sea-otter often sleeps on its back on the surface of the sea, and hunters mention having seen the baby lying on the breast of its sleeping mother, closely infolded by her fore-paws, while the waves formed a rocking, tossing cradle.

The sea-otter is the largest member of its family, but the prettiest and most playful of the tribe is the fish-otter, which is pictured in the accompanying engraving feeding its little ones with a fresh fish just caught in the pool by this most skillful of fishers. This otter is from two to three feet long, with a thick furry tail twelve to sixteen inches in length. It has very short legs, and stands not more than a foot high. Its paws are webbed for swimming, as its natural home is the water, but on land it can travel over the ground with great rapidity. It has small, prominent eyes, and little round ears, which are almost hidden in its soft brown fur.

The fish-otter is like a school-boy in its fondness for sliding down hill. Wherever there are bands of otters, slides are found worn on the slopes leading down to the shores of ponds and rivers, in the snow in the winter, and in the soft mud in the summer. Troops of otters have often been seen amusing themselves in this odd fashion. They slide lying on the ground, with the fore-feet bent backward, and push themselves forward with the hind-feet. When the slide is well worn and slippery, these funny little beasts go down with great velocity, and seem to take as much pleasure in their frolicsome antics as if they were a crowd of boys and girls.

The fish-otter lives around fresh-water lakes and rivers in Canada, in certain localities of South America, and in many wild portions of the United States and Europe. It is a famous fisherman. It can dive and stay under water a long time, and it swims so swiftly and so silently that even the quick-darting fish can rarely escape its sharp little teeth. If its prey be small, the otter lifts its head above the surface of the water, and easily bites off the choice morsels, but if the capture be a salmon or a good-sized trout, the otter swims ashore with it, and makes a leisurely repast on the grassy bank. Only the delicate parts of the fish are eaten by this dainty fisherman. When fish are not plenty, it will often attack ducks and other water-birds, like a weasel, sucking only the blood. The keeper of a park near Stuttgart at one time missed many beautiful ducks from a rare collection which had been domiciled on the banks of a water-course. All efforts to discover the thief were in vain. Night after night the keeper stood guard, gun in hand, and in spite of constant cries of alarm from the nests along the shore, no foe could be discovered. At length the keeper saw a dark object appear suddenly above the water. He fired,

Digitized by Google

but saw nothing more. Taking a boat, he rowed over to the spot where the object had disappeared, and with a boat-hook drew to the surface a soft mass, which proved to be a large otter, mortally wounded. From that time the ducks were left undisturbed.

The nest of the fish-otter is a very snug hiding-place. The entrance is through a hole in the bank about three feet under water. From this hole an excavated passageway leads up four or five feet, and ends in a little chamber warmly lined with moss and soft grasses. From this chamber a small tunnel goes to the top of the ground above, thus securing ventilation and plenty of fresh air. In this snug chamber the little otters are born. For the first ten days they are blind, but when their eyes are once open, they grow rapidly, and in about two months are lively and strong enough to accompany their mother on her fishing excursions.

Young otters are sometimes taken from the nest and brought up on bread and milk. They make the most affectionate pets imaginable. A story is told of a lady who had a pet otter that was so attached to its mistress as to follow her everywhere. It would frolic with her in the most amusing fashion, climbing up on to her shoulder, and rubbing its soft fur against her cheek. If it was sleepy, it would climb up her dress and curl up in her lap like a pet cat; and although its mistress's clothing always bore the marks of its sharp little teeth and claws, it remained for a long time a favored pet in the household.

Tame otters are often taught to catch fish for their masters, and many instances are recorded where pet otters have been valued by hunters as highly as their dogs, and have rendered quite as valuable service in supplying the table with dainties.

The Chinese make great use of the otter as a fisherman, and train it so skillfully for this purpose that it will mind the commands of its master as quickly as a well-trained dog.

The fish-otter was well known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and was the subject of many wonderful fables and superstitions in olden times.

A WHOLE WEEK.

BY HONOR MORE.

"OH, mother! not for a whole week!" Patty's brown eyes were wide with doubt and surprise.

"Why, child, you just said *never*, and a week's a good deal short of that," answered busy little Mrs. Keniston, tucking another stick into the fire, with an odd little gleam, either from the fire-light or some inward amusement, dancing round the corners of her mouth. She was used to Patty's *nevers*, and a little tired of them.

Patty went to the window, and drummed on the pane, and stared rather forlornly into the small yard, where red-haired Job Twitchett was jumping up and down, jerking the handle of the old blue pump. He stuck out his tongue at her and winked one eye, but she was too abstracted to notice this customary beginning of hostilities. It was all very well to quarrel with Matty Monroe, and vow never to speak to her again (Matty was real mean to stay away from the spring, just because Kez King had said she *might* drop in that afternoon; she had no business to break her promise, and she had *promised* Patty, *certain sure*, that she would come and bring Rosinella and the tea set with her), but to be forbidden to speak to her for a week was quite another thing. Why, Sir Leon was to have married Rosinella before the week was out!

There was a great commotion in the yard. Job was setting Pug at Tabby. "Hi! look at yer old cat!" he shouted, starting a war-dance on the platform of the clothes-drier, and pointing derisively to poor pussy, who stood on the wood-shed roof, with her tail the size of a hearth-brush. But even this attack on her favorite could not dispel Patty's melancholy. She just glanced out to see that Tabby was really out of reach, and then went slowly up stairs to her little room in the attic to find Sir Leon.

Sir Leon was a doll. He was a very splendid doll, with brown eyes and hair, a black velvet cap with a long white feather, a silken cloak, and slashed trousers reaching only to the knee, like a knight of olden times. He even had long gray stockings, and—crowning glory!—a pair of top-boots made of chamois leather. Cousin Evelyn had dressed him for Patty's birthday, and Cousin Evelyn came from New York, and could do anything.

Patty picked him up, and looked fiercely in his amiable waxen countenance.

"I don't care a snap for your whiskers!" she exclaimed, hotly, giving him a vicious little shake. "I don't believe but what Cousin Evelyn just stuck 'em on herself; and it's my opinion you were made for a girl, Sir Leon de Montmorenci."

And at the thought of that dreadful possibility, and Matty Monroe's faithlessness, she sat down on the boot-box and cried.

Next morning Mrs. Keniston was rolling out pie-crust in the kitchen, when Patty entered slowly, with a kind of dubious brightness in her face, and curled up in a big chair by the table, with her head on her hand. A pencil and some paper projected from her apron pocket.

"Well, Patty," said Mrs. Keniston, cheerily, "what kind of turn-overs shall it be?"

"Mamma," responded Patty, soberly, "did you ever have any love-letters?"

Mrs. Keniston paused, with rolling-pin upraised in astonishment.

"No. Yes. Of course. What ever put it into your head to ask such questions, child? There, take that, and go and get your little pie board, and roll it out smoothly, and I'll let you bake some dolly's pies. Don't worry your silly head about love-letters yet awhile, my dear."

"But did you?" persisted Patty. "Because I want to write one—at least Sir Leon does—and we don't know how to begin. How did yours begin?"

"I think my first began, 'My dear Miss Holliwell,'" said Mrs. Keniston, laughing. "Ask papa. He'll know."

"Did it?" inquired Patty, rather doubtfully. "Why, when Mr. Cope wrote to you to borrow that book, he began, 'My dear Mrs. Keniston,' and his couldn't be a love-letter, you know, because you're married to papa, and he's engaged to Miss Dover. I don't think that sounds lovery enough."

However, she took out her pencil, and began to write, spelling over each word noiselessly to herself as she put it down.

"Who is your letter to, Patty?" asked her mother at last, as she folded it up with a sigh of relief, and wrote an address on the back.

"Why," said Patty, rather falteringly, "it's from Sir Leon to Rosinella. That isn't the same as if I wrote to Matty, is it? Because, you know, Sir Leon's a man, and I'm not, and Matty—well, Matty isn't Rosinella. Matty never was Queen of Beauty at a tournament the way Rosinella was when we had one in the orchard the day after Cousin Evelyn told us *Ivanhoe*. And it isn't Matty's trousseau we're making; it's Rosinella's. And Rosinella has golden hair, and Matty has auburn. And— I may send it, mayn't I?"

"Yes, indeed, you may," said Mrs. Keniston, laughing much more than was necessary, Patty thought. "May I see it?"

Patty handed it across the table, with a glance of mingled pride and apprehension, and this is what Mrs. Keniston read:

Digitized by Google

"MY DEAR MISS ROSINELLA, AINGLE OF MY LIFE,—I do miss you very much indeed and how I wish we could see each other before wensday which is such a long way of but I supose we cant becourse Patty Kenistons mother says she mussnt speak to Matty Monroe till then becourse they quareled. I hope they will *never* quarel again dont you?

"Patty Kenlston says she wont. She has been very lonely without Matty and wonders if she has finished your wedding dress which she hopes she has becourse she wants us to be marryed wensday anyhow in her dollshouse. She is going to have a reall frosted wedding cake for us and hopes Matty will bring over some rasberry vinneger for wine to drink helths with the way they allways used to do you know. O how I do want to see you and be marryed. Anser this soon and write a long letter for I am dying to hear from you my own presious Rosinella.

"Ever your loving knite

"SIR LEON DER MONTMORENSY."

Mrs. Keniston laughed until she cried, and had to wipe her tears with her apron; but all she said, when she gave back the letter, was, "Oh, Patty! Patty! of all the children—"

Of course the postman was late next morning; but when he came, he was in remarkably good-humor, and wore a smile that creased his whole countenance as Patty danced up to him, asking, excitedly, "A letter for me? a letter for me?"

But he only chuckled, and shook his head for answer, and then said, slowly, "Wa'al, no, little gal; I'm sorry ter disapp'int yer, but ther' ain't," adding, with a twinkle, "Does anybody by the name of Montmorenci live hereabouts?"

"Oh, it's my letter! it's my letter!" screamed Patty. "*Do* give it to me, Mr. Skinner."

"Couldn't posserbly, little gal. Tain't yours, yer see. It's d'rected ter 'Sir Leon de Montmorenci, Knight.' That ain't *your* name, ye know," said Mr. Skinner, producing a tiny envelope.

"Oh yes, it is! I mean, it's my doll's!" shouted Patty; and seizing the precious letter, she ran into the house with it, and left Mr. Skinner still chuckling to himself with a hearty enjoyment of the little girl's delight.

Here is the letter:

"MY DEAR SIR LEON,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I am quite ready to be married. Matty made my wedding dress yesterday. It is of white satin a piece left over from her Mothers and trimmed with white lace. I have a lovely vail. Matty says she will bring the raspberry vinegar" ("She's spelled it different from what I did," thought Patty; "guess she asked Lida") "and some crullers. And now I have an idear. Let us have a tellegraph. You ask Patty Keniston to come to the gate post at nine to-morrow and Matty will meet her with her end of the string. I think it is nice to live next door. Tell Patty Matty won't speak to her so she needent be afraid to come. I think your letter was lovely. I cannot make one half so nice but then your the gentleman and Im the lady so anyway it wouldent be propper. I love you. Tell Patty to be *sure* and come. Ever your faithfull Iadilove,

"ROSINELLA SAINT HILAIRE."

"How splendid!" said Patty. "We can write all the time, then. I may, mayn't I, mother?"

Mrs. Keniston nodded. She was trying on a dress, and her mouth was full of pins.

And after that it wasn't hard at all. The telegraph was such a blessing! But still, when the week came to an end, Patty and Matty flew into each other's arms as if they had been separated for a year.

"Oh, Matty!" said Patty, and "Oh, Patty!" said Matty, and "Hi!" said Job Twitchett, bobbing his head over the fence. "yer'll fight agen in a fortnit."

"Go away, you bad boy," said Patty, facing him fiercely. "We shall NEVER fight again!"

And though Job repeated "Hi!" and snapped his fingers, they didn't—for a whole month.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

AUTHOR OF "PRINCESS IDLEWAYS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LISA VISITS MISS SCHUYLER.

"SO you are Phil's good friend Lisa?" said Miss Rachel Schuyler, sitting in her cool white wrapper in the dusk of this warm May evening. "I want to hear more about Phil. The dear child has quite won my heart, he looks so like a friend of mine whom I have not seen for many years. How are you related to him, and who were his parents?"

"I am not related to him at all, Miss Schuyler."

"No?"—in some surprise. "Why, then, have you the care and charge of him?"

"I was brought up in his mother's family as seamstress, and went to live with her when she married Mr. Randolph, and—"

"Who did you say? What Mr. Randolph?"

"Mr. Peyton Randolph."

Miss Rachel seemed much overcome, but she controlled herself, and hurriedly said, "Go on."

"There was no intercourse between the families after the marriage, for Mrs. Randolph was poor, and they all had been opposed to her. I suppose you do not care to hear all the details—how they went abroad, and Mr. Randolph died there; and while they were absent, their house was burned; and there was no one to take care of Phil but me, for Phil had been too sick to go with his father and mother; and Mrs. Randolph did not live long after her return. I nursed them both, Phil and his mother; and when she was gone, I came on to the city, thinking I could do better here, but I have found it hard, very hard, with no friends. Still, I have pretty steady work now as shopwoman, though I can not do all that I would like to do for Phil."

Miss Schuyler was crying.

"Lisa, you good woman, how glad I am I have found you! Phil's father was the dearest friend I ever had."

"Phil's mother gave the child to me, Miss Schuyler."

"Don't be alarmed; I do not wish to separate you. How can I ever thank you enough for telling me all this? And what a noble, generous creature you are, to be toiling and suffering for a child no way related to you, and who must have friends fully able to care for him if they would?"

"I love him as if he were my own. Sometimes I have thought I ought to try and see if any of his relatives would help us, but I can not bear to, and so we have just worried along as we could. But Phil needs a doctor and medicine, and more than I can give him."

"He shall have all he needs, and you too," said Miss Schuyler, warmly.

At this Lisa broke down, the kind words were so welcome. And the two women cried together; but not long, for Miss Schuyler rose and got Lisa some refreshing drink, and made her take off her bonnet and quiet herself, and then said:

"Now we must plan a change for Phil, and see how soon it can be accomplished. And you must leave that tiresome shop, and I will give you plenty of work to do. See, here are some things I bought to-day that I shall have to wear this summer."

She opened the packages—soft sheer lawn and delicate cambric that gave Lisa a thrill of pleasure just to touch once more, for she loved her work. "I shall be so glad to sew again, and I wish I had some of my work to show you."

"Oh, I know you will do it nicely. I am going out of

Digitized by Google

town in a few days, and I want you and Phil to go with me. Do you think you can?"

"I am a little afraid," said Lisa, hesitating, "that we are not fit to; and yet—"

"I will see to all that. Now I suppose you can not leave Phil alone much longer—besides, there is a shower coming. To-morrow I will bring a doctor to visit the dear boy, and we will see what can be done;" and she put a roll of money in Lisa's hand, assuring her that she should be as independent as she pleased after a while, and repay her, but that now she needed help, and should have it, and that henceforth Phil was to be theirs in partnership.

Lisa hurried away with a light heart. She had indeed toiled and suffered, striven early and late, for the child of her affections, and this timely assistance was a source of great joy.

She was too happy to heed the dashing shower which was now falling. Herself she had never thought of, and her dear Phil now was to be helped, to be cheered, perhaps to be made strong and well, and able to do all that his poor weak hands had tried to do so ineffectually.

She opened the door softly when she reached her room. A little shiver of sweet sad sounds came from the wind harp. She lighted a candle, and looked into the pale face of the sleeping child as he lay in an attitude of weariness and exhaustion, with hands falling apart, and a feverish flush on his thin cheeks.

"My poor Phil! I hope help has not come too late," she whispered, as she began her preparations for his more comfortable repose.

The next day Miss Schuyler came, as she had promised, and brought a physician—a good, kind surgeon—who examined Phil, and pulled this joint and that joint, and touched him here and there, and found out where the pain was, and what caused it, and said nice funny little things to make him laugh, and told him he hoped to make him a strong boy yet. And then they whispered a little about him, and Joe was sent for, and a carriage came, and Phil was wrapped in a blanket, and laid on pillows, and taken out for a drive alone with Miss Schuyler, who chatted with him, and got him more flowers: and when they came back there was a nice dinner on a tray, and ice-cream for his dessert, and Joe was to stay with him until Lisa came home; and before Lisa came, there was a nice new trunk brought in, and several large parcels. And Phil thought he had never seen such a day of happiness. After his dinner and a nap, and while Joe sat and played on his violin, Phil sketched and made a lovely little picture of flowers and fairies, in his own simple fashion, to give to Miss Schuyler. And then Lisa came home, and the parcels were opened; and there were nice new dresses for Lisa, and a pretty, thin shawl, and a new bonnet; and for Phil there was a comfortable flannel gown, and soft slippers, and fine handkerchiefs and stockings; and Phil found a little parcel too for Joe with a bright bandana in it, and the old man was very happy.

"It seems like Christmas," said Joe.

Phil thought he had never seen quite such a Christmas, and said,

"It seems more like fairy-land, and I only hope it will not all fade away and come to an end, like a bubble bursting."

"To me," said Lisa, "it is God's own goodness that has done it all, for it was He who gave Miss Schuyler her warm, kind heart."

"And, Joe," said Phil, "we are to go in the country, and you are to go with us; is not that nice?"

"Very nice, Phil. I'm glad Miss Rachel's found out your father was her friend."

Then Joe took up his violin again, and played "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne"; and Phil fancied the violin was a bird, and sang of its own free-will, and thinking this reminded him how soon he would hear the dear wild birds in the woods, and he wondered if the fairies would come to him there.

Then Joe went home, and Lisa had errands to do, and again she put the wind harp in the window, and left Phil alone, keeping very still in expectation of another visit from his fairy friend.

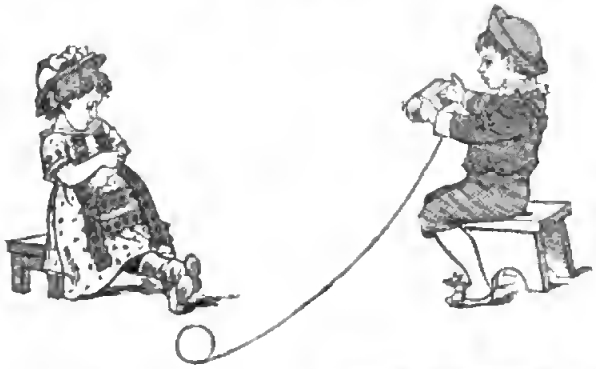
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LISA RELATES PHIL'S HISTORY TO MISS SCHUYLER.

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—*(Continued.)*

Here comes the train;
We watch it from the bars;
Who will stop the engine
And put us in the cars?



It fall of itself,
The lazy ball,
And you needn't tell me
I let it fall!
Perhaps it was tired,
Like me and you,
And wanted to rest
A minute or two.

Little Miss Bessie
Has a new muff,
And fur gloves to keep her
Hands warm enough.
Mamma will let her
Run in the snow,
No matter how keenly
The wind may blow.

Little Mary gave a feast,
And seven guests invited;
In the garden it was laid,
And every one delighted.
They had cups of milk for tea,
And lots of cake and candy;
The sparrows thought 'twas jolly fun
To have a feast so handy.
When the crumbs were cleared away,
They danced and cut up capers;
And not a word about the feast
Was printed in the papers.

Digitized by Google

WE give notice that in future no more offers for exchange of birds' eggs will be printed in the Post-office Box. During last summer we repeatedly endeavored to impress upon the minds of our readers that only one egg should be taken from each nest; but even this will, in many cases, cause anxiety to the mother-bird, and as the nesting season again approaches, we think best to request our boys and girls to leave the nests entirely undisturbed. The robbery and destruction of birds' nests by boys, in their eagerness to obtain eggs, have driven away thousands of song-birds from many parts of the country, and the new game-laws of this State will contain a very strict prohibition of this cruel practice, enforced by a heavy penalty.

We believe that our decision in this matter will meet with the hearty approval of every one of our young readers, and the sweet warbling of the birds on sunny summer mornings will amply repay them for the loss of a few eggs from their collections.

St. Louis, Missouri.

I am nine years old. I take Young People, and I am so pleased with it! I am very much interested in "Toby Tyler."

I am a good rider on a bicycle, and I can ride a horse well, too. I have a beautiful pony. She is sorrel, with silver mane and tail. Her name is Dolly, and when I call she always answers, and looks at me with her big brown eyes. She can almost talk. Dolly is full of mischief. She can untie her halter, take down a bar, open the oat bin, and help herself. She is as plump as a seal. I sometimes drive her in a little phaeton, and she is a good stepper on the road. I do hope every little boy who has a pony gives it as good care as I do mine.

I save every copy of Young People, and by-and-by I will give them to some poor child who can not take it. Joe W. L. G.

Perhaps some of our readers will remember a letter from Harry C. H., of Lansingburg, New York, published in the Post-office Box of No. 66. It described his black goat Dan, which he drives, harnessed, with a set of silver-plated harness, to a wagon or sleigh. Thinking you might be pleased to make the acquaintance of Harry and Dan, the Editor of Young People sent for their photograph, and here they are, silver-plated harness, bells, red box cutter, fur robe, and all—a very neat-looking turn-out. Don't you think so?

Jacksonville, Florida.

I live in an orange grove in Florida, the "Land of Flowers."

Florida has a great many ponds and marshes, with lots of fish in them, and it has a great deal of wire-grass and pine timber.

I have been up the great Oklawaha River, but I did not care for anything except the Silver Springs, which were very beautiful indeed. The water was so clear I could see trout, pike, and other large fish swimming about forty feet below the surface.

I have just begun to take Young People. Mamma gave it to my brother and myself for a Christmas present.

I go to school, and I have the best teacher that anybody ever had. Lawis.

Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, New York.

I have taken Young People from the beginning, and I like it very much. Some of the other boys in this school take it, and they all think it is the best paper published. We all like "The Moral Pirates" the best of all the stories, and "Toby Tyler" the next. We have not had very good coasting nor skating lately, on account of the weather, but if it grows cold, and snows some more, we will have it.

I am collecting stamps, but all my duplicates are easy ones, and I have not enough to exchange yet.

I think the editor must work pretty hard to make the paper so nice for us to read.

Now I must stop writing, and study my Bible lesson. Louis F. R.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

One week ago I had a letter to the Post-office Box nearly finished, and we were very happy, but just as night was coming on, mamma got a telegram from Colorado, nine hundred and ninety miles away, saying that our dear papa had died that morning. How dark the world did look! I used to write to him in mamma's letters, and he would write to me and my little brother about little tame bears and antelopes, and the funny prairie-dogs, and how high the mountains looked with their white caps of snow. He was so far across the mountains that the rivers ran toward the Pacific. Papa was shot and mortally wounded by some Mexicans. He was brought home to be buried, which was a great comfort to mamma.

Mamma likes the historical stories in Young People, and she hunts up more about the principal characters mentioned, and tells me about them. Was the "tiny tot" in the story of Prince Charlie the Duke of York, after whom the State and city of New York was named? Harry D. S.

Yes, the "tiny tot" was the Duke of York, and on the death of his brother became James II., King of England. The name of New York city was changed from New Amsterdam to New York in 1664, Charles II. having, in violation of all national courtesy, granted the colony of New Netherlands to his brother James, then Duke of York.

Brooklyn, E. D., Long Island.

We have a very nice club, which is called the "Young Girls' Reading Club." We meet every other week at the different girls' houses, and we read the works of Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, and other poets. There are six members in our club. I am the treasurer, for we collect dues, just like "grown-up" clubs. We have to pay ten cents initiation fee, and after that five cents a week. There is a one-cent fine for violation of the rules, of which there are five. We are sure to make money, for the girls often break the rules.

Anna G. H.

Brooklyn, Long Island.

I send the Young Chemists' Club the simplest way of making chlorine gas, which is useful in many experiments: Mix one part oxide of manganese and two parts hydrochloric acid in a retort; heat gently over a spirit-lamp, when a greenish vapor will be seen to rise, which may be collected over warm water at the mouth of the retort. Care should be taken, however, not to inhale it, as it is a powerful poison, and a rag saturated with alcohol and ammonia should frequently be waved about to purify the atmosphere. G. F. L.

This correspondent and many others have requested us to give the address of the president of the Young Chemists' Club, as they desire to correspond on scientific subjects. This we can not do unless authorized by the officers of the club. If Charles H. W., the president, desires to communicate with these young chemical students, he will kindly send a letter to that effect to the Post-office Box.

Vevay, Indiana.

I am so anxious about Toby Tyler! I do hope he won't get killed or die, but go back safe to his good uncle. I wanted to send him my dollar to help him, but mamma said I had better not. I am so sorry for him!

I have commenced studying German since the holidays. My teacher says I will soon overtake the class that began in September. I like it the best of all my studies. Berta M. A.

Brooklyn, Long Island.

We used to have an alligator. We fed it on raw meat. We kept it in a tub, and it used to jump out and run after grandpa when he had on red slippers. One day it got out of the tub, and ran down the steps into the kitchen, and jumped into my aunt's lap. Soon after that we sent it away. M. Ella S.

Pasadena, California.

I am sick, and can not go to school, so I thought I would write to the Post-office Box. I have an orange-tree my father gave me about three years ago, and now it has more than a hundred oranges on it.

I had Young People as a birthday present from my mother. I think it is a nice present, because it lasts all the year. Charles P.

We have a little Home Literary Society which entertains an one evening every week, and I wish to inquire if his B. D. would kindly write to me to reference to the play acted during the holidays by the Silver Crescent Dramatic Club of San Francisco, California, of which she is the secretary.

Clara A. Hooper,
Rockport, Spencer County, Ind.

Eureka, Kansas.

On January 26 we celebrated Kansas Day, it being twenty years since Kansas was admitted to the Union as a State. The celebration was at the High School. The room was decorated with red, white, and blue, and a picture of John Brown was hung under two flags. The Kansas motto was over the door, and the coat of arms was drawn on the blackboard. Each pupil studied about some county, and they all sang "John Brown's Body," "Call to Kansas," and "The Star-spangled Banner." Essays were read on the history, products, schools, etc., of Kansas, and "The Kansas Emigrant" and other pieces were read by the scholars. It is just splendid to have Kansas Day.

Mach B.

Detroit, Michigan, February 8, 1881.

I have received so many letters for exchange of postmarks that I can not possibly answer them all right away. Correspondents will please take notice.

Harry W. Quimby.

Duluth, Minnesota.

I have received many boxes of specimens and curiosities from unknown persons. I receive the box, but there is no name on it, and no postal card referring to it, and often when there is a postal, there is no name even on that. Now those persons, no doubt, are disappointed at receiving no acknowledgment, but it is entirely their own fault, for whenever any one sends me specimens, accompanied by the name and address, he is sure to receive a box in return.

If all who have sent things to me, and have received no answer, will send me a postal describing the package or box they have sent, I will send a box of specimens in return. Hubbard H. Mitchell.

The above letter is only one among many of the same character which we receive daily. We print it to impress, if possible, upon the minds of careless boys and girls the great importance of giving their full name and address, by the omission of which they cause trouble, not alone to themselves and their correspondents, but also to the Post-office Box.

I think Young People gets better and better. I am very much interested in the story of "Toby Tyler." I used to think it would be great fun to travel with a circus, but now I don't think it would be any fun at all.

I would be glad to exchange Lake Superior agates for star-fishes. I am nine years old.

J. Edwards Woodbridge,
Duluth, St. Louis County, Minn.

I am commencing a collection of stamps, and I will exchange a large piece of lead ore for forty stamps. I am eleven years old.

Newton Compton,
Care of Rev. J. M. Compton,
Rural Grove, Montgomery County, N. Y.

The following exchanges are also desired by correspondents:

A Lester saw in running order, for a self-inking press. Edgar Garman,
18 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Postmarks, sea-shells, marble from Vermont and Nova Scotia, flint from France, and other minerals, for postmarks, stamps, Indian relics, Lake Superior agates, shells, or other curiosities.

Raymond C. Morey,
Swanton, Franklin County, Vt.

Choice varieties of flower seeds, for peacock coal, petrified wood, shells, sea-mosses, coral, agates, or

Digitized by Google

minerals. Correspondents will please mark specimens. ANNA FAVAR,
Ontario, Story County, Iowa.

Postage stamps. SHELTON A. HINES,
505 North Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Choice sea-shells for Mexican garnets.
EMMA K. CHATTLE, care of Dr. T. G. CHATTLE,
Long Branch, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps.
ARTHUR T. SMITH,
Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Ten postmarks, for five foreign stamps, except English or Canadian. M. F. COOPER,
Evans Mills, Jefferson County, N. Y.

Stones or earth from Ohio, for the same from any other State, or for autographs of renowned persons.
WALTER OLDSTED,
104 Brownell Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Postage and revenue stamps and postmarks, for postage stamps.
CHARLES L. HOLLINGSHEAD,
72 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

Amethyst from Grand Menan, New Brunswick, for foreign postage stamps. HARLOW CLARK,
Hastings, Minn.

West Indian and other foreign stamps, for old Cuban (issues previous to 1875) and old Spanish stamps.
PERCIVAL G. BURROWS,
55 Atlantic Street, Portland, Maine.

Minerals and stamps. WALTAR S. BESSE,
P. O. Box 235, New Bedford, Mass.

Stones from Massachusetts, for stones or curiosities from other States. ROBERT W. WAITE,
South Framingham, Mass.

An Austrian coin of 1859 and a Canadian half-penny, for twenty-five different kinds of stamps.
WILLIAM KRUMMEL,
167 Loth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A stone from New York State, for one from any other State or Territory except Colorado.
LOOKS STIMPSON,
Mineville, Essex County, N. Y.

Postmarks. WILL M. EDWARDS,
Noblesville, Hamilton County, Ind.

Ten postmarks, for one postage stamp. Stamps from South America, Turkey, or Greece preferred.
WILLIAM T. PIERCE,
Constableville, Lewis County, N. Y.

Foreign postage stamps and United States revenue stamps, for others.
A READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE,"
P. O. Box 8, Newton Centre, Mass.

Red shells from Buzzard's Bay, postage stamps, mostly from South America, and American and foreign postmarks, for foreign postage stamps.
WALTER S. CRANE,
P. O. Box 474, Brookline, Mass.

Seven African stamps (no duplicates), for two Indian arrow-heads. WILLIAM O. FLANAGAN,
Johnstown, Cambria County, Penn.

Thirty postmarks, for five foreign postage stamps.
CLIFTON B. GITES,
Ellington, Chautauqua County, N. Y.

Petrified wood, for Indian relics and foreign postage stamps. B. PRAHL,
273 East Fifth Street, St. Paul, Minn.

A stone from the Mammoth Cave, or stamps, for shells, ocean curiosities, or minerals.
DELLIE FORYER,
Russellville, Logan County, Ky.

Indian arrow-heads, for foreign postage stamps or shells. WILLIAM and JENNIE OTTERSON,
Bennet Creek (via Mountain Home), Idaho Ter.

Postmarks, stamps, coins, and minerals, for stamps, coins, and minerals. GEORGE F. BRICKENWOOD,
Bay City, Mich.

Stamps and sea-shells, for minerals, Indian relics, or coins.
C. H. WHITLOCK,
P. O. Box 485, Ithaca, N. Y.

R. O. C.—The city of Santa Fe, in New Mexico, is the oldest in the United States.

"INQUISITIVE JOE."—The first narrow-gauge railroad was that leading from collieries either in Wales or the north of England, upon which point authorities differ. The gauge of four feet eight and a half inches is supposed to have been determined by the width of axle of the colliery wagons, and, once adopted, to have been applied to new roads built in other localities for passenger traffic.—It is supposed that the Chinese were the first to mine coal, and also from time immemorial to collect gas from it for purposes of illumination. Their method of working mines was very primitive, and is but little improved up to the present time. It is supposed that coal was used in Great Britain previous to the Roman invasion, but was probably collected only at the outcrops of the coal seams. In 1250 a charter was granted to the freemen of Newcastle to "dig for cole," by the King, Henry III., and from this time coal mining was an extensive industry. In France and Belgium, coal was also mined for fuel at a very early period. The Greeks and Romans were evidently acquainted with coal as fuel, but are supposed to have made little or no use of it.

MICHAEL G. S.—There were two obelisks on the site of the ancient port of Alexandria, known as Cleopatra's Needles, one erect, the other fallen. The fallen one was taken to England in 1877, and the obelisk formerly erect is now placed in the Central Park of New York city.

JOHN C.—Cockroaches, often called Croton-bugs in New York city, will devour anything they can find in the domestic store-room. They will also eat woollen cloth. They will exist a long time without food, as did the specimen you imprisoned in a bottle. Had you fed your bug with crumbs of bread or cake, he would have eaten greedily. The species of cockroaches which is found in houses in all maritime towns is supposed to be an emigrant from Asia, from which country it spread to Europe, and afterward came to America, where it has made itself thoroughly at home, to the great annoyance of many housewives, who battle in vain against the ravaging hordes of these disgusting insects.

ROSA G.—Gold has been mined from time immemorial, as the most ancient peoples used it for ornaments and for money. Before the introduction of coinage, gold for purposes of trade was probably in the form of lumps of different weights. Gold is mentioned in the Bible as early as the second chapter of Genesis, where, in the eleventh and twelfth verses, Havilah is spoken of as a land "where there is gold. And the gold of that land is good."—The use of steam as a propelling agent was recognized some time before a practical trial was made of its power. The first application of it as a motive force for vessels appears to have been made by Papin, a French mathematician and inventor, who, in 1707, made the experiment of propelling a small paddle-wheel vessel by steam on the Fulda River, at Cassel. The name of his vessel is unknown. Other experiments were made from time to time, but until Robert Fulton launched his little steamer on the Hudson River in 1807, nothing had been a success. Fulton's vessel, which was called *Clermont*, attained a speed of five miles an hour only, but from that time steam navigation progressed with rapid strides.—It is impossible to obtain an accurate census of large countries, but the following figures are taken from the latest estimates, and are probably not far from being correct: Chinese Empire, from 450,000,000 to 550,000,000; British Isles, 32,412,000; Mexico, about 10,000,000; Central America, 2,671,000; South America, 25,675,000.—There are many books giving epochs of United States history in story form. Some published within a short time by Messrs. Harper & Brothers are *The Boys of '76*, and *Old Times in the Colonies*, by Charles C. Coffin; *Stories of the Old Dominion*, by John Esten Cooke; and *The Story of the United States Navy*, by Benson J. Lossing.

AGNES B. W.—In HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 32, June 8, 1880, in a paper entitled "A Chat About Philately," which gives a clear explanation of the terms which puzzle you.

C. J. K., VERMONT.—We would gladly correct the error caused by the omission of a word in your letter, but we can not print any more offers to exchange birds' eggs. If you have any new exchange to offer, write it very clearly to the Post-office Box, and we will give space to it as soon as possible.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Hugh Burns, R. O. Chester, George F. Crego, Bessie Comstock, James L. Frazer, Louise Gambier, Albert H. Hopkins, Alice M. Hine, Isobel Jacob, Eddie Keeler, "L. U. Stal," Freddy E. Lester, Allie Maxwell, W. Offenhuttel, "Starry Flag," Clara Speer, "The Dawley Boys," May Thornton, Walter J. Wells.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first in cat, but not in drink,
My second in float, but not in sink.
My third in garment, not in dress.
My fourth in curl, but not in tress.
My fifth in race, but not in run.
I can gaze unhurt at the noonday sun.
MAUD P. A.

No. 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—(*To North Star*).

Primals.
Without me, what is life?
To win me, shun no strife.

Finals.
Fair land of my primals, from sea to sea,
Swell the loud anthem of liberty!

Cross Words.
1. A State where orange groves adorn the land.
2. Skots thus directed prove an ill-timed hand.
3. In me you name a railroad and a lake.
4. Success without me ever is at stake.
5. I am a royal town in Eastern clime.
6. A festival was I in ancient time.
7. Busy, laborious, and to care much given,
Her wiser sister raised her eyes to heaven.
LONA STAR.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONUNDRUMS.

States.—1. I remember when Ohio was a wilderness. 2. Albany, Denver, Montpelier, and Boston are capitals. 3. Can the painter color a door green? 4. Was Handel aware that he was a great musician?

Rivers.—5. Everything was in order when I left. 6. Oh, Ned, you did not tag as fair. 7. Do not let your anger rise.

Cities.—8. He that ventures into the lions' den, verily he shall be slain. 9. Will Dinah bring home the washing to-night? 10. I told Hal, if axes were dear, not to buy any. 11. As we were getting over the stile, Ed's hat blew off. EDWIN J. S.

No. 4.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

Across.—A thousand. Something used by housekeepers. A boy's name. Warlike. A thick board. Three-quarters of a coat. A vowel.

Down.—A consonant. Chance. A blackbird. A Territory. To publish. An animal of Tartary. Fifty.
DORMIA U. CATERNE.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In ham, not in beef.
In coral, not in reef.
In slate, not in book.
In stork, not in rook.
In pan, not in pot,
In cold, not in hot.
In church, not in steeple.
In ruler, not in people.
In push, not in pull.
In empty, not in full.
In stop, not in go.
In fast, not in slow.
In speak, not in tell.
The name of what State do these letters spell? JOHN D.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 67.

No. 1. Equinoctial.

No. 2.
```
G A S H
  S E E D
    T E A R
      D H A W
        E Y E S
```

No. 3.
```
      D
    B A R
  B O N E S
D A N G L E D
  R E L A X
    S E X
      D
```

No. 4.
```
L U T E   V I E W
U P A S   I D L E
T A R N   E L L A
E S N E   W E A R
```

No. 5. Butterfly.

Charade, on page 240—Hammock.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT IT.

The pigeon and the baby both
Were six months old to-day;
I told them so at breakfast-time,
To see what they would say.
The pigeon held his head one side,
And gently murmured "Coo";
The baby clapped his dimpled hands,
And gayly shouted "Goo!"
And that is all they said, my dears—
Upon my word, it's true.

PHANTOM FACES.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

THE other night I went to a little party, where a number of young people were gathered together to amuse themselves and each other. Many games were played, and many amusing tricks performed, and among others was one so striking and ingenious that I resolved to record it for the benefit of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Fig. 1.

We were ushered into a long parlor, where a number of chairs were arranged after the manner of a lecture hall. At the further end of the room was a long table, draped in front, and having on it two screens about thirty inches apart, making something like a window without any top. But you can judge better of the appearance of the object by looking at Fig. 1, which correctly represents it. Presently a young gentleman appeared at this opening, and told us he was going to show us some magical and mysterious transformations and character representations. After he had made his little address through the opening, the lights in the room were turned down, and all was darkness, save behind the screens, whence a bright light shone on the face of the young man.

"First," he said, "I will show you a Dandy." And putting a fashionable hat rakishly on his head, he fixed himself in position. In an instant a pair of stylish mustaches appeared on his upper lip, and he looked the Dandy all over. He waited a few minutes, until we had taken a good look at him, and then, slowly opening his mouth, the mustaches disappeared down his throat.

"Now," he said, "I will give you a representation of Bill Sykes." Changing the dainty hat for a battered stove-pipe, he again fixed himself in position, and instantly he had a black eye, a red nose, and grimy, half-shaven-looking chin and jaws, as represented in Fig. 2. I must confess that he made a rather mild and inoffensive Bill Sykes, but still the transformation was marvellous.

Fig. 2.

After a few minutes' waiting, as before, the black eye, red nose, and half-grown beard vanished, the hat was removed, and he assumed other characters, as follows: the Sick Man, the Red Indian, the Western Miner, and the Darky.

Fig. 3.

And now I will tell you how he did it, and how you can do it yourself. In the first place, take a good look at Fig. 3, so that you may follow my description. Behind the screens were placed two powerful lights, with reflectors behind them made of tin bent into the shape of a gutter-pipe split open, or a tomato can with the ends knocked out, and ripped down the side—indeed, if you can get no better reflectors, tomato cans will answer the purpose very well. Regular circular reflectors are, of course, the best, if you can procure them, the object being to concentrate as brilliant a light as possible on the face of the performer.

Well, behind the screens, as I said, he had two brilliant lights, which shone directly on his face. The appearance of mustaches, beard, and black eye was produced by shadows thrown by pieces of card-board on the desired spot. The grimy appearance of Bill Sykes's face was produced by a half-shadow thrown from a piece of net in a frame. The color of the Red Indian and of Bill Sykes's nose was produced by holding a piece of red glass between the performer and the light. The Sick Man was made to look pallid by using a piece of blue glass in the same way, and the Darky's sable hue by a similar use of glass of the proper color.

Now look at Fig. 4. The objects marked A represent the instruments used to throw the shadows for the mustaches in the Dandy, B is the beard of the Miner, C the black eye, and D the grimy jaws and red nose of Bill Sykes. Remember that in each of these cases, except the black eye, you require a pair of the instruments. The instruments A, B, C are cut out of card-board, and fastened to wires or thin sticks about two feet in length. D is a frame of wire over which is stretched a piece of common net, such as women use for caps; added to this is a piece of red glass, as marked in the diagram, to throw the red light on the nose of Bill Sykes.

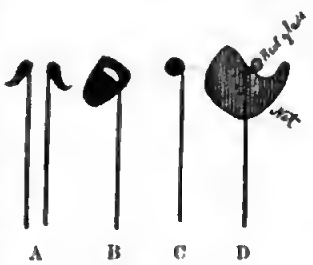


Fig. 4.

By looking at Fig. 3 you will see how the performer holds his instruments. To the right is a mirror, in which his face is reflected, so that he can see whether he has got the shadows in their proper places. In bringing the shadow-throwing instruments into position they should be held edgeways toward the light, so that they will throw little or no shadow until they have come into their right position; then turn them suddenly with the broad side to the light, and the mustaches or beard will appear like a flash.

When the performer seems to swallow his mustache, the effect is produced in the same way, viz., by turning the shadow-throwers edgeways to the light, and at the same time opening the mouth.

Before exhibiting, the performer must make several experiments in order to ascertain the right distance at which to hold the shadow-throwing instruments from his face, and, indeed, to fix their exact position; this being once determined, he can bore holes in his table, at a suitable angle, into which he can stick the handles of his instruments, so that he need not have the trouble of holding them.

He must also fix the precise position for his head, for which purpose he must have a rest, or a small pad fastened to the wall behind him, against which he can securely lean without fear of *wobbling*.

One last hint: do not let your audience sit too close to you, but keep them at as great a distance as possible, and amuse them with such small-talk as you can command.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 71. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, March 8, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"SUGARING OFF."—Drawn by W. R. Yeager.

FUN IN A SUGAR BUSH.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"WELL, yes, Jerry," remarked Salina Meadows, "old Mr. Wire 'll be glad to have anybody come to see him that knows as much about sugar as you do."

"It's all the hobby he's got," said her brother Phin. "He makes the best maple sugar in all these parts. Whitest and cleanest. Biggest lot of it, too."

Digitized by Google

"I've heard him say," added Rush Potts, "that no man was ever too old to learn. Glad we could bring you along."

"There isn't much about sugar I don't know," replied Jerry Buntley, modestly, with a pull at his dog-skin gloves to make them fit tighter. "You just ought to see a real sugar plantation once."

"I would like to," said Hannah Potts, all the red in her rosy face coming to the surface to meet the wind that blew in her face from the direction of old Mr. Wire's great forest on the hill-side.

They were all cuddling down in Elder Meadows's great box sleigh, and Phin Meadows was putting the sorrel span along the road in a way that made their bells dance lively enough, for the March thaw had only just begun, and the sleighing was capital.

Jerry Buntley had told them more about sugar that day than they had ever heard before. It was a great treat to be invited to a maple-sugaring at old Mr. Wire's, and Jerry's country cousins were glad of having something worth while to take with them by way of payment; that is, they were glad to take Jerry.

He was glad to go, and he talked sugar until every soul in the sleigh thought he could taste candy, and Phin found himself comparing the color of his sorrel team to that of the five pounds his mother sent back to Barnes's grocery store, because, as she said, "She wasn't going to pay any 'leven cents a pound for building sand."

It was not many minutes before they pulled up in front of old Mr. Wire's big rambling old farm-house, and there were Jim and Sally Wire coming out to meet them. Old Mrs. Wire was in the doorway, and she looked twenty years younger as soon as they had a look at her husband. Mainly because the difference in their ages was a good deal more than that.

Nobody knew how tall Mr. Wire would have been if he had stood up, but the oldest old ladies around Lender's Mills village all said he'd had that stoop in his shoulders ever since they'd known him.

"My mother used to say," said Elder Meadows, "that old Wire's father was a short, stocky man, and built his log-house to fit himself, and so when his son got taller'n he was himself, he had to hold his head down, 'specially coming through the door."

There he was now, and the visitors had not been in the house five minutes before Salina Meadows told how much Jerry Buntley knew about sugar.

"His father sells tons of it, and his brother's a clerk in a sugar store, and his uncle's a book-keeper in a sugar refinery in the city—"

"Ten stories high!" put in Jerry, with a down look of modesty.

"—and he's seen sugar plantations, and molasses factories, and where they make all sorts of candy."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Mrs. Wire. "I'm glad you fetched him along."

"Wa'al, so'm I," said old Mr. Wire. "No man ain't ever too old to l'arn. I've only been a-b'ilin' sap for a leetle risin' of fifty year, and I don't know much. You're jest in time. The sun's lookin' down warm to-day, and we was jest a-wantin' to set out for the hush."

"It isn't the fur-away hush," said Mrs. Wire; "it's that there patch nighest the house. The trees ain't been tapped this five year, and they'll run the best kind."

"There'll be more here by-and-by," said Sally Wire. "Don't take your things off. We'll have a real good time."

Old Mr. Wire took Jerry Buntley right along with him—under his wing, as you might say. He asked him questions, too, and nobody could guess how many times Jerry made him exclaim, "You don't say!" or, "Do tell, now, is that so?"

The forest had been left standing on all that hill-side for nothing else in the world but sugar. It was not half an hour before the Wires and their visitors were crunching over the crust among the trees, or standing around the great fires that had been built and lit before they came. Every fire had a great iron kettle on it, and every kettle was bubbling for dear life, except when a dash of cold sap was ladled into it from the barrel that stood under the nearest tree.

"It's afternoon now," said Sally Wire. "I do hope the other folks 'll get here before it's too dark. But then we can have a good time at the house in the evening."

"Boys," said old Mr. Wire, "if you want to help, you jest take them two auger bits and them spiles, and go and tap a fresh lot of trees over there to the east'ard. Jim and I'll go round with the buckets."

Wonderfully white and clean were all his buckets and shoulder-yokes, and his wooden troughs that caught the sap as it dripped into them from the ends of the wooden spiles he had driven into the trees he had tapped already. There was plenty of work for him and his son, and so Jerry Buntley and Phin Meadows and Rush Potts marched away to the east, while the girls hung around the kettles, and tested the syrup, in every way they knew how, to see if any of it had boiled long enough.

"We'll have plenty to sugar off with in the house this evening," said Sally Wire; "but we mustn't let any of it get burned."

Jerry took possession of an auger and a bundle of spiles, and Phin took the other auger, and Rush Potts said he'd just go along to learn how.

"Catching cold are you, Phineas?" asked Jerry, as he began to work his auger into a splendidly tall tree, and Phin and Rush both were seized with a sudden fit of coughing.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh—no—ugh—I guess not. Bore it deep, Jerry. Old man Wire is particular about that."

"Guess I know how to tap a tree," said Jerry. "The sun shines right on this one, and the sap 'll run well."

"Ugh—ugh—ugh," coughed Rush Potts. "I guess I'll help Phin. He doesn't know as much as you do."

"I should say not," diffidently replied Jerry; but he had finished his first tree quite skillfully, and now he went for his second with all the zeal of a true sportsman.

"Phineas," he shouted, a moment later, "when you come to a maple of this kind, knock off the outer bark. It bores easier."

"All right," replied Phin, with his mouth half full of his handkerchief. But he added, in a lower voice: "Rush, stop rolling in the snow. He's tapping a hickory this time."

"T'other was an elm. Oh, if he isn't fun! What 'll old man Wire say to that?"

"Keep still. Get up, can't you? I can't bore a hole worth a cent. Give me a spile."

Jerry was an enthusiastic sugar-maker, and his rapidity of work was a credit to him.

"Maple this time," said Phin, at the end of Jerry's next job. "But look at what he's doing now."

"Beech! There'll be more sugar 'n old Wire 'll know what to do with."

"We must pitch in, Rush. I want to be on hand when old Wire comes to see if his spiles are set right. Maybe it 'll kill him."

"I've tapped pretty nearly two trees to their one," said Jerry to himself, "but I won't boast of it. Here's a remarkably fine tree, right in the sun. I hope they won't make any mistakes."

With that he started his twist of steel into the yielding wood of one of the noblest silver-birches in all that forest, and in a wonderfully short time there was another spile fitted. Whether there would be any need for Mr. Wire to put a sap trough under the end of that spile was quite another question.

The crust was thick, and bore very well, so that the

Digitized by Google

girls had no wading to do in going from one fire to another; and Jim Wire and his father worked like beavers at emptying the sap troughs, and carrying in the almost colorless, sweetish-tasting liquid their trees had yielded them.

"Now, Jim," said Mr. Wire at last, "we'd better take a lot of troughs and follow them fellers. 'Twon't do to waste any sap."

Phin and Rush saw them coming, and at once stopped work. So did Jerry Buntley, for he had some suggestions to make about those spiles. It seemed to him that some of them were bored too small for the quantity of sap which was expected to run through them.

He and the others came up just as the gray-headed old sugar-maker stopped in front of Jerry's first tree, and they got there in time to wink hard at Jim Wire. All three of them stepped around behind Jerry and Mr. Wire.

"You've sot that there spile in jest about right, Mr. Buntley," said Mr. Wire, without changing a muscle of his wrinkled face; "but this kind of maple don't give any sugar at this season of the year. It isn't a winter maple; it's the kind we call an ellum."

"Ah! Oh yes! Strange I didn't notice."

"Doesn't yield anything but brown sugar—common brown sugar. It's all right, though. I declar'!"

He was looking at the shell-bark hickory now, and that specimen of Jerry's work was a hard pull on his politeness.

"Jim," he said, "put a trough under thar. It's a changin' world. Things isn't what they used to be. Mebbe thar's sugar into hickory nowadays."

"Hickory?" gasped Jerry. "That's a fact. I kind o' didn't look up to see what it was."

"And ye couldn't ha' told by the bark; of course not. I'd say—now—there—well—exactly—nobody ain't never too old to l'arn. Beech, bass-wood, ellum, black walnut, birch—if thar'd been a saxafrax, he'd ha' gone and tapped it for root-beer."

There was an explosion behind them just then, for the three other boys gave it up the moment they saw it had been too much for old Mr. Wire.

"Put troughs to all on 'em, Jim," said the latter, solemnly, recovering himself. "Stop your ignorant, onmannerly laughin'. Mr. Buntley, jest you come back to the kittles, and tell me over ag'in what you was a-sayin' about surrup."

Jerry was beginning to understand the tree joke, but he could not see why Phin Meadows should roll Rush Potts and Jim Wire over in the snow the way he did, for he said to himself:

"It's a mistake any man would make. One tree is just like another. I wonder how Mr. Wire tells them apart? I think I will ask him before we go to the house."

So he did, and the old man answered him with cast-iron politeness that he knew his trees, just as he did his dogs, by their bark.

When the day in the sugar bush was over, however, and when, after supper, the fun in the house began, with a round dozen more of country boys and girls to keep it up, Jerry heard all sorts of things. The syrup, carried in and boiled down in the kettles over the kitchen fire, was cooled, on the snow, and every other way, into "hickory sugar," "birch candy," "elm taffy," "beech twist," and all sorts of uncommon sweetness, and Jerry overheard Mrs. Wire saying to Hannah Potts:

"You don't say! Did he really tap 'em all? He looks as if he might know suthin', too. Mebbe he was jokin'."

All the rest were, except old Mr. Wire; and when the sorrel span was brought out to take home the sleigh-load that came from Lender's Mills village, he said to Jerry Buntley:

"No man ain't never too old to l'arn, and it wasn't knowin' too much made me stoop-shouldered. Thar's a heap o' sense in what you told me about that new way of settlin' surrup."

Nevertheless, Jim Wire went around the next morning and took away all the troughs from under the trees which had not yielded any sap, and put them where they were likely to do more good.

[Begun in No. 58 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XIII.

TOBY ATTEMPTS TO RESIGN HIS SITUATION.

At last it was possible for Toby to speak of his loss with some degree of calmness, and then he immediately began to reckon up what he could have done with the money if he had not lost it.

"Now see here, Toby," said Ben, earnestly, "don't go to doin' anything of that kind. The money's lost, an' you can't get it back by talkin'; so the very best thing for you is to stop thinkin' what you could do if you had it, an' just to look at it as a goner."

"But—" persisted Toby.

"I tell you there's no buts about it," said Ben, rather sharply. "Stop talkin' about what's gone, an' just go to thinkin' how you'll get more. Do what you've a mind to the monkey, but don't keep broodin' over what you can't help."

Toby knew that the advice was good, and he struggled manfully to carry it into execution, but it was very hard work. At all events, there was no sleep for his eyes that night, and when, just about daylight, the train halted to wait a more seasonable hour in which to enter the town, the thought of what he might have done with his lost money was still in Toby's mind.

Only once did he speak crossly to the monkey, and that was when he put him into the cage preparatory to commencing his morning's work. Then he said:

"You wouldn't had to go into this place many times more if you hadn't been so wicked; for by to-morrow night we'd been away from this circus, an' on the way to home an' Uncle Dan'l. Now you've spoiled my chance an' your own for a good while to come, an' I hope before the day is over you'll feel as bad about it as I do."

It seemed to Toby as if the monkey understood just what he said to him, for he sneaked over into one corner, away from the other monkeys, and sat there, looking very penitent and very dejected.

Then, with a heavy heart, Toby began his day's work.

Hard as had been Toby's lot previous to losing his money, and difficult as it had been to bear the cruelty of Mr. Job Lord and his precious partner Mr. Jacobs, it was doubly hard now while this sorrow was fresh upon him.

Previous to this, when he had been kicked or cursed by one or the other of the partners, Toby thought exultantly that the time was not very far distant when he should be beyond the reach of his brutal task-masters, and that thought had given him strength to bear all that had been put upon him.

Now the time of his deliverance from this bondage seemed very far off, and each cruel word or blow caused him the greater sorrow because of the thought that but for the monkey's wickedness he would have been nearly free from that which made his life so very miserable.

If he had looked sad and mournful before, he looked doubly so now, as he went his dreary round of the tent, crying, "Here's your cold lemonade," or "Fresh-baked pea-nuts, ten cents a quart," and each day there were some

Digitized by Google

in the audience who pitied the boy because of the misery which showed so plainly in his face, and they gave him a few cents more than his price for what he was selling, or gave him money without buying anything at all, thereby aiding him to lay up something again toward making his escape.

Those few belonging to the circus who knew of Toby's intention to escape tried their best to console him for the

TOBY AND THE LITTLE BOY CUSTOMERS.

loss of his money, and that kind-hearted couple, the skeleton and his fat wife, tried to force him to take a portion of their scanty earnings in the place of that which the monkey had thrown away. But this Toby positively refused to do, and to the arguments which they advanced as reasons why they should help him along, he only replied that until he could get the money by his own exertions he would remain with Messrs. Lord and Jacobs, and get along as best he could.

Every hour in the day the thought of what might have been if he had not lost his money so haunted his mind, that finally he resolved to make one bold stroke, and tell Mr. Job Lord that he did not want to travel with the circus any longer.

As yet he had not received the two dollars which had been promised him for his two weeks' work, and another one was nearly due. If he could get this money, it might, with what he had saved again, suffice to pay his railroad fare to Guilford, and if it would not, he resolved to accept from the skeleton sufficient to make up the amount needed.

He naturally shrank from the task: but the hope that he might possibly succeed gave him the necessary amount of courage, and when he had gotten his work done, on the third morning after he had lost his money, and Mr. Lord appeared to be in an unusually good temper, he resolved to try the plan.

It was just before the dinner hour; trade had been unexceptionally good, and Mr. Lord had even spoken in a pleasant tone to Toby when he told him to fill up the lemonade pail with water, so that the stock might not be disposed of too quickly, and with too little profit.

Toby poured in quite as much water as he thought the already weak mixture could receive and retain any flavor of lemon, and then, as his employer motioned him to add more, he mixed another quart in, secretly wondering what it would taste like.

"When you're mixin' lemonade for circus trade," said Mr. Lord, in such a benign, fatherly tone, that one would have found it difficult to believe that he ever spoke harshly, "don't be afraid of water, for there's where the profit comes in. Always have a piece of lemon-peel floatin' on the top of every glass, an' it tastes just as good to people as if it cost twice as much."

Toby could not agree exactly with that opinion, neither did he think it wise to disagree, more especially since he was going to ask the very great favor of being discharged; therefore he nodded his head gravely, and began to stir up what it pleased Mr. Lord to call lemonade, so that the last addition might be more thoroughly mixed with the others.

Two or three times he attempted to ask the favor which seemed such a great one, and each time the words stuck in his throat, until it seemed to him that he should never succeed in getting them out.

Finally, in his despair, he stammered out:

"Don't you think you could find another boy in this town, Mr. Lord?"

Mr. Lord moved around sideways, in order to bring his crooked eye to bear squarely on Toby, and then there was a long interval of silence, during which time the boy's color rapidly came and went, and his heart beat very fast with suspense and fear.

"Well, what if I could?" he said at length. "Do you think that trade is so good I could afford to keep two boys, when there isn't half work enough for one?"

Toby stirred the lemonade with renewed activity, as if by this process he was making both it and his courage stronger, and said, in a low voice, which Mr. Lord could scarcely hear:

"I didn't think that; but you see I ought to go home, for Uncle Dan'l will worry about me, an', besides, I don't like a circus very well."

Again there was silence on Mr. Lord's part, and again the crooked eye glowered down on Toby.

"So," he said—and Toby could see that his anger was rising very fast—"you don't like a circus very well, an' you begin to think that your uncle Daniel will worry about you, eh? Well, I want you to understand that it don't make any difference to me whether you like a circus or not, and I don't care how much your uncle Daniel worries. You mean that you want to get away from me, after I've been to all the trouble and expense of teaching you the business."

Toby bent his head over the pail, and stirred away as if for dear life.

"If you think you're going to get away from here until you've paid me for all you've eat, an' all the time I've spent on you, you're mistaken, that's all. You've had an easy time with me—too easy, in fact—and that's what ails you. Now you just let me hear two words more out of your head about going away—only two more—an' I'll show you what a whipping is. I've only been playing with you before when you thought you was getting a whipping; but you'll find out what it means if I so much as see a thought in your eyes about goin' away. An' don't you dare to try to give me the slip in the night, an' run away; for if you do, I'll follow you, an' have you arrested. Now you mind your eye in the future."

It is impossible to say how much longer Mr. Lord might have continued this tirade, had not a member of the company—one of the principal riders—called him one side to speak with him.

Poor Toby was so much confused by the angry words which had followed his very natural and certainly very reasonable suggestion that he paid no attention to any-

Digitized by Google

thing around him, until he heard his own name mentioned, and then, fearing lest some new misfortune was about to befall him, he listened intently.

"I'm afraid you couldn't do much of anything with him," he heard Mr. Lord say. "He's had enough of this kind of life already, so he says, an' I expect the next thing he does will be to try to run away."

"I'll risk his getting away from you, Job," he heard the other say; "but of course I've got to take my chances. I'll take him in hand from eleven to twelve each day—just your slack time of trade—and I'll not only give you half of what he can earn in the next two years, but I'll pay you for his time if he gives us the slip before the season is out."

Toby knew that they were speaking of him, but what it all meant he could not imagine.

"What are you going to do with him first?" Job asked.

"Just put him right into the ring, and teach him what riding is. I tell you, Job, the boy's smart enough, and before the season's over I'll have him so that he can do some of the bare-back acts, and perhaps we'll get some money out of him before we go into winter-quarters."

Toby understood the meaning of their conversation only too well, and he knew that his lot, which before seemed harder than he could bear, was about to be intensified through this Mr. Castle, of whom he had frequently heard, and who was said to be a rival of Mr. Lord's, so far as brutality went. The two men now walked toward the large tent, and Toby was left alone with his thoughts and the two or three little boy customers, who looked at him wonderingly, and envied him because he belonged to the circus.

During the ride that night he told old Ben what he had heard, confidently expecting that that friend at least would console him. But Ben was not the champion which he had expected. The old man who had been with a circus, "man and boy, nigh to forty years," did not seem to think it any calamity that he was to be taught to ride.

"That Mr. Castle is a little tough on boys," old Ben said, thoughtfully; "but it 'll be a good thing for you, Toby. Just so long as you stay with Job Lord, you won't be nothin' more'n a candy boy; but after you know how to ride, it 'll be another thing, an' you can earn a good deal of money, an' be your own boss."

"But I don't want to stay with the circus," wailed Toby; "I don't want to learn to ride, an' I do want to get back to Uncle Dan'l."

"That may all be true, an' I don't dispute it," said Ben, "but you see you didn't stay with your uncle Daniel when you had the chance, an' you did come with the circus. You've told Job you wanted to leave, an' he'll be watchin' you all the time to see that you don't give him the slip. Now, what's the consequence? Why, you can't get away for a while, anyhow, an' you'd better try to amount to something while you are here. Perhaps after you've got so you can ride, you may want to stay, an' I'll see to it that you get all of your wages, except enough to pay Castle for learnin' of you."

"I sha'n't want to stay," said Toby. "I wouldn't stay if I could ride all the horses at once, an' was gettin' a hundred dollars a day."

"But you can't ride one horse, an' you hain't gettin' but a dollar a week, an' still I don't see any chance of your gettin' away yet awhile," said Ben, in a matter-of-fact tone, as he devoted his attention again to his horses, leaving Toby to his own sad reflections, and the positive conviction that boys who run away from home do not have a good time, except in stories.

The next forenoon, while Toby was deep in the excitement of selling to a boy no larger than himself, and with just as red hair, three cents' worth of pea-nuts and two sticks of candy, and while the boy was trying to induce him to "throw in" a piece of gum because of the quantity purchased, Job Lord called him aside, and Toby knew that his troubles had begun.

"I want you to go in an' see Mr. Castle; he's goin' to show you how to ride," said Mr. Lord, in as kindly a tone as if he were conferring some favor on the boy.

If Toby had dared to, he would have rebelled then and there, and refused to go; but as he hadn't the courage for such proceeding, he walked meekly into the tent, and toward the ring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NATIONAL FLOWER OF JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS.

THE cherry blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England, the lily of France, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers, and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps

Digitized by Google

and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and of the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry-tree.

"Do not all cherry-trees blossom?" you will ask.

Yes; but the Japanese cultivate all over Japan, by the millions, the sakura-tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. Botanists call it *Prunus pseudocerasus*. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blooms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose. Picnics in Japan are called, "Going to see the flowers." In June, millions of the people go out to sing and sport and laugh and play under the cherry-trees, or to catch "the snow-showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry-tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms that they actually say their prayers under them, or even worship the famous old trees. Here is an instance, which the artist has told by his pencil. A sacred cherry-tree has been carefully surrounded by a fence of bamboo, and two old gentlemen are worshipping the tree, while one young fellow is snickering at them from around the corner, and the other's mouth is wide open with astonishment, and he is probably saying, "Naru bodo" (Well, I declare!).

PUSSY WILLOW.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

The brook is brimmed with melted snow,
  The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
  His big black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the May-flower lies
  Upon its mossy pillow;
And sweet and low the South Wind blows,
And through the brown fields calling goes,
  "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir;
Come out and show your silver fur;
  Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple-trees,
  The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
  Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the May-flower lie
  Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all.
"Come, Pussy!" is the South Wind's call—
  "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year—
  Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!

THE ANTS AT HOME.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

THE brook that ran merrily by the garden of Woodbine Cottage, prattling like a happy child on a holiday, grew sober and quiet further down, spreading into a broad sheet of gleaming water, through whose liquid surface glistened the silvery sands that adorned its bed.

Here the soft green verdure spread like a rich carpet, and Harry and Willie Mason lay buried in the deep grasses until only their head appeared above the waving blades. On the bank of the brook sat their uncle Ben, his kindly face turned with a pleasant smile to the questioning boys.

"So you want to hear some more queer stories about ants?" he said. "Why, I thought we were well done with the subject."

"But you said, you know, that there was a lot more of odd things," replied Harry, "and Willie wants ever so much to hear them. Don't you, Willie?"

"I guess *you* does," retorted Willie, with a sly gesture.

Uncle Ben laughed heartily. "So it is one word for Willie, and two for yourself," he said. "But what shall I tell you about? Shall I describe that strange tree which keeps up a standing army of ants to preserve it from injury, while it in return finds the ants in food and shelter?"

"A tree!" cried Harry, with a shout of laughter. "It must be a thinking tree, then."

"I suppose so—in its way. Not just in our way, of course. One can hardly believe such things of a tree."

"*I* don't b'lieve it," said Willie, sturdily.

"What a born critic you are!" replied his uncle, with a quizzical look at the little doubter. "It is true, nevertheless. The tree in question is called the bull's-horn acacia. A species of ants lives upon it, and protects it from insects which would injure its foliage, such as slugs and caterpillars. But the odd thing is the mode in which the tree manages to provide for these ant soldiers."

"Is they the soldiers you kept talking 'bout?" asked Willie.

"Oh no; those were soldier ants who went out in armies, and fought battles with other ant armies, or attacked the nests of the negro ants and carried off their young to bring them up as slaves. These soldiers only fight for the good of the tree."

"Which takes care of them in return?" asked Harry.

"Precisely. There are certain cavities in its outer surface which serve as barracks for these regiments of ants. But the most curious feature is the mode in which the tree provides food for its defenders. When the leaves are young, and in danger from insects, there opens a little gland at their base, which is filled with a honey-like liquid. The ants are very fond of this, and lap it up greedily. They run from one gland to another, and are thus kept constantly about the young leaves. And these little chaps bite shrewdly, so that no other creeping thing dares to venture near the leaves."

"Well, that is certainly very curious," said Harry, raising himself on one arm half out of his grassy bed.

"But that is only part of the provision," continued his uncle. "The leaf is what is called a compound leaf, consisting of a number of leaflets on one stem. When this compound leaf first unfolds, there appears at its base a little yellow fruit-like body, attached by a fine point to the leaf. It is a beautiful object through the microscope, looking like a little golden pear. It is not quite ripe when the leaf first opens, and the ants may be seen busily running from one to another to see if any are ripe. Whenever one is found to be ripe, the ant bites it off at the small point of attachment, and carries it eagerly away to its nest. But they do not ripen all at once, so that the ants are kept about the leaves until these are old enough to be out of danger."

"Well, I never heard anything quite so queer about trees!" exclaimed Harry.

"There are many strange instances of trees being aided by insects," remarked Uncle Ben; "but I doubt if there is any stranger than this. There is one tree, of the genus *Triplaris*, whose trunk, limbs, and even its smallest twigs, are hollow. If any person happens to break or even to shake one of these twigs, he might well imagine that the tree was alive, for he will instantly find it covered with multitudes of creeping brown creatures, which bite furiously. It is, in fact, inhabited by myriads of ants, which occupy the whole interior, and which protect the tree from its enemies by their vicious bite."

"I hardly think I would like to break switches from that tree," laughed Harry.

"I's mighty sure I wouldn't," said Willie.

"There is another tree, called the trumpet-tree," continued their uncle. "This has a hollow stem, divided by partitions, like the reeds which grow on our river shores. Ants get into this tree by boring a hole from the outside.

Digitized by Google

They then bore through the partitions, and get the run of the whole interior. Every cell made by the partitions serves them as a separate apartment, some being devoted to eggs, and some to their young in different stages of growth. One cell is kept as the home of the queen, this royal lady having an apartment of her own."

"Do the ants protect this tree too?" asked Harry.

"Oh yes; they rush out in millions if the tree is shaken, and are very apt to make things uncomfortable for intruders."

"Don't feed 'em on pears, does it?" asked Willie.

"Not exactly; they do not get their living directly from the tree; but they feed on it indirectly. The fact is, this species keeps a kind of ant cows. These are minute insects, which attach themselves to the interior of the tree, and live on its juices. They give out a honey-like liquid, of which the ants are very fond, and lap up with great eagerness. You see thus that there are various ways in which plants feed the ants which protect them from other insects."

"Are there any other ants that live on trees?" asked Harry.

"Yes, indeed. Ants are very apt to take possession of hollow trees. They build thin partitions, which divide the interior of the tree into halls, galleries, and saloons, and they live there thoroughly sheltered from the weather. The Ethiopian ants hollow out long galleries, and use the finely powdered wood which has fallen to the bottom of the tree to stop up every chink in the floors, to make partitions, and to fill up useless apartments. There are also yellow ants which construct entire stories of this decayed wood. They mix it with a little earth and spider's web, and thus make it into a sort of *papier-maché*."

"Don't think that's so awful smart," protested Willie. "Jess don't the wasps an' the hornets make paper nests too?"

"Very true," replied his uncle. "There is another curious ant, though, which makes its nest out of leaves. These are large, strong leaves, but the little creatures somehow draw their edges together, and gum them fast, so that they make themselves a close, roomy shelter inside. They have been seen at work, thousands of them tugging away for dear life at the edges of the leaves. If they are startled, and made to loose their hold of the edge, it flies back so strongly that it is a marvel how they ever drew it in."

"Don't they sometimes build very large nests on the ground," asked Harry—"much larger than the little ant-hills we see about here?"

"I should think so, indeed! Why, the common red ant of England builds a nest of any rubbish it can find, such as straw, leaves, and bits of wood mixed with earth, often as large as a small hay-cock. But this is a trifle, compared with some tropical ant-hills. Travellers in Guiana describe ant-hills which are fifteen or twenty feet high, and thirty or forty feet wide at the base. You might well fancy they were houses for elephants, instead of for ants."

"I should imagine they must be elephantine ants," remarked Harry.

"Not at all. There is a very small ant in New South Wales whose hills are eight or ten feet high. But this is not all; these great mounds are only the upper part of the ant city. It extends as deeply under-ground. There is one ant described that builds a nest of forty stories, twenty above and twenty under ground. These stories are divided into numerous saloons and apartments, with narrow galleries, and inclined planes for stairways. The partitions are usually very thin, but the ceilings are often supported by pillars and buttresses, just like our great halls."

"It must take the ants a long while to build such nests as that," remarked Harry.

"I guesses so," said Willie. "I's seen 'em, many and many a time, running up with their wee little bits of dirt, and I knows they'd jess be ever and ever so long."

"But you do not stop to think what can be done by keeping at it," said Uncle Ben. "They are the very hardest of hard workers. They never seem to tire or lie down to rest, so that it is astonishing what progress they make. It is said that they will finish a complete story to their nest, with all its rooms, galleries, vaulted roofs, and partitions, in seven or eight hours. They use wet clay in the work, and put it together very rapidly."

"I suppose these big nests are built just like the little ones we have here," said Harry, with a questioning look.

"Yes, on much the same principle. In fact, our little mason ants are very expert builders. Some of them only build while it is raining, or while the ground continues wet. If it gets so dry that the earth will not stick together, they pull down their unfinished walls, and heap the earth over the finished portions. The ash-colored mason is very curious in his ways. He begins by bringing a quantity of earth, which he heaps on the roof of his old home. Then he goes to work upon this, excavating galleries, just as a laborer will dig ditches across a field. Finally he roofs over these galleries. But if he should begin a roof before the walls are high enough, he will carefully take it down, and build the walls higher before proceeding with his roof."

"Why, what smart little chaps they are! They must think, anyhow. Don't you believe so, Uncle Ben?"

"One would fancy so, at any rate. They may not be able to think like philosophers, but they certainly think like builders. I could give you other evidences of it. If you saw them carefully closing the doors of their nests at night or in wet weather, and opening them again in the morning, and carrying their young out-of-doors to enjoy the sun on bright days, and a dozen other shrewd habits, you might well imagine they thought it all out. Among the strangest of these ant-philosophers are the driver ants of West Africa, a species which can not endure the hot suns of that region. If they are caught by the fierce rays of the sun when out travelling, they at once build themselves a covered archway of clay—a long tunnel whose sides and roof are cemented by some gummy material from their own bodies. Under this they travel safe from the sun. It is said of the same ants that when they are obliged to cross a stream in their journeys, they will ascend a tree, and run out on a low limb that hangs over the opposite side. From this they drop a line of ants to the earth, each clinging firmly to the one above it. Over this living line the whole army passes. Other travellers relate that if they can not cross the stream in this way, they will drop a line of ants to the water, from which a horizontal line, supported on the water, runs to the other side, forming a living bridge, over which the whole army marches. For my part, I hardly know what to think of these stories, since the driver ants are entirely blind."

"I guesses that's 'nough," said Willie. "Let's go play, Harry. Ants can't do that, anyway. They doesn't do nuffin but work all the time."

"Indeed you are very much mistaken, my young friend," replied his uncle. "They are just as fond of play as you are. They will wrestle with one another, and ride on each other's backs, as if it were the greatest fun in the world. And they have been seen practicing gymnastic sports, climbing, hanging down by one leg, and letting themselves fall from a distance, as if they enjoyed it hugely. In fact, they are up to almost as many pranks and capers as young boys. I doubt, however, if they get into mischief as often. But go on; I won't detain you any longer from your play."

"Maybe you's glad 'nough to get rid of us," said Willie, slyly, as he snatched Harry's cap and ran away with it. In an instant the ants were forgotten, and there was a hot chase across the grassy meadow.

Digitized by Google

ABDULLAH AND HIS FRIENDS.

AN EGYPTIAN BOOT-BLACK.

BY L. M. F.

I AM only a poor Egyptian boot-black, but, for all that, I do not consider myself the inferior of any living being, and feel very proud to own that I am a descendant from one of the most ancient nations existing on the face of the earth. I was born in Cairo, Egypt; so were all my ancestors, and no other land bears the imprints of the soles of their feet, for they lived and died in this sunny land.

My name is Abdullah (*i. e.*, servant of God). I am

Digitized by Google

an orphan; my parents died before I was five, leaving me a waif trusting to the mercy of the world at large. Having no home, and no kith or kin to claim me, I was thrown into the streets to hunt up my own living. I used to wander up and down begging for a para, a piece of bread, or anything with which I could satisfy the pangs of hunger. Thus I passed about four years of my life living on beggary, till one day I noticed a boy blacking an Englishman's boots, and he paid the boy one piastre for doing it. I at once resolved to earn my living that way, and begged the boy to instruct me. He first refused, but on my telling him I was an orphan, he at once taught me how to handle the brushes, and gave me a couple of old ones which he had in his box. I gratefully accepted them. Hastening to one of the stores, I begged for an empty little box, and fastening it to a piece of rope I had found on a dust heap, I slung it across my shoulder proudly, in imitation of all boot-blacks. How could I get some blacking? was my next thought. I entered a grocery store, and said to the owner, "Ya sidi" (*i.e.*, my lord), "I will black your boots for a couple of figs."

"You don't look like a boot-black," he responded.

"I can black boots better than ten boot-blacks," said I, confidently.

"All right," said he, seating himself, and presenting me his foot; "black away."

I tremblingly opened my box, and taking out my brushes hesitatingly said:

"Ya sidi, my blacking is not very good; it is rather dry. If you let me use your blacking, I could make your shoes like a mirror."

"Very well," he unsuspectingly said, handing me a large box of blacking from a well-filled shelf over his head. "I guess mine is fresher; but make them fine, for I want to go to a wedding."

"Halla rassi" (*i. e.*, on my head), I replied, setting to work. It being a very hot day, this gentleman was dressed in a long spotless white caftan touching his ankles. I worked vigorously, and in my eagerness to do the thing well, I got the blacking smeared over my hands, which left large black marks on his ankles, and, worst of all, I had a nice sprinkling of black dots all over his white suit.

"Oh, you young rascal!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, glancing at his condition, "what have you done?"

He was just about dealing me a blow, when I grasped my box and brushes and made my escape. Exasperated that he had missed me, with an oath he flung the box of blacking after me, which hit me on the shoulder. I joyfully clutched the blacking, and ran into another street as fast as my legs could carry me. Breathless, I sat down on a door-step to contemplate my next undertaking, whereupon four professional boot-blacks roughly accosted me, asking how long I had been a boot-black, and to what district I belonged. I replied that I did not belong to any; upon which they began roughly pushing me, and wanted to take away my brushes and blacking; but I fought manfully and desperately for them.

"Hafarêm" (*i. e.*, well done), said one. "You are a ghadah" (*i. e.*, fine fellow). "You can fight well; and as you have no one, we will take you in our company, provided you divide your earnings with us."

Of course I acceded with great pleasure.

The Egyptian boot-blacks have a regular constitution and set of laws; not written out or printed, but not the less enforced.

1. The city of Cairo is divided into about a dozen boot-black districts.

2. The strongest boot-black in his district shall be the Sheik, or chief, until some stronger boy whips him; then the strongest boy takes his place.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Digitized by Google

3. Every boot-black must obey his Sheik.

4. Always stand by a boot-black, even if from another district.

5. Only Mohammedans are allowed the privilege of being boot-blacks. Any other sects taking up the trade must be put down.

I soon learned all these rules, and followed them closely. The Mohammedans, with the exception of the military men and those in the Viceroy's service, never have their boots blackened. A true Mohammedan looks on blackened boots as on something sacrilegious, so that we boot-blacks are regarded with scorn by our pious neighbors. The boot-black trade is in the European part of the city; that is where we mostly get our customers. We charge no regular price, but take just what we can get. Our worst customers are the military officers and policemen, for they often fail to pay us a single para; and if they are in a good humor, thereby refraining from giving us a kick, they will occasionally throw us the end of a cigar, and we are obliged to submit to this treatment with all humility. The European and American tourists are our genii, for they often give us a franc for polishing their boots. The Christians and Jews who reside in the city do not pay us well. Some of the richer ones give twenty paras (equal to two cents); while others, such as grocery men, pay us in an orange, or a few figs, or a handful of dates. Thus we barely make a living among a population of four hundred thousand inhabitants. Our voices are heard among the first sounds of the early morning, calling, "Boyâ! boyâ! boy-â-â-â!" (*i. e.*, blacking). We frequent the streets where most customers are to be found, and often have a fight with some boot-black from another district who is trying to obtain the best custom.

Once in the year there is a gathering of the faithful followers of Mohammed for a pilgrimage to Mecca. The streets are filled with gay processions escorting the pious pilgrims. All the boot-blacks on that day unite in full force, every Sheik marching at the head of his company brandishing a stick; our boxes are slung across our shoulders to designate our trade; and we all heartily join in making as much noise as possible, shouting, "Boyâ! boyâ-â-â!" as we lead a camel richly harnessed through the streets of the city. There are hundreds of such other camels in this grand procession, led by various parties. Slowly we file through the streets, amid the hearty cheers of the citizens, and wend our way toward the desert, where we leave our camel to the charge of some faithful pilgrim, and return back again to our daily routine of boot-blacking.

I have been a successful boot-black for five years, and I am now the Sheik of my district, which position I gained by being the strongest and most able fighter, and best story-teller, consequently, as a badge of honor, I wear a small turban around my cap. The four boys who first patronized me are my best friends. After a hard day's work, we often resort to some quiet spot on a door-step, and, seating myself, my friends cluster round me for a thrilling tale from the *Arabian Nights*. Ali sits on my left, resting his weary arm on my knee, for he is the best boot-polisher in the city, and works very hard. Mustapha, on my right, has his only brother Hassan's head resting in his lap. Mahmud is the youngest, and is rather restless. He is fond of standing up, brushes in hand, and trying to see if he can not chance to spy some customer wanting his boots blackened, for he is ambitious to make as much money as possible, as he has an old grandmother, whom he loves dearly, to support.

Not long ago a kind American lady, who seems to have taken an interest in us poor boot-blacks, started an evening school for us. As she had been good to me, and had once helped me out of a serious difficulty, I used all my power as Sheik of my district to make the boys attend. At first it seemed rather dull work to spend two evenings every week in school, but our kind friend made it so pleasant for us that we gradually grew to like it, and now think our school evenings the pleasantest of the week. I am trying hard to learn what is taught us, and hope some time to be something better than an Egyptian boot-black.

AN AWFUL SCENE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I HAVE the same old, old story to tell. My conduct has been such again—at any rate, that's what father says; and I've had to go up stairs with him, and I needn't explain what that means. It seems very hard, for I'd tried to do my very best, and I'd heard Sue say, "That boy hasn't misbehaved for two days good gracious I wonder what can be the matter with him." There's a fatal litty about it, I'm sure. Poor father! I must give him an awful lot of trouble, and I know he's had to get two new bamboo canes this winter just because I've done so wrong, though I never meant to do it.

It happened on account of coasting. We've got a magnificent hill. The road runs straight down the middle of it, and all you have to do is to keep on the road. There's a fence on one side, and if you run into it, something has got to break. John Kruger, who is a stupid sort of a fellow, ran into it last week head first, and smashed three pickets, and everybody said it was a mercy he hit it with his head, or he might have broken some of his bones, and hurt himself. There isn't any fence on the other side, but if you run off the road on that side, you'll go down the side of a hill that's steeper than the roof of the Episcopal church, and about a mile long, with a brook full of stones down at the bottom.

The other night Mr. Travers said— But I forgot to say that Mr. Martin is back again, and coming to our house worse than ever. He was there, and Mr. Travers and Sue, all sitting in the parlor, where I was behaving, and trying to make things pleasant, when Mr. Travers said, "It's a bright moonlight night let's all go out and coast." Sue said, "O that would be lovely Jimmy get your sled." I didn't encourage them, and I told father so, but he wouldn't admit that Mr. Travers or Sue or Mr. Martin or anybody could do anything wrong. What I said was, "I don't want to go coasting. It's cold and I don't feel very well, and I think we ought all to go to bed early so we can wake up real sweet and good-tempered." But Sue just said, "Don't you preach Jimmy if you're lazy just say so and Mr. Travers will take us out." Then Mr. Martin he must put in and say, "Perhaps the boy's afraid don't tease him he ought to be in bed anyhow." Now I wasn't going to stand this, so I said, "Come on. I wanted to go all the time, but I thought it would be best for old people to stay at home, and that's why I didn't encourage you." So I got out my double-ripper, and we all went out on the hill and started down.

I sat in front to steer, and Sue sat right behind me, and Mr. Travers sat behind her to hold her on, and Mr. Martin sat behind him. We went splendidly, only the dry snow flew so that I couldn't see anything, and that's why we got off the road and on to the side hill before I knew it.

The hill was just one glare of ice, and the minute we struck the ice the sled started away like a hurricane. I had just time to hear Mr. Martin say, "Boy mind what you're about or I'll get off," when she struck something—I don't know what—and everybody was pitched into the air, and began sliding on the ice without anything to help them, except me. I caught on a bare piece of rock, and stopped myself. I could see Sue sitting up straight, and sliding like a streak of lightning, and crying, "Jimmy father Charles Mr. Martin O my help me." Mr. Travers was on his stomach, about a rod behind her, and gain-

Digitized by Google

ing a little on her, and Mr. Martin was on his back, coming down head first, and beating them both. All of a sudden he began to go to pieces. Part of him would slide off one way, and then another part would try its luck by itself. I can tell you it was an awful and surreptitious sight. They all reached the bottom after a while, and when I saw they were not killed, I tried it myself, and landed all right. Sue was sitting still, and mourning, and saying, "My goodness gracious I shall never be able to walk again. My comb is broken and that boy isn't fit to live." Mr. Travers wasn't hurt very much, and he fixed himself all right with some pins I gave him, and his handkerchief; but his overcoat looked as if he'd stolen it from a scarecrow. When he had comforted Sue a little (and I must say some people are perfectly sickening the way they go on), he and I collected Mr. Martin—all except his teeth—and helped put him together, only I got his leg on wrong side first, and then we helped him home.

This was why father said that my conduct was such, and that his friend Martin didn't seem to be able to come into his house without being insulted and injured by me. I never insulted him. It isn't my fault if he can't slide down a hill without coming apart. However, I've had my last suffering on account of him. The next time he comes apart where I am, I shall not wait to be punished for it, but shall start straight for the North Pole, and if I discover it the British government will pay me morna-million dollars. I'm able to sit down this morning, but my spirits are crushed, and I shall never enjoy life any more.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter VI.

THE FAIRY'S STORY.

"I PROMISED you a story," said the little voice, close to his ear again.

"Yes, I know you did; can you tell it now?"

"To be sure I can, if I only have time. I did not bring any of my people to-night; they are helping some of the herb elves. It is a little late in the season, and some blossoms have been slow in opening, so that we have to urge them."

"How?" asked Phil.

"By coaxing and persuasion for some of them; others we have to blow upon quite forcibly."

"I am ready for the story when you are," said Phil.

"It is a wild affair, and one that all children might not care to hear; but to you, I fancy, nothing comes amiss."

"No, I like almost everything," said Phil.

"I shall begin just as my grandmother used to. Once upon a time, in the days of enchantment, there was a dreadful old ogre—"

"Do not make him too dreadful, or I shall have bad dreams," interrupted Phil.

The fairy laughed and flapped her little wings. "Now you must not be afraid; it will all come out right in the end. When I said the ogre was dreadful, I meant he was ugly-looking: we fairies like everything beautiful. Shall I go on?"

"Oh yes, and please forgive me for stopping you."

"This ogre was ugly, with a shaggy head, a shaggy beard, and fierce eyes, and he lived all by himself in a great stone castle on the shore of a large lake. His principal pleasure consisted in tormenting everything and everybody he came near; but if he had any preference, it was for boys; to tease and ill-use them had the power of affording him great happiness. Lazy, loitering little fellows were in especial danger, for he would catch them quite easily by throwing over their heads the nets he used in fishing, drag them off to his castle, and keep them in a dungeon until there would be no chance of discovery, and the boys' parents would think them lost forever. Thus he would gain a very useful, active set of laborers for a stone wall he was building, for so afraid were they of his displeasure, and so fearful that they might be starved, since the only food they received was dried and salted fish, that these boys worked like bees in a hive, only it was a sullen, painful sort of working, for they never sang or shouted, whistled or talked, and they were thin and wretched, and more like machines than boys.

"Now in this lake, on the shore of which was the ogre's castle, was an island, where lived a Princess whom the ogre had bewitched, but who had also regained her liberty, and near whom the ogre could never again come; even to land on her island or bathe in the water near would at once change him into a shark.

"This Princess, passing the ogre's castle in her beautiful swan-like sailing-boat, had seen the unhappy little boys at work on the stone wall; her sympathies had been aroused at so sad a sight, and she determined to wait her chance, and do what she could to relieve them. The chance came one day when the ogre had gone on a fishing excursion, from which he would not return till night. He had given the boys their rations of salt fish, and had commanded them in the gruffest tones to be sure and do an unusual amount of work in his absence, or they should all have chains on again; for when they were first caught he always chained them for fear they might try to escape: but they so soon lost all spirit and all desire for freedom that their chains were removed to enable them to work more easily.

"He had no sooner disappeared in his great clumsy craft laden with seines and harpoons, and baskets and jugs, than a whispering began among the boys, a sad sort of sighing and crying, almost like the whispering of wind in the tree-tops, which changed again to looks and glances of surprise as a beautiful vessel with silken sails floated up to the wharf, and a lovely gracious-looking lady clothed in white stepped from the boat, and came rapidly toward them.

"'Boys,' said she, addressing them in a very soft sweet voice, 'I have come to release you from this cruel bondage; will you trust me, and go with me?'

"'Yes, yes,' came from more than a dozen little tongues.

"'Come, then, at once. Drop your work, get into my boat, and we will be off. We have no time to lose, for your cruel master might possibly change his course and overtake us; then we should be in great danger.'

"The boys crowded about her, and with a wild cry followed her to her little vessel, and almost tumbled into it in their delight. It was with some difficulty that she kept them balanced, and prevented their falling out; but once packed, there were so many of them that they could not move. The vessel seemed to start of itself; its sails swelled out and spread themselves like wings, and away they dashed over the rippling waves, which rose and fell, and hurried them on their way. The ogre's castle was quickly left far behind, and the tired boys breathed more freely as it disappeared entirely from their view. In another minute they fell fast asleep, and did not waken till the motion of the boat ceased, and they found themselves gliding into a quiet harbor, fringed on each side with lovely shrubs that dipped their beautiful flowers into the calm water. Then the lady bade them follow her as she stepped from the boat on to the soft grass, and led them past fruits and flowers, and winding walks and fountains, up to the dazzling crystal palace in which she lived. Here the boys were halted while she made them this little speech: 'Boys, this is my home,

Digitized by Google

these are my gardens; for a while you will have to remain here. We may have trouble with the ogre, but I want you to have no trouble among yourselves. Kindness, good-humor, pleasant looks and words, must prevail. There must be no envy, no selfishness, no desire to get the better of each other in any way. I demand obedience; if I receive it, all will be well; if I do not, you will have to suffer the consequence. Now I have said all that I need. These flowers, these fruits, are yours to enjoy in moderation.'

APPROACH OF THE SWAN-LIKE BOAT.

"As she ceased speaking, she clapped her hands, and a troupe of servants appeared. They led the boys to marble baths, where waters gushed and flowed in liquid beauty, and groves of orange-trees made a dense thicket about them. Here each boy was made sweet and clean, and provided with a suit of white clothes. When they emerged from the baths, they saw before them on the lawn tables filled with the most tempting food—roasted meats, broiled birds, pitchers of milk and cream, biscuits and jellies and ices.

"The utmost order prevailed. Starved as the poor boys were, the grace and beauty of their surroundings made them gentle and patient. At each plate was a tiny nosegay held in the beak of a crystal bird, the body of which was a finger-bowl. Every plate was of exquisite workmanship. Some had birds of gay plumage; some had fierce tigers' heads or shaggy-maned lions; others bore designs of tools or curious instruments; but that which most delighted the boys was a dish of crystal, an exact imitation of the *Swan*—the *Fairy Swan*—in which they had sailed to this lovely island. It was laden with choice fruits. While the boys feasted as they had never before done in their lives, strains of sweet music became audible; and they could also hear the soft splash of the waves on the shore, or the dripping and tinkling of fountains, as the waters sparkled and fell in their marble basins.

"After they had feasted, the boys wandered off in most delightful idleness to all parts of the island. They climbed the trees, which bore blossoms, fruits, and nuts, all at the same time; they fished in the little coves; they waded in the shallow basins; and nothing would have marred their happiness had not one tall boy, with unnaturally strong and keen vision, declared that he saw the ogre's sail coming in the direction of the island.

"This was terrible, and had the effect of bringing all the boys together from their various amusements, just as chickens ran from a hovering hawk. Together they crowded for a moment in mute dismay, unable to speak, to even hide, waiting the approach of their cruel foe.

"Nearer came the sail, and now they could all discern it. Its great clumsy shape, its heavy lumbering action, were not to be mistaken.

"What should they do?

"'Run for the Princess,' said one.

"'Too cowardly, that,' said another; and indeed their good abundant meal had begun to put strange courage in their little hearts.

"'Let's meet him, and fight him,' said one.

"'Let's upset his boat,' said another.

"'How?'

"'By pelting him with stones when he comes near enough.'

"'Good!' cried they all; and they began gathering all the bits of rock and pebbles they could find.

"Now came a roar of ogreish rage from the boat as it neared them.

"'I'll have ye again!' screamed the ogre.

"Then began the attack—a volley of small stones, nuts, fruits, anything they had in their pockets.

"One of the ogre's eyes was closed, so certain had been the aim of the tall boy who acted as leader.

"But the boat came nearer, and they were very much afraid the ogre would leap from it, when one of the boys whispered:

"'I'll go out to tempt him. Once get him in the water, and he's a goner. He'll be bewitched.'

"So he off with his jacket, and out he waded, while the others looked on in breathless admiration.

"The ogre looked with his one eye in eager derision: then forgetting his danger, and regarding the boy much as he might do an unwary fish that he would gobble up, he sprang from his boat into the shallow water, preparing not only to snatch the one boy, but to seize them all in a great seine he dragged after him, when suddenly the waves from the centre of the lake began hissing and seething, a tremendous swell set in toward the shore, driving the brave little fellow who had gone out to tempt the enemy completely off his legs, and obliging him to swim to the land, which he had no sooner reached than a great shout from all the boys made him look back, when, lo and behold! there was no ogre, only a great shark, with open jaws and a shining row of teeth, floundering about, and dashing himself in angry transports against the sides of the ogre boat, which he vainly attempted to board. And now could be seen swarms of little fish attacking the great

Digitized by Google

one, darting hither and thither, now at his head, now at his tail, but keeping well away from his open jaws. And the waves began to be colored with the shark's blood. At last, wearied and wounded, with an angry snap of his jaws he dived down, and was seen no more.

"Then the boys gave another loud huzza, when, like a broad flash of sunshine, the lovely Princess came among them.

"'Boys,' said she, 'you have proved yourselves brave youngsters. The ogre can never again trouble you. He will be a shark for three thousand years, and he will not care to stay in these waters, with so many enemies about him. Now when you have regained your good looks and strength, I will take you all home. Here is the key of my sweetmeat closet. Run off, now, and have a good time.'

"The sweetmeat closet was a large inclosure where grew sugar-almond trees, candied pears, candied plums, and where even the bark and twigs of trees and bushes were of chocolate. In the centre was a pond of quivering jelly. Mounds and pyramids of jumbles and iced cakes abounded. They were too tempting to be long looked at without tasting, and the boys helped themselves gladly.

"A long sweet strain from a bugle called them away from this delightful spot, and on a broad smooth field they found bats and balls, ten-pins and velocipedes—in short, everything a boy could want to play with.

"After this they supped in simple fashion, each boy with only a great bowl of bread and milk. Then to more music they were marched to their beds—downy white nests in a great room arched with glass, through which they could see the moon and stars shining, and where the dawn could waken them with its early light.

"Such was their life for two of the most happy weeks of their lives, and never did boys thrive better. They grew fat and rosy; they sang, they danced, they played. Every time the Princess came among them they shouted with glee, and nearly cracked their young throats in doing her honor. But all fine things come to an end some time. Once more they were packed in the *Fairy Swan*, and away they sailed for the land of reality and for home. The Princess gave them each a beautiful portrait of herself, of the island, and of the *Swan*. And each boy promised that whenever he had a chance to perform a kind action he would do it in remembrance of the gentle courtesy of the Princess. And so ends my fairy story. Good-night, Phil."

"Good-night. Oh, how nice it was! I thank you so much!" and sleepy Phil turned to see the little white butterfly wings skimming out of the window, while a long sweet sigh came from his wind harp, sounding like "Good-night—good-night," again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN AT TEA.

BY S. B.

I am very anxious, children dear,
That you should quiet be,
And take care to behave quite well
While I pour out the tea.

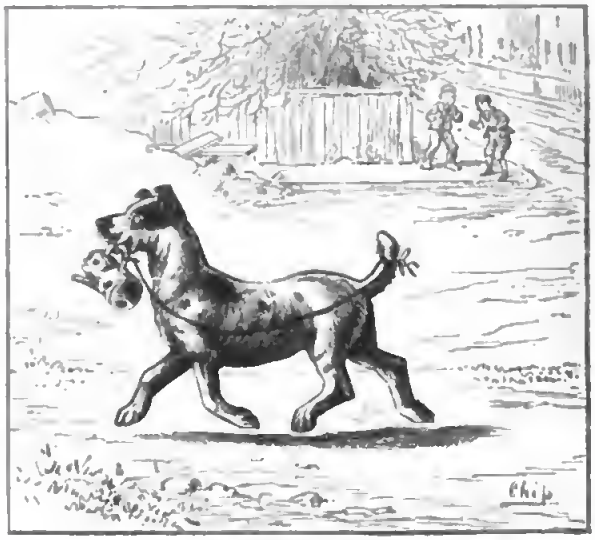
Matilda Jane, I need not scold,
For you behave so well;
You sit so straight, and try your best
To please me, I can tell.

But oh, Belinda, what a sight!
See how she sits awry;
I can not make that child obey,
No matter how I try.

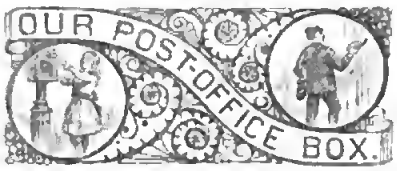
Her hair is always in a furze;
Her dress and sash untied;
She drops her shoes, turns in her toes,
I know not what beside.

But now for once, Belinda dear,
I trust you will behave;
Not spill the milk, nor spoil your dress—
My trouble try to save.

And then you both shall have a cup
Of most delicious tea,
A piece of cake, perhaps some jam,
And then go out with me.



A WISE DOG.



St. John, New Brunswick.

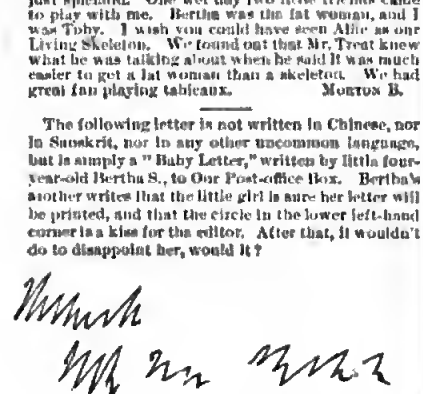
I wish to tell the little readers of the Post-office Box about our pony. He is a dear little fellow, and just like a playful kitten. Sometimes Dexter—the pony—will not go the way you want him to. The other day I was going for Eddie, my brother, and down at our gate Dexter wanted to go one way, and I the other. As he is very hard on the mouth, he turned round to go home again. In doing so he upset the little sleigh, and the box came off, and away went Dexter up the drive and into the carriage-house.

When mamma saw it all through the window, she thought I was hurt, and she sent the man down to the gate. When he got there, all he could see was a heap of buffalo-robes, cushions, seats, and other things, with a pair of legs sticking out from under them. I was not hurt, and as soon as I could get up I went to the house to be brushed off. I am twelve years old. Freddie L. T.

Troy, New York.

I can hardly wait until I get Young People. I think the story of "Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs" is just splendid. One wet day two little friends came to play with me. Bertha was the fat woman, and I was Toby. I wish you could have seen Alfie as our Living Skeleton. We found out that Mr. Treat knew what he was talking about when he said it was much easier to get a fat woman than a skeleton. We had great fun playing tableaux. Morton B.

The following letter is not written in Chinese, nor in Sanskrit, nor in any other uncommon language, but is simply a "Baby Letter," written by little four-year-old Bertha S., to Our Post-office Box. Bertha's mother writes that the little girl is sure her letter will be printed, and that the circle in the lower left-hand corner is a kiss for the editor. After that, it wouldn't do to disappoint her, would it?



Montgomery, Alabama.

My father brings me Young People every week. I keep my papers in my wall-pocket that grandma gave me Christmas. I got a beautiful doll for a present, too.

Christmas week we had snow here, and we had a fine time sleigh-riding and snow-balling.

I am going to New Orleans with papa and mamma for *mardi gras*. Nellie O.

Newport, Rhode Island.

I have already received a sufficient supply of German stamps, and have sent away all my Swedish and Swiss stamps in exchange, and have no more to give.

I will try to answer all the letters I have received, but there are so many it will take me some time.

I think Young People is lovely, and I would not like to be without it. Alice V. Smith.

Buffalo, New York.

Mamma takes Young People for me, and I like it very much, especially the story of "Toby Tyler." Poor little fellow, I feel so sorry for him!

I have a mud-turtle that I like about as well as Toby did Mr. Stubbs. I brought it from the country last August. Its shell is about as large as a silver half-dollar. We keep it in a glass dish of water, with sand and pretty stones at the bottom, and a piece of quartz for it to sun itself on. It has refused food ever since last October, until yesterday, when we gave it some raw beefsteak, and it ate it greedily. In the summer we feed it on wiggles and flies. I have named it Topsy, and it is very tame. It has slept a good deal of the time this winter. Carrie O.

Sacramento, California.

Dear Young People,—The Sacramento River has broken the levee entirely. I am five years old, and mamma has taken me away from school because I am sick, and I have forgotten how to read.

In Sacramento there are lots of flowers. Only one rose-bush is in bloom in the back yard. There are little fingers on the bushes that make them hold to the lattice.

I went down to see the big river with my papa. I stood on a steamboat. I thought the boat was moving, but it was only the big drift and the water passing us. I saw the great, enormous chains that the anchors are fastened to. They made me think of the great, enormous squids that pull down the boats to the bottom of the ocean. That's all. [The above was written by Ottie's mamma from dictation, without change of a word.] Henry Oscar B.

If any of the readers of Harper's Young People will send me a collection of United States postage stamps, I will send in return a collection of Java postage stamps. A. Van Hest,
Samarang, Java.

We were at Avon Springs last summer, and while there we found some petrified shells and other fossils. We dug them from under a stratum of rock five or six feet below the surface of the earth, where they had lain for ages. I will exchange some of them for any kind of ore, sea-shells, or other curiosities.
Emma Hunt,
59 South Ninth Street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

I want to tell you what a nice time I had one day in January. It was a very stormy Monday. I went to school; and although it is a very large school, only about one hundred scholars came, and in my room there were only eight. We did not have any classes, but spent the time in guessing words; that is, the letters of a word were given out all mixed up, and we had to guess the word they would spell. One easy one was oobk, which spells book. This is a very nice game.

I will exchange fifteen Connecticut postmarks (no duplicates), for fifteen of any other State except Michigan, Wisconsin, and New Jersey.
Willis E. Hill,
32 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

A few days ago we went into a beautiful cave that is on the farm of one of our neighbors, and got a great many nice stalactites and stalagmites. One of the stalactites is almost transparent, and in all of them there are beautiful crystals. We saw some stalagmites over twelve inches high. In one place the roof of the cave is covered with fossil shells. We tried to break some off, but could not get any whole ones.

We have a large collection of curiosities, and would be glad to exchange with any of the readers of Young People for relics, minerals, or curiosities of any kind.
Harry R. Bartlett and Brother,
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg, Green County, Ky.

I am trying to make a scrap quilt, and I would like to have scraps from different parts of the United States. If any little boy or girl will send me a nice package of silk scraps, I will send in return Texas mosses, grasses, forest curiosities, six different kinds of acorns, or snail-shells. Nixon G. Hare,
Lynchburg, Harris County, Texas.

I am trying to get a collection of postage stamps. I have a scroll saw, and can make many pretty things. If any one will send me twenty-five foreign stamps, I will send in return two easels I have made.
E. M. Wright,
Bremen, Marshall County, Ind.

I have some postmarks, some silver ore, some shells from Florida, and a pretty stone—I do not know where it came from—which I would like to exchange for coins. Frederick Evans,
11 Beaver Street, Newark, N. J.

I have a few Greek newspapers which I would like to exchange for Indian arrow-heads and relics.
Charles Warren,
1577 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I live three miles from nine Indian mounds, and I have a great many arrow-heads, and twenty-seven spear-heads. I will exchange a rock from Missouri for one from any other State, and my brother will exchange an Indian stone hatchet for six stone arrow-heads or spear-heads. William Hoel,
Baden P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

I have just been reading Young People. A friend of mine and I take it together. We live near each other, and often go to the beach to gather shells and mosses. In the spring we have a great variety of wild flowers. I would like to exchange pressed wild flowers, sea-mosses, and shells from the Pacific coast for a moss-agate, a bunch of cotton just as it is picked with the seeds in it, or any other curiosity from the Central or Southern States, or the Atlantic coast.
Caroline Baldwin, Santa Cruz, Cal.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

German postage stamps, for minerals, fossils, or ores.
P. C. Hennighausen,
143 Sharp Street, Baltimore, Md.

Foreign postage stamps, for Chinese and South American stamps, or for coins.
Kearny Mason,
2119 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Twenty-five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for ten United States department stamps.
W. W. Braden,
445 East One-hundred-and-eighteenth Street, New York City.

Foreign postage stamps, for curiosities.
Lewis Pierson,
57 Third Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postage stamps, for minerals. Correspondents are requested to label all specimens.
R. T. Andrews,
214 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cowries, scallops, cockle-shells, Chinese coins, stamps, and postmarks, for quartz crystals, gypsum, hematite, copper, lead, or graphite. Correspondents will please label specimens.
E. V. Sheehan,
Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Stamps, for minerals, ores, Indian relics, or old and rare American coins. John E. Hodges,
153 South Paca Street, Baltimore, Md.

Stamps from Egypt, Iceland, Ceylon, St. Helena, Persia, Ecuador, and other foreign countries, for United States stamps.
John L. Caspar,
P. O. Box 8, China Grove, Rowan County, N. C.

Stuffed birds. Harry Greene,
8 Myrtle Street, Boston, Mass.

Two Cape of Good Hope stamps, for two Mexican stamps. Emma K. Griffin,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

A stone from Massachusetts or New Jersey, for one from any other State except Missouri; soil of New Jersey, for soil of any other State; or specimens of mica, for any kind of ore.
F. L. Fisher,
Fairmount Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps.
William M. Whitfield,
235 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

Old issues of United States postage stamps and postmarks, for foreign stamps.
Edith L. Smith,
Glenburn, Lackawanna County, Penn.

Foreign postage stamps, shells, and other curiosities, for others. G. H. Smith,
Care of Mr. J. B. Wright,
Columbus, Muscogee County, Ga.

Stones from Missouri, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, for stones from any Southern or Western State excepting Georgia, Illinois, Colorado, and Minnesota. Fred P. Hall,
238 Warren Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Rare Indian relics, for minerals and stamps.
Nellie Stubbs,
49 West Fifty-third Street, New York City.

United States and foreign postmarks, for stamps.
Samuel J. Letz,
Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio.

Twenty-five postmarks, for two foreign postage stamps. Frank Rider,
P. O. Box 107, Watseka, Iroquois County, Ill.

United States revenue stamps and postmarks, for foreign stamps; or a stone from Kentucky, for one from any other State. Harry Pelham,
275 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

A printing outfit, for a scroll saw or a good printing-press. Frank Rawie,
Canton, Stark County, Ohio.

Postage stamps. Stafford R. Southwick,
131 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

Foreign postage stamps and foreign and United

Digitized by Google

States revenue stamps, for old United States or rare foreign stamps. BRYANT WILLARD,
Newport Barracks, Newport, Ky.

Fifteen Michigan postmarks and eight of other States, for one Chinese postage stamp.
ARTHUR K. WILLYOUNG,
147 Park Street, Detroit, Mich.

Two specimens of California wood, for every set of twenty-five postmarks. H. M. H.,
60 West Rutland Square, Boston, Mass.

Postage stamps. Swedish and Danish stamps especially desired. WILLARD FRANCIS,
258 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Asbestos and United States internal revenue stamps, for fossil fern and gold ore. LYMAN NEWELL,
Sister National Bank, Pawtucket, R. I.

Sandwich Island or Canadian stamps, for other foreign stamps. M. D. AUSTIN,
1199 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stamps of British Guinea, Newfoundland, France, Norway, and Hong-Kong, for stamps of Honduras, Peru, Persia, Brazil, and Mexico.
FRANK H. NICHOLS,
341 East Indiana Street, Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, forest woods, stamps, and sea-shells, for new specimens of the same. Minerals preferred.
CHARLES R. FLETCHER,
144 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Postmarks and foreign postage stamps.
LILLIE W. HOUSE,
85 Whitney Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Postage stamps. CHARLES UHLER,
Mechanicsburg, Cumberland County, Penn.

United States postmarks, for stamps.
EDGIE KART,
P. O. Box 714, Leominster, Mass.

Ocean curiosities, for soil from any State excepting Pennsylvania and New Jersey.
HARRY LEWIS, care of J. W. Barton,
Northwest Corner of Front and Market Streets,
Philadelphia, Penn.

Stones from the Great Lakes, for foreign postage stamps. WAT H. T. MAYO,
Hague, Westmoreland County, Va.

Ten rare foreign stamps, for ten Brazilian stamps. No duplicates. IRA HAMMOND and FRED CROSS,
Lock Box 152, Greencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.

Old United postage stamps, for foreign stamps, Indian arrow-heads, or other curiosities.
ELBERT E. HURD,
Lempster, Sullivan County, N. H.

Foreign stamps, old United States copper one-cent and half-cent coins, for foreign coins, postmarks, and curiosities. CHARLES GRUNER,
79 Park Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soil from Massachusetts, for soil of Ohio.
EVERETT CRANE,
Weymouth, Norfolk County, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps, for minerals and Indian relics. GARRY B. POST, care of George R. Post,
New Britain, Hartford County, Conn.

Minerals, for sea-shells, agates, and curiosities of all kinds; or lichens, moss, pressed ferns and flowers from Illinois, for moss, ferns, and flowers from other States and Canada. MARY LOWRY,
Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Ill.

Spar, fossils, stamps, and postmarks, for ocean curiosities. Thirty varieties of foreign stamps, or twenty stamps and twelve foreign postmarks, for a box of sea-shells and a star-fish.
OSCAR RAUCHFUSS,
Golconda, Pope County, Ill.

American copper coins. ED SWEET,
Wellsville, Allegany County, N. Y.

Postage stamps, for stamps, curiosities, and Indian relics. FRANCIS B. WHEATON,
55 Park Street, Providence, R. I.

Asbestos and mica, for foreign stamps, especially from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, or Newfoundland. WILLIE BOGARDUS,
1455 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

A stone from Illinois, for a stone from any other State or Territory. BLYTHE HENDERSON,
101 Third Street, Peoria, Ill.

Foreign and United States War Department stamps, for rare and old coins, a ten-cent piece of 1879, stamps, shells, copper or zinc ore, or stones and soil from any State except Wisconsin. CLARE B. BIRD,
Jefferson, Jefferson County, Wis.

United States postage stamps, for the same or foreign stamps. CLINTON F. HICKS,
Pine River, Waushara County, Wis.

Twenty-five rare and old postmarks, for twelve foreign stamps. BAKER BROS,
P. O. Box 5, Comstocks, N. Y.

Soil of Ohio, for that of any other State.
HARRY LAURIMORE,
Lock Box 6, Greenville, Darke County, Ohio.

CARRIE E.—The book you inquire about is not contained in the "Franklin Square Library." The only answer possible to your other question was given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 15, February 10, 1880.

T. H. P.—The line, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," occurs in a poem entitled "The School-boy's Address," which is given in old Readers. The following paragraph in reference to the authorship of this poem has been kindly written by Mr. Benson J. Lossing, with whose name the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE are familiar:

"'The School-boy's Address,' in Bingham's *Columbian Orator*, beginning, 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' was written by David Everett, principal of the New Ipswich (New Hampshire) Academy, in the winter of 1791, previous to his entrance to Dartmouth College. It was written for a favorite pupil, Ephraim Hartwell Farrer, and was spoken at a school exhibition at the academy that same winter.

"At the centennial celebration of the founding of New Ipswich, in 1850, Mr. Farrer, then a white-haired man sixty-six years of age, was called upon to respond to the toast, 'Rev. Stephen Farrer, the first pastor of New Ipswich: The memory of the just is blessed.' Mr. E. H. Farrer was a son of the venerable pastor. When he arose to respond, his first words were,

'You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.'

These words he had spoken just fifty-nine years before."

ALICE R.—You will find a description of a very simple way to make snow-shoes in a letter from May C. T. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 65. The best snow-shoes are a light frame-work covered with a netting of stout thongs, but these would be difficult for you to obtain, and you could not make them yourself.

F. S. K.—The poet Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. He studied at Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, graduating in 1825. Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and some others who afterward became distinguished literary men, were his classmates. After leaving college he spent several years in Europe, and on his return, in 1829, became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. In 1835 he again visited Europe, and one year later became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. He made his home in the historic Craigie House, once Washington's head-quarters, which he soon purchased. Longfellow resigned his position at Harvard in 1854, but still continues to reside in the historic mansion in Cambridge. Honorary degrees have been conferred upon him by the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, and his name is dear to the heart of every American.

I. CRASE.—The letter from your Prince Edward Island correspondent published in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 62 probably explains your trouble.

C. F.—A five-kreutzer German stamp is worth about two cents, United States currency.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jimmie F. Burns, Lila Baker, A. E. Cressingham, Richard Owen C., C. D. Culpman, W. K. Critchens, R. H. Davidson, Linda and Susie Egbert, Philip S. Gillis, Jesse S. Godine, Carrie and George Hall, Frank H. H., Charles Jefferson, Norman D. Lippincott, William A. Lewis, Andrew E. P., "Red Lion," "Starry Flag," Louis K. Sayre, "L. U. Stral," I. W. Trotter, "The Dawley Boys," Eva J. Turner, Howard J. Van Doren, Bennie C. Woodward, Edith M. Wetmore, J. Anthony Walker, Willie F. Woolard, "Young Solver."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first in old, but not in new.
My second in toll, not in curfew.
My third in enemy, not in foe.
My fourth in pack, but not in stow.
My fifth in quarrel, not in fight.
My sixth in heavy, not in light.
I am renowned in ancient song
For something most absurdly long. T. H.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a famous place in the Western part of the United States, composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 7, 13, 5 is a twig.
My 7, 2, 14 is a trifle.
My 5, 2, 11, 8 is a small burrowing animal.
My 9, 4, 6, 12 is a curtain.
My 1, 10, 5 is a tropical vegetable.
WILLIAM A. L.

2. I am an English bird composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is one of the cereals.
My 6, 7, 8 is a part of the body. CARRIE E.

3. I am a flower composed of 6 letters.
My 2, 5, 1 is a verb.
My 3, 6, 4 is a boy's name. W. L. T.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first is to be disordered in mind.
My second is a letter of the alphabet.
My third is an illuminating agent.
My fourth is a public conveyance.
My whole is found on the map of the Eastern Hemisphere. WILLIE L. K.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An East Indian tree. Worthless. The ancient name of a country in Europe. A fish. A river in Germany. Birds belonging to the thrush family. Primals and finals spell the name of a country.
HUGH.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

First in mend, not in patch.
Second in knob, not in latch.
Third in boat, not in raft.
Fourth in brig, not in craft.
Fifth in sail, not in mast.
Sixth in second, not in last.
My whole is a Southern city gay,
Upon the shore of a lovely bay.
C. P. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 68.

No. 1.
D A C T Y L
A D O R E
C O Z Y
T R Y
Y E
L

No. 2.
C O N T R O V E R S Y
I N D E L I B L E
O M N I B U S
F A V O R
D E N
B
A R T
O U A V A
G A R N I S H
I N V E C T I V E
T H O U G H T L E S S

No. 3. Leadville.
No. 4. A Valentine.
No. 5. Mango.

WIGGLES.

On the following page are a few of the best ideas of Wiggle No. 17, given in No. 65. We hope that our young contributors whose Wiggles are omitted will not be greatly disappointed at not seeing their names published, as has been customary. More than five hundred answers to this Wiggle were sent in, and to publish all the names would require more than a column of the Post-office Box space. Therefore the editor has decided that hereafter no names shall be published save those whose Wiggles are used. Three "Wigglers"—Joe Ulmer, Ada Allen, and O. M. W.—hit upon our artist's idea, and sent in correct answers to Wiggle No. 17. If these three will send their full names and addresses to the editor, they will hear of something pleasant from him. Will "B," who gave a correct answer to Wiggle No. 16, also send his or her name and address?

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 17, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 18.—See Page 303.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 72. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, March 15, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE FIRST LESSON.

[Begun in No. 56 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XIV.

MR. CASTLE TEACHES TOBY TO RIDE.

When Toby got within sight of the ring, he was astonished at what he saw. A horse with a broad wooden saddle was being led slowly around the ring; Mr. Castle was standing on one side, with a long whip in his hand, and on the tent pole, which stood in the centre of the ring, was a long

Digitized by Google

arm, from which dangled a leathern belt on a long rope that was carried through the end of the arm, and run down to the base of the pole.

Toby knew well enough why the horse, the whip, and the man were there, but this wooden projection from the tent pole, which looked so much like a gallows, he could not understand at all.

"Come, now," said Mr. Castle, cracking his whip ominously as Toby came in sight, "why weren't you here before?"

"Mr. Lord just sent me in," said Toby, not expecting that his excuse would be received, for they never had been since he had arrived at the height of his ambition by joining the circus.

"Then I'll make Mr. Joh understand that I am to have my full hour of your time, and if I don't get it, there'll be trouble between us."

It would have pleased Toby very well to have had Mr. Castle go out with his long whip just then and make trouble for Mr. Lord; but Mr. Castle had not the time to spare, because of the trouble which he was about to make for Toby, and that he commenced on at once.

"Well, get in here, and don't waste any more time," he said, sharply.

Toby looked around curiously for a moment, and not understanding exactly what he was expected to get in and do, asked, "What shall I do?"

"Pull off your boots, coat, and vest."

Since there was no other course than to learn to ride, Toby wisely concluded that the best thing he could do would be to obey this new master without question; and he began to take his clothes off with as much alacrity as if learning to ride was the one thing upon which he had long set his heart.

Mr. Castle was evidently accustomed to prompt obedience, for he not only took it as a matter of course, but endeavored to hurry Toby in his work of undressing.

With his desire to please, and urged by Mr. Castle's words and the ominous shaking of his whip, Toby's preparations were soon made, and he stood before his instructor clad only in his shirt, trousers, and stockings.

The horse was led around to where he stood, and when Mr. Castle held out his hand to help him to mount, Toby jumped up quickly without aid, thereby making a good impression at the start as a willing lad.

"Now," said the instructor, as he pulled down the leathern belt which hung from the rope, and fastened it around Toby's waist, "stand up in the saddle, and try to stand there. You can't fall, because the rope will keep you up, even if the horse goes out from under you; but it isn't hard work to keep on if you mind what you are about, and if you don't, this whip will help you. Now stand up."

Toby did as he was bidden, and as the horse was led at a walk, and as he had the long bridle to aid him in keeping his footing, he had no difficulty in standing during the time that the horse went once around the ring; but that was all.

Mr. Castle seemed to think that this was preparation enough for the boy to be able to understand how to ride, and he started the horse into a canter. As might have been expected, Toby lost his balance, the horse went on ahead, and he was left dangling at the end of the rope, very much like a crab that has just been caught by the means of a pole and line.

Toby kicked, waved his hands, and floundered about generally, but all to no purpose, until the horse came round again, and then he made frantic efforts to regain his footing, which efforts were aided—or perhaps it would be more proper to say retarded—by the long lash of Mr. Castle's whip, that played around his legs with merciless severity.

"Stand up! stand up!" cried his instructor, as Toby reeled first to one side and then to the other, now standing erect in the saddle, and now dangling at the end of the rope, with the horse almost out from under him.

This command seemed almost needless, as it was exactly what Toby was trying to do; but as it was given, he struggled all the harder, until it seemed to him that the more he tried, the less did he succeed.

And this first lesson progressed in about the same way until the hour was over, save that now and then Mr. Castle would give him some good advice, but oftener he would twist the long lash of that whip around the boy's legs with such force that Toby believed the skin had been taken entirely off.

It may have been a relief to Mr. Castle when that first lesson was concluded, and it certainly was to Toby, for he had had all the teaching in horsemanship that he wanted, and he thought, with deepest sorrow, that this would be of daily occurrence during all the time he remained with the circus.

As he went out of the tent he stopped to speak with his friend the old monkey, and his troubles seemed to have increased when he stood in front of the cage calling "Mr. Stubbs! Mr. Stubbs!" and the old fellow would not even come down from off the lofty perch where he was engaged in monkey gymnastics with several younger companions. It seemed to him, as he afterward told Ben, "as if Mr. Stubbs had gone back on him because he knew that he was in trouble."

When he went toward the booth, Mr. Lord looked at him around the corner of the canvas—for it seemed to Toby that his employer could look around a square corner with much greater ease than he could straight ahead—with a disagreeable leer in his eye, as though he enjoyed the misery which he knew his little clerk had just undergone.

"Can you ride yet?" he asked, mockingly, as Toby stepped behind the counter to attend to his regular line of business.

Toby made no reply, for he knew that the question was only asked sarcastically, and not through any desire for information. In a few moments Mr. Lord left him to attend to the booth alone, and went into the tent, where Toby rightly conjectured he had gone to question Mr. Castle upon the result of the lesson just given.

That night old Ben asked him how he had got on while under the teaching of Mr. Castle, and Toby, knowing that the question was asked because of the real interest which Ben had in his welfare, replied,

"If I was tryin' to learn how to swing round the ring, strapped to a rope, I should say that I got along first-rate; but I don't know much about the horse, for I was only on his back a little while at a time."

"You'll get over that soon," said old Ben, patronizingly, as he patted him on the back. "You remember my words, now; I say that you've got it in you, an' if you've a mind to take hold an' try to learn, you'll come out on the top of the heap yet, an' be one of the smartest riders they've got in this show."

"I don't want to be a rider," said Toby, sadly: "I only want to get back home once more, an' then you'll see how much it 'll take to get me away again."

"Well," said Ben, quietly, "be that as it may, while you're here the best thing you can do is to take hold an' get ahead just as fast as you can; it 'll make it a mighty sight easier for you while you're with the show, and it won't spoil any of your chances for runnin' away whenever the time comes."

Toby fully appreciated the truth of that remark, and he assured Ben that he should do all in his power to profit by the instruction given, and to please this new master who had been placed over him.

And with this promise, he lay back on the seat and went to sleep, not to awaken until the preparations were being made for the entrée into the next town, and Mr. Lord's

Digitized by Google

harsh voice had cried out his name, with no gentle tone, several times.

Toby's first lesson with Mr. Castle was the most pleasant one he had; for after the boy had once been into the ring, his master seemed to expect that he could do everything which he was told to do, and when he failed in any little particular, the long lash of the whip would go curling around his legs or arms, until the little fellow's body and limbs were nearly covered with the blue and black stripes.

For three lessons only was the wooden upright used to keep him from falling; after that he was forced to ride standing erect on the broad wooden saddle, or pad, as it is properly called, and whenever he lost his balance and fell, there was no question asked as to whether or not he had hurt himself, but he was mercilessly cut with the whip.

Messrs. Lord and Jacobs gained very much by comparison with Mr. Castle in Toby's mind. He had thought that his lot could not be harder than it was with them; but when he had experienced the pains of two or three of Mr. Castle's lessons in horsemanship, he thought that he would stay with the candy venders all the season cheerfully rather than take six more lessons of Mr. Castle.

Night after night he fell asleep from the sheer exhaustion of crying, as he had been pouring out his woes in the old monkey's ears, and laying his plans to run away. Now, more than ever, was he anxious to get away, and yet each day was taking him farther from home, and consequently necessitating a larger amount of money with which to start. As old Ben did not give him as much sympathy as Toby thought he ought to give—for the old man, while he would not allow Mr. Job Lord to strike the boy if he was near, thought it a necessary portion of the education for Mr. Castle to lash him all he had a mind to—he poured out all his troubles in the old monkey's ears, and kept him with him from the time he ceased work at night until he was obliged to commence again in the morning.

The skeleton and his wife thought Toby's lot a hard one, and tried by every means in their power to cheer the poor boy. Neither one of them could say to Mr. Castle what they had said to Mr. Lord, for the rider was a far different sort of a person, and one whom they would not be allowed to interfere with in any way. Therefore poor Toby was obliged to bear his troubles and his whippings as best he might, with only the thought to cheer him of the time when he could leave them all by running away.

But despite all his troubles, Toby learned to ride faster than his teacher had expected he would, and in three weeks he found little or no difficulty in standing erect while his horse went around the ring at his fastest gait. After that had been accomplished, his progress was more rapid, and he gave promise of becoming a very good rider—a fact which pleased both Mr. Castle and Mr. Lord very much, as they fancied that in another year Toby would be the source of a very good income to them.

The proprietor of the circus took considerable interest in Toby's instruction, and promised Mr. Castle that Mademoiselle Jeannette and Toby should do an act together in the performance just as soon as the latter was sufficiently advanced. The boy's costume had been changed after he could ride without falling off, and now while he was in the ring he wore the same as that used by the regular performers.

The little girl had, after it was announced that she and Toby were to perform together, been an attentive observer during the hour that Toby was under Mr. Castle's direction, and she gave him many suggestions that were far more valuable, and quicker to be acted upon, than those given by the teacher himself.

"To-morrow you two will go through the exercise together," said Mr. Castle to Toby and Ella, at the close of one of Toby's lessons, after he had become so skillful that he could stand with ease on the pad, and even advanced so far that he could jump through a hoop without falling more than twice out of three times.

The little girl appeared highly delighted by this information, and expressed her joy.

"It will be real nice," she said to Toby, after Mr. Castle had left them alone. "I can help you lots, and it won't be very long before we can do an act all by ourselves in the performance, and then won't the people clap their hands when we come in?"

"It'll be better for you to-morrow than it will for me," said Toby, rubbing his legs sorrowfully, still feeling the sting of the whip. "You see, Mr. Castle won't dare to whip you, an' he'll make it all count on me, 'cause he knows Mr. Lord likes to have him whip me."

"But I sha'n't make any mistake," said Ella, confidently, "and so you won't have to be whipped on my account, and while I am on the horse you can't be whipped, for he couldn't do it without whipping me, so you see you won't get only half as much."

Toby brightened up a little under the influence of this argument; but his countenance fell again, as he thought that his chances for getting away from the circus were growing less each day.

"You see, I want to get back to Uncle Dan'l an' Guilford," he said, confidentially; "I don't want to stay here a single minute."

Ella opened her eyes wide in astonishment, as she cried: "Don't want to stay here? Why don't you go home, then?"

"'Cause Job Lord won't let me," said Toby, wondering if it was possible that his little companion did not know exactly what sort of a man his master was.

Then he told her, after making her give him all kinds of promises, including the ceremony of crossing her throat, that she would never tell a single soul, that he had had many thoughts, and had formed all kinds of plans for running away. He told her about losing his money, about his friendship for the skeleton and the fat lady, and at last he confided in her that he was intending to take the old monkey with him when he should make the attempt.

She listened with the closest attention, and when he told her that his little hoard had now reached the sum of seven dollars and ten cents, almost as much as he had before, she said, eagerly: "I've got three little gold dollars in my trunk, an' you shall have them all; they're my very own, for mamma gave them to me to do just what I wanted to with them. But I don't see how you can take Mr. Stubbs with you, for that would be stealing."

"No, it wouldn't, neither," said Toby, stoutly. "Wasn't he give to me to do just as I wanted to with? an' didn't the boss say he was all mine?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten that," said Ella, thoughtfully; "I suppose you can take him; but he'll be awfully in the way, won't he?"

"No," said Toby, anxious to say a good word for his pet; "he always does just as I want him to, an' when I tell him what I'm tryin' to do, he'll be as good as anything. But I can't take your dollars."

"Why not?"

"'Cause that wouldn't be right for a boy to let a girl littler than himself help him; I'll wait till I get money enough of my own, an' then I'll go."

"But I want you to take my money too; I want you to have it."

"No, I can't take it," said Toby, shaking his head resolutely, as he put the golden temptation from him, and then, as a happy thought occurred to him, he said, quickly: "I tell you what to do with your dollars: you keep them till you grow up to be a woman, an' when I'm a man I'll come, an' then we'll buy a circus of our own. I think, perhaps,

Digitized by Google

I'd like to be with a circus if I owned one myself. We'll have lots of money then, an' we can do just what we want to."

This idea seemed to please the little girl, and the two began to lay all sorts of plans for that time when they should be man and woman, have lots of money, and be able to do just as they wanted to.

They had been sitting on the edge of the newly made ring while they were talking, and before they had half finished making plans for the future one of the attendants came in to put things to order, and they were obliged to leave their seats, she going to the hotel to get ready for the afternoon's performance, and Toby to try to do such work as Mr. Joh Lord had laid out for him.

Just ten weeks from the time Toby had first joined the circus, Mr. Castle informed him and Ella that they were to appear in public on the following day. They had been practicing daily, and Toby had become so skillful that both Mr. Castle and Mr. Lord saw that the time had come when he could be made to earn some money for them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG VIOLINIST.

BY GUSTAVE KOBBÉ.

MAURICIO DENGREMONT, whose portrait is here given, is only fourteen years old; but he has been playing the violin for eight years or more, and is now one of the best violinists living. He knew the A B C of music at an age when most boys have hardly had a glimpse at the A B C in their spelling-book. His musical talent, like that of many famous musicians, showed itself early in his life. Mozart, we are told, struck correct chords on the clavichord—as they called the pianos used in his days—when he was two years old, and when he was four, he wrote little melodies which sound very prettily. Mauricio Dengremont's fondness for music was observed at the same early age. His father led an orchestra in Rio de Janeiro, and played the violin, and when he was playing at home, little Mauricio, who was four years old, would sit at his feet and listen, and he could not be induced to join in the sports of other children as long as his father was practicing. Then already he asked to be taught, but he was laughed at, and told he was too young to learn. But he would not be put off, and kept coming to his father and asking for lessons on the violin. At last, when he was six years old—the same age at which Mendelssohn began to learn the piano—his father bought him a toy violin for twenty cents, and thought he would give him a lesson, just to see if he was in earnest. Before that, however, he told him how hard he would have to work if he wanted to be a musician. But Mauricio said he didn't mind working, he wanted to learn the violin just as soon as he could. Fancy the father's surprise when he found during the first lesson that Mauricio played his notes correctly and clearly.

EUGENIO MAURICIO DENGREMONT.

The boy made such wonderful progress that after a few lessons a larger violin was bought for him. In a few weeks he could play the scales, and in ten months he was practicing difficult pieces, one of which he performed in public fourteen months after his first lesson. Soon afterward he travelled with his father in South America, giving concerts. In Montevideo and Buenos Ayres he played so well that the orchestras there presented him each with a gold medal. These youthful triumphs were very much like those of Mozart; and in the midst of them, Mauricio, like Mozart, remained a child in his feelings and behavior. Mozart was so innocent that after one of his performances at court, when he slipped on the polished floor, and was lifted up by the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, he said that he would marry her as soon as he was old enough. In the same way Mauricio's manners remained unchanged, though he was brought before the public when so young. Off the concert stage he remained a child, playing with children, and sharing in their pastime when he was not practicing. Only a short time ago, immediately after his arrival here, his first appearance had to be postponed because he had caught cold playing with snow-balls; and again he was prevented from being at a concert because he had been eating too much candy.

The success of Mauricio's concerts in South America attracted the notice of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, and he was asked to play before his Imperial Highness. Dom Pedro was so pleased with the boy's performance that he gave him a beautiful medal, and promised to give him a good sum of money every year, so that he could go to Paris and take lessons of the famous violin-player Léonard. Dengremont's father accepted the offer, and soon afterward he took the boy to Europe. Mauricio staid in Paris until two or three years ago, when he began to travel and give concerts. Everywhere he played he met with great success. People came to his concerts in great crowds, and applauded him loudly; for he won their hearts with his beautiful playing and modest behavior. In one of the German cities he played a piece by Spohr when the composer's widow was one of the listeners. Spohr himself was a very famous violinist, but the widow said that Dengremont played the piece better than her husband could have done, and gave him a piece of music in her husband's handwriting.

Dengremont has been in this country only a short time, but he has already made a good name for himself. Almost every one who has heard him admires the rapidity

Digitized by Google

THE POOR LITTLE FROG ESCAPES FROM HIS ENEMIES.—DRAWN BY W. F. BEARD.

and delicacy of his playing, and the grace with which he handles the bow. All this he does in a manner which would be remarkable for a man of great talent, who had been studying the violin ever since he was able to hold the instrument, and yet he is not at all conceited. He does not think he has nothing more to learn. On the contrary, he will go to Paris in the spring, and study again with Léonard for six months. After that he will give concerts in Russia.

To young people Mauricio Dengremont's career is a fine example. Of course he has greater talent for music than hundreds of others. But it is not his talent only to which he owes his early fame. It is owing as well to his devotion to his art, his willingness to work, and his modesty, which makes him feel that there is still room for him to improve.

WHAT ONE POOR LITTLE FROG FOUND OUT.

A VERY young frog—very young indeed, scarcely out of tails (that is to say, out of tadpolehood)—with a very great ambition and ordinary ability, set out one morning with the purpose of seeing the world, and by night-fall bringing back something to astonish the pool. "For," said he to himself, "I am such a close observer, that I shall be sure to observe and bring back correct reports of many strange things passed by in stupid indifference by these commonplace old speckle-backs, who, no doubt, neglect daily golden opportunities for storing their minds with useful information, but who see nothing and know nothing but worms, ants, beetles, and other insects and small animals to put in their ample stomachs."

So saying, he leaped away gayly, but with eyes open and on the sharp look-out, almost at the very start. "For," said he, "the most common things possess a new interest when shown in a new light by the hand of genius, and the ordinary things of one locality become objects of curiosity in another where they are not found. Thus I could astonish vain man, could I speak his jargon, with accounts of many things familiar to my sight by daily contact in the bottom of the pool, but which seldom or never meet his eyes."

So he journeyed on, well pleased with himself and what he thought his life's mission, carefully eying every object in his way, lest some one of interest should escape his notice. At length a great thistle came within his gaze. "There," said he, "is something worth investigating." After looking at it attentively at a little distance, that he might fix all its *points* in his mind, he approached for a closer study. Said he, "I must not forget to ascertain if this strange plant—for plant it undoubtedly is—has any peculiar odor; for that is very important." Thus saying, he thrust his inquisitive nose against the prickers, which brought him to the conclusion that he had carried the investigation quite far enough; and storing this experience away in his memory for future use, he went on his way, a little wiser, but no happier, for it does not add to happiness to have our conceit pricked out, as it were, by sharp experience.

Now a half-brick partly buried in the mud caught his

Digitized by Google

curious eye. "That's a singular rock," said he. "What a remarkable color it has! so regular, too, in its form; it has also a peculiar texture"—as he put his hand-like fore-paw upon it.

Just at this moment he thought he heard something behind him, and turning to see what, his terrified eye caught the dread form of an idle, barefooted boy, also in search of adventure, though not for the instruction of others, or even himself, as was the little frog's grand motive, but merely for the amusement of the moment.

Young as his frogship was, he knew well enough what boys were, and made off for his life with all possible speed.

It would, perhaps, have been wiser if he had remained perfectly quiet, as in all probability the careless boy would not have observed him; but as the boy seemed bearing right down upon him, the sight was too dreadful for his nerves, and he sprang forward with desperate leaps, which, of course, attracted the urchin's attention, and with a shout of delight he bounded off in pursuit. Hastily clutching the "curious rock"—half-brick—he aimed to give the frog's head an external application of this object of interest, and, I must say, with almost fatal precision. With great nicety of calculation, he threw the brick where he felt the frog would be when the brick got there. His estimate was uncomfortably close, the little frog thought, as the brick just grazed his protruding eye. He winked, dodged back, and started in another direction with wild leaps.

As the boy went for the rolling brick for another throw the frog hid himself in a tuft of clover, and though terribly nervous when the urchin came very near his hiding-place—at length actually kicked the bunch of clover in his search for him—he summoned all his fortitude, and remained perfectly quiet, knowing that to be his only safety.

Soon, to his unspeakable relief, the cruel boy gave it up, and went whistling on his careless way in search of other adventures.

The thoroughly frightened frog prudently waited, nor ventured out until the boy had quite vanished in the distance. While he still lay in his hiding-place a curious creature wriggled past, in beautiful sheeny coat that glistened in the sunlight, and quite delighted him. He made no motion, however, though he did not much fear this harmless-looking creature; still, as the supple thing constantly darted out a double tongue, he felt it more prudent to observe in silence.

When this creature had also gone quite out of sight, he again moved on his journey, it must be confessed, with less self-confidence and more caution.

But a little while of safe travelling was, however, enough to cause the two sentiments to change places again—prudence lessened, and confidence grew: and this would have cost him his life had it not been his good fortune to be on the land side of a beautiful white crane, which he very much admired, as he stood fixedly gazing into the waters of a sluggish stream. He hopped very near, in his ignorant delight, wondering what the magnificent creature was, and what could be his reflections as he fixed his gaze so intently in the amber water. "Something grand, no doubt!" He did not feel called upon to address him, however, which was lucky again, since this "splendid bird" was looking for just such fellows as he, but never suspected one of being so near him in the field.

At length our leaping student of nature tired even of his admiration of this beautiful bird, and leaped on his journey again in search of other objects of scientific interest, one of which he soon found in the person of another curious bird, also with long legs, and not very unlike in form the one he had just seen, though not near so beautiful.

His general color was a dull brown, varied and mottled with several shades of the same, from light yellowish to dark spots, and in parts, such as the crest, back of the neck, etc., deepening to a jetty black. His neck, though, did not appear long, like that of the white bird, but his head seemed as near the body as a chicken's; when some noise or motion in the water, however, attracted his attention, it shot out like a telescope, as long in proportion as the other's, though the comparison of the telescope was not froggie's. He knew nothing of such a thing; the figure suggested to his mind was a snail's eye.

He also bestowed some admiration upon this fellow, and passed on, still unconscious that he was in dangerous proximity to a mortal foe.

Now as he ascended quite a little hillock, high enough for him to overlook the fields, he was surprised to see that the very stream upon the margin of which the two strange birds had stood was the one near which was his native pool; in fact, upon this stream the inhabitants of his pond depended for fresh supplies of water to replenish the waste by evaporation, when it occasionally overflowed its banks in times of freshets.

He knew the locality by a great rock, which he knew to be near his pond, and found, too, with some satisfaction, that he was much nearer home than he would have thought from the distance travelled. He had taken a circuitous route, as did the stream, before reaching the great rock. Using this stone as a landmark, he saw that a straight line to it would be comparatively a short-cut back again.

This discovery was not unpleasant either, for not only his journey, but his researches as well, began to grow wearisome. Now as he remembered the events of the day, his adventures, and the strange sights he had seen, and the discoveries he had made, his heart swelled with pride when he thought what astonishment it would create when he brought them all back, as it were, to the banks of the pool.

Settling this comfortably in his mind, he glanced about again, as a traveller takes a farewell look at a strange land he is about leaving. But now he made the additional discovery that a grove just before him was the "forest," as he believed it, he had seen many times in the distance while sitting on the banks of the pool.

Gazing into its dark recesses, he became suddenly aware of two great yellow-rimmed eyes peering out of its sombre depths. Cold chills ran over him. His thirst for knowledge, which his mother, in her croaking way, called idle curiosity, got the better of his fears, however, as he became satisfied that he himself was not the object of those eyes' attention, if indeed anything in particular was, and he began again his usual wise speculations. "What an eye!" said he. "I remember once, while lying at the bottom of the pool, to have seen the full moon rising, while a round leaf upon the brink intervening, darkened the centre, leaving a yellowish rim; that eye reminds me of it. To whom or what can it belong, I wonder? Let me see: surrounded by feathers?—yes, feathers! Well, feathers are only worn by birds, therefore the owner of that eye *must* be a bird, that's clear; and that's pretty good logic, too, I flatter myself."

He was right; the owner of the eye was a bird—an owl; and scarcely had he "flattered" himself, when he became conscious that now he was the object of attention by those terrible eyes. Losing no time, he turned toward the rock, made several desperate leaps in quick succession before he felt the shadow of the great wings, though he heard no sound, for the flight of owls is as noiseless almost as that of thistle-down.

Fortunately, again (he was a lucky frog), it was a sunny afternoon, and the light rather strong for the owls' eyes (by this time another had joined her mate); so, dodging here and there, he managed to elude them, always making toward home, however, followed blindly by the owls. Nor was this all: the tall birds, attracted by the commotion, seeing him dodging through the grass, joined in the pursuit. The snake he had seen also made bold to follow with wide-

Digitized by Google

open jaws to devour him, and creatures of every kind—ducks, more cranes, even a pelican—came from all quarters, and pursued him to the very brink of the pool.

So numerous were they, indeed, that they obstructed each other's way. Meantime the little frog was making the best use of the time, lessening the distance at every bound. But even a race for life must have an end, either in disaster to the pursued or disappointment to the pursuers, and just at the moment when the wide-open beak of the admired white crane was about to close upon him, with all the other eager open jaws close following, our adventurous student splashed into the waters of the pond.

As he settled, exhausted, in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond, stirring up a cloud, as it were, his little brothers and sisters, still in the polliwig state, wriggled around him with anxious inquiry, and staid old croakers, in coats of green and brown, and mottled trousers, looked with amazement from him to the bank, where still lingered the excited throng of his hungry pursuers.

Not a word to the many questions asked could he reply, but stared out from his muddy security in dazed speechlessness upon the horrid throng of snapping beaks and jaws he had just escaped. He experienced a feeling of pleasure upon seeing a disappointed owl pick up a disappointed snake, and wing his noiseless way back toward the copse, followed by his mate. Then the disappointed crane fastened upon another snake, and arose like a white cloud, with his squirming victim in his strong beak. After considerable quacking, snapping, and hissing, one after another of his ferocious foes rose upon the wing, and went his way; the bank was cleared, peace and quiet reigned again.

Our traveller was again asked for an account of his adventures. When he came to speak of the "strange plant," a laugh from under the yellow vest of "Old Spots" greeted his ear. And "Old Spots" (they called him "Spots" on account of his strongly mottled green coat) curtly observed that a little sharp experience seemed to simplify matters much, and a prick in the nose to help an inquiring mind to a speedy conclusion. "But," said he, more seriously, "a closer scrutiny would hardly have failed to reveal to the eye so important a feature as prickers on a thistle, without the necessity of thrusting them into one's very nose."

The story of the boy and the brick was allowed to pass without remark from the older inhabitants of the pool, probably because the little frog, in this instance, had managed the case as well as any one could have done.

When he spoke of the tall bird in plumage of shining white, the comment was, "The white crane! one of the deadliest foes of our race!" The brown bird, he was informed, was the bittern, commonly called "stake-driver," "fly-up-the-creek," etc., also a mortal foe.

When he made rather careless mention of the glistening snake, the old frogs shuddered as they informed him that of all their enemies this was most to be dreaded, because of its stealthy way of creeping upon its victim unawares through the grass, fastening its fangs upon him, and sometimes taking hours to swallow its prey, which all the while remained alive, in painful and agonized certainty of his slow-approaching death.

The owls, they said, were less to be dreaded than any of his pursuers; they were not particularly fond of frogs, would as soon have a snake, and much preferred mice.

In short, every bird, reptile, and object of peculiar interest, as well as localities, with all their characteristics, seemed so familiar to these recently despised "old croakers," that the little frog hardly knew whether to be most astonished or humiliated at the discovery of this unboasted knowledge in the possession of his elders, and could but admit to himself that it was the only discovery of any importance he had made through the day, since all the others, it seemed, were no discoveries at all.

A FOOLISH RABBIT.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A meditative rabbit once
Within a brake sat thinking
Why he and all his timid kind
Are always sadly winking.

He told his story to a wren,
There in the fragrant grasses.
The wren replied, "Your eyes are weak;
Pray try a pair of glasses."

The rabbit smiled, and took the hint,
And early in the morning
The wren observed a dainty pair
His pleasant face adorning.

To show the animals the change,
He went into a clearing;
But when they saw the wild effect,
They all set up a jeering.

His reasoning was long and loud
And eloquent. Thereafter
The animals with one accord
Fell down and rolled with laughter.

And now he ever hides from view
Within the woodland passes,
And winks the more for having tried
To wear a pair of glasses.

LOUIS XVII. IN THE TEMPLE PRISON.

On the 29th of March, 1785, was born at the palace of Versailles, near Paris, the most unfortunate of children. Louis Charles was the second son of Louis XVI., King of France, and Marie Antoinette, his Queen, and the royal infant seemed destined to know in life only the greatest luxury and ease. He grew up a fair, graceful boy, his hair light, and falling in curls upon his shoulders, his eyes blue, his form and features regular, and he very soon began to show a quick, sensitive, intelligent mind. When he was about four years old his elder brother died, leaving him a little dog named Moufflet. He left him, too, heir to the throne of France, the Dauphin, as the eldest son of the French Kings was called, and Louis Charles was to be master of all the wide dominions of his ancestors. He was marked by a strong love for his parents, and particularly his mother, the graceful Marie Antoinette. The royal family consisted of the King and Queen, the King's sister, Madame Élisabeth, and two children—the Princess Marie Thérèse, who was some years older than Louis, and the Dauphin. They seemed very happy together in the splendid palace at Versailles. Louis cultivated a small plot of ground, or a garden, where he raised flowers, and presented them to his mother. Every morning, in their season, the child would bring a bouquet to the fair Queen, who fully returned his tender love. His aunt, Madame Élisabeth, was always kind and good, and his sister, the Princess, watched over him with affectionate care.

But suddenly the whole family were overwhelmed by a succession of misfortunes. The French Revolution began; the foreign kings invaded France; and the French people looked upon their own royal rulers with suspicion, and even hatred, because they thought they had called in the foreign armies. Marie Antoinette was the most unpopular of all. Paris was filled with terrible disorders. One day a great crowd of savage men and women came out to the palace of Versailles, and insisted that the King and his family should come to Paris. He was obliged to yield. The great coach was ordered, the whole royal family were led almost as captives to the city, and were lodged in the midst of the enraged people, in the palace of the Tuileries. At first they were not badly treated. Louis had brought his dog Moufflet with him, and was even allowed to cultivate a small garden, where he still raised flowers, and gave them to his sad, terrified mother.

Digitized by Google

Dreadful scenes and massacres now took place in Paris. Louis was shown by his mother to the people, wearing a red bonnet and the tricolor; but every moment seemed to increase their danger. At last the King (June, 1791) resolved to make his escape out of France; and one night Louis was called up, half asleep, and dressed in disguise as a little girl. The poor child was too young to understand his danger; and when his sister asked him what he thought they were going to do, said it must be "to act a comedy." They opened a gate in the palace, went down into the silent street at midnight, wandered in the darkness over the Pont Royal, at last found the carriage prepared for them, and escaped from the city. Had they made haste they might have reached the frontier and safety; but they were overtaken, seized, and brought back to Paris the prisoners of a savage mob.

Soon after, amidst scenes of massacre and horror, they were all taken to the Temple (an ancient prison), and shut up in a tower. Here they remained many months, exposed to the most terrible insults, scantily fed, and looking for death every moment. But the King employed his time in teaching his son Louis to read Racine and Corneille, and endeavoring to prepare him for a useful life. At last he was himself taken out, tried before a revolutionary tribunal, sentenced to die (January, 1793), and his head was cut off. Next, Marie Antoinette was taken away from her family to a solitary prison, and at last was brought to the guillotine. Her hair had turned white, and her face was rigid with suffering. But as she mounted the scaffold she showed no sign of fear. Madame Élisabeth, the most innocent and amiable of her race, was also executed.

THE ROYAL PRISON

The young Prince, now King of France by descent, was left alone, shut up in his prison at the Temple, and guarded by the horrible men who had tormented his mother and father. It was the custom of these wretches to terrify their prisoners by threats, insults, and every malicious art. Louis Charles was placed under the care of the infamous Simon, a monster of cruelty. He was left entirely alone. No kind friend came to soften the sorrows of his lot. Night and day passed over him in his miserable cell without a joy or hope. His mind had be

Digitized by Google

RS IN THE TEMPLE.

come prematurely active amidst his sorrows; he knew, no doubt, the fate of his parents and relations. Simon endeavored to teach him to hate his mother, and the young Prince would never afterward speak to his horrible jailer. He would rather be alone in the darkest night in the fearful cell than see the countenance of his foe. For a long time before his death he remained utterly silent, refusing to speak, and living in dumb misery. The Reign of Terror prevailed in Paris; Robespierre and his murderers filled it with horror, and the Dauphin was left to perish in his solitary cell. He was now nearly ten years old, but he still preserved his strange silence, and seemed like a dumb and idiotic child.

Next Robespierre perished, and Louis might have been better treated. But his long confinement and the filth and horrors of his prison had brought on a severe illness. He wasted away. Dr. Desault, a famous physician, was sent to attend him, but died a short time afterward. Louis, it is said, still remained silent and speechless. He died on the 8th of June, 1795, in his solitary cell, alone, without a friend.

Such was the sad doom of Louis XVII., King of France. The annals of the poor offer no fate so miserable as that of this descendant of the proudest and most powerful of European monarchs. By some writers it is asserted that Louis escaped from his imprisonment, that a child deaf and dumb was substituted for him, and that the King, or Dauphin, died in obscurity in some part of Europe or America. But the legend is improbable, and Louis XVII. sleeps, no doubt, in the cemetery where he was laid at Paris.

BEATA'S LOCKET.

BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

TWENTY-ONE pearls!—no, twenty-two; thirteen in the B, and nine in the V of the monogram, besides the six little nails with heads of real diamonds! Beata had never seen such a locket, no, not even in a shop window, and to have had it for her very own for four whole days, and not be able so much as to wear it!

It had come on Christmas-day—come in a little case all packed with cotton-wool, and lined with silver paper—a case which Beata's fingers could hardly open, they shook so with excitement and eagerness; and it came all the way from Ger-

Digitized by Google

many and her German godmother, Madame Von Thausandmal.

"A beautiful locket, certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Vyner, Beata's mamma, in confidence, to Beata's papa, when locket and case, and Beata—rosy and joyful and proud—had all vanished with a rush out of mamma's pretty blue morning-room. "But so utterly unsuitable to a child! What can Helga von Thausandmal have been thinking of to send her such a thing? Of course it was exceedingly kind of her, but I'm afraid it will turn Beata's head, and it won't be the least use to her for years to come."

"Why not, eh?" asked the Squire, who was deep in the morning paper, and perhaps wasn't attending as he might have been. "I thought it pretty enough."

"It's lovely; that's just it. It's too bad to tantalize her with a thing she can't wear, and no properly brought up little girls wear such jewelry; even if they did, I should not let Beata do anything so silly and improper. No; it must be put away for her till she is eighteen, and 'comes out.' Poor child! I won't take it away for a week or two; it would be cruel; but go it must. Why couldn't Helga have sent her some books, or a doll, or anything sensible?"

But of all this Beata heard not a word, and her cup of bliss seemed as if it would run over. Such a locket! as grand as a grown-up young lady's, and for her very own! She had shown it at least three times over to every servant in the house, down to Elizabeth Jane, the kitchen-maid, who had won Beata's genuine respect by her "Law, miss, if it ain't fit for a duchess at the very least!" and she only sighed to think her governess had gone home for the holidays, and could not see it for a whole fortnight.

But now a little shadow, like a small cloud, had come over the sunshine. What was the good of a locket, and such a locket as Beata's, if other people didn't see and admire? And how could they see it, if it were not worn? And what chance had she to wear it?

To be sure, the house was full of visitors, who had come the very day after Christmas, and Rex and she went down to dessert every night, and into the drawing-room for half an hour afterward; but somehow Beata never quite ventured to suggest "Locket," as nurse dressed her in her well-worn little frock of black velvet, and tied her plain red silk sash; indeed, she rather fancied she could see nurse's face if she did; and as to wearing it to church on Sunday—well, even Beata's little head could dimly understand somehow that God's house wasn't the place for finery and display; and so—

"But now, to-day, there *is* a chance," she thought, with a gasp which was half exultation and half pure fright at her own daring; for Rex and she were going skating.

Down in the park at Dene Hall there is a beautiful little lake, where the wild fowl swim in summer, and where Beata and Rex were wont to paddle about in a flat-bottomed boat, a "tub," Rex called it. But now the water was covered with firm smooth ice, and the ladies and gentlemen staying at the Hall had gone down there to skate, and Cousin Cecil had promised to look after the children if they might come too; and Beata was tempted.

Rex was shouting from the hall. Without another pause the locket was out of its case, slipped on a ribbon, and the ribbon tied round Beata's neck. Was it dread of Rex's scorn or of mamma's observation that made Beata slip it under her little fur boa as she ran down the old oaken stairs?

"Rex, you've no overcoat," she said, as they hurried together through the snow, which lay like a soft white blanket over garden and park. That hidden locket filled her mind so full that she must speak about it, and she artfully began to talk about dress, to work the conversation round to that beloved topic. But all in vain.

"Overcoat!" echoed Rex, in high disdain, swinging Beata's dainty little skates and his own together. "Who wants an overcoat? The Spartans never wore 'em."

"But then you're not a Spartan."

"Wish I was." Rex was beginning ancient history, and had a Grecian craze just now. "Never mind, I mean to harden just as if I was;" but he couldn't help a shiver all the same.

Beata tried again. "Doesn't the snow look like pearls, Rex?"

"Can't say I see it. Oh, you're thinking about that swell locket of yours. Now in Sparta they never allowed them to wear bosh like that."

"Then Sparta was a stupid place," began Beata, hotly; but they came round the corner by the lake, and the sight there put everything else out of both their minds.

Such a pretty sight! Ice as smooth and clear as sweeping could make it; white banks of snow gleaming like a wreath about it; crowds of gayly dressed ladies and knickerbockered gentlemen skimming about, or being pushed in chairs; the ring of a hundred skates keeping time to the band that was playing in the rustic boat-house; and another crowd of people, but not gayly dressed, standing and looking on at it all.

"What a rabble!" said Beata. "These aren't only village people and servants; some of them look like gypsies. Look at that woman in the red shawl—she's a tramp."

But here, skating down to them with a pretty grace, her sweet face glowing above her warm furs, came Cousin Cecil, and just behind her the fair mustache of Captain Strangways, the children's firm friend; and after that there could be nothing but delight.

To skate between Cousin Cecil and Captain Strangways, holding a hand of each, seemed to Beata the summit of human felicity. Rex, still Spartan even in his pleasures, preferred to stagger about alone. Beata forgot to try and pretend she was grown up.

All at once she remembered, with a shock of remorse, that Captain Strangways had never seen the wonderful locket. What an omission! Her hand went up under her fur boa to bring that neglected ornament into its proper position; then stopped short. The thin little bit of blue ribbon dangled aimless there, to be sure, but there was no locket.

I don't think Beata will ever forget that moment, if she lives to be an old woman. Her face looked almost gray as she turned it up speechlessly to Cousin Cecil's wondering gaze.

"My locket! oh, my locket!" she managed to gasp.

"Your locket, dear? Why, what's the matter? Oh, Beata, you don't mean to say you wore it?"

"Oh yes, I did, I did; and now it's gone."

Cousin Cecil looked very grave indeed. "Oh, Beata!" was all she said, but it was worse than any words almost.

"Oh, do let's find it; do look—do, do!"

"We'll look; but as to finding it—" But Cousin Cecil broke off short. There was a scream from the other end of the lake, where the village boys and girls had made a slide—a shrill, sharp cry—and a little tiny boy, such a ragged, wretched mite, lay flat upon the hard cold ice. Captain Strangways started to go, but Cecil was there first. She was down upon her knees, and had the wee dirty face on her arm, before he could reach her side, for he was heavier and slower than she. She looked up with a serious face as he bent down to her.

"Poor little mite! I am afraid he's hurt. He was too small to slide. I must get him home this minute. Where does he live?"

"Please, miss, down to Bill Green's; they're a-lodgin'. Please, miss, they're tramps; that was his ma that's just gone, her in the red shawl there," rose in a hubbub of voices.

"Oh, poor wee man! I'll take him home."

"Pray, Miss Vyner, let me," said Captain Strangways, struggling with his skates.

"Oh no, please don't: I'd rather. It's only a step.

Digitized by Google

He isn't heavy. No, please. If you'll take the children home for me, I won't be long."

"But you must not go alone, and it's almost dusk."

"Jim shall go with me," and she beckoned to a stable-boy in the crowd. "Indeed, Captain Strangways, I would much rather you did not come, really;" and reluctantly he stooped and unfastened her skates, and stood watching her as she passed quickly down toward the village, with Jim in attendance, and the little child in her arms.

"It's all right, really," said Rex, trying to cut a double S, and failing signally. "Don't you know Cousin Cecil is doctor to half the village?"

"And oh!" said a tearful voice, "could you help me to look for my locket?"

"By all means," said the kind young soldier, and they set to work with a will, but without success; no locket was to be seen.

"I'll tell you what, Beata," said Rex, as the fading light warned them to join the group starting homeward, "it's no go. We'll tell Adams, and get him to set the gardeners and stablemen to work early in the morning, but you can't see your own nose now. I believe the woman in the red shawl boned it. Don't cry; you know the Spartans—"

But there was a sob as they turned away, and even Captain Strangways's comforting hand-clasp could not quite console poor Beata.

Everybody was having afternoon tea when they reached home. The great square hall, with its polished walls and rafters, was all aglow with the light from the great wood fire on the old stone hearth. There was a pleasant clatter of tea-spoons, and a most appetizing aroma of hot tea and muffins, and a great deal of chattering and soft laughter from the ladies in their low easy-chairs, and the gentlemen who were handing tea-cups. Captain Strangways secured a very big carved chair on the outside of the circle, and the children nestled down close to him on the tiger-skin rug. It was only the holiday-time that gained them this distinguished honor of taking tea down stairs, instead of in the school-room. But Beata did not feel grown up at all; she was far too busy mourning over the lost locket, and thinking of the confession that would have to be made to mamma by-and-by. Rex was very silent too, but he was busy with the muffins. I don't know whether they had muffins in Sparta, but on that subject he said not a word.

The laughter and the tea-drinking went on, but no Cousin Cecil appeared. Captain Strangways had twice gone over to look out at the deepening darkness, and each time he came back looking graver, when all at once the great hall door opened softly, there was a sudden rush of cold air, and in came Cecil, very gently and quietly.

Captain Strangways was on his feet, had unfastened her fur cloak, placed her in the big chair, and brought her a cup of tea, before Rex had swallowed the mouthful of muffin upon which he was engaged. When his speech returned to him, however, he asked, with un-Spartanlike eagerness,

"Well, and how's the little chap?"

"Better now, dear, but he was really hurt." Then, leaning forward, "Look here, Beata," she said, very seriously, and dropped something into her lap.

Beata started up with a little cry, "My locket! oh, my locket!"

"Then I do believe that old red shawl stole it, after all. Has she gone to prison?"

"Oh, hush, Rex! Listen, children: what sort of a home do you think I took that poor little man to? Nothing but the shed behind Green's smithy; no fire, no bed but straw, no food. He had cut his head, but I soon bound that up, and then—oh, how can I tell you?—his mother, that poor pale creature in the red shawl, came up to me, just as I was coming away, and with tears and sobs she gave me this. She said she saw it fall, and picked it up in hopes of a reward, and then—and then she thought of the food it would buy for her miserable little starving babies (there were two more in the shed), and oh, children, *she meant to keep it!*"

There was a moment's silence.

"Then why—why did she give it to you?" said a somewhat husky voice: perhaps the hardening process had given Rex cold.

"She said, when I brought the little boy home, she couldn't do it. She said—and I believe it is true—that it is the first time in her life she took what wasn't hers, and it was only the starving babies, and the sight of the glittering locket, that tempted her. Oh, Beata dear, don't you see now what it is to wear things that may put temptation in other people's way?"

Something as bright as the diamond nails glistened on the locket on Beata's lap.

"I'll tell mamma every bit about it," she murmured, with drooping head, "and ask her to take it away, and never let me even see it till I'm grown up."

"Yes; and, Beata"—and Cousin Cecil's voice sank so low that no one else could hear—"when you say, 'Lead us not into temptation,' to-night, ask to be kept from ever tempting anybody else, and think of poor little Tom's mother, won't you?"

"But, I say, cousin"—Rex was a little husky still—"are they all starving and shivering down there now?"

"Oh no; Mrs. Green has taken them in for the night, and Jim has just gone back with some hot soup and other things for them, and to-morrow we must settle more. I'm sure Uncle George will help."

"And Beata's and my pocket-money—at least what's left after Christmas and all those chocolates we bought the other day. Now, Beata, I hope you'll give up wearing lockets and tomfoolery like that. In Sparta—"

"Have another muffin, Rex, my boy?" said Captain Strangways; and Rex's valuable items of information respecting that classic land were lost to the general public—at least as far as that occasion was concerned.

GUESS.

If all the wealth on earth could be
To one man given, still would not he
Be rich as I. O'er land and sea
I scatter gold. I fill the air
With precious specks. Ay! everywhere
I of my treasure give a share,
And yet have countless stores to spare.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter VII.

FAREWELL TO THE CITY.

A DAY or two later, Phil, wrapped in shawls, was carried by Joe to a carriage, and the carriage rolled away to a wharf where puffed numerous steamboats; and here he was taken on board one of the river-steamers, and safely placed in the midst of a heap of pillows on deck, where he could see all the busy life about him—see the newspaper boys and the orange women, and the hurrying hacks and the great teams, and all the stir and tumult of the city's busiest hours. Miss Schuyler, in her cool gray suit, was on one side of him, and Lisa, looking tranquil and thoroughly glad and grateful, on the other,

Digitized by Google

and Joe, just the happiest darky in the world, sat at his feet ready to take charge of all and everything.

They sailed and they sailed, away from the city and its many roofs, from the factory chimneys and the steeples, from the cloud of smoke which hung between the sky and house-tops, until they came to the hills and dales of pasture-lands and villages. Then they landed, and were whirled away in the cars, and Phil enjoyed it all, even the fatigue which made him sleep; and Joe carried him about as if he were a baby.

It was quite dark when, after a drive over a rather rough road, they reached the lake-side cottage which was Miss Schuyler's summer home, and Phil was glad to be put in bed, for the old pain had begun again.

ON THE LAKE.

When he opened his eyes the next morning, it was with a strange feeling of wonder at his new surroundings. Birds were twittering out-of-doors, and there was a soft lapping of water on the shore. The green boughs of a cherry-tree almost brushed against the window-panes. He was no longer in his old garret room, but in a pretty apartment, with bunches of rose-buds on the walls, and scent-bottles on the toilet table, and muslin curtains, and a bright carpet, and pretty book-shelves, and brackets, and lovely child-faces in the engravings; and on a broad table was a little easel, and a paint-box, and drawing-paper; and here too was his old box with the violin strings.

"Oh," said Phil, softly, "I wonder if heaven is any better than this!"

He had closed his eyes as he said it, and went over his usual morning prayer of thankfulness; and when he opened his eyes, there was Lisa with his breakfast tray—poached eggs and toast and a goblet of milk.

"Lisa, Lisa, is not this too nice for anything?" asked Phil.

"Yes, indeed, dear, it is nice. Miss Schuyler says you must hurry and get strong, so that you can make the acquaintance of the hens that laid these eggs for you, and the cow whose milk is to do you so much good."

"What is the cow's name, Lisa?"

"I don't know," said Lisa.

"It is Daisy," said Miss Schuyler, coming in to say good-morning. "She's a lovely little Alderney, and her milk is like cream. Oh, you will soon be strong enough to row my boat for me."

"A boat!—have you a boat?"

"Yes, and you are going out on the lake in her this very morning."

"It is just too much happiness, Miss Schuyler."

"Well, we will not overpower you. For a day or two you must rest, and do nothing but breathe the sweet air. I have to be busy getting things in order and looking after my garden. Lisa will take her work on the piazza, and you can lie in one of the easy-chairs. Joe is to wait on you, and do a little weeding, and keep the paths in order, and bail out the boat; and the old man seems to be very much at home already. So that is the order of the day. Now good-by, and don't do too much thinking."

"One moment, Miss Schuyler; do you believe in fairies?"

"Just a little," said Miss Schuyler, with a quizzical smile.

"Well, I believe in them," said Phil, "and I think you are one of the best of them."

"Oh no, I am very human, dear Phil, as you will find out. And now I must go look after my strawberry beds. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Phil, waving her a kiss. "Only think, Lisa, we will actually see strawberries growing! It is quite fairy-land for me."

After that he was carried down to the easy-chair on the piazza, where he could see the lawn sloping down to the lake, and watch the birds lighting on the rim of a vase full of daisies and running vines. He could see that the cottage was low and broad, and painted in two shades of brown; that there were arbors covered with grape-vines on one side, and on the other he knew there were flower beds and fruit trees, for every once in a while Miss Rachel was to be seen emerging from there in a broad straw hat, and with buckskin gloves, trailing long bits of string or boughs of green stuff, with scissors and trowel and watering-can.

Lisa had her work-basket, and with deft fingers and a little under-tone of psalmody was fashioning a pretty summer garment. Then Miss Rachel came and tossed a basketful of early roses and syringa down beside Phil, and put a little table beside him, with some slender glass vases and a pitcher of water, and asked him to arrange the flowers for her. This he was glad to do, and made the bunches up as prettily as his nice taste suggested. But he was really wearied with great happiness. It was all so new, so charming, every sense was so satisfied, that at last he closed his eyes and slept.

It seemed to him only a little while, but when he opened his eyes again, Lisa was beside him with his dinner; and after dinner he slept again, and when he wakened the lawn was in shadow, and the sun low in the sky, and the birds were twittering and seeking their nests, and Miss Rachel was telling Joe to put cushions in the boat, the *Flyaway:* and presently Phil found himself floating gently on the lovely water of the lake, and the cottage and lawn and arbors were looking like a pretty bit of landscape he had seen in books.

He dipped his fingers in the clear water, and looked down at the pebbly bottom, and listened to the even dip of the oars, as old Joe rowed farther out from shore.

"It must be fairy-land," thought Phil, but he said nothing; he was too happy to talk. And so the day ended, the first day in the country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

Bow! wow! wow! You'd better run;
I'm just the dog to spoil your fun;
I'll tear your dresses, and bite your heels,
Till every one of you shrieks and squeals.
So, there! I've scared them well, I must say;
But I'm very glad that they ran away;
It wouldn't have been such jolly fun,
If they had made *me* turn tail and run.

Six chimney-sweeps, each black as a crow,
Had a big fight with a man of snow.
They beat him to pieces because he was white,
And had a triumphant feast that night.
Their dishes were blackbirds and crows, 'tis said,
Chimney-soot pudding and charcoal bread.
And they swallowed a dozen bottles of ink,
Being very choice in their meat and drink.

Here, you little monkey, you,
I want to see you play with Lu;
She's such a pretty little miss,
Shake hands with her, and give a kiss.
Won't!

Why not, when Lulu wants to play,
And asks in such a pretty way?
Can't!
Why not, you little sauce-box, say?
Sha'n't!

Here's a dainty little tree,
With its spreading leaves so free;
It's so pretty, that I will
Keep it on my window-sill.

Digitized by Google

Raton, New Mexico.

My brother and sisters and myself live at Chicorica Park. It is a very pretty place, situated in the Raton Mountains. We have had parties of as many as three hundred Indians hunting in our cañon at once, but it is a year and a half now since we have seen any. We have a good many deer here. Seven have been killed since Christmas, but one was carried off by a mountain lion.

We like Harper's Young People very much, especially the Jimmy Brown stories, and "Toby Tyler." We are all English children, and have never lived anywhere in America except in New Mexico. Our pets are dogs and cats and a colt. We like the colt best of all.

We have had some very heavy snow-storms, and the cañon has been impassable several times this winter, so we have not received Young People very regularly. I am twelve years old.

G. Kercheval M.

Clifton Heights, Pennsylvania.

I like the life of Lafayette which was published in Young People so much! I have the lives of generals in my history, but the way they are written in Young People is so much more interesting! I wish the paper was published twice a week, it seems so long to wait to hear how Toby Tyler gets along. On Wednesday morning it is "Hello! has Young People come?" all over our house. Mamma says it is a great blessing. We think the little girl with her first muff in the picture in No. 68 is so sweet and chubby and baby-like, that if she was alive we should just love her to death.

I have a dog named Major, who sits up on his hind-legs and hangs down his fore-paws pitifully, as if they were broken, and some people think they really are; but Major only does it to beg for candy. He has many friends, and sometimes they bring him sticks of candy all the way from Philadelphia.

It has been so cold here this winter that some of our sparrows fell to the ground half frozen. We brought them into the house, and when they got warm we opened the window and let them fly away.

Georgy H.

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

I am six years old. I began to take Young People on the first of January, and I like it ever so much. I learned the little poem in No. 66 about the strawberry vines, and how the snowy blanket covered their saucy little heads. I speak it for grandma, and she says it is beautiful.

Christmas papa gave me a beautiful little stove, all nickel-plated. I bake pies and cake and other nice things for my little friends and myself to eat.

My uncle brought me a doll from New York city, and my other uncle gave me a little trunk to put her clothes in.

Ethel B.

Denison, Iowa.

I wish Young People came every day instead of once a week. I was so sorry when "Mildred's Bargain" was finished! but I like the other stories ever so much, especially "Toby Tyler." I read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and wish I could see all the boys and girls who write them. The little girl away down in Texas who wrote about the first snow has no idea how much fun we Northern children have coasting on the snow crust, sometimes over drifts eight and ten feet deep.

Last Friday I spoke "Lily's Ball," the poem in No. 67 of Young People, at my school, and next week I am going to speak "My First Muff," in No. 68.

Mabel.

New York City.

I think Toby Tyler is a great boy. We used to have a monkey named Jack. Every night he would put a shawl over his head and go to sleep. Sometimes he would hold the kitten in his arms and try to put her to sleep. He would get on our pig's back, and hold on to his ears, and ride all around, and he would ride horseback to the village. When any one went out, he would watch to see if any candy were brought home, and if it was, he would stand on his hind-legs and put out his paw until the paper was opened. I am almost eight years old.

Willis K. T.

Houston, Texas, February 22, 1881.

I wish to notify correspondents that I have exchanged to the full extent of my collection, and I beg them not to write to me any more.

H. C. Yancey.

Forest Lake, Pennsylvania.

My papa promised me Young People as soon as I could read it myself. I tried very hard after that, and last November, on my seventh birthday, sure enough it came. I don't believe any little boy enjoys it more than I do. I must tell you of one thing it has done for me. I was always afraid to be left alone, especially after dark. After reading the story in No. 55 about the little girl who broke herself of being so timid, I went every night from garret to cellar all alone after dark, and now I am not afraid to go anywhere in the house, even if it is very dark.

I have a little brother named Harry. I love him very much. He likes the pictures in Young People as much as I do. I think Jimmy Brown is jolly.

Walcotte G.

San Antonio, Texas.

I have two mocking-birds for pets. They whistle so pretty! I am going to have a pretty flower garden this summer. Spring is here (February 16), and the peach-trees are budding, and everybody is making gardens.

I like all the stories in Young People. I always laugh so hard when mamma reads Jimmy Brown to me! I wish he would send another story.

May K.

February 24, 1881.

I have no more pure white coral left, but I have a piece with a little red in it which I will send to a boy who sent me a specimen of ore, if he will kindly send me his address again.

I would like to send "Wee Tot" a piece of red coral from the Red Sea, if she will send me some ocean curiosities and her address.

Sallie Kelley,
Kleine St., East Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fred Glaster, of Adams, Massachusetts, regrets being unable to make a return for some favors he has received, as the addresses, although given, were so illegible that he could not decipher them. Addresses should always be written distinctly. The Post-office Box is often compelled to neglect exchanges which are pretty and suitable, because the address is as mysterious as the hieroglyphics on our Egyptian obelisk.

Last year my father gave me a Columbia bicycle. We have a bicycle club here, with about twenty members, of which I am one. Our suit is brown corduroy, with red stockings. The cap is like the suit.

I would like to exchange some of the first American pennies and halfpennies, for foreign coins.

Arthur C. Ketcham,
Care of William P. Ketcham, P. O. Box 10,
Yonkers, N. Y.

I will exchange bayberry-tallow, for peacock coal, or postage stamps from Cape of Good Hope or Barbadoes.

A. M. Forman,
116 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bayberry-tallow is greenish in color, and is obtained by boiling the berries of the bayberry, or wax myrtle (*Myrica cerifera*). This shrub, which is very aromatic, grows in great abundance all along the Atlantic coast. It is found in such quantities in some localities of Long Island that the gathering of the berries and the manufacture of tallow for candles amount to an extensive local industry.

I have taken Young People since the first copy. My brother has bound it with strings, and it makes a very pretty volume.

I have often answered correspondents, always receiving, in exchange for foreign stamps, articles of equal value.

I have nearly two thousand duplicates of foreign stamps, which I will exchange for other foreign stamps, or for stamps of United States departments, I will also exchange postmarks for anything interesting.

John Thomas,
3429 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

My mamma says she will make a pretty flower out of any little girl's hair, or her mamma's, in exchange for curious shells, minerals, or a genuine Indian bow and arrow. A bunch of hair from one to two feet long and as thick as a goose quill will make a pretty flower.

Adella K. Livingston,
New Hope, Bucks County, Penn.

I have four Chilian stamps, which I would like to exchange for other South American stamps. I have made a man with a basket on his back from Wiggle 17, which I send.

Edward H. Palmer,
44 Schiffleutstadten, Strasburg, Germany.

Your Wiggle is excellent, and we are very sorry it arrived too late to be printed with others.

I have noticed in the exchanges there are many who want birds' eggs. It does not seem quite right to me, because if we take all the eggs, we destroy all the birds. I will exchange shells and pebbles from Lake Erie, for any curiosity except birds' eggs.

Jessie G. Smith,
327 West Fourth Street, Erie, Penn.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Postmarks and stamps of all kinds.

George Linscott,
Holton, Jackson County, Kansas.

Twenty-five postmarks, for five stamps from any country except Europe, Canada, and the United States.

F. S. and B. S.,
P. O. Box 582, Lansing, Mich.

Dried ferns from the highest peaks of the Alleghanies, for pieces of silk for a quilt.

Lucy Shaar, P. O. Box 73, Bridgeton, N. J.

Stamps.

Sammy Byans,
106 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

Postmarks or stamps, for stamps.

Jennie G. Eddy, Lock Box 111, Geneva, N. Y.

A piece of Irish peat, for soil and seed from the far West or South, especially cotton seed, or for a piece of lava.

D. Allan Weber,
Searsport, Waldo County, Maine.

Stamps.

N. S. Schwarz,
105 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps and postmarks, for stamps.

William M. Beaman,
U. S. Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, Penn.

A Canadian coin, for five Montenegro stamps.

Charlie Hubbard,
20 Pearl Street, New Haven, Conn.

Shells, for Indian relics.

Aaron King,
80 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.

Texas moss, flints, insects, woods, pressed flowers, and other natural curiosities, for foreign postage stamps, woods, Indian arrow-heads, and all kinds of minerals.

J. S. and Willie G. Davis,
Care of J. T. Davis, P. O. Box 122,
Groesbeck, Limestone County, Texas.

Postmarks, for stamps, curiosities, or minerals. Ten postmarks, for one rare stamp; or twenty, for a good curiosity.

Charlie Nichols,
288 Lafayette Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Postage stamps, for stamps, minerals or coins.

Ralph L. Emerson,
P. O. Box 100, Brookline, Mass.

Postage stamps, for the same, or pressed wild flowers.

Fred Cheney,
41 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Foreign postage stamps.

Henry Payne,
Mankato, Minn.

Stamps, for coins.

A Subscriber of "Young People,"
First National Bank, Bay City, Mich.

A small piece of sulphate of iron, for foreign postage stamps.

Harry W. Townley,
Somerville, N. J.

Stamps, for coins.

W. T. Camp,
124 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.

Stamps, for anything suitable for a museum.

D. G. Barnett,
406 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

German postage stamps, for other foreign stamps.

Arthur E. Campbell,
222 Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Five postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

Guy F. Barnes,
St. Albans, Franklin County, Vt.

Rare postmarks (Illinois especially) and postage stamps, for foreign and old issues of United States stamps.

Manning A. Logan,
812 Twelfth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Three varieties of internal revenue stamps, for foreign stamps, minerals, or curiosities.

Edwin E. Slosson,
Sabetha, Nemaha County, Kansas.

United States and foreign postage stamps, for stamps from Hamburg, Mexico, and Japan.

Harry C. Berkeley,
180 Charlotte Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Postage stamps, for specimens of gold, silver, copper, or tin ore.

Alex B. Halliday,
406 West Forty-third Street, New York City.

Minerals, fossils, shells, and Indian relics (a large collection of the latter), for minerals, shells, and seaweed. Only good specimens desired.

Ed Gout, 1 South Third Street, Harrisburg, Penn.

Stones from Connecticut, Texas, and Mississippi, also cotton as it comes from the field, for foreign postage stamps.

James McKenna,
4 West Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

A Norwegian halfpenny, date 1867, two Cape of

Digitized by Google

Good Hope stamps, and a flint an inch long, for Indian arrow-heads and petrified wood.
GEORGE E. PARSELL, Hastings, Minn.

Shells from the Indian and Pacific oceans, for fossils of animals or plants. HENRY W. HAND, Green Creek, Cape May County, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps, for Indian relics and curiosities. FLAVEL S. MINER, Kirkwood Hotel, Kirkwood, St. Louis County, Mo.

Postmarks, postage and revenue stamps, and monograms, for postage and revenue stamps.
K. G. RANTON, West Berkeley, Cal.

Thirty foreign stamps, for five stamps of the following countries: Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Cape of Good Hope, Hong-Kong. H. L. J., Lock Box 721, Granville, Licking County, Ohio.

Postmarks, for stamps. JAMES G. BARNOUR, 25 Fulton Street, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Twenty-eight old coins, for any curiosity or Indian relics. A good Indian bow and a few arrows especially desired. A SUBSCRIBER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE," P. O. Box 920, Rushford, Fillmore Co., Minn.

A few shells from Calcutta, India, for ocean curiosities, or any pretty thing for a collection. Mosses and pressed ferns especially desired. Flower seeds also exchanged. ELLA STULL, Greenville, Darke County, Ohio.

Ten foreign postage stamps, for an Indian arrow-head, or two stamps from the Cape of Good Hope.
FREEMAN WOODBRIDGE, Care of Dr. J. Woodbridge, New Brunswick, N. J.

Postmarks and Canadian postage stamps, for shells from the Pacific and Southern coasts, or other curiosities. Correspondents will please label specimens.
MISS M. FRANK LE COUNT, South Norwalk, Conn.

Stones from the Arkansas River, cotton as it comes from the field, cotton seed, postmarks, and scales of the alligator gar-fish, for United States or foreign coins. Correspondents will please label coins.
COLLECTOR, care of Postmaster, Heckatoo, Lincoln County, Ark.

Old United States and foreign postage stamps, for coins and minerals. GUSTAVUS SCHARMEN, 159 Prince Street, New York City.

Ten Pennsylvania postmarks, for the same number of any other State or Territory, or Canada.
CLIFF C. GARRISON, Brookville, Jefferson County, Penn.

Twenty-five postmarks, for five rare postage stamps. R. C. WILLIAMS, JUN., 840 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A stone from Pennsylvania, for one from any other State; or postmarks, for foreign stamps—Chinese especially desired. WALTER J. WELLS, Oswayo, Potter County, Penn.

An ounce of the soil of New York, for the same from any other State. Western soil particularly desired. ERNEST S. GRAHS, 123 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sea-shells, for foreign postage stamps.
C. H. TOOKER, 63 Cass Avenue, Corner of Adams, Detroit, Mich.

Fragments of figured pottery from sites of ancient Mohawk Indian villages, for Indian relics from other localities. R. C. HALL, Canajoharie, Montgomery County, N. Y.

Stones from the shore of Lake Erie, for stones or ores from other localities, or foreign postage stamps.
FRANK W. FULLERTON, 78 Sawtell Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

European, Chinese, and Japanese postage stamps, for minerals. CLARENCE HENSE, 30 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

Latest issues of German, French, and Italian postage stamps, and curiosities, for curiosities.
L. H. TROTTER, 22 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Postmarks, for fossils and minerals.
FLETCHER M. NOE, 165 North Alabama Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Foreign postage stamps, for foreign stamps, minerals, or fossils. HARRY S. JEANES, 521 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Postage stamps, postmarks, minerals, shells, wood, feathers, or any Texas curiosity, for copper or zinc ore, ocean curiosities, or anything suitable for a museum. FRANK D. DAVIS, Groesbeck, Texas.

United States War Department stamps, for foreign stamps. MONTGOMERY M. TAYLOR, Newport Barracks, Newport, Ky.

Coins, for an Indian tomahawk or pipe, shells, minerals, coins, or other curiosities.
ALFRED W. KERR, 22 Crescent Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

G. H.—"The Story of George Washington" ran through ten numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I., beginning in No. 24, April 13, and ending in No. 33, June 15.

CLEMENT L. AND VIRGINIA H. P.—In 1872, Captain Lawson, an Englishman, accompanied by a band of natives, explored the island of Papua, or New Guinea. In the published account of his travels mention is made of Mount Hercules, which, according to his measurements, is 22,763 feet above the sea-level, or over 3000 feet higher than Mount Everest. Captain Lawson's statement has not yet been verified by farther scientific investigation, and the latest geographies and encyclopædias continue to name Mount Everest as the highest known peak on the earth's surface.

MINNIE G.—A Brazilian silver milreis, or one thousand reis, is worth about fifty-one cents, United States currency. The face value of a ten-reis postage stamp is about half a cent.—Cancelled stamps are commonly used in exchange by our correspondents, as new ones are difficult to obtain, especially those of foreign countries.

A. A. Y. C.—The cost of material for sail-boat described in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66 is about fifteen dollars. For the other information you require, go to the foot of Court Street, Brooklyn, in which city you live, and talk with the boatmen and boat-builders there.

J. M.—A new boat like the one you describe will cost from seventy-five to one hundred dollars. You may be able to obtain one second-hand in good condition for half that sum. The expense of starting a club would depend entirely upon the outlay to which the members mutually agree. It might be confined to the price of your boat and rowing suits, and the rent of some place to store your boat.

JOHN T.—A note from Mr. Casey, containing his address and a kind offer to reply to correspondents, was printed in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 61.

WILLIE B. S.—When the Colonial Congress was in session in Philadelphia in 1774 a motion was made to open the proceedings with prayer. It was opposed on the ground that as the members belonged to different denominations, they would be unable to join in the same act of worship. But Mr. Samuel Adams, who was a strict Presbyterian, said he could listen to a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country, and named Mr. Jacob Duche, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, as such a person. The motion was then passed, and Mr. Duche appeared the next morning, and officiated with great fervor. He subsequently became a traitor to his country, and even attempted to persuade Washington to desert to the British.

WALTER S. D.—The two New York firms that carry and distribute mail matter within the limits of the city of New York are Boyd's Dispatch and Hosey's Dispatch. They claim this right in virtue of a special privilege given them many years ago by the city government. Whatever this right may be in theory, it certainly holds good in practice, for the general government has tried time and time again to break up these concerns, but without avail.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first in quill, not in pen.
My second in duck, not in hen.
My third in river, not in lake.
My fourth in biscuit, not in cake.
My fifth in soon, not in late.
The capital I of a foreign state,
Upon whose shore by night and day
The Pacific dashes in foam and spray.
DAME DURDEN.

No. 2.

WORD CHANGES.

1. Rain to snow. 2. Rags to silk. 3. Mill to cent. 4. Sin to woe. 5. Sold to lost. 6. Line to cord. 7. Nay to yea. 8. Glue to mend. FRANK L. L.

No. 3.

BABY CONSONANTS.

Cities and Countries.—1. Here is a new portfolio for Carrie. 2. Ponto led Oliver to the stream. 3. I shall see Charles to-night. 4. Helen and Anna may go to the fair. M. L. H.

5. He is no liar, men; I am the culprit. 6. Madam, as custodian of the library, I must forbid you to remove books. 7. I gave orders that he be set to work immediately. 8. Her picture was set in diamonds. BELL.

Trees.—9. Did you know that Will owns a horse? 10. This pie equals an iron bar in strength. 11. We heard the croak of a raven. 12. Steam-engines propel many boats. 13. It appeared to me that he was false. 14. Philip, each one of your sums is wrong. 15. The plumes of Crécy round him waved. ED.

Birds and Beasts.—16. His rib is broken. 17. How did that occur, Lewis? 18. He muttered words none could understand. 19. Jim and Caspar rowed us over the river. MARGARET.

20. I abhor seeing you in that dress. 21. Behind them came Lucy, all in white. 22. Would you like to be a Russian? 23. Dover is the capital of Delaware. 24. The medicine is more bitter now than it was at first. 25. The fairy's wand is broken.
EMILY AND CLARA.

26. Isaac, row faster! 27. The lobsters nip Essie's fingers. 28. Seth rushed in and told them. MILLIE.

No. 4.

CHARADE.

My first is a troublesome insect.
My second might be applied to every boy and girl during dinner-time.
My whole consumes my first. NORMAN.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In cold, not in heat.
In shoe, not in feet.
In flutter, not in flaunt.
In wish, not in want.
In stone, not in brick.
In hen, not in chick.
In rough, not in kind.
In thought, not in mind.
To gather my whole on an autumn day
For country boys is sport and play.
LENA S. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 69.

No. 1.

S P A I N
P A R T
A R T
I T
N

No. 2. Tiger.

No. 3. Across.—1. Stork. 2. Sport. 3. Heron. 4. Civil. 5. Drain. 6. Dregs. 7. Refer. 8. Flint. 9. Oasis. 10. Sword. 11. Freak. 12. Spare. 13. Dross. Zigzags—Spring flowers.

No. 4.

M
P A R
F A C E T
P A N A C E A
M A C A R O N I C
R E C O V E R
T E N E T
A I R
C

No. 5. Lifetime.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jessie A. Allen, H. V. B., Bessie Bolton, Laura Brick, Charles H. Cole, Alice Cantine, Lulu C., W. Chase, R. O. Chester, "Dawley Boys," Harry H. Dickinson, L. Jay E., Lena S. Fox, "L. U. Strat," William A. Lewis, Howard B. Leul, Adelia R. Lippincott, C. H. McBride, "Philo S. Opher," Willy Rochester, D. J. Reinhart, Frank W. Smith, Gilbert F. Salters, "Starry Flag," Dora N. Taylor, W. I. Trotter, "Ed. I. Torial," Willie F. Woolard, Edith M. Wetmore, Annie Wheeler, "Young Solver."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

STRING TRICKS.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

EVERY boy and girl knows the mysteries of the "cat's-cradle"—of course you do, as well as you know your "Aina, maina, mona, mite"—but do you know that the "cat's-cradle" does not begin to exhaust the possibilities of a piece of string? "Indian-box" mysteries and "inexhaustible hats" are not to be compared with it for simplicity of contrivance. Given a piece of string a yard long, and ten nimble fingers (counting thumbs), and you have all the apparatus needed to astonish your friends for a whole evening. I hope the accompanying illustrations and description will be sufficient to give you the secret of one of these wonderful string tricks. And now you shall be enlightened as to the

BUTTON-HOLE MYSTERY.

Secure a piece of strong cord a yard in length, and having tied the ends firmly together, pass the double end through your

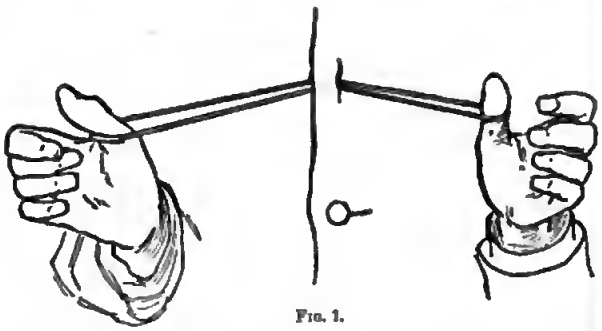


Fig. 1.

button-hole, and a thumb through each loop, as in Fig. 1. Now slip the little finger of your *left* hand under the lower string of the loop which passes over the *right* thumb, and the little finger of the *right* hand under the lower string of the loop which passes over the *left* thumb, separating the hands as in Fig. 2. Now comes the mystery. A quick movement of both hands, without releasing the string from either thumbs or little fingers, will give the effect of a tangle which can only be extricated by cutting the string or the button-hole. You add to the illusion by sawing a little on the button-hole to direct the attention to the impossibility of loosening the string at that point; then suddenly, without letting go either hand, you present the string free from the button-hole, though still securely tied.

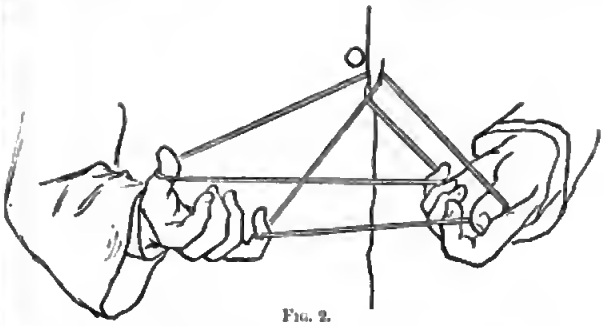


Fig. 2.

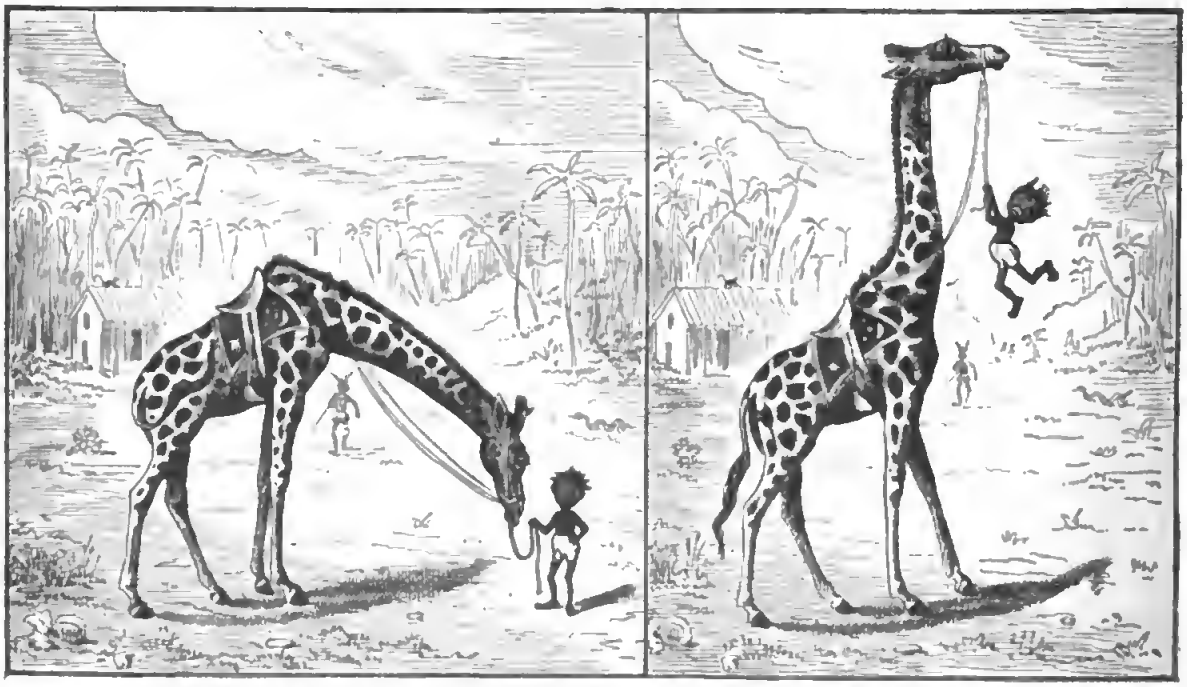
The secret lies in this: if you look carefully at Fig. 2, you will discover that the little finger of one hand and the thumb of the other are really holding the same loop; so you have only to retain your hold at these points, letting the rest go, to draw the string out of the button-hole with freedom.

But you may find it rather difficult at first to make the proper thumb and finger act quickly and in unison, apart from the twin brother of each; for thumbs, and also little fingers, are like twin children, and, unless well trained, one always wants to do what the other does. But you will succeed if you think very hard for a moment, for that is the way the mind makes naughty hands and feet obey her commands.

THE LOSING BAG.

Little Harry Careless
  Was always losing things—
Shoes and hats, and slates and books,
  Pencils, marbles, strings—
Till at last his mother
  Took a faded flag
(A great, enormous one it was)
  And made of it a bag.

"Now, my careless Harry,"
  Said she, with a kiss,
"When you feel like losing things,
  Pop them into this."
"That I will," cried Harry,
  Happy as a king;
And since he's had the losing bag
  He's never lost a thing.



"HOLD YOUR GIRAFFE, SIR!" THE GIRAFFE IS HELD.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 73. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, March 22, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE LUCK OF THE HORSESHOE.—Drawn by W. R. Yeager.

TOMMY TUCKER'S HORSESHOE.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

TOMMY TUCKER lives on a "farm" in the city of New York, near the Central Park. Some people make fun of Tommy's way of living, and call his place the "sunken lots," and say his family are squatters; but it makes very little difference to Tommy what remarks were made about his home or his people, so long as they were happy. And they were happy for a very long time, so happy that they didn't know what it was to be miserable, and it makes a wonderful difference to be able to tell one from the other. Up to the beginning of this winter they had the longest run of luck on record in any family in that neighborhood. A long while since, a horse had been turned out to die in a lot near the Tucker's. It wasn't such a very old horse, but it was dreadfully sick, and something was

the matter with its windpipe, so that Mr. Tucker heard it wheezing away while he was at work on the farm. He had a very kind heart, and always did what he could for poor dumb creatures, as well as those that could tell what was the matter with them; and what with kind treatment and a wonderful skill Mr. Tucker had with animals, that horse came around so that you'd hardly know it from a spirited charger of Mr. Crœsus—a gentleman who lives up in that neighborhood. It grew so strong that it was able to drag a cart-load of vegetables down town to Mr. Tucker's customers, and Mr. Tucker was able to put another lot or two under cultivation. And if the lots were a little rough and sunken, it was very pretty to see them full of "green things a-growing." Up to this last winter there was almost always something to sell, and pretty soon after Mr. Tucker cured his horse he got a cow. She wasn't a first-class cow when Mr. Tucker first traded off some pigs for her, and gave some silver to boot out of Mother Tucker's stocking. What little milk she had seemed to be turned to gall, and even that couldn't be got from her until she was tied to the side of the house; then she would have kicked the whole mansion down if it hadn't been founded on a rock, like the wise man's house Mr. Tucker read about in the Bible. Mr. Tucker and Tommy think there are only two books worth reading in the whole world: one is the Bible, and the other is *Robinson Crusoe*. Tommy hadn't minded depending on his goats for milk, because it seemed so much like Crusoe's way of living; but Mrs. Tucker and Tommy's three little brothers liked cow's milk the best; for one thing, there was so much more of it, and Tommy's three little brothers had such excellent appetites. For Mr. Tucker's wisdom extended to the udders of the cow, and pretty soon she was almost as good as an Alderney cow around the corner, so called, Mr. Tucker said, because she belonged to an Alderman.

Tommy Tucker's family prospered exceedingly. The horse drew more and more vegetables to market, the cow gave more and more milk, the hens laid more and more eggs, and the cheery chink in Mother Tucker's stocking became more and more musical to the ear, until the last winter set in. Then the Tucker luck, which was proverbial in that neighborhood, suddenly took an evil turn.

First, and worst, Mr. Tucker fell on the ice and broke his leg. You may know it was a particular kind of ice that could bring Mr. Tucker down. It was about a dozen layers thick, and very treacherous. The winter had closed in some time before in a very unusual way. It was bitter cold, day in and day out; the heavens opened, and the snow fell, and opened again, and more snow came down, and kept on opening, and more snow kept falling, until the familiar gullies were all filled up, and the country around there grew white and level and changed, so that Tommy wondered sometimes if the world had lost its reckoning, and stopped turning when it reached the north pole.

And it gave Tommy a dreadful sickly feeling to know that his father's leg *could* break. It wasn't natural to see him lying on the bed in the corner, when he had always been up and doing. Nothing ever seemed so far gone that his father couldn't fetch it around, and it shook Tommy's confidence considerably to see the obstinacy of that leg. Tommy had always gone to bed before his father, and his father had always got up before Tommy, so that it was a new experience to Tommy to see his father down.

It took the heart out of all of them, and everything went wrong. It went on freezing, snowing, and blowing outside; and do what Tommy could, the live stock began to give out. That charity waif of a horse yielded to the weakness in his windpipe again, and sprawled his legs and hung his head in the most ungrateful way; the cow went dry; two of the best pigs got frost-bitten, so that their squeal mingled with the melancholy soughing of the north wind around the Tucker mansion; and the hens wouldn't lay an egg for Mr. Tucker, though the doctor had particularly ordered it.

And about that doctor: Tommy used to dread to see him come, for instead of brightening things up, he made them gloomier. He took some of the cheery chink out of Mother Tucker's stocking every time he came, and Mr. Tucker seemed none the better for it, but lay with his face to the wall for hours together, and wouldn't read any book in the Bible but Job; and Tommy's three little brothers went on eating just the same as when milk was plenty and times were good.

The music in Mother Tucker's stocking got away down to the toe; and one morning, when Mr. Tucker had no appetite for anything, and Tommy's three little brothers had an appetite for everything, even their mother's poor share of what was left, Tommy saw the shadow of a big wolf called Hunger prowling around the door-sill, and out he ran and down the road, frightened, and sobbing as if his heart would break. He thought nothing of the poor shivering brutes that were left to his care, or thought they might as well all starve together. Luck was against them: there was no use trying any more; when all at once, over in the middle of the road, he saw through his blinding tears something round and shining. It wasn't a gold piece, nor one of silver, but he plunged through a snow-bank and over a ditch to get it. He dug it out of a chunk of ice, and cut his hands and tore his finger-nails; and his honest little face took the keen and hungry exultation of a miner's just then, though it was neither silver nor gold, but an old battered-out horseshoe.

For all the music in Mother Tucker's stocking hadn't helped his father's leg, but Tommy had heard say that a horseshoe honestly found was the best bit of luck to stumble on in the world.

He warmed the cold bit of metal against his heart, and ran home with it as fast as he could, never stopping until he reached his father's bed.

"Cheer up, Pop!" he cried. "See! Everything 'll come right now. I've found a horseshoe."

Poor Mr. Tucker turned to look at it with a sickly sort of smile, but the hope that illumined his boy's face lent a feeble glow to his own.

"Heaven bless the boy!" he said. "I'm very weak, I suppose. But hang it up where I can see it."

Mother Tucker fastened it to a beam over the foot of the bed, having the good cry over it she'd been longing for, and out Tommy ran to see to the live stock.

He rubbed that horse into such a glow that before he left him the wheeze in his windpipe wasn't worth mentioning, and he held his head and legs up in the style of Mr. Crœsus' steed; then he fed the cow, and drove the hens around to the manure heap, where they could keep warm in the steaming side next the sun; and while he was hard at work he heard a terrible racket up the road, and he thought it must be Mr. Crœsus himself shouting and screaming for dear life, while his charger was flying along on the wings of the wind. Tommy dropped his pitchfork, and got there just in time to feel the hot breath from the runaway's nostrils, and make a spring for the bridle. They all went plunging along together a bit, then came to a stand-still, trembling all over, all of them. What was Tommy's delight to find that instead of Mr. Crœsus, it was only their old doctor! He trembled more than his horse, and puffed like a grampus.

"Well done, sonny," he said. "I might have been in a worse plight than your father, if it hadn't been for you. My horse never cut up such a tantrum before."

Tommy knew what it was; it was the horseshoe. Something had to be done to soften that doctor's heart. Tommy plucked up courage to beg of him to take no more music from his mother's stocking, seeing it was away down to the toe.

Digitized by Google

"Why, no, sonny," said the doctor; "I'll take none out, but I'll put some in."

After that scare with the horse, nothing would do but Tommy must go around with the doctor to take care of it, and the doctor made a bargain with Tommy that paid him handsomely for three or four hours every day.

When Tommy reached home that night he found his father propped up in bed making a supper off of new-laid eggs. His father said it was driving the hens round on the sunny side of the farm, but Tommy stuck to it that it was the horseshoe. After that it was like the house that Jack built. The hens began to lay; Pop began to eat and get well, and read the Psalms instead of Job; the cow had a pretty calf, and began to give lots of milk; the winter began to break; and the doctor began telling the Tucker family of a noble way of squatting out West that beat their way all to nothing, and how there was lots of land out there considerably better than the sunken lots, and how, instead of watching one lazy horse, that wouldn't run away without there was a providence in it, Tommy might have a whole drove of chargers like Mr. Cresus', and Mr. Tucker might raise millions of bushels of golden grain, and he shouldn't wonder if Tommy would be President yet, and his three little brothers feeding away at a public crib that never gives out.

Tommy says it's all the horseshoe, but the doctor's made a sum of it in this way:

P×P=P.

Pluck multiplied by Perseverance equals Prosperity. The doctor says the example is to be followed in a general sort of way, but principally by stopping a runaway horse when there's an old coward of a doctor behind him.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHIPS.

BY LIEUTENANT J. A. LOCKWOOD.

AFTER the hull of a ship is built, she is launched before her spars are put in. This launching is usually done stern foremost; sometimes bow foremost, and, in very narrow rivers, side foremost. The *Great Eastern* was launched side foremost in the river Thames.

Under the general name of spars are included the masts, bowsprit, yards, booms, and gaffs of a ship. It will not be necessary to inform the boys who live near our seaports what masts and yards are; but perhaps some of America's future admirals, who have yet to see their first ship, will be interested in knowing that a mast is a stick perpendicular to the deck, and yards are sticks to which sails are bent, and are at right angles with the masts; the bowsprit is a stick projecting over the bow to carry sail forward.

Each of the three masts of all but very small vessels consists of a number of sticks one above another. The "heel" of the topmast comes a little below the "head" of the lower mast, and is secured by a "cap," a sort of iron band, and a bar, called a "fid." Above the topmast comes the top-gallant-mast, and above that the royal-mast.

At the head of the lower mast of a ship is a platform called the "top." Tops have usually holes in them, called the "lubbers' hole," large enough to permit a man to crawl through. Jack, however, scorns to make use of this hole, preferring to climb over outside by the futtock-shrouds.

Vessels derive their names from the number of their masts and their rig. While all vessels are often included under the general term *ships*, more properly a ship has always three masts, and is square-rigged; that is, she has tops and yards on all three of her masts. The three masts are designated by the names fore, main, and mizzen.

A bark is square-rigged at her fore and main masts, but, unlike a ship, at her mizzenmast has no top, and only fore-and-aft sails.

A brig has but two masts, both of which are square-rigged.

A schooner may have either two or three masts, but carries fore-and-aft sails only.

A sloop has one mast, fore-and-aft rigged.

A vessel's masts are "stepped"—*i. e.*, put in—by means of shears. Shears consist of a couple of spars lashed together at one end and spread apart at the other. They are raised to a nearly upright position, and furnished with tackle for lifting masts in and out of ships.

After the masts are stepped and the bowsprit put in, the standing rigging is "set up." The standing rigging consists of strong ropes, called stays, to support the masts fore and aft, and other ropes, called back-stays and shrouds, to lend support sideways. The shrouds on each mast are connected by little ropes placed crosswise, called ratlines, which the sailors use when ordered to "lay aloft." A good sailor is as nimble as a cat on these ratlines.

The running rigging consists of the ropes used in handling the yards and sails, and every rope has a distinguishing name. Halyards are ropes used to hoist yards and sails. Braces are ropes used to swing the yards round by.

To the beginner the names of ropes are apt to be very confusing. Old salts are fond of spinning a yarn about a lad who wanted to go to sea, until he heard that the fore-top-gallant-studding-sail-boom-tricing-line-thimble-block-mousing was the name of about the smallest bit of rope on board ship, when he at once concluded that, such being the case, he could never expect to master the name of the largest rope, and consequently decided to become a farmer.

A SONG OF APOLLO.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

After the burning of Troy, to Argos there came
A soldier aged and weary:
Naught had he gained in the contest, treasure nor fame,
So now he lifted his lyre, and day after day
Stood in the streets or the market, and strove to play.

No one gave him a lepton, no one waited to hear
A song so ancient and simple;
Hungry and hopeless, he ceased: then a youth drew near—
A youth with a beautiful face—and he said, "Old man,
Now strike on thy lyre and sing, for I know thou can."

"O Greek," said old Akeraios, "I have lost the power,
With handling of swords and lances."
"Then here's a didrachmon—lend me thy lyre an hour;
Then hold out the cap in thine hand, and I will play:
Surely these men that are deaf shall listen to-day."

Then, with a mighty hand sweeping the trembling strings,
Over the tumult and chatting,
Like the call of a clear sweet trumpet, the young voice rings;
For he sings of the taking of Troy, and the chords
Sound like the tramping of hoofs, and clashing of swords.

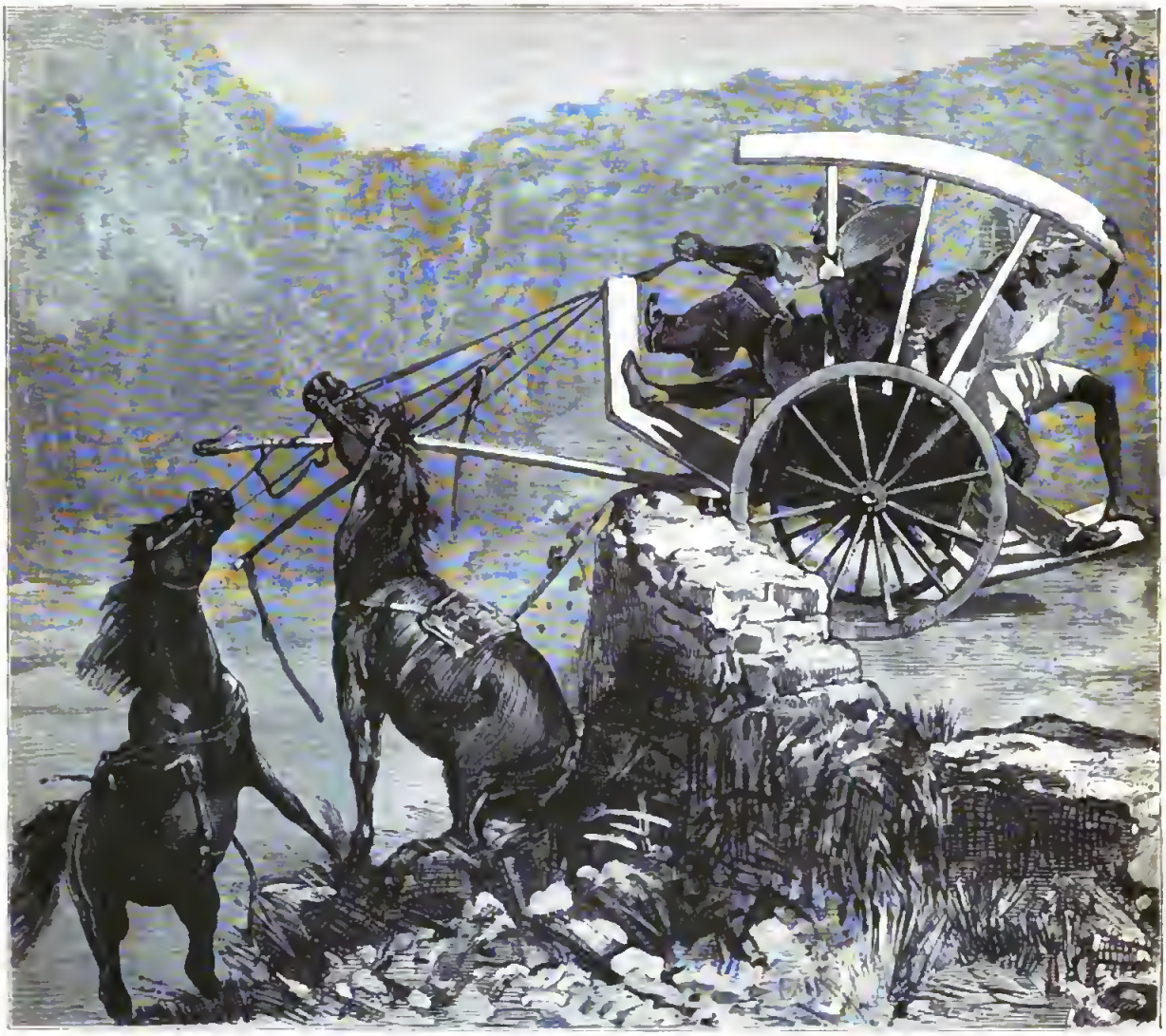
There, in the market of Argos, is Hector slain,
There, in their midst, is Achilles.
Breathless, they listen again and again,
Fill up the cap with coins, and shout in the crowded street,
"Strike up thy lyre once more, O Singer strange and sweet!"

Ah! then came magical notes, soft melodies low;
The air grew purple and amber,
Scented with honey, and spices, and roses a-blow:
And there in the glory sat Love—Mother and Queen—
And eyes grew misty with tears for days that had been.

Eyes grew misty, hearts grew tender, tender and free:
Every one gave to the soldier
Bracelets, and ring, and perfumes from over the sea.
Then said the Singer, "Now, soldier, gather thy store,
The hands that have fought for Greece need never beg more.

"Greeks, dwelling in Argos, this is a shameful sight—
A soldier wounded and begging."
The Singer grew splendid and godlike, and rose in unbearable light:
Then they knew it was Phœbus Apollo, and said,
"Never again in Argos shall the brave beg bread."

Digitized by Google



ACCIDENT ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD, INDIA.

AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN TRAVEL.

ALTHOUGH there are about ten thousand miles of railroad in Hindostan, the country is so vast, and in many portions of it so mountainous, that much of the travelling is yet performed by old-fashioned methods. We see one of them in the accompanying sketch, and perhaps our young readers will think that there is sometimes as much danger attaching to the "old slow coach" as to the swift-rushing iron horse. The conveyance in our sketch is what is known as a "hill cart," a curious kind of vehicle, with a seat before and behind covered with a leathern hood, hung very low, and possessing two strong wheels. It is drawn by two ponies, whose general pace is a hand-gallop.

The hill roads are narrow and uneven, with sharp curves bordering unpleasantly close to the edge of the "khuds," or precipices, over one of which the ponies in the sketch have taken a flying leap, having been frightened into shying at the remnants of a previous accident on the same spot.

At the best, the occupants of these hill carts have but a sorry time of it. The cart having only two wheels, the pole is supported by a chain fastened to a longitudinal bar across the backs of the animals, after the manner of an old-fashioned curricle, this method of harnessing causing a lurching, humping motion, sometimes amounting to a perfect series of jumps when passing over a rough bit of ground, the occupants of the vehicle holding on by the rails to maintain their seats, from which, however, they are perpetually being jerked.

There is sometimes a good deal of fun in getting these hill carts set in motion for a start, the ponies generally having a will of their own, and sometimes not agreeing; one is prepared to start, the other objects, so he is thrashed by the driver; but to make things equal, so is the willing fellow. This unjust infliction causes him to make such a sudden and violent plunge that a trace breaks, which begets much hard language and delay. However, the trace gets mended somehow, and then there is another attempt to start. The cart is pushed on to the heels of the ponies, of which proceeding they show their disapproval by a series of most vigorous kicks. After an interval varying from five to fifteen minutes, the driver, with assistance from behind, finally triumphs, and the start is made, the balky animal having entirely altered his previous views of resistance, and taken it into his head to run madly away with himself, his quieter fellow, the cart, and its contents.

This scene is generally repeated at every stage with each fresh pair of ponies, so the fun of the thing becomes before long rather tiresome.

Digitized by Google

GIVING THANKS.

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XV.

TOBY'S FRIENDS PRESENT HIM WITH A COSTUME.

DURING this time Toby's funds had accumulated rather slower than on the first few days he was in the business, but he had saved eleven dollars, and Mr. Lord had paid him five dollars of his salary, so that he had the to him enormous sum of sixteen dollars, and he had about made up his mind to make one effort for liberty, when the news came that he was to ride in public.

He had, in fact, been ready to run away any time within the past week; but, as if they had divined his intentions, both Mr. Castle and Mr. Lord had kept a very strict watch over him, one or the other keeping him in sight from the time he got through with his labors at night until they saw him on the cart with old Ben.

"I was just gettin' ready to run away," said Toby to Ella, on the day Mr. Castle gave his decision as to their taking part in the performance, and while they were walking out of the tent, "an' I shouldn't wonder now if I got away to-night."

"Oh, Toby!" exclaimed the girl, as she looked reproachfully at him, "after all the work we've had to get ready, you won't go off and leave me before we've had a chance to see what the folks will say when they see us together."

It was impossible for Toby to feel any delight at the idea of riding in public, and he would have been willing to have taken one of Mr. Lord's most severe whippings if he could have escaped from it; but he and Ella had become such firm friends, and he had conceived such a boyish admiration for her, that he felt as if he were willing to bear almost anything for the sake of giving her pleasure. Therefore he said, after a few moments' reflection: "Well, I won't go to-night, anyway, even if I have the best chance that ever was. I'll stay one day more, anyhow, an' perhaps I'll have to stay a good many."

"That's a nice boy," said Ella, positively, as Toby thus gave his decision, "and I'll kiss you for it."

Before Toby fully realized what she was about, almost before he had understood what she said, she had put her arms around his neck, and given him a good sound kiss right on his freckled face.

Toby was surprised, astonished, and just a little bit ashamed. He had never been kissed by a girl before, very seldom by any one, save the fat lady, and he hardly knew what to do or say. He blushed until his face was almost as red as his hair, and this color had the effect of making his freckles stand out with startling distinctness. Then he looked carefully around to see if any one had seen them.

"I never had a girl kiss me before," said Toby, hesitatingly, "an' you see it made me feel kinder queer to have you do it out here where everybody could see."

"Well, I kissed you because I like you very much, and because you are going to stay and ride with me to-morrow," she said, positively; and then she added, slyly, "I may kiss you again if you don't get a chance to run away very soon."

"I wish it wasn't for Uncle Dan'l, an' the rest of the folks at home, an' there wasn't any such men as Mr. Lord an' Mr. Castle, an' then I don't know but I might want to stay with the circus, 'cause I like you awful much."

And as he spoke Toby's heart grew very tender toward the only girl friend he had ever known.

By this time they had reached the door of the tent, and as they stepped outside, one of the drivers told them that Mr. Treat and his wife were very anxious to see both of them in their tent.

"I don't believe I can go," said Toby, doubtfully, as he glanced toward the booth, where Mr. Lord was busy in attending to customers, and evidently waiting for Toby to relieve him, so that he could go to his dinner; "I don't believe Mr. Lord will let me."

"Go and ask him," said Ella, eagerly. "We won't be gone but a minute."

Toby approached his employer with fear and trembling.

ELLA AND TOBY.

Digitized by Google

He had never before asked leave to be away from his work, even for a moment, and he had no doubt but that his request would be refused with blows.

"Mr. Treat wants me to come in his tent for a minute; can I go?" he asked, in a timid voice, and in such a low tone as to render it almost inaudible.

Mr. Lord looked at him for an instant, and Toby was sure that he was making up his mind whether to kick him, or catch him by the collar and use the rubber cane on him. But he had no such intention, evidently, for he said, in a voice unusually mild, "Yes, an' you needn't come to work again until it's time to go into the tent."

Toby was almost alarmed at this unusual kindness, and it puzzled him so much that he would have forgotten he had permission to go away if Ella had not pulled him gently by the coat.

If he had heard a conversation between Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle that very morning, he would have understood why it was that Mr. Lord had so suddenly become kind. Mr. Castle had told Job that the boy had really shown himself to be a good rider, and that in order to make him more contented with his lot, and to keep him from running away, he must be used more kindly, and perhaps be taken from the candy business altogether, which latter advice Mr. Lord did not look upon with favor, because of the large sales which the boy made.

When they reached the skeleton's tent, they found to their surprise that no exhibition was being given at that hour, and Ella said, with some concern, "How queer it is that the doors are not open. I do hope that they are not sick."

Toby felt a queer sinking at his heart as the possibility suggested itself that one or both of his kind friends might be ill; for they had both been so kind and attentive to him that he had learned to love them very dearly.

But the fears of both the children were dispelled when they tried to get in at the door, and were met by the smiling skeleton himself, who said, as he threw the canvas aside as far as if he were admitting his own enormous Lilly:

"Come in, my friends, come in. I have had the exhibition closed for one hour, in order that I might show my appreciation of my friend Mr. Tyler."

Toby looked around in some alarm, fearing that Mr. Treat's friendship was about to be displayed in one of his state dinners, which he had learned to fear rather than enjoy. But as he saw no preparations for dinner, he breathed more freely, and wondered what all this ceremony could possibly mean.

Neither he nor Ella was long left in doubt, for as soon as they had entered, Mrs. Treat waddled from behind the screen which served them as a dressing-room, with a bundle in her arms, which she handed to her husband.

He took it, and quickly mounting the platform, leaving Ella and Toby below, he commenced to speak, with very many flourishes of his thin arms:

"My friends," he began, as he looked down upon his audience of three, who were listening in the following attitudes: Ella and Toby were standing upon the ground at the foot of the platform, looking up with wide-open, staring eyes, and his fleshy wife was seated on a bench, which had evidently been placed in such a position below the speaker's stand that she could hear and see all that was going on without the fatigue of standing up, which, for one of her size, was really very hard work —"my friends," repeated the skeleton, as he held his bundle in front of him with one hand and gesticulated with the other, "we all of us know that to-morrow our esteemed and worthy friend Mr. Toby Tyler makes his first appearance in any ring, and we all of us believe that he will soon become a bright and shining light in the profession which he is so soon to enter."

The speaker was here interrupted by loud applause from his wife, and he profited by the opportunity to wipe a stray drop of perspiration from his fleshless face. Then, as the fat lady ceased the exertion of clapping her hands, he continued:

"Knowing that our friend Mr. Tyler was being instructed, preparatory to dazzling the public with his talents, my wife and I began to prepare for him some slight testimonial of our esteem, and being informed by Mr. Castle some days ago of the day on which he was to make his first appearance before the public, we were enabled to complete our little gift in time for the great and important event."

Here the skeleton paused to take a breath, and Toby began to grow most uncomfortably red in the face. Such praise made him feel very awkward.

"I hold in this bundle," continued Mr. Treat, as he waved the package on high, "a costume for our bold and worthy equestrian, and a sash to match for his beautiful and accomplished companion. In presenting these little tokens, my wife (who has embroidered every inch of the velvet herself) and I feel proud to know that when the great and auspicious occasion occurs to-morrow, the worthy Mr. Tyler will step into the ring in a costume which we have prepared expressly for him, and thus, when he does himself honor by his performance, and earns the applause of the multitude, he will be doing honor and earning applause for the work of our hands—my wife Lilly and myself. Take them, my boy, and when you array yourself in them to-morrow, you will remember that the only Living Skeleton and the wonder of the nineteenth century, in the shape of the Mammoth Lady, are present in their works if not in their persons."

As he finished speaking, Mr. Treat handed the bundle to Toby, and then joined in the applause which was being given by Mrs. Treat and Ella.

Toby unrolled the package, and found that it contained a circus rider's costume of pink tights and blue velvet trunks, collar and cuffs embroidered in white, and plentifully spangled with silver. In addition was a wide blue sash for Ella, embroidered to correspond with Toby's costume.

The little fellow was both delighted with the gift and at a loss to know what to say in response. He looked at the costume over and over again, and the tears of gratitude, that these friends should have been so good to him, came into his eyes. He saw, however, that they were expecting him to say something in reply, and laying the gift on the platform, he said to the skeleton and his wife:

"You've been so good to me ever since I've been with the circus that I wish I was big enough to say somethin' more than that I'm much obliged, but I can't. One of these days, when I'm a man, I'll show you how much I like you, an' then you won't be sorry that you was good to such a poor little runaway boy as I am."

Here the skeleton broke in with such loud applause, and so many cries of "Hear! hear!" that Toby grew still more confused, and forgot entirely what he was intending to say next.

"I want you to know how much obliged I am," he said, after some hesitation, "an' when I wear 'em I'll ride just the best I know how, even if I don't want to, an' you sha'n't be sorry that you gave them to me."

As Toby concluded, he made a funny little awkward bow, and then seemed to be trying to hide himself behind a chair from the applause which was given so generously.

"Bless your dear little heart!" said the fat lady, after the confusion had somewhat subsided. "I know you will do your best, anyway, and I'm glad to know that you're going to make your first appearance in something that Samuel and I made for you."

Ella was quite as well pleased with her sash as Toby was with his costume, and thanked Mr. and Mrs. Treat in a pretty little way that made Toby wish he could say anything half so nicely.

Digitized by Google

The hour which the skeleton had devoted for the purpose of the presentation and accompanying speeches having elapsed, it was necessary that Ella and Toby should go, and that the doors of the exhibition be opened at once, in order to give any of the public an opportunity of seeing what the placards announced as two of the greatest curiosities on the face of the globe.

That day, while Toby performed his arduous labors, his heart was very light, for the evidences which the skeleton and his wife had given of their regard for him were very gratifying. He determined that he would do his very best to please so long as he was with the circus, and then, when he got a chance to run away, he would do so, but not until he had said good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Treat, and thanked them again for their interest in him.

When he had finished his work in the tent that night, Mr. Lord said to him, as he patted him on the back in the most fatherly fashion, and as if he had never spoken a harsh word to him, "You can't come in here to sell candy now that you are one of the performers, my boy; an' if I can find another boy to-morrow, you won't have to work in the booth any longer, an' your salary of a dollar a week will go on just the same, even if you don't have anything to do but to ride."

This was a bit of news that was as welcome to Toby as it was unexpected, and he felt more happy then than he had for the ten weeks that he had been travelling under Mr. Lord's cruel mastership.

But there was one thing that night that rather dampened his joy, and that was that he noticed that Mr. Lord was unusually careful to watch him, not even allowing him to go outside the tent without following. He saw at once that if he was to have a more easy time, his chances for running away were greatly diminished, and no number of beautiful costumes would have made him content to stay with the circus one moment longer than was absolutely necessary.

That night he told old Ben of the events of the day, and expressed the hope that he might acquit himself creditably when he made his first appearance on the following day.

Ben sat thoughtfully for some time, and then, making all the preparations which Toby knew so well signified a long bit of advice, he said, "Toby, my boy, I've been with a circus, man an' boy, nigh to forty years, an' I've seen lots of youngsters start in just as you're goin' to start in to-morrow; but the most of them petered out because they got to knowin' more'n them that learned 'em did. Now you remember what I say, an' you'll find it good advice: Whatever business you get into, don't think you know all about it before you've begun. Remember that you can always learn somethin', no matter how old you are, an' keep your eyes an' ears open, an' your tongue between your teeth, an' you'll amount to somethin', or my name hain't Ben."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ITALIAN SCHOOL.

A PAPER FOR GIRLS.

BY F. E. PRYATT.

If the young readers of this paper had only known of it in time, some of them might have heard six hundred little Italian children sing the "Carnival of Venice" in the merriest and most charming fashion possible, and they would not have had to go to Italy either.

It was sung in English, a little broken, but very sweet, in one of those out-of-the-way places that many New York and other children have never heard of; so I mean to tell them all about it.

The Italian school is in a very poor neighborhood. You may stand in its porch, and, unless you look up at the blue sky, see nothing pleasant whatever; in one direction, that awful prison-house, the "Tombs," meets the eye; in another, a crooked, shabby street in which dwell half the organ-grinders and monkeys of New York; and everywhere else, miserable, rickety dwellings.

Inside, however, the school building is so spacious, cheerful, and neat that it seems almost, if not quite, a palace to the scores of little folks who spend their days there, for most of them come from homes so wretched and dreary that it makes one shudder to hear of them.

Imagine a great square room lighted by three long windows; at one end a dozen sewing-machines (for, remember, this is an industrial school, where children work as well as study); in the middle several long low tables, benches, and the teacher's desk; by the side of the wall another long table, piled with bundles and boxes, and at the lower end of the apartment a tall dresser or closet—and you will see the work-room as I saw it.

Thirty or more little girls are seated at their tasks. Let me introduce you to some of them.

This one, is Jacquelina Magi, a young Neapolitan. What a pretty picture she makes in the sunshine, with her red bodice, massive ear-rings, and that gay kerchief fastened by a quaint brooch!

Only a year or two ago Jacquelina was a barefooted peasant child, and followed her fisherman father to the beach every morning to watch him draw his seine in the beautiful bay of Naples; she remembers gathering the lovely shells, and playing with the long tresses of sea-weed, but thinks she is happier here: is not that strange?

Near her sits Rosa Florio, and beyond her Rosa Casetti, or Rosa Dimple, as the teacher calls her, both working like little bees to finish the blue shirts for which they will receive their pay to-night.

Jacquelina is a pretty brown-eyed girl of eleven, but Rosa Dimple looks positively plain until she laughs; then her great gray eyes light up, and two of the prettiest dimples in the world nestle in her soft round cheeks. All the girls I have mentioned come from the villages or islands in the province and bay of Naples; so does that odd, old-fashioned little maid with her hair done up in a knot at the back of her head. Carmella is her proper name, but the children all call her Carmellouche, she is so full of mischief, and is such a tease.

Her long dress and narrow white apron, and the white kerchief folded so primly around her neck, give her a queer womanly little look that makes one laugh quite as much as her naughty though good-humored pranks.

The Neapolitan children cling together, playing and working harmoniously, though of course they quarrel at times; still, they defend each other so hotly that the little Genoese are quite afraid of them at first.

The North Italian children are much more grave and quiet. Here are a number engaged in a very pleasant employment. You would be greatly interested could you see them. They are the lace-weavers of the school.

Two years ago a lady who can make all sorts of laces heard of these poor young children, and knowing how well little fingers are suited to weaving, kindly lent her own cushions and bobbins for their use, and came down and gave them lessons every week.

Some of the girls, especially the Genoese, were delighted to enter the class, and although they could not work rapidly—that takes considerable practice—they learned very soon to form flowers and leaves for "duchesse" lace.

One little girl was very anxious to enter too, but no one encouraged her; so of course she had nothing to work with. What do you think she did? Give it up? No; being a small genius in her way, she made herself a cushion no larger than a breakfast plate, and cut out a number of little bobbins from pieces of rough wood; then with ordinary spool cotton actually contrived to weave three different stitches.

Luigina Gardella—that is the little genius's name—

Digitized by Google

DRESSED IN HER BEST.

can now work seventy or eighty bobbins at a time. What do you think of that?

I must tell you also how ambitious another child was. Little Angevini Brizzolari desired to "learn lace" too, but was obliged every day to help her mother at the fruit stand; so she would come in the morning for her lesson, and then carry away her cushion and bobbins, and when she was not busy selling bananas and oranges, there she sat weaving lace in the street.

ROSA FLORIO.

Little Agostina Valente, bending over her cushion so earnestly, engaged in giving her sister a lesson, has been more fortunate, and is now an expert weaver, frequently working more than one hundred bobbins for a single pattern.

The Valentes were born in one of the mountain villages just outside the beautiful city of Genoa. Their mother will tell you, with sparkling eyes, how, dressed in her best homespun blue and red linen gown, with a fine brooch fastening her yellow kerchief, she used to bring the babies down to see the Carnival.

Neither Agostina nor Carlotta remembers the marble palaces and bell towers, nor when they had the honor of bearing the white palms in the procession on Palm-Sunday, for their memory extends no further than the time when they were in the "big ship crossing the great water."

Look at Agostina. What a quaint, motherly little figure she seems as she weaves! Her face is not pretty, but her great brown eyes are lovely, and there is a sweet gentleness in her expression as she directs her sister. Listen:

LACE-MAKERS.

"You go wrong, Carlotta. Dis is de way—one, two, three, four; twist as you go. Now pull your bobbins down."

"One, two, three, four," patiently repeats Carlotta; "twist as you go."

"One, two, three, four; twist as you go. Now, den, pull de bobbins dis way. Dis is for cloth stitch," explains the small teacher. "Now put your pin in dere, Carlotta."

Let us examine Agostina's work. She is weaving a beautiful lambrequin in duchesse lace.

The pattern, traced out on pink muslin, lies smoothly over the large round padded cushion. What a regiment of pins showing their bright heads! And, dear me! here are no less than seventy-two bobbins, each carrying a separate thread. I am sure, if you or I tried to work

Digitized by Google

with so many, we would get them in a precious tangle very soon.

Already more than a yard is woven, and that is no little work when you remember it is over a foot wide. Roses and sprays of leaves joined together by a fine net-work called "brides," and a border with a pearl edge, form the pattern. The little weaver has had more than one stitch to learn. She will tell you about the cloth stitch, in which you must count four; the bar stitch, three; the half stitch; the picot for the edges; and the guipure dot to fill in the centre of the roses.

THE INFANT CLASS.

But here are other little folks, at this long low table, hard at work. Really, some of them are not more than five years old. One would think they could do nothing but play. They can, though, for they are the flower-makers.

A LITTLE FLOWER-MAKER.

Before each lies a pile of brightly colored flower petals, and a small paste pot and brush.

Nannina is making yellow violets, Bianca, white ones, and Pepita, blue. See how deftly their little fingers run the stamens through the centres, touch them lightly with the paste-brushes, then wrap the stems, and fasten them!

Already little clusters are forming, and by four o'clock, when school begins down stairs, there will be ever so many bunches of colored violets such as one sees in the windows of the large millinery shops; but who would think such wee hands could put them together so neatly?

It is now a quarter to four. The teacher bids the young folks put away their work, to be ready for school.

"School at four o'clock!" I hear some little girl exclaim.

It does seem late, but then it is an afternoon, or rather an evening, school. For the last half hour the little ones have been pouring into the large school-rooms below, and now the little machine-workers, the lace-weavers, and flower-makers go down to join them.

In one of the rooms, called the nursery, are sitting about one hundred of the drollest and queerest little boys and girls to be found in our great city; most of them are mere babies of three and four years of age; but they look very solemn as they gaze intently on the young teacher, repeating A B C after her.

I wish you could see some of the funny little jackets and trousers, and the curly heads in their bright kerchiefs. Poor little ones, they think they are real down-right scholars; but the truth is, they are only kept there to be out of harm's way, while their bigger brothers and sisters are learning reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography in the other rooms, as boys and girls do in the primary departments of the public schools.

My young readers know all about that; so I will hasten to tell them about the greatest event that has ever happened in the school—the celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday, or anniversary.

Not very long ago I went to see these little Italian folks, and found them in a great flutter of excitement. All their regular work was put aside, and each girl was working as busily as possible on a white apron, which she was trimming either with ruffling, pretty edging, or embroidery.

AT THE FESTIVAL.

Digitized by Google

Such a whispering, and running back and forth to consult each other! They were so happy they kept humming snatches of song, until at last the teacher said, very kindly, "Sing away, children, one of your pretty peasant songs." So, merrily enough, the little lasses struck up,

> "Ladis, Ladis, che le malata
> Per me mangia polenta"—

a song of a young girl who was too ill to eat her "polenta," a favorite dish among the Italian peasantry.

In another room more notes of preparation were sounding. A committee of girls were opening a number of paper boxes with such gestures and exclamations of delight that I could not but peep in to see what was inside of them myself; and there were the loveliest— Well, you will know what when I tell you about the festival. Boys mounted on tall ladders were arranging flags on the walls, and hanging up garlands of greens and flowers, while, below, their companions were taking the heads from several barrels filled with good things, which were handed over to another company of workers to be placed in paper bags.

To make a long story shorter, the next evening at about seven o'clock I went with some friends to the festival. Nearly three hundred children had already arrived, and tramp, tramp, they kept coming up the broad stairs, their heavy little boots making a brave noise. In half an hour the long benches which rose in tiers nearly to the ceiling across the lower end of the room were filled. The gas was not yet fully turned on, but by its dim light I saw the six hundred little heads, and heard—dear me! a flock of crows in a forest could not make such a chatter, I am sure.

But, oh! what a pretty sight it was when the light was turned on, and we saw all the bright coloring of blue ribbons and scarfs and scarlet kerchiefs, the pretty white aprons, and, what was sweeter, dancing eyes and cheeks dimpled with smiling!

After singing a few songs, the children settled down to allow the president of the society to speak.

I am afraid, as far as the scholars were concerned, his remarks were lost, for almost all the wee boys and girls on the lowest tiers fell fast asleep, and many of the bigger ones only kept their eyes open by fixing them on the long tables at either side of the wall. If what they saw there could not keep them awake, nothing could, for there stood toy villages, menageries of animals, tin ships, locomotives, wagons, whirligigs, and regiments of soldiers. Then there were not less than three hundred real wax dolls, looking as if out on a promenade in their silks, satins, and velvets. Think of it, girls—they had real, true golden hair, arranged in the prettiest curls and braids, and even hanged over their foreheads, besides having necklaces and ear-rings that shone like diamonds.

Even these and the coming six hundred bags of candies and fruit could not keep them quite awake, for they kept "nid-nid-nodding" until the piano and violin sounded for the "Carnival of Venice." Then you should have heard how the young voices broke forth with,

> "Awake! awake! fair Venice now is smiling,
> For now has come the Carnival so gay,"

and how they rose and fell softly in the sweet "Tra-la-la" chorus at the end of each verse.

At last, after a grand chorus in Italian, which woke them thoroughly, down they trotted from the benches, passing in single file, and giving us a fine chance to look at their gala attire.

What droll little women they looked, with their prim braids knotted behind their heads, and fastened with gilt pins; their brilliant kerchiefs, tight waists, neat aprons, and long skirts gathered full over circular bustles, and nearly reaching the floor!

Under the tight, old-fashioned waists of the womanly dresses beat childish hearts; so you may imagine how the dolls were clasped in loving embraces, and such raptures ensued as made candies and oranges a secondary consideration.

As for the trumpet-blowing, the rattle of tin soldiers, and the general snapping and cracking on the boys' side, I simply put my fingers in my ears when I only think of it.

MUCH TOO HIGH.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"TIME for your catkins to fly," said the Wind to a Willow-tree that stood just outside of a great city.

You don't know what catkins are? Well, I will try to tell you. The seeds of certain kinds of trees, growing on long slender stems, in little scales overlapping each other, each one tipped with the tiniest of feathers, and the whole somewhat resembling a very small cat's tail. And when they are quite ripe, the Wind comes along and carries them away, dropping them here and there, as he journeys on, to take their chances, which are as one in a thousand, of finding homes and becoming trees.

"Take them," said the Willow, and flung them upon his wings, and away he went into the city, letting some fall in the middle of the streets, where they were soon trampled beneath the hoofs of the horses; and some on the sidewalks, where the twittering sparrows found and ate them; and some in the parks and gardens, where a few were fortunate enough to sink into the ground, and the rest perished when came the autumn cold; and one—the last it was—he carried to a bustling noisy square in the heart of the city, on one side of which a tall house, once a fashionable dwelling, but now divided into offices for business men, stood a story and a half higher than its humbler neighbors.

Before this house grew a fine oak, more than a century old, the only tree that had been spared when the square (which had once been a famous pleasure-ground filled with trees) became a business thoroughfare, and it owed its safety to the fact that it had heard the bells ring out our Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776.

In the wide gutter of the sloping roof of the tall house the dust had been accumulating for many years, and mingling with the decaying leaves dropped from the oak, had formed a rich soil, and into this soil the Wind planted the last seed of the catkin. And lo and behold! it took root there, and the next spring two tiny green leaves came up and looked wonderingly about them, to be followed by more green leaves, and still more, until at the end of the summer a slender young tree—not yet high enough to be seen from the street below, but already welcomed by the oak, whose topmost branches waved a little above it, and the birds who stopped ever and anon to rest a while on the gable roof on their way to the country—swayed gracefully to and fro as the breeze passed by it.

And when winter came, the kind old Oak threw over it a covering of leaves, and dropped a withered branch or two upon them to keep them from being scattered when the North Wind was in one of his tempers. And so, snug and warm, the little tree waited for returning spring, and then it burst through its leaf cloak, and went on growing and growing, until it could look down and see all that was passing in the square. And in a few years it became so stout and tall that people began to look up at it in wonder, and its fame spread abroad, and many came from afar to gaze upon the marvellous thing, growing, as it were, in the air. And as it got taller and taller, it began to be prouder and prouder.

"Was ever tree so high as I?" it called to the Oak one day. "I can peep into the chimney; I tower above you, and yet they call you the King of trees."

"If you do," replied the Oak, "it is through no merit of your own. Chance placed you at that dizzy height, which is, to tell the truth, very much above your proper

Digitized by Google

station. But to my mind it were better for you to be held fast by the honest old earth, as I am."

"Nonsense!" cried the young Willow, bowing to a crowd that had gathered on the other side of the street to look up in amazement at it. "You are envious, old fellow. I should be myself if I were you. Soon *I* shall reach the sky, while still your head will only touch my feet, and I shall be the friend and companion of the sun, moon, and stars. Never was tree so exalted as I!"

But ah! that very afternoon came a great hurricane. The window-shutters banged, and the window-panes smashed, the sparrows flew screaming to their nests, and the people in the streets were driven like flocks of sheep before the wind. And the young Willow, after battling fiercely a moment or two with the storm, was uprooted and flung down at the feet of the Oak.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter VIII.

THE NEW COMPANION.

MISS SCHUYLER was a very active, industrious lady, and her time was fully occupied. She had her house and grounds to attend to, her business affairs, her domestic duties, and her poor people—for paradise or fairy-land, whichever Phil chose to call his present abode, was not without its poor—and so, during the day, Lisa was mostly with Phil; but he and Miss Rachel had always a pleasant chat after breakfast; and in the evening many a long talk made known to Miss Rachel more of Phil's character than he had any idea of; and the more she knew of the boy, the warmer her heart became toward him, and the more thankful she was that she had been able to do for him just what was wanted, and just at the right time.

Already there was a little color in his pale cheeks, and an eagerness for his meals. He could endure more fatigue, and he suffered less pain. Indeed, Dr. Smith, who lived half a mile off, had promised to send his son, a lad of twelve, down to see Phil in his stead. "For," said he, "Graham does not know one bone from another, and will soon help Phil to forget all about his, or whether they ache or not."

And so Graham Smith, a ruddy-cheeked fellow full of life and spirit, came to see Phil.

It was a warm June day when they first saw each other.

Phil was sketching, and Lisa was sitting beside him sewing. Joe was Phil's model, standing patiently by the hour to be made into studies of heads, arms, trunk, or the whole man.

Suddenly there was a loud bark of welcome from Nep, the Newfoundland dog—who greeted tramps with growls—and Graham Smith came up the garden path, followed by Nep, leaping frantically upon and about him.

He nodded in a brusque way to Lisa and Phil, and without a word bent down over the sketch, gave a long, low whistle, and said, "Isn't that bully?"

"If I knew what bully meant, I could answer you, perhaps," replied Phil, gazing up with admiration at the brown and red cheeks, the clear blue eyes, and the tough, hardy-looking frame of his new acquaintance.

"I'm not sure I can tell you; only you can beat all the boys I know at this sort of work," said Graham. "Where did you learn how to do it?"

"Oh, I have not learned yet; I am only just beginning."

"Haven't you had lessons?"

"No; it comes naturally to me to draw. I wish I could do it better, that's all," said Phil, with a little sigh.

"I wouldn't want to do any better than that," said Graham.

"Oh yes, you would," replied Phil, very much pleased, however, with such heart-felt admiration of his drawing.

Just then Nep made another leap upon Graham, and the two, after a friendly tussle, had a race down to the lake, where Graham tossed a stick, and sent the dog after it.

"That is something *I* can not do," said Phil, as the boy came up to him again, "and yet you do it as easily as I draw."

"What?—shy that stick off on the water? Then you don't play ball?"

"I don't even walk," said Phil.

Graham seemed both astonished and sorry, so he turned it off with: "But you are going to, you know, when you get well—and you can do more than any of us now. Let's go out on the water. May we?" he asked, turning to Lisa.

"Oh yes," said Lisa; and Joe was glad to get the *Fly-away* ready for a start.

Phil was placed in the stern, where Graham promised to show him how to steer. Phil was an apt scholar, and delighted to be of use. Joe addressed Graham as "Captain," and complimented him on the fine feathering of his oar. The lad was a good oarsman, and made the boat respond to her name.

"Where shall we go, mate?" asked Graham of Phil.

"The Captain must give orders," was Phil's reply.

"Have you been down to Point of Rocks?" asked Graham, directing Phil's eyes to a distant promontory.

"No, I have not been so far yet."

"There are lots of water-lilies there."

"Oh, do go there, then! I want some to copy."

"All right. Pull on your starboard oar, Joe; there, that will do. Now we will soon reach it."

It was a lovely little nook where grew the lilies, after they had turned around the jutting stones which gave a name to the spot, and Phil soon had his hands full of fragrant buds. The water was so clear that he could see their long green stems away down to the black mud from which they sprang. They moored the boat, and Graham got out to ramble, returning with ferns and mosses and wild flowers for Phil.

"Now," said he, "if you don't mind, I'm going to have a swim just around the rocks here where the water is deeper and not so full of weeds. I wish you could come."

"So do I," said Phil, watching with admiration every movement of his lively companion. Besides admiration, too, there was a twinge of envy, which he really did not know to be that hateful fault; but it passed in a moment, and he laughed loudly to see Graham's antics in the water.

The bath over, they turned homeward. Miss Rachel was entertaining guests in the parlor. Lisa had gone off for a walk. Graham had to go home, but promised frequent visits; and, as Phil was tired, Joe carried him up and laid him on his bed, putting his mosses on the table, and the water-lilies in an oblong vase which was usually filled with fragrant flowers. The wind harp was there too, and as Phil, with closed eyes, was resting in the half-twilight made by shut blinds, there came from it a little murmur, which grew into a long, sad monotone. He dared not move, and would not speak, but between his eyelids, partly raised, he thought he saw the familiar little winged creature who had comforted and entertained him in his wretched city home.

"How little people know what they are doing when they pull up ferns and mosses in the woods!" said the soft voice. "I was sleeping soundly on the nicest bed imaginable, having travelled far for just a whiff of water-lily odor that I thought might refresh a poor little hospital patient tossing with fever in the city, when with a violent wrench I found myself borne off from my sheltered and

Digitized by Google

dusky resting-place, and tossed into a boat in the blinding glare of the sun. Fortunately I had wrapped myself in some broad grape-vine leaves, and was mistaken for a moth cocoon; else, dear Phil, I had not been here."

"I am so glad, so very glad, to see you again!" murmured Phil, softly.

"And I am so glad you are in the country! You could not have lived long in the city. What are you doing now?"

"Getting well, they tell me."

"Do you ever think of the ones who can not do that?"

"No, I have not," said Phil, in some surprise.

"Ah, there are so many! I see them often—little creatures who are friendless and helpless. You should not forget them."

"It is not that I forget, I do not think of them at all. I suppose I would if I saw them."

"Well, you must think of them, and do something for them. Oh yes, I know you do not believe you can, but the way will come if you try. All that I do is to whisper soft songs in their ears, or give them a little waft of summer freshness, but it sometimes stops their painful tossing, and brings sleep to their tired eyes."

"I will think; I will try," said Phil.

"That is right," replied the fairy. "Now I will call some of my friends, the flower fairies, hidden in these water-lilies, and you shall see them dance." She clapped her hands softly together, and out of each lily crept a tiny shape of radiant whiteness and lily-like grace, so pure, so exquisite, that they did indeed seem to be the very essence and spirit of the flower. And now began another of those fantastic movements which Phil had before witnessed. Now in wreaths, now apart, and again in couples, they swayed about in an ecstasy of mirth, and the wind harp gave out strains of wild and melodious sound. They nodded to each other in their glee, and Phil could hardly tell whether they really were fairies or flowers, for they looked just as the flowers might when blown about in a breeze. As he gazed, his eyelids began to droop. He was very tired. The music grew fainter and fainter. He seemed to be again in the boat, listening to the water lapping its sides, and Graham seemed to be with him, reaching out for lilies; and then all faded, and Phil was fast asleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAIRIES IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

ON ROLLERS.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

FOR a number of years it has been more or less generally known that there were such things as roller skates. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large towns, have had their rinks, while here and there some enterprising boy with skates has made his appearance on the public streets. As a really popular amusement, however, roller-skating was unknown, and the rattle of wooden wheels was an unfamiliar sound on city sidewalks.

How it all came about is one of those queer things that nobody can exactly explain. Some time during the past winter New York suddenly woke up to the fact that her streets were alive with skaters. As the morning drew on toward nine o'clock, boys and girls might be seen, with their satchels on their arms, skating to school, and the concrete walks in the parks were fairly alive with them when school hours were over in the afternoon.

The policemen knew long ago what was their duty in the case of bicycles, and they looked with great suspicion upon this new species of vehicle; but as no orders were issued from head-quarters, nothing was done about it, and now boys, who never willingly come within half a square of a policeman when on foot, skate defiantly past under his very nose, and are not cuffed over the head, even if they deserve it.

The other day the writer saw a little tot, with an absurdly small pair of skates on her tiny feet, all alone in one of the parks. So little was she that quite a crowd of

Digitized by Google

the passers-by stopped to look, half fearful that she might fall and hurt herself. So little, that it is doubtful if she fairly knew how to walk, and yet she managed to scuffle along the concrete, evidently thinking it great fun, and neither falling down nor running over any one of the numerous pedestrians.

heel. The best are fitted in such a way that the irons to which the rollers are attached can move a little from side to side. These are considerably more expensive than those with firm roller fixtures. The cheaper sort, however, are the most popular, and answer every purpose of ordinary work.

A POPULAR AMUSEMENT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

To those who have visited the great rinks this street skating seems a rather awkward performance. The fact is, the notion of ice-skating has so firm a hold on the feet and legs of American youth that, unless they are told otherwise, they try to "strike out" as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, and consequently they lose half the fun of roller-skating, and make it awkward and laborious, whereas it ought to be one of the most graceful and easy of movements.

The skilled roller skater moves by swaying the body rather than by pushing with the foot and leg. A kind of sliding step is taken, the weight being thrown somewhat forward, the step is repeated with the other foot, and so with sliding steps, one after another, the body swaying gently from side to side, as the weight is thrown on one or the other foot, the skater moves easily forward. The moment striking out begins, all ease and grace vanish, and the skater presents the appearance of a windmill in active motion as to arms, and is, to say the least, ungainly as to the rest of the person.

The writer does not wish to be understood as saying that roller skates can be made to go up hill without rather more striking out than is needed on the floor of a rink or on a level sidewalk; but depend upon it, the swaying motion is the thing to be aimed at by every one who desires to become a good skater; and if skating is worth learning at all, it is worth learning well.

There are various patterns of skates; those most generally used having four wheels, two at the toe and two at the

Our artist has shown the interior of one of the large rinks in this city, where, on a fine afternoon or evening, the scene is indeed charming and full of interest, even to those who do not skate. The gently swaying, swiftly gliding forms of ladies and gentlemen, of girls and boys, moving gracefully round and round the large floor, arrange figures for dancing, and, barring the accidents that happen to awkward beginners, all goes on as easily and smoothly as clock-work. The professional attendants are ready to assist and instruct learners; there is generally a band of music on hand, and everything is done to make the rinks safe and pleasant resorts for all.

Nevertheless, the sidewalks are the great popular rinks. On Murray Hill and along the fashionable streets, little Miss Millionaire may be seen practicing on her rollers, attended by her French maid, and the pavements of the lower wards are not unacquainted with the rattle of rollers. A dozen newsboys or boot-blacks may "chip in" and invest in a pair of skates, to be enjoyed by each in turn, or by two of them at once, each having the jolliest kind of a time with one skate apiece, and one of the city parks for a rink.

At last city boys and girls have an out-of-door sport in which they have the best of their country cousins. The country is far ahead of the town for the enjoyment of life in general, but when roller skates are in order, some kind of a floor or pavement is necessary, and the skate has yet to be invented that can be used comfortably on country walks.

Digitized by Google

All exchanges, puzzles, and other communications for the Post-office Box should be addressed to the Editor of Harper's Young People, Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, N. Y. Puzzles must always be accompanied by complete answers, and by the full name and address of the sender. They must be free from slang and from obsolete words.

Exchanges are printed in the Post-office Box free of charge.

The addresses of exchanges should be written very clearly, in order to avoid the possibility of mistakes. The name of the county, as well as that of the town and State, should be given, as in some instances the names of towns are repeated in different sections of the same State.

The exchange itself should be very clearly expressed, so as to leave no doubt of the writer's intention. The article to be exchanged should be mentioned *first*, in all cases. Thus, if you have minerals, and wish to obtain postage stamps for them, you should write, "Minerals, for stamps." This is the way the editor understands the offers; but in some cases it has proved that the youthful exchanger means just the opposite, and wishes to obtain minerals instead of giving them. Now remember this: the article you possess is to be named first, and your offer must be clearly expressed. Read it over carefully before sending it, to be sure that no little words are omitted so as to change the meaning of the sentence.

No offers to buy or sell curiosities or other articles will be published in the Post-office Box or Exchange Department. Such offers can only be received as regular advertisements.

We would also request our young friends to be considerate, and not send repeated requests for exchange. If the space given to the Post-office Box was elastic, we could make room for them all, but as it is limited, we must give the preference to those whose names and addresses have not already appeared.

A large number of boys, after a few weeks of exchange, find their stock of stamps, minerals, or other commodities, exhausted, but they continue to receive packages from different localities. Now if any one has nothing to return, and no reasonable expectation of getting anything, he should faithfully send back to the owner everything for which he can give no equivalent. This should be done in every case, whether the articles be stamps, postmarks, minerals, or any other curiosities. In this way, although the correspondent may be disappointed, the exchanger will maintain a character for honesty and fair-dealing, and will be remembered with pleasure.

All exchanges which the editor considers unfair or unwise will be omitted.

The editor regrets that, owing to the great increase in the number of letters received, it will be impossible hereafter to acknowledge those favors which are not printed. We trust our little correspondents whose letters are omitted will not be disappointed at not seeing their names in print, but that they will persevere in writing. Their turn will be almost sure to come in time, and they will be better pleased to see their letter in full than to find their names merely in a long list.

Brooklyn, New York.

Last Saturday afternoon papa took mamma and my little sister Millie and myself to Coney Island. A good many children will think it is a funny time of the year to go to a beach, and we thought so too; but we wanted to see the wreck which had been washed ashore there, so I teased papa until he said he would go.

When we got there it did not seem a bit like winter. The snow was all gone, and the sun was shining as bright as summer, only it looked funny to see only a few people walking up and down in the places where we had seen such crowds.

We walked along on the sand, looking at the blue, quiet sea, and we could hardly believe that only a little while ago the water had been full of struggling, drowning men, and the great waves rushing ashore and tearing everything to pieces. It was an Italian vessel that was wrecked. She came all the way across the ocean, and just as she was within sight of New York she struck on a big sand bar about two miles from Coney Island beach. The night was very dark and stormy, and the big waves tore the ship all to pieces. The captain and all the sailors but one were drowned; that one clung to a piece of the wreck, and the tide carried him toward Coney Island. The people who were watching at the life-saving station there saw him away off in the water, and they got the life-boat into the surf, and rowed out, and brought him safe on shore. I guess the poor man was glad when he found himself on land among kind people.

The piece of wreck to which he clung was washed up on the beach afterward. It is a piece of the deck, with a broken mast sticking in it. I climbed all over it, and put my arms round the mast right where the poor sailor had clung, but mamma said I could not tell anything about how it would seem to be clinging that way all alone on the dark, stormy sea, expecting every minute to be washed off and drowned.

After we had seen the wreck, we walked along to see all the mischief the ocean had done in the winter. The nice plank walks in front of some of the big hotels, where Millie and I used to run races last summer, are nothing but a heap of broken boards and big logs. We saw lots of big barrels tolxed up with the broken stuff, and papa said they were a part of the freight of the wrecked ship, which the waves had washed on shore.

It does not look now as if we could have any fun at Coney Island next summer unless we stay right on the sand, but papa says they will build everything up again before warm weather.

Herbert D. N.

Slate Mills, Virginia.

A long time ago I wrote a letter for Young People, but was afraid it would be dropped into the waste-basket, and did not send it. Since that time I have read so many letters from boys and girls that I thought you might put mine in your good little paper. I think it is so nice to have a paper where we young folks can talk to each other. I am thirteen years old, and live among the mountains of Virginia. We have a grand view of the Blue Ridge from our house, and a small stream flows at the foot of the cliffs near us. We boys have splendid times in the summer, fishing and swimming, and we have had good skating this cold winter. I have caught a great many rabbits, and sometimes a 'possum gets into the trap. One of the colored boys caught about twenty-five musk-rats last summer and fall. We sell the skins to the country store, and generally get powder, shot, and fish-hooks in exchange.

The big snow that we have had this winter has been very destructive to the game. It has been very hard on the partridges, for it gives the hawks such a good chance to pick them up, as they can see the birds so far on the snow. I have seen some rabbits that were shot lately, and they were very poor and lean. I expect many of them starved to death. The deep snow was so unusual in this part of the country that we got tired looking at the white fields. But we had some good sleigh-rides, and lots of fun coasting. The snow was so heavy on the trees and bushes, and especially on the pines and other evergreens, that it bowed them over so that they had a very singular appearance, particularly in the moonlight, and one could imagine the shapes of animals, people, etc.

I must tell you old Uncle Joe's experience. He is an old colored man that we all think a great deal of. He is very small, not bigger than I am, and is very superstitious, and imagines he can see all sorts of things at night, especially when he has been listening to ghost stories at the store.

Uncle Joe started home rather late one night, and I expect the stories had been more weird than usual. While passing through a lonely glen, just as the moon came up over the tree-tops, the old man began to see sights. No doubt the bushes, trees, and rocks had a queer look, and all kinds of queer things put in an appearance. If all the curiosities he thinks he saw could have been got together, Joe would have had quite a respectable menagerie. Uncle Joe insists upon it that he saw them all, and at first sight would have turned back, but he had gone so far into the show that when he turned around "it looked less *behind* than it did *befo*," so he kept right on, and "he don't know how he ever got home." He said "he could hardly keep his hat on, his har ris up so," notwithstanding he had two cotton handkerchiefs, a pair of socks, and some other things, in his hat.

We all laughed heartily at the poor old man, and asked him if any of the ghosts spoke to him or molested him in any way. "Now, honey," he would say, "you can jest have your jokes wid de old niggah, but sure as you're born, dem was sure enough ghostzes wot I seed—ghostzes of people, ghostzes of animals, and varmints, and elephants, and all sich."

The next night quite a lot of us went to the glen to see if the show was still on exhibition, or, like other affairs of the kind, had fitted in the night. But sure enough we could make out some resemblance to various animals, but not quite so plain as Uncle Joe made them out. Papa went with us, and he made a sketch of the old man travelling through the dark hollow.

Ernest C. P.

Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Mr. Harper,—I'm in an awful fix. I don't believe Jimmy Brown felt any worse or any more discouraged with him after his father laid him across that old chair than I do now.

I hear grown-up people talk about writing to the papers when things go wrong, so I'm going to try it, though that's the way I got into trouble.

First of all, we children had scarlet fever. It didn't hurt much; but mamma kept us shut up in two rooms for five weeks, and of course we had to do something. After fixing my stamp-book all up, I had about twenty duplicates, so I wrote to Young People requesting exchanges. A day or two after, I was greatly delighted when a dozen letters were handed me, all containing stamps. I went over them, selected what I wanted, and returned the rest, with those asked for. In about four days all my duplicates were gone; still the letters and stamps kept coming from far and near. Hardly anybody sent anything I wanted, so I had to send dozens upon dozens of replies, containing stamps.

Now my income is just twenty-five cents a week; and when it came to paying postage on from five to ten letters a day, at three cents each, I couldn't find any rule in my arithmetic to make it come out right.

Now that I am going to school, and haven't much time to write, there has a fresh lot started in from Omaha, San Francisco, Denver, and a lot more of those places with uncivilized names.

I'm an awful slow writer—the perspiration just rolls off me doing this—and it will take me a month to answer them all, as I have only Saturday; and papa shakes his head, and says things will be twice as bad when the mails begin to arrive from Europe, Asia, and Africa, not to mention all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans; and mamma sighs, and says if I keep the stamps so long, people will think I am dishonest, and when I am nominated for President of the United States, all these things will be brought against me.

Now I want to say, Mr. Harper, that I think all this is a good deal your fault. If you hadn't sent your paper all over creation, I'd never have had all this trouble, and I wish you'd please stop printing so many copies, for with no Saturdays and no pocket-money, a boy might 'most as well be dead; and if the Hottentots and all the rest begin sending stamps, I shall be ready to go with Jimmy Brown and his dog and monkey. Sorrowfully yours,

Percy L. McDermott.

New York City.

I contribute to the Young Chemists' Club a very pretty experiment, called the Alaska Landscape: Dissolve one pound of nitrate of lead in one gallon of water; filter; then drop in four ounces of muriate of ammonia. Stand it in a place where it will not be disturbed, as it can not be moved without injury.

C. R.

Malden, Massachusetts.

My brother takes Young People, and I think it is the best paper I ever read.

I wish the Young Chemists' Club would send a recipe of their ink. This is a specimen of mine, but I have had very poor success. It is very pale, and does not flow well from the pen.

Frank M. P.

Seneca Falls, New York.

I am a little girl eight years old, but I am not strong enough to run about as much as other children, so I pass many hours with my Young People. I have been busy the whole morning making a puzzle to send, and I think it is quite as much fun as guessing those sent by the other children. I had to use my geography, and the big dictionary with pictures in it, and I learned how to spell some new words. I have never been well enough to go to school, but mamma says I learned as much making the puzzle as I should if I had spent the morning in a school-room.

Edith M. W.

West Washington, D. C.

I wish to tell the Post-office Box about my little sister. She is not quite two years old. The other day she asked mamma for some cake. Mamma told her it was all gone; but on looking in the closet she found some small pieces, which the little rogue ate, and pulling mamma's dress, said, "I want some more *all gone* cake."

She is always applying quotations from little verses and songs, of which she can sing more than a dozen. Yesterday she threw her little china kitten on the floor, saying, "Jack fell down and broke his crown"; then she fell down herself, and said, "Jill came tumbling after."

I hope every reader of Young People has such a darling little sister.

Josie Belle A.

Easton, Maryland.

My brothers and myself enjoy reading Young People. We think Toby Tyler's "Mr. Stubbs" is a most remarkable monkey.

Papa tried some pretty experiments for us this winter. He took some glasses and partly filled them with water. Then he covered the water with raw cotton, over which he sprinkled grains of wheat. In a short time the wheat came up very tall and beautiful, falling over the sides of the glasses.

Then he put a sweet-potato in a glass jar half filled with water. Very soon it put out a great many slender sprouts, which we trained up on strings. The vine is flourishing now, and we say we have potatoes growing in this cold winter weather.

Emma E. J.

The Young Chemists' Club still continues to be a success. At a recent meeting, Professor S—— was present, and gave us a very instructive lecture upon the products of coal-tar, of which I give a brief abstract to the readers of Our Post-office Box: The most wonderful product from the manufacture of coal-gas is coal-tar—a most unpromising-looking substance, but containing much of interest and value. By distilling coal-tar we get many more new prod-

Digitized by Google

ucts. By continuing the process of distillation, a dead oil is obtained, which is very valuable, as it yields carbolic acid, a great disinfectant, and creosote, which is used extensively to protect wood-work exposed to the weather.

We thank YOUNG PEOPLE for its kindness toward us, and we are trying to pay it back by taking an active interest in it.

We would like more experiments from the readers, and would also like to know of some good books on chemistry.

I would be pleased to correspond on scientific subjects with those young chemical students who have requested my address.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,
President of Young Chemists' Club,
293 Eckford Street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have a little brother Carl, who was two years old this month. Mamma has been reading "Toby Tyler" to sister and me, and Carl must have been listening more sharply than we thought, for last night, just as supper was over, he laid his head against the back of his high chair, and said, "Little Toby Tyler sleepy; little Toby Tyler wants to go up stairs."

We think both Carl and YOUNG PEOPLE are splendid. C. O. M.

CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

I have just read the paragraph concerning birds' eggs in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 70, and I think it is by far the best thing that has appeared for a good while. If the poor little birds could only speak, I know they would thank YOUNG PEOPLE from morning until evening. Boys and girls, let us all protect the little birds, and agree not to kill them or rob their nests. "STARRY FLAG."

EVANS MILLS, NEW YORK.

I entirely agree with YOUNG PEOPLE on the question of birds' eggs. I think it is a heartless, cruel thing to rob a bird's nest, and if all the correspondents of YOUNG PEOPLE will think it over quietly, I am sure they will all feel as I do. M. F. C.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT, *February 27, 1881.*

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of coins is exhausted. ALFRED S. KELLOGG.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, *February 26, 1881.*

I have disposed of all my copper cents of 1802. Exchangers will please take notice.
FRANK P. HERSTED.

Since my request for exchange was published, I have sent away all my moss. I hope those correspondents who wrote last will excuse me for not answering their letters. I have some crests and monograms, which I will give for minerals or ocean curiosities. VANE CHADWICK,
44 St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE better every day, especially the Post-office and exchange department. Since I requested exchange, I have increased my collection from ninety to nine hundred. I will now exchange postmarks, for foreign and United States postage and revenue stamps. C. H. MCBRIDE,
Rexford Flats, Saratoga County, N. Y.

I live on Chautauqua Lake, about five miles from Fair Point. We have a very fine view of the lake here, which I would appreciate more if I did not see it all the time.

This spring I shall collect shells and stones from the lake, and curiosities, different kinds of woods, flints, arrow-heads, and other things, which I would like to exchange for curiosities from other States, or for stamps. P. A. BETTS,
Bemus Point, Chautauqua County, N. Y.

I have heard that autumn leaves, especially maple, are very beautiful in the United States, and if any little girls will send some to me, I will send them some postage stamps in return. GERTIE ROLIN,
Redmyre, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

Is there room in the Post-office Box for another little boy? If there is, I want to come and say that I think YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid.

My papa has a fish-pond here, and raises brook trout. The young trout are nearly all hatched now, and there are some funny ones among them. Some have two heads and one tail, but these do not live after they lose their sac. How many of the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE ever saw a trout that still had its sac on?

I would like to exchange some flints from old-fashioned guns, and Mississippi carnelians, for Florida moss, sea-beans, or ocean shells or curiosities of any kind. CARL MOLL, Tomel City, Wis.

The boys around here are collecting everything. A boy and myself are collecting ores, minerals, stamps, and other curiosities.

I will exchange a stone from Michigan for one from any other State. GEORGE P. COMB,
26 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

The following exchanges are also offered by correspondents:

Canadian coins, for foreign or United States coins. Or flower seeds, for the same, or for postage stamps, postmarks, or anything suitable for a collection of curiosities. WILLIE B. and EMILY CLARK,
P. O. Box 79, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.

Foreign coins, Austrian, Turkish, and Russian especially desired. A. F. HUNSINGER,
Inland, Summit County, Ohio.

Sixty postmarks, for twenty foreign stamps.
H. C. JAMISON,
735 First Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Postmarks and stamps, for Indian relics or other genuine curiosities. WALTER J. LEE,
257 East Fifty-third Street, New York City.

New York and Pennsylvania postmarks, and postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads.
CLARE WILLARD,
Allegheny, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

Minerals and curiosities, for coins bearing date before 1816. RALPH T. PICKETT,
744 West Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

Postage stamps. A Mexican stamp, for one from Denmark, Iceland, Japan, or China.
PERCY CHOYSTIE, High Bridge, N. J.

Persimmon seeds, for minerals, shells, or curiosities of any kind. FRANK BRYAN,
Papinsville, Bates County, Mo.

A stone from Indiana, for one from any other State.
EUGENE HUTSTETINER,
Tell City, Perry County, Ind.

An ounce of soil from New York or New Jersey, for five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates).
WILL OBELL,
221 East Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Curiosities of all kinds. LLOYD WASHEN,
599 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Pebbles and shells from Lake Michigan, and soil from Illinois, for any other curiosities.
A. J. O'CONNOR, 363 Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

CARRIE B. H.—A verse is, properly, one line of poetry; a stanza is a set of verses. The former term is frequently but incorrectly used in place of the latter. Thus,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers"

is a verse, and the following is a stanza,

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

W. PERRYNE D. AND OTHERS.—A mistake was made in the scale of the plans for making a sail-boat in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 66, owing to the failure of the artist to allow for the reduction of his drawing. As it stands, instead of one inch equalling one foot, the general scale is a scant nine-sixteenths of an inch to one foot. That for figures 3, 6, 7 is one-eighth of an inch to one foot, and that for the completed drawing is nine-thirty-secondths of an inch to the foot. This would give a boat twelve feet long.

If Frank R., of Oxford, Ohio, and Fred W. A., of Delaware, Ohio, will add the county to the addresses they have given, their requests for exchange will be printed.

J. R. B. B.—No such advertisement ever appeared in any paper, for no such offer was ever made by the United States government.

WILLIE F. W. AND ROSA M. B.—Some numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I., can be obtained of the publishers, but not a complete set.

STARRY FLAG.—United States twenty-cent pieces were coined in 1875, and also during the three following years. The largest coinage was in 1876, and the smallest in 1878.

[The names of those sending a complete list of answers to puzzles in one number of YOUNG PEOPLE will in future be printed in italics.]

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Bessie B. Anderson, Maggie Berry, Cortlandt F. Bishop, "Car. O. Line," R. O. Chester, Maud M. Chambers, H. M. C., Willie Curtis, E. A. Cushing, Jun., George Pierce C., R. H. Davidson, "Dollars and Cents," George P. Deacon, Daniel Dowdney, E., C. Gaylor, E. W. Halsey, Frank Haines, Albert H. Hopkins, Alice C. Hammond, *Isabel L. Jacob*, Clara L. Kellogg, Howard H. Lent, "*L. U. Strat*," G. W. Needham, "North Star," Hattie A. P., John Phillips, Mattie P., "*Pepper*," Howard C. Rouzer, Willie F. Robertson, Harry R. Romer, Alice M. Sheppard, "Starry Flag," G. A. Sahlin, Alice E. Thorp, W. I. Trotter, Louis Treadwell, Dora N. Taylor, Charles Westcott, Lucile W., Willie F. Woolard, George E. Wells, "Young Solver," Henry M. R.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

In grumble, not in smile.
In roofing, not in tile.
In blockade, not in siege.
In sovereign, not in liege.
In trouble, not in sorrow.
In give, but not in borrow.
In evasion, not in shift.
In keepsake, not in gift.
Two pretty birds are we;
We love our liberty.
Please leave our nests in peace,
Or our merry songs will cease.
SARAH ANN.

No. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL HOUR-GLASS.

A bay on the Gulf of Mexico. The capital of one of the United States. A city in Russia. A mountain in Morocco. A lake in Brazil. A river in Scotland. In the Thames. A cape on the north coast of Africa. A river in France. A city in Illinois. A lake in Switzerland. A city in Austria. A town on the St. Lawrence River. Centrals read downward—A river in the Southern portion of the United States.
LADY BETTY.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARES.

1. First, crimes. Second, lanciful. Third, to stop. Fourth, quieted. Fifth, certain things possessed by many readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. STARRY FLAG.

2. First, a beginning. Second, one who makes harmony. Third, a plant. Fourth, a substance exuded from trees. Fifth, an English river.
DOUGLAS U. CAYENNE.

3. First, a girl's name. Second, sour. Third, a strong current. Fourth, a garden. CARRIE M. P.

4. First, also. Second, along passing. Third, a Turkish prince. Fourth, a lake. L. A. D.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a modern invention composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 10, 6, 4, 9, 3 is not square, but round.
My 2, 7, 11, 12, 5 is of no use to the blind.
My 13, 1, 1 is to fasten. OSWALD.

2. I am a useful domestic utensil composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 3, 9, 8, 10, 11 is a number of animals.
My 2, 3, 8, 5 is a kind of grain.
My 6, 7, 4, 10 is to select. GEORGE H.

3. I am a celebrated character of ancient romance composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 5, 7 is very troublesome.
My 8, 9, 4 is what a little girl gives her dolly.
My 8, 5, 10, 1 is to listen.
My 1, 3, 2, 4, 8, 7 was a follower of my whole.
LITTLE GOODEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 70.

No. 1. Eagle.

No. 2.

F lorid A
R ando M
E ri E
E ndeavo R
D elh I
O lyopi C
M arth A
Freedom, America.

No. 3. 1. Iowa. 2. Vermont. 3. Colorado. 4. Delaware. 5. Nile. 6. Tagus. 7. Don. 8. Denver. 9. Washington. 10. Halifax. 11. Leeds.

No. 4.

M
M O P
H E N R Y
M A R T I A L
P L A N K
E N T
A

No. 5. Massachusetts.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

THE OWL.

GET a pea-nut with as large a top to it as possible, like Fig. 1. Paint or mark with your pen a round spot as you see it represented, and make little marks on the shell to indicate feathers. To represent the wings, all you need is a small piece of common tissue-paper, which you must cut the shape of Fig. 2, and spatter with ink; this is pasted on the back of your pea-nut.

Fig. 1.

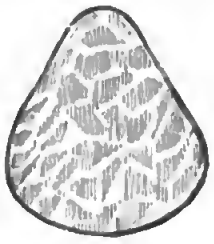
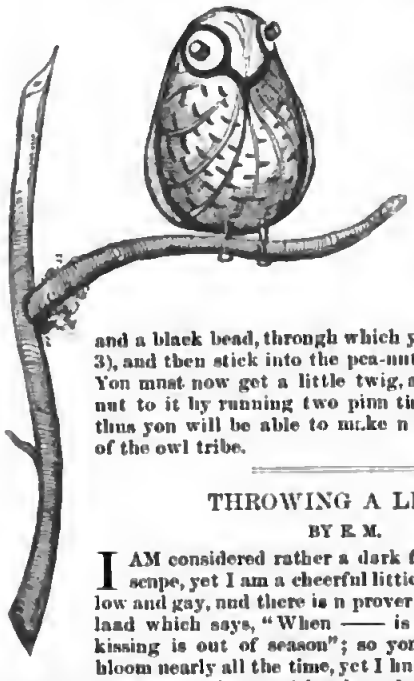


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



The eyes are made with a little round piece of silver or white paper and a black bead, through which you stick a pin (Fig. 3), and then stick into the pea-nut at the black spot. You must now get a little twig, and fasten the pea-nut to it by running two pins through the branch; thus you will be able to make a very fair specimen of the owl tribe.

THROWING A LIGHT.

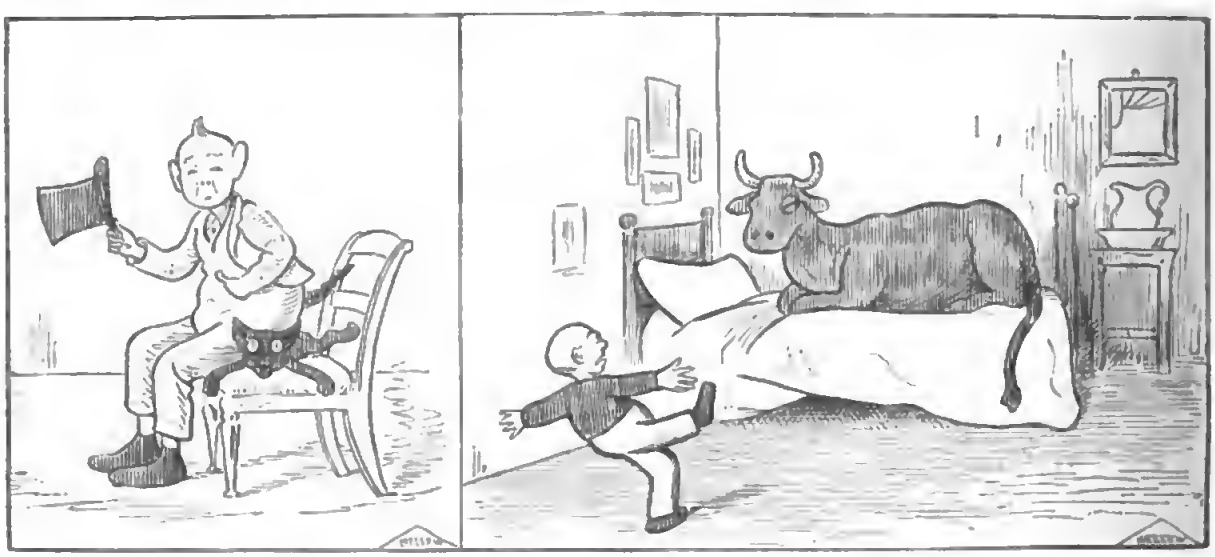
BY E. M.

I AM considered rather a dark feature in the landscape, yet I am a cheerful little flower, always yellow and gay, and there is a proverb about me in England which says, "When —— is out of bloom, then kissing is out of season"; so you see I must be in bloom nearly all the time, yet I have no blossom, only stiff dark branches. I have neither branches nor bloom; I am thick and hairy. I grow on every way-side, yet am an ornament in a garden; would be singularly out of place in a garden; am found only after much toil; have no value, and can be had for the picking, yet some varieties of me are so valuable that only the very rich can own me. I am dark green, bright yellow, yet to see me either yellow or dark green would amaze all who trade in me, for I am white, brown, black, and gray, yet to see me any of these colors would equally astound other owners of me, and certainly the way-side pickers, though I do not vary in color according to clime. I am tall and stiff; I am lowly-minded, and cling to the ground. I stay where I am put, but as to staying, why, to find me, there must be a lively chase, and often danger encountered. I am solely for ornament; I am for ornament, use, and protection. An article of clothing, yet death must come before I can be appropriated; when dead, I am utterly valueless save to be burned; it would be a waste to burn me, yet I am only valuable after death. I am as Nature made me; she takes care of me in a natural state; but in a natural state, ere men have cared for me, I am serviceable only to animals. How they can use me I can't imagine, as I am not eatable, and they do not need fires, yet without me they can not live. I am prickly, I am soft, I am warm. I have no temperature; I am of use as a shade; I am used to protect from cold; I cost nothing; I am a luxury; but in all my shapes and uses I am attractive to the eye.

THE ANGRY ALPHABET.

Lazy Mary Ann Dees
Never dotted her *i*'s nor crossed her *t*'s;
So the letters resolved they would give her no *e*'s,
And they fed her on pods without any *p*'s,
And frightened her well with a swarm of *b*'s,
And at last they banished her over the *c*'s
To the kingdom of fogs that is known as Queen *F*'s.

Japanese Kite-Flying.—In her interesting book on Japan, Miss Bird writes as follows about kite-flying: "This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites, made of tough paper on a bamboo frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of these have a humming arrangement made of whalebone. There was a very interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. The string of each kite, for thirty feet or more below the frame, was covered with pounded glass, made to adhere very closely by means of tenacious glue, and for two hours the kite-fighters tried to get their kites into a proper position for sawing the adversary's string in two. At last one was successful, and the severed kite became his property, upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. The boys also flew their kites while walking on stilts—a most dexterous performance, in which few were able to take part."



An elegant person named Small
Once went on some ladies to call;
He took off his hat, and sat down on the cat—
This awkward young person named Small.

There was a small boy they called Ned,
Who found a great cow in his bed;
Then he shouted, "Oh! how, did this horrid old cow
Get into poor Teddy Zoo's bed?"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 74. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, March 29, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE MAGIC WAND—"THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE."—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

THE MAGIC WAND.

A STORY OF OLD WILMINGTON.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

IN the good old days of the city of Wilmington, some seventy or eighty years ago, there lived a couple in that quaint little Quaker town by the name of Vertz, better known as Dutch Dolly and her husband.

Dutch Dolly had a truck patch wherein she raised vegetables—peas, radishes, potatoes, and beans—supplying the better part of the town with such produce. Her husband was a tailor, and is described in the chronicles of the town as sitting cross-legged on his bench opposite the window that looked out on the stony street.

Dutch Dolly was a woman of much importance of demeanor, and is described as being the admiration of the rising generation when, on a fair-day or holiday, she appeared in "a black velvet hood, a bodice of the same, a petticoat of superior blue cloth, the whole dress trimmed with gold-lace and two rows of gold-fringe on the skirt." But Tailor Vertz was as puny and insignificant as his helpmate was large and imposing. Dutch Dolly attended to her husband's business, collected his bills for him, and took such good care of his money that the poor little fellow was driven to many an odd shift to get a stray cent or fip* to buy him a pinch of rappee or a small glass of strong waters to comfort his inner man. One of his means for gaining small contributions was by telling fortunes, which he did by the aid of astrology, knowing a great many stars, from Aldebaran downward. For those who consulted him, chiefly serving-maids and very young girls, he drew mysterious signs of the heavens, in which the sun, moon, and stars were represented in miraculous conjunction. But with all his faults, with all his cloudy reputation among the good folk, Tailor Vertz was a merry, chipper little fellow, and though not entirely trustworthy, had as blithe a heart as any in Wilmington. He was a great favorite with the boys; he could whistle as sweetly as a robin, he could sing numberless ballads and songs in his queer piping voice, and had a knack of whittling little trinkets out of wood, which he sold, thus turning an odd penny from his young friends.

There were two boy friends especially, Ned Springer and Billy Shallcross by name, who were fond of loitering at odd times in the dusty, musty little shop. They looked upon the tailor as one of the wisest of men, and would listen by the hour to his stories of wonderful adventures, of perils he had escaped, of magic books he had read, and of the wonders of his black-art, believing everything with the utmost sincerity; for boys were much more credulous then than they are nowadays. The little tailor delighted especially to talk of his mysterious art, and often bewailed himself that he had never been able to find a branch of witch-willow, which had such properties that he could with it tell wherever secret treasure lay buried. He generally spoke of this witch-willow in connection with old Jan Judson's house.

Jan Judson was an old Swede of a generation preceding that of which we are speaking. So far as trustworthy narratives tell of him, he appears to have been only an eccentric, miserly old bachelor. A very heavy thunderstorm which passed over the region in which Jan lived struck his house with lightning, and it was burned to the ground, all that was left being a tall stone chimney and a pile of stones. Whether it was the effect of the electricity, or merely the shock of losing his property that affected the owner, certain it is that the old Swede, though rescued from the flames, died a day or two after the accident. Of course the occurrence gave rise to many weird stories connected with old Jan Judson. It was said that ONE had appeared to him in fire and flame to carry him off bodily, and all agreed that he had left great wealth behind. Treasure-hunters had dug in the cellar, and had turned over the stones, but had found nothing; or, if they had, had said nothing about it.

One bright afternoon the two boys entered the shop of Tailor Vertz, whom they found sitting cross-legged on his bench, with one finger touching his forehead, apparently sunk in deep meditation—a position which he had assumed when he heard the boys approaching. He held up his hand to them to enjoin silence, and they stood looking at him, a little awe-struck and very much wondering. At last he roused himself, and, looking cautiously, beckoned them to draw near.

"I haf foundt it," said he, in a mysterious tone.

"Found what?"

"Hush!—de vitch-villow."

"The witch-willow?"

"Yes, de vitch-villow. I haf foundt it town in de marsh. Look!" And he drew forth a slender osier twig that he had cut and peeled the day before.

"Then you'll be rich, won't you?" said Ned Springer, excitedly. "All you've got to do is to walk around and to find treasure."

Tailor Vertz shook his head sadly. "I am like many creat mens," said he; "I haf foundt creat tings, but I lack von tiugs."

"What's that?"

"Money. If I had von quarter of a tollar, I vas all right. I must coot a leetle hole into de vitch-villow, and melt some silfer and bour into it, and den it is magics."

"Why don't you get somebody to lend you a quarter?" said Billy.

"Dat's vot I vants to do," said Tailor Vertz. "Now I tells you vot I do. To-morrow's Plack Imp's Night—"

"Black Imp's Night! what's that?" interrupted Ned.

"Shust vait, and I tells you. To-morrow's Plack Imp's Night, de fery night de vitch-villow's able to findt de moneys. Now I am fondt of you poys: you lend me a quarter of a tollar to melt and run in de hole I coots in de vitch-villow, and I gifs you de first lot of moneys vot ve findt."

"But suppose you don't find any?" said Ned, dubiously.

"Of course I findt some," said Tailor Vertz, indignantly. "Didn't I tells you I foundt a pranch of vitch-villow?" Then, in a reproachful manner: "I didn't tiuks you vouldn't peliefe me—me, as alvays tells you de trut'. Nefer mind. I goes to somepody else and gets a quarter of a tollar; somepodies as tinks I'm honest."

"Of course we think you're honest," spoke up Billy. "If I had a quarter of a dollar I'd lend it to you. I've only got a levy. How much have you got, Ned?"

"Only a fip. Maybe I can get another from Aunt Catherine, though."

"Very vells," said the little man, climbing rather hastily back on the bench, for he thought he heard his wife coming—"very vells; put pring de quarter to-night, else I get it from somepodies."

The boys were all excitement and interest. They laid out so many plans for the spending of their wealth—when they should get it—and built so many castles in the air, that they wound themselves up to a thorough pitch of enthusiasm. That night they brought the tailor the quarter of a dollar. He pocketed the money, made an appointment with them for the next night to go treasure-hunting, and, after they were gone, melted some lead and poured it into a hole in the willow wand for the sake of appearances.

The next night the three met at a paling fence at the foot of Stalcop's lot; the tailor brought his magic wand, Billy Shallcross a lantern, and Ned Springer a crowbar for turning over the stones.

* A *fip* (the fivepenny bit of Pennsylvania currency) was a silver piece of the value of six and a quarter cents. A *levy* (a similar contraction for the elevenpenny bit) was twelve and a half cents in value. A few stray fips and levies still appear occasionally from old hordes of silver, but only pass now for dimes and half-dimes.

Digitized by Google

As the three walked along, Tailor Vertz beguiled the way with stories of the departed Swede, and how his ghost still haunted the ruins—how it was apt to appear to treasure-hunters, laying its grisly hand upon them at the very moment of finding the sought-for treasure, until the very hearts of his listeners quaked with dread. Probably they would willingly have sacrificed their hopes of treasure and turned back, but neither of them liked to propose such a measure. The lantern cast a ghostly flitting light on the fence posts and trees as they walked along, and so drew near the ruined house, the chimney of which stood black against the sky.

"Now dere is von tings to remember," said Tailor Vertz, as they stood on the shapeless pile of stones that marked the ruin. He spoke impressively. "Now dere is von tings to remember. From de moment de stick pegins to p'int, you mustn't speak von vord, for shoost as soon as you do —poof!—de magica all goes out of de stick, de silfer turns into lead, and de treasure all melt like ice on a hot stove. If you see a ghost, den mind, shoost don't pay no notice to him, but go on vorkings, and say nodings. Are you ready?"

"Suppose you take the crowbar, and I'll hold the lantern," said Billy.

"No, I've carried it all the way, and I'm tired," said Ned.

They both thought there was less danger from the ghost to the one that held the lantern than to the one that laid a hand on his buried treasure. However, it was finally determined that Ned should begin, and work until he was tired, and then Billy should take a turn. The tailor stepped forward, holding the wand by the middle between his finger and thumb. In this way the slightest movement of the fingers would direct it. The boys watched him with the most intense interest. The willow wand moved slowly this way and that, and finally pointed toward a great beam that reached across the chimney just over the fire-place, thus indicating it as the place where a treasure must be. The boys approached cautiously, Billy holding the lantern, and Ned firmly grasping the crowbar, both wrought up to a high pitch of nervous excitement, while the tailor stood a little back from them. It was a hopeless-looking piece of work for two boys to remove such a beam, so imbedded in the stone and mortar, and probably that was why the tailor had selected it. Ned struck the crowbar between the stones just under the beam, but it was a quarter of an hour's job to loosen the first stone, which was very large; but finally it came, and then another. Then Ned, whose face was beaded with perspiration, handed the crowbar to Billy. By this time they were beginning to regain their courage. Billy examined the chimney carefully, and seeing a stone looser than the rest, just over the beam, determined to begin the attack in that quarter; so he stuck the crowbar between that stone and the next, and began to prize. In the mean time, Tailor Vertz had grown tired, and determined to hasten matters; accordingly, just as the stone was loosening, he gave an unearthly groan.

"What's that?" cried Billy, and let go of the crowbar. It fell clanking on the stones, and with it fell the stone he was loosening. The groan, and the noise of the falling of the crowbar and the stone, frightened Ned so that he dropped the lantern; and the boys, leaping over the pile of stones, fled up the road like frightened deer, closely followed by the tailor, who was scarcely less frightened than they were. At length they stopped, and stood panting about a hundred yards up the road.

"Ach! mein Himmel!" cried Tailor Vertz, stamping his foot, "what you speak for? You have shpoilt all de magic of de vitch-villow. Vy did you not hold your tongue?"

"Did you hear that groan?" said Billy, in an awful voice.

"It must have been the ghost," said Ned. Then, in a very loud voice, "I don't want the money anyhow," cried he.

"But you dropped father's lantern back there."

"Well, you dropped my father's crowbar. It was you that scared me, dropping it, so you ought to go back for it."

Finally they concluded that all three should go, for company's sake.

They approached the spot very cautiously, the tailor, who had no further reason for frightening them, encouraging them to proceed, but himself keeping a little back, as he was secretly much afraid of ghosts. Luckily for their fears, the candle in the lantern had not gone out, but had burned as it fell, guttering the tallow, and running it over the glass of the lantern. Billy picked it up, and the light flashed out more brightly. Ned also picked up his crowbar, and they turned to leave, when Billy cast a glance at the hole whence the stone he had been working at had fallen.

"Stop," he cried, suddenly; "what's this?"

"What's what?" said Ned.

"There's something in there."

"Dere? where?" said the tailor, pressing forward.

They all three looked in the hole; then Billy thrust in his hand, and drew out a small wooden box. It was crumbling with dry-rot, and without much effort he broke off the lid with his fingers. The boys could scarcely believe their eyes. Ned sprang from the ground and gave a shout. The box was full of money. They were chiefly copper coins and small silver pieces; still, it was a treasure to the boys.

All this time Tailor Vertz had been standing with staring eyes and open mouth. He was amazed, thunderstruck, dumfounded, that he, who had been deceiving the boys with juggling tricks, should have actually showed them a real treasure. All of a sudden it came over him with a rush that he had deliberately led the boys to this spot, and placed their very hands, as it were, upon all this money. He felt as though it had been taken from his own pocket, and burst out in a sudden torrent of words, scolding and stamping his feet in such a way that the boys stood amazed.

"What's the matter?" they cried.

"Vat's de matter?" shouted the tailor, beating his breast —"vat's de matter? Oh, Vertz! you fool! you fool! Oh, if I'd only known it vas dere!—if I'd only known it vas dere! To go empty it out of my pockets into yours! Bah! I might er had it all myself."

"But didn't you know it was there? Didn't the witch-willow tell you so?" said Billy.

"Vitch-villow! Oh, you yank! vat's a vitch-villow but to fool such tunces as you?"

"Then you were only fooling us, were you?" said Billy.

The tailor began to cool down somewhat at that, and entered on a long explanation, in which he got very much involved.

"All very well," said Billy; "but tell us now, up and down, fair and square, did you know anything about the money being there?"

The little tailor looked at him doubtfully for a while.

"Vell," said he, hesitatingly, "no-o, I didn't, and dat's de trut'."

Both boys burst into a laugh.

"Well," said Billy, "share and share alike anyhow; that's fair."

However, they deducted the quarter-dollar from Tailor Vertz's share. Billy's share was six dollars and twenty-three cents, Ned's six dollars and twenty-two cents, and Tailor Vertz's five dollars and ninety-seven cents, with which he expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

Forever after this adventure Dutch Dolly's husband was more careful about telling the boys of the mysteries of his art; and when he would get on the subject, Billy was apt to slyly remind him of the magic wand.

Digitized by Google

MOUNTAIN-PEAKS.

When the world was comparatively young, and people were contented with legends and myths concerning the wonders of creation, just as children like fairy stories, it was the common belief that mountains were the work of gods and genii, who hurled them down from heaven, and allowed them to fall by chance, or else

AMONG THE ALPS.

raised them as mighty pillars destined to bear the vaults of the skies. The Titans, who were not gods, threw down all the mountains of Thessaly in order to use them again for building up the ramparts round Olympus. Another story is that a giantess of the North had filled her apron with little hills, and dropped them at certain distances that she might recognize her way. And still another, from the other end of the earth, is that Vishnu, one day, seeing a young girl asleep beneath the sun's too ardent rays, took up a mountain, and held it poised upon his finger-tips to shelter the beautiful sleeper. This, the legend tells us, was the origin of sun-shades. Nor was it even always necessary for gods and giants to lift up the mountains in order to remove them; the latter obeyed a mere sign. Stones hastened to listen to the strains of Orpheus's lyre; mountains stood erect to hear Apollo. It was thus that Helicon, the home of the Muses, took its birth.

Strange as are these stories, they are no more wonderful than the actual fact that, under the direction of the Creator, the two great giants Fire and Water have been and still are at work constructing mountains, slowly, it is true, and not by any sudden upheaval, as the lovers of the marvellous would have it to be, but none the less surely.

While wandering over the surface of the globe, and carefully observing its natural phenomena, we see that mountains are the slow growth of ages. When an insular or continental mass some hundreds or thousands of yards high receives rain in abundance, its slopes gradually become indented with ravines, dales, valleys; the uniform surface of the plateau is cut into peaks, ridges, pyramids; scooped out into amphitheatres, basins, precipices; systems of mountains appear by degrees wherever the level ground has rolled down to any enormous extent. In addition to these external causes which change plateaus into mountains, slow transformations in the interior of the earth are also being accomplished, bringing about vast excavations. Those hard-working men who, hammer in hand, go about for many years among the mountains in order to study their form and structure, observe in the lower beds of marine formation, which constitute the non-crystalline portion of the mountains, gigantic rents or fissures extending thousands of yards in length. Masses millions of yards thick have been completely raised up again by these shocks, or turned as completely upside down, so that what was formerly the surface has now become the bottom. And in this way have been revealed the crystalline rocks. Plication, or folding, is also an important feature in the history of the earth. By this process, subjected to slow pressure, the rock, the clay, the layers of sandstone, the veins of metal, have all been folded up like a piece of cloth, and the folds thus formed become mountains and valleys.

One of the most interesting features in the study of mountains is the discovery of fossils, by which the naturalist accurately determines the age of rocks. Millions of these remains of animal and vegetable life have been preserved. Of course the tissues of flesh and drops of blood or sap are gone, but in their stead are particles of stone which have kept the form, and sometimes even the color, of the creature destroyed. Within the thickness of these stones are shells of mollusks, disks, spheres, spines, cylinders in astounding numbers; we see the skeletons of fish with their fins and scales, the wing-sheaths of insects, and even foot-prints; upon the hard rock, too, which was formerly the shifting sand of the beach, we find the impression of drops of rain, and the intersecting ripple marks traced by wavelets on the shore. These fossils, which lived millions of years ago in the mud of oceanic abysses, are now met at every mountain height. They are to be seen on most of the Pyrenees, they constitute whole Alps, they are recognized upon the Caucasus and Cordilleras.

The wealth contained in mountains in the shape of silver and gold ore and precious stones has ever been, like the magic thread of the labyrinth, leading miners and geologists into the depths of their caverns. Formerly it was supposed to be an easy matter to reach these riches. All that a man needed was what is called "luck" and the favor of the gods. Boldly seizing some opportunity, such as the rolling away of a stone from a crevice, he had but to mutter some magic words, creep into a dark passage, and find himself beneath a vaulted roof of crystals and diamonds; he needed but to stoop and gather the rubies beneath his feet. Not by chance and magic do the miners of our day reach the rich veins of minerals. Study and hard work are behind all the engineering skill which penetrates our mountains.

When the summer is here, and you go forth with merry hearts and stout staves to climb some "Saddleback" or "Mount Tom," just stop and think of all the wonderful things which happen to make a mountain; and as you glance up its wooded sides, and see the clouds resting upon its summit, or behold the purple hues of evening gathering about its majestic form, remember "the hand that made it is Divine."

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 58 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOBY'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE RING.

WHEN the circus entered the town which had been selected as the place where Toby was to make his début as a circus rider, the boy noticed a new poster among the many glaring and gaudy bills which set forth the varied and many attractions that were to be found under one canvas for a trifling admission fee, and he noticed it with some degree of interest, not thinking for a moment that it had any reference to him.

It was printed very much as follows:

MADEMOISELLE JEANNETTE
AND
MONSIEUR AJAX,

two of the youngest equestrians in the world, will perform their graceful, dashing, and daring act entitled

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS.

This is the first appearance of these daring young riders together since their separation in Europe last season, and their performance in this town will have a new and novel interest. See

MADEMOISELLE JEANNETTE
AND
MONSIEUR AJAX.

"Look there!" said Toby to Ben, as he pointed out the poster, which was printed in very large letters with gorgeous coloring, and surmounted by a picture of two very small people performing all kinds of impossible feats on horseback. "They've got some one else to ride with Ella to-day. I wonder who it can be!"

Ben looked at Toby for a moment, as if to assure himself that the boy was in earnest in asking the question, and then he relapsed into the worst fit of silent laughing that Toby had ever seen. After he had quite recovered, he asked: "Don't you know who Monsieur Ajax is? Hain't you never seen him?"

"No," replied Toby, at a loss to understand what there was so very funny in his very natural question. "I thought that I was goin' to ride with Ella."

"Why, that's you," almost screamed Ben, in delight. "Monsieur Ajax means you, didn't you know it? You don't suppose they would go to put 'Toby Tyler' on the bills, do you? How it would look!—'Mademoiselle Jeannette an' Monsieur Toby Tyler.'"

Ben was off in one of his laughing spells again, and Toby sat there, stiff and straight, hardly knowing whether to join in the mirth or to get angry at the sport which had been made of his name.

"I don't care," he said at length. "I'm sure I think Toby Tyler sounds just as well as Monsieur Ajax, an' I'm sure it fits me a good deal better."

"That may be," said Ben, soothingly; "but you see it wouldn't go down so well with the public. They want furrin riders, an' they must have 'em, even if it does spoil your name."

Despite the fact that he did not like the new name that had been given him, Toby could not but feel pleased at the glowing terms in which his performance was set off; but he did not at all relish the lie that was told about his having been with Ella in Europe, and he would have been very much better pleased if that portion of it had been left off.

During that forenoon he did not go near Mr. Lord nor his candy stand, for Mr. Castle kept him and Ella busily engaged in practicing the feat which they were to perform in the afternoon, and it was almost time for the performance to begin before they were allowed even to go to their dinner.

Ella, who had performed several years, was very much more excited over the coming début than Toby was, and the reason why he did not show more interest was probably because of his great desire to leave the circus as soon as possible, and during that forenoon he thought very much more of how he should get back to Guilford and Uncle Daniel than he did of how he should get along when he stood before the audience.

Mr. Castle assisted his pupil to dress, and when that was done to his entire satisfaction, he said, in a stern voice, "Now you can do this act all right, and if you slip up on it, and don't do it as you ought to, I'll give you such a whipping when you come out of the ring that you'll think Joh was only fooling with you when he tried to whip you."

Toby had been feeling reasonably cheerful before this,

MADEMOISELLE JEANNETTE AND MONSIEUR AJAX.

Digitized by Google

but these words dispelled all his cheerful thoughts, and he was looking most disconsolate when old Ben came into the dressing tent.

"All ready, are you, my boy?" said the old man, in his cheeriest voice. "Well, that's good, an' you look as nice as possible. Now remember what I told you last night, Toby, an' go in there to do your level best, an' make a name for yourself. Come out here with me, an' wait for the young lady."

These cheering words of Ben's did Toby as much good as Mr. Castle's had the reverse, and as he stepped out of the dressing-room to the place where the horses were being saddled, Toby resolved that he would do his very best that afternoon, if for no other reason than to please his old friend.

Toby was not naturally what might be called a pretty boy, for his short red hair and his freckled face prevented any great display of beauty; but he was a good, honest-looking boy, and in his tasteful costume he looked very nice indeed—so nice, that could Mrs. Treat have seen him just then, she would have been very proud of her handiwork, and hugged him harder than ever.

He had not been waiting but a few moments when Ella came from her dressing-room, and Toby was very much pleased when he saw by the expression of her face that she was perfectly satisfied with his appearance.

"We'll both do just as well as we can," she whispered to him, "and I know the people will like us, and make us come back after we get through. And if they do, mamma says she'll give each one of us a gold dollar."

She had taken hold of Toby's hand as she spoke, and her manner was so earnest and anxious that Toby was more excited than he ever had been about his début; and had he gone into the ring just at that moment, the chances are that he would have surprised even his teacher by his riding.

"I'll do just as well as I can," said Toby, in reply to his little companion, "an' if we earn the dollars, I'll have a hole bored in mine, an' you shall wear it around your neck to remember me by."

"I'll remember you without that," she whispered, "and I'll give you mine, so that you shall have so much the more when you go to your home."

There was no time for further conversation, for Mr. Castle entered just then to tell them that they must go in in another moment. The horses were all ready—a black one for Toby, and a white one for Ella—and they stood champing their bits and pawing the earth in their impatience, until the silver bells with which they were decorated rang out quick, nervous little chimes that accorded very well with Toby's feelings.

Ella squeezed Toby's hand as they stood waiting for the curtain to be raised that they might enter, and he had just time to return it when the signal was given, and almost before he was aware of it they were standing in the ring, kissing their hands to the crowds that packed the enormous tent to its utmost capacity.

Thanks to the false announcement about the separation of the children in Europe and their reunion in this particular town, the applause was long and loud, and before it had died away, Toby had had time to recover a little from the queer feeling which this sea of heads gave him.

He had never seen such a crowd before, except as he had seen them as he walked around at the foot of the seats, and then they had simply looked like so many human beings; but as he saw them now from the ring, they appeared like strange rows of heads without bodies, and he had hard work to keep from running back behind the curtain from whence he had come.

Mr. Castle acted as the ring master this time, and after he had introduced them, very much after the fashion of the posters, and the clown had repeated some funny joke, the horses were led in, and they were assisted to mount.

"Don't mind the people at all," said Mr. Castle, in a low voice, "but ride just as if you were alone here with me."

The music struck up, the horses cantered around the ring, and Toby had really started as a circus rider.

"Remember," said Ella to him, in a low tone, just as the horses started, "you told me that you would ride just as well as you could, and we must earn the dollars mamma promised."

It seemed to Toby at first as if he could not stand up; but by the time they had ridden around the ring once, and Ella had cautioned him again against making any mistake, for the sake of the money which they were going to earn, he was calm and collected enough to carry out his part of the programme quite as well as if he had been simply taking a lesson.

The act consisted in their riding side by side, jumping over banners and through hoops covered with paper, and then the most difficult portion of their act began.

The saddles were taken off the horses, and they were to ride first on one horse and then on the other, until they concluded their performance by riding twice around the ring side by side, standing on their horses, each one with a hand on the other's shoulder.

All this was successfully accomplished without a single error, and when they rode out of the ring, the applause was so great as to leave no doubt but that they would be recalled, and thus earn the promised money.

In fact, they had hardly got inside the curtain when one of the attendants called to them, and before they had time even to speak to each other they were in the ring again, repeating the last portion of their act.

When they came out of the ring for the second time, they found old Ben, the skeleton, the fat lady, and Mr. Job Lord waiting to welcome them; but before any one could say a word, Ella had stood on tiptoe again, and given Toby just such another kiss as she did when he told her that he would surely stay long enough to appear in the ring with her once.

"That's because you rode so well, and helped me so much," she said, as she saw Toby's cheeks growing a fiery red; and then she turned to those who were waiting to greet her.

Mrs. Treat took her in her enormous arms, and having kissed her, put her down quickly, and clasped Toby as if he had been a very small walnut, and her arms a very large pair of nut-crackers.

"Bless the boy!" she exclaimed, as she kissed him again and again, with an energy and force that made her kisses sound like the crack of a whip, and caused the horses to stamp in affright. "I knew he'd amount to something one of these days, an' Samuel an' I had to come out, when business was dull, just to see how he got along."

It was some time before she would unloose him from her motherly embrace, and when she did, the skeleton grasped him by the hand, and said, in the most pompous and effective manner:

"Mr. Tyler, we're proud of you, and when we saw that costume of yours that my Lilly embroidered with her own hands, we was both proud of it and what it contained. You're a great rider, my boy, a great rider, and you'll stand at the head of the profession some day, if you only stick to it."

"Thank you, sir," was all Toby had time to say before old Ben had him by the hand, and the skeleton was pouring out his congratulations in little Miss Ella's ear.

"Toby, my boy, you did well, an' now you'll amount to something if you only remember what I told you last night," said Ben, as he looked upon the boy, whom he had come to think of as his protégé, with pride. "I never seen anybody of your age do any better; an' now, instead of bein' only a candy peddler, you're one of the stars of the show."

"Thank you, Ben," was all that Toby could say, for he

Digitized by Google

knew that his old friend meant every word that he said, and it pleased him so much that he could say no more than "Thank you" in reply.

"I feel as if your triumph was mine," said Mr. Lord, looking benignly at Toby from out his crooked eye, and assuming the most fatherly tone at his command; "I have learned to look upon you almost as my own son, and your success is very gratifying to me."

Toby was not at all flattered by this last praise. If he had never seen Mr. Lord before, he might, and probably would, have been deceived by his words; but he had seen him too often, and under too many painful circumstances, to be at all swindled by his words.

Toby was very much pleased with his success, and by the praise he received from all, and when the proprietor of the circus came along, patted him on the head, and told him that he rode very nicely, he was quite happy, until he chanced to see the greedy twinkle in Mr. Lord's eye, and then he knew that all this success and all this praise were only binding him faster to the show which he was so anxious to escape from; his pleasure vanished very quickly, and in its stead came a bitter, homesick feeling which no amount of praise could banish.

It was old Ben who helped him to undress after the skeleton and the fat lady had gone back to their tent, and Ella had gone to dress for her appearance with her mother, for now she was obliged to ride twice at each performance. When Toby was in his ordinary clothes again, Ben said:

"Now that you're one of the performers, Toby, you won't have to sell candy any more, an' you'll have the most of your time to yourself, so let's you an' I go out an' see the town."

"Don't you s'pose Mr. Lord expects me to go to work for him again to-day?"

"An's'posin' he does?" said Ben, with a chuckle. "You don't s'pose the boss would let any one that rides in the ring stand behind Job Lord's counter, do you? You can do just as you have a mind to, my boy, an' I say to you, let's go out an' see the town. What do you say to it?"

"I'd like to go first-rate, if I dared to," replied Toby, thinking of the many whippings he had received for far less than that which Ben now proposed he should do.

"Oh, I'll take care that Job don't bother you, so come along;" and Ben started out of the tent, and Toby followed, feeling considerably frightened at this first act of disobedience against his old master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HERO IN SEVEN PIECES.

BY MARY A. BARR.

By hammer and hand,
All arts do stand.

AND so I thought, the other day, when I found myself in an art foundry in Twenty-fifth Street, New York. There was a terrible noise, and at first I thought I was in a smithy; but, children, I soon found out it was only the workman seaming together a hero's coat.

Most of you know all about this hero, and just the part he played in the history of our country; but because many of you have read carelessly that page of your history, and for the sake of those who have forgotten, or have never read it, let me tell you something about him before we go back to Twenty-fifth Street, and the 1000-pound bronze statue of our hero, whom every true-hearted American remembers with honest pride.

He was one of seven young men who captured a very famous spy. Now there have been many famous spies, so don't guess in a hurry. He was three times a prisoner in New York; twice he escaped; the second time only four days before he saved his country a mortal blow; and the third time he was released by the peace.

Congress gave him an annuity of two hundred dollars a year for life, a silver medal, on one side of which was a shield, inscribed "Fidelity," and on the other the motto, "Vincit Amor Patriæ"; and New York gave him a farm, and also, in 1827, erected a marble monument in a churchyard two miles from Peekskill.

He died at Yorktown in 1818, when he was fifty-nine years old; but he will always live in the memory of his countrymen. So it was with a great deal of reverence I touched the bronzed hand, and pictured to myself that he was alive, and just about to step forward and give the order to "Stand!"

But that was after the workman had fastened a rope and chain around his waist, and by means of a pully lifted him upright on the pedestal, for my first glimpse of him was lying on his side with a little black-eyed Italian hammering away at the seam which I spoke of. For our hero was cast in seven pieces, and these pieces are put together with brass nails, and then the seams hammered smooth.

The sculptor of the statue being present, offered to take me through the foundry, and so I followed him, meeting a part of our hero at every turn.

Here his head and shoulders, there his gun, over yonder his arm, and lying right at my feet one of his hands, and in the corner his feet and legs, which one of the workmen told me they had cast one evening at half past six, by the glare of the furnaces, which threw great shadows across everything, and made it like a dream with the reality of heat and noise.

But these were only the plaster moulds, taken from the sculptor's model in clay, and I passed them with only a glance, for I knew the splendid whole would make up for these broken pieces.

Many of you have been in a foundry, and can easily picture to yourselves the great oven for baking the clay moulds in; the banks of sand; the furnaces down in the ground and on a level with the floor, with iron beams high above on which the pots for melting the metal in are hung; the enormous tongs and hooks; the troughs of water; half-finished work; the workman's tools; and men bending over work that seems too beautiful to come out of such chaos and from such rough material.

From the foundry I went up to the sculptor's studio on the third floor, in the front of the building. Now, children, this is a real place, and if any of you ever come to New York, you can go and see it, for the artist is a very good-natured man, and is always glad to see pleasant company.

What a place it would have been to play in! Oh, what fun I should have had calling on Miss Venus! and what a splendid coachman Apollo would have made! and the sailor lad we would have all claimed; and the girl with the shawl over her head would have been the soldier's sweetheart. But what would the sculptor have thought if he had known what use I was putting his beautiful works to? and so, my dears, let us play that all this has been said in a whisper, while he is dusting a chair for me, and go back to the studio as it really is.

To begin with, there was no carpet on the floor, and no paper on the walls, but a beautiful pier looking-glass without a frame leaned against the brick wall, and innumerable reliefs in plaster, photographs of people and places, an old army suit, and several costumes which the sculptor used in draping his model, hung in splendid confusion everywhere. One side of the room was of wood painted a dark brown, and over this the artist had drawn Cupids, angels, flowers, flags, and all kinds of beautiful designs in white. There was a stove in the room, and two or three chairs that needed constant dusting; several easels stood about, and at one a German artist, in a checked blouse or old-fashioned apron, was working on a beautiful relief, which told the story of a young farmer leaving home for the war. The artist said

Digitized by Google

it was for a soldiers' monument in Massachusetts. Near him stood a bucket of water with a sponge in it, and every little while he would wet the clay he was working with.

A great many busts and statuettes of all kinds stood in every conceivable place—on tables, pedestals, and shelves; and on one shelf was the bust of a famous New York belle and the statuettes of a horse and cow, visitors' cards, photographs of famous actors and artists, old letters, and in a table glass a bouquet of roses and lilies that some one had sent to the sculptor that morning. While we were talking, the sculptor's model came in; that is, the man who stands for his figures, so that the artist may catch the proper motion of the body.

I had spent an hour very pleasantly in this queer, mussy place, and as it was growing dark, I was forced to say good-by to Miss Venus, and the Boy in Blue, and my new-found friend the German artist; but I took away with me many pleasant memories, and I hope I have interested my little readers enough for them to turn to the history of the Revolution, and tell me who our hero is. Many of you have already guessed, but I should like some of you to tell me his name, and if I have forgotten anything about him. Will you?

IN, OUT OF THE STORM.

It is high time that the poor little lamb was taken in, out of the storm, is it not, my young readers? The artist says that when he made the sketch from which this picture was drawn, the season was late in March, and the weather for a few days had been so warm that the children in the farm-house where he was staying thought old Winter had surely gone. He was still there, however, and to prove his presence he sent one of his very worst storms of snow and sleet, that lasted all day, and made people think that the almanacs were wrong, and that the month must be January instead of March.

In the midst of this storm, as the children were looking out of the window, and wondering if summer ever would come, they saw their father walking from the barn with something in his arms, and followed by their old pet sheep Mana. As their father came near, the children saw that he held a dear little lamb in his arms; and when he got into the house he told them that Mana was its mother, and that it had been born out-of-doors in all the terrible storm. If he had not been led to the spot by Mana's pitiful cries just when he was, the poor lamb would have been frozen to death. As it was, the little creature was chilled through, and had to be wrapped in flannel, placed close beside the fire, and fed with warm milk before it recovered. The children took such good care of the lamb that their father gave it to them for their own; and when at last the summer did come, in spite of the efforts of old Winter to prevent it, the "cosset" well repaid their care of him by his funny antics and pretty ways.

On that stormy afternoon, after the lamb had been made as comfortable as possible, the children gathered about the artist, and asked him so many questions about sheep, that they finally gained from him the following information.

"Sheep—that is, common domestic sheep—are certainly dull and uninteresting animals, but this is partly because we do not usually see them to advantage. Sheep are naturally mountainous animals; if left to themselves, they always prefer hills and rocky mountains to plains and low-lying pasture, and are as active in climbing as goats. At the period of sacred history, sheep were evidently not considered stupid. It was the custom to give each individual a name, to which each would answer when called. This custom still exists in Greece, and, I believe, in some other countries. A missionary tells us that once when he was travelling in Greece, in passing by a flock of sheep, he begged the shepherd to call one of them by name; he did so, and immediately the sheep left its companions and its pasture, and ran up to the shepherd with evident signs of pleasure. The shepherd told the missionary that many of the sheep were still *wild*, that they had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching all would learn them. Those which knew their names and would answer to them he called *tame*. Some years ago, pet lambs used to be quite a fashion, and there have been many poems and stories written about them. The poet Wordsworth wrote a very pretty account of a pet lamb and a mountain maiden; and all children ought to read Miss Edgeworth's story of *Simple Susan* and her lamb. Queen Victoria, when she was a little girl, and lived at Kensington Palace, had a pet lamb with a pink ribbon round its neck. Some children I know had one which was very tame and affectionate. When it grew up it was too rough and big for a playfellow, and was sent to join a flock of sheep; but long afterward, when the children came past, it would leave the others to run to them."

THE RESCUED LAMB.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.

Digitized by Google

WASHING-DAY.

Digitized by Google

THEY ARE COMING.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin,
Mr. and Mrs. Wren,
The Orioles, and the Cat-birds
Are coming back again.
Heigho! for the sweet, sweet blossoms,
And the sweeter music then.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin
And the rest of the merry crew
Will be very brisk and busy,
With plenty of work to do.
Just think of it: keeping house, dears,
And building your houses too.

HOW THE BOYS FOOLED UNCLE BUDGE.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

RICK and Karl always spent a week in the spring at Uncle Budge's.

It had chanced for two or three years that they were there on All-fools' Day, and at the end of the last visit Uncle Budge, on leaving them at the cars, had urged them to come on for the same time the next year, adding, "If you succeed in fooling me then, I'll give you each a gold piece."

Uncle Budge as completely forgot having made such an offer, five minutes after the boys had waved their hats in good-by, as though there were no April-fool Days and no gold pieces in the world.

But not so with the Barnes boys. Gold pieces were not so plenty with them that they would be apt to let such an offer pass in one ear and out of the other. Already seats at the circus, fishing-rods, and skates were in wild confusion in their brains.

"A whole year to think up something!" said Rick.

"I don't believe there's a bit of use in trying," answered Karl. "We've come to the conclusion no end of times that we can't fool Uncle Budge, and we can't. That's all there is about it."

"No harm in trying," ventured the not easily discouraged Rick, thinking how often he had admired the gold dollar on Chan Holmes's watch chain. "Let's try, anyway."

So next April-fools' Day finding them at Uncle Budge's, Karl and Rick were tiptoeing about very early. They spread the Berkville *Morning Argus* of April 1, 1880—which they had slipped out of Uncle Budge's file the day before—out on the floor, sprinkled some water over it, folded it carefully, and Karl went quietly down stairs, opened the side door, laid the paper there, and took up stairs the *Argus* that the carrier had just thrown.

About an hour afterward the breakfast-bell rang, and the boys went down stairs. There lay the paper by Uncle Budge's plate, which caused so preternaturally solemn an expression to come over their faces that Aunt Budge was quite worried.

"Now I hope you're not getting homesick," she said to Karl; "I know there's not much goin' on for you, as is used to a large family and a good deal of noise; still"—in a more cheerful tone—"we'll think of something after I've done up my work."

An amused smile played about Rick's lips, to hide which he leaned his head on his hand.

"Your toothache ain't come on again, Richard?" inquired Aunt Budge, sympathetically.

"Oh, I'm all right," said one, while the other assured Aunt Budge that he didn't want to go home a bit, and was having the best sort of a time.

"Uncle Budge has gone over to Wilson's," said Aunt Budge, "but may be in any minute. He left word not to wait breakfast. Can you reach the *Argus*, Karl?"

"Well, well," began Aunt Budge, "if another of those Wilkinses isn't married! Amanda J. Why, now, I was thinking that Amanda went last year; but no, come to think, it was Alvira. It does seem that just as reg'lar as spring comes round, off one on 'em goes. Now Amanda is—"

But Aunt Budge's dissertation was cut short by a choking scene, in which Rick pounded his brother with such force on the back that it was a wonder they heard the front door open at all.

"There's Uncle Budge," said Rick, hurriedly. "Don't tell him anything you've noticed in the *Argus*, Aunt Budge, or he'll suspect."

"Suspect!" echoed Aunt Budge, her mind still on the Wilkinses. "Suspect!"

"Sh—sh!" implored Karl. "It's a fool, Aunt Budge. Help us to carry it out. Last year's paper—don't you see?"

"Well, well, I declare!" said Aunt Budge, as the real state of the case flashed over her. "Then," collecting her thoughts, "I was right about its being Amanda, and—" But Aunt Budge interrupted herself by laughing so heartily that the boys found themselves compelled to join her, though it appeared from the conversation, when Uncle Budge came to breakfast, that Aunt Budge had been recounting some of the boys' pranks of years before.

"How old was I then?" asked Karl: "I mustn't forget to ask mamma, when I get home, if she remembers it."

Uncle Budge seated himself, and asked for the paper. He squinted at the date as Karl held it toward him, and then said: "I believe I'd rather have a little *younger* paper than that. This comes within one of it, boys, but I guess I'll take the *one* on the eighty."

"Well, now!" exclaimed Aunt Budge, admiringly. "And he never so much as took it in his hand."

"We can't fool Uncle Budge," said Karl, uttering each word slowly. "That may as well pass into a proverb. It can *not* be done."

"I'm not so sure. We're not through trying yet, you know," put in Rick, with a peculiar look at his brother.

Karl motioned him aside after breakfast.

"What did you mean?" he asked.

"That I've an idea. Just listen;" and a great many questions and answers were exchanged in a hurried undertone.

"Grand—if it will work. Then we must be all ready by the time he comes down stairs?"

"Yes, and before that send a telegram to the boys."

"The boys" meant Hal and Jack Putnam; "a telegram," a note pinned to the string that went round a wooden peg at one of the Budgett windows, and another at the Putnams'.

"Why?" queried Karl.

"You'll see," replied Rick, as he hastily pencilled:

"'Be on the look-out for Uncle Budge. B. S.'"

The telegram came as the Putnam boys were breakfasting, and Jack laughed as he read it aloud.

"What is the fun?" asked Mrs. Putnam. "And how strange it is I can not remember those boys' names. Which one, now, is it that signs himself 'B. S.'?"

"Neither," laughed the boys, merrily. "'B. S.' means 'Big Show.' An April-fool on Mr. Budgett."

"And mustn't be missed," added Hal. "Jane, please tell us when you see Mr. Budgett come down street."

Jane went into the kitchen, where she hurriedly told the cook that Mr. Budgett would probably be coming down town soon, with "April-fool" chalked on his back.

"Ye don't mane it!" cried the interested Bridget. "Oh, thim byes! thim byes!" and she flew after the departing milkman with the news, omitting, however, the word "probably."

But to return to Mr. Budgett. Just as he was putting on his coat, he heard whispers of,

"He's going, Karl, as sure as I'm alive!"

"And hasn't noticed it. Well, that's too good."

"He's looking in the glass now."

Digitized by Google

"Sh—sh! don't make so much noise."

"He sees it, I'm sure, or he'd have gone long ago."

"Sh—sh! can't you?"

Mr. Budgett heard it all. "I believe I've left my pocket-book," he said, half aloud, as he turned to go up stairs.

"It's all up now," said Karl, vexedly.

"Maybe not. Keep dark."

"Couldn't very well do otherwise under these coats. Why doesn't he go? I'm smothering."

This decided Mr. Budgett. Up he went, and with Aunt Budge's hand-glass and the mirror took a complete survey.

"Did you find it?" called Aunt Budge, as he came down again.

"Yes," from Uncle Budge, who was listening for more whispers.

"We'll open the window, and watch him down the street."

"Sh—sh! How the Putnams will stare!"

A suppressed giggle followed.

The shutting of the front door was a signal for the boys to rush wildly out of the hall closet into the dining-room, where Aunt Budge was hovering over the breakfast dishes.

"What is it?" cried Aunt Budge, putting on her glasses. "Oh, what red faces! Did you get shut in?"

"We're fooling Uncle Budge," said Rick, breathlessly. "He promised us each a gold piece if we could," and he dashed up stairs after Karl.

They raised the windows cautiously, but not too quietly for Uncle Budge. He heard, but did not look up, though he began to feel a little ill at ease; and no less so when the milkman, who was dashing away from the Putnams', reined in his horses very noticeably, nudged the small boy on the side of the wagon, and both looked curiously at him.

Mr. Budgett walked a few steps, then looked furtively behind him. Imagine his feelings at discovering that the milkman had stopped his horses, and that the small boy was running quietly after him, but stopped as he noticed Mr. Budgett glance around.

"There certainly is something wrong," decided Mr. Budgett; "though I didn't think those little rascals would make a spectacle of me. As I live, their heads are out of the window yet. And look at the Putnams!" he exclaimed, aloud.

Well might he stop in surprise. There was Mrs. Putnam standing in the library window, with Abby and Sarah on tiptoe beside her; the two boys at a large upper window, poking each other and giggling audibly; Mr. Putnam at a third, apparently consulting a thermometer, but looking across at Mr. Budgett as though he possessed far more interest for him than any degree on the indicator; and lastly, Jane and Bridget on the side stoop, gazing as though he were a candidate for Barnum's.

Uncle Budge turned abruptly, and went home.

"Polly, what's the matter with me?" he asked, walking into the dining-room, where Aunt Budge was drying her coffee-cups. "All Berkville is agog."

"Berkville agog!" cried Aunt Budge, inspecting Mr. Budgett critically. "I'm sure I don't know over what. However, the boys are up to something, for they said as much."

"Of course they are," agreed Uncle Budge; "but can't you take it off, Polly? It's on my back, I guess."

"Something alive!" screamed Aunt Budge. "Why don't you shake yourself, Jacob?"

Uncle Budge laughed heartily.

"It would be as well," advised Aunt Budge, "to give 'em the gold at once, for they'll play the trick, Jacob, whatever it is, on you till you do."

"Give them the gold!" exclaimed Uncle Budge, wonderingly. "My dear Polly, what do you mean?"

"They say you promised 'em each a gold piece last year if they'd come on and fool you this."

"I did?" with still more surprise in his voice—"I did? 'Pon my word I'd forgotten it. Well, well," producing the purse that Polly had knitted for him years ago. "Where are the rascals?" Then going to the stairs, "Rick and Karl, come down here," he called, with an affected sternness in his voice. "The idea of your daring to make a guy of your old uncle!"

"We haven't made a guy of you," said the boys, rushing down; "and it isn't a mean fool at all, Uncle Budge, for it's really nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Aunt Budge. "Why is everybody staring, then?"

"Only the Putnams," they explained. "We sent a telegram to the boys—"

"Telling them what?" interrupted Uncle Budge. "Not all about it, I hope?"

"No; merely to be on the look-out for you."

"You don't mean it?" chuckled Uncle Budge; "and that that whole family is fooled from garret to cellar, milkman included. Well, well, pretty good, pretty good. You deserve a reward, boys, for there'll be few tricks played to-day that 'll end as pleasantly as this. It's the right kind of one, and the more of that sort the merrier."

"Beauties, ain't they?" cried Aunt Budge, admiringly, as the boys laid their gold pieces on the table where the sun came streaming in, and called her to look at them.

"Seems to me," said Karl, "they're bigger than Chan Holmes's."

"His has worn down, perhaps," said Rick, spinning his glittering coin. "Why, look here! what's this? 'Two and a half D.'"

"No you don't," answered Karl, knowingly. "I'm too well posted on the day of the month."

"Well, I know these are two-dollar-and-a-half pieces," cried Rick, snatching his hat, "and I'm off to thank Uncle Budge for *his* fool," and away he went, and Karl after him when he found it was true.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter IX.

A VISIT FROM THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

"NOW, Phil," said Miss Rachel, "I am not going to be so busy for a while, and though you can not study yet, for the doctors say you must not, I shall read aloud to you a little every day. Graham has promised to come often to visit you, and with our boating and driving, and pleasant friends coming to stay with us, I think we shall have rather a nice summer. What do you think?"

Phil's face lighted up with a grateful smile, which grew into rather a sober expression.

"I think it is all delightful; but—"

"But what, my dear; are you not contented?"

"Oh yes, more than that: I am as happy as I can be; but—"

"Another but."

"Miss Rachel, what becomes of all the poor sick children in the city who have no such friend as you are to me?"

"They suffer sadly, dear Phil."

"Then don't you think I ought to remember them sometimes?"

"Yes, in your prayers."

"Is there no other way?"

Digitized by Google

"I am not sure that there is for a child like you. Perhaps there may be, and we will think about it; but you must not let such a thought oppress you; it is too much for a sick child to consider. Be happy; try to get well; do all you can to make everybody about you glad that you are here, by pleasant looks and good-nature. There, that is a little sermon which you hardly need, dear, for you are blessed with a sweet and patient temper, and are far less troublesome than many a well child."

"I suppose I do not deserve any praise if I was made so," said Phil, laughing.

"No, not a bit; the poor cross little things who fret and tease and worry are the ones who should be praised when they make an effort not to be disagreeable. But I am not going to preach any more. I am going down stairs to make some sponge-cake for the picnic you and Lisa and I are going to have to-morrow."

"A picnic! a real one in the woods?"

"Yes, and here comes Graham with a basket. I wonder what is in it. Good-by. I will send him up to you."

Graham came up in a few moments with the basket on his arm.

"Guess what I have here, Phil.'

"How can I?"

"Oh yes, you can—just guess."

"Something to eat?"

"No, little piggy; or rather yes, if you choose."

"Well, chickens or eggs?"

"No, neither."

"Fruit?"

"Guess again."

"Medicine for some of your father's sick people?"

"No."

"Flowers? Oh no, one can not eat flowers if they choose. I give it up."

"Well, then, watch," and lifting the cover slowly,

PHIL'S PRESENT.

three cunning white rabbits poked their little twitching noses over the edge of the basket.

Phil gazed at them delightedly. "And you call those little darlings something to eat, do you?"

"If you choose, yes."

"As if any one could choose to be such a cannibal! What precious little beauties they are! Oh, how pretty they look!"

"They are for you."

"Really! Oh, thank you, Graham. But you must ask Miss Schayler."

"I did, and I am to build them a hutch. Until I do, there is an empty box in the barn where they can stay."

"And can you build?—handle tools like a carpenter? How nice that must be!"

"Oh, that's nothing; all boys can do that."

Graham forgot that Phil was one boy who could not, but seeing the shade come over his friend's face made him repent his hasty speech.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a low voice.

"No, you need not, Graham. I must get used to being different from other boys. Well, these are just the loveliest little things I ever saw. What do they live on?"

"Almost any green thing; they are very fond of lettuce. When you are able, you must come and see my lop-ears."

"Have you many rabbits?"

"Yes, quite a number. Let me see: there's Neb (he's an old black fellow, Nebuchadnezzar), and Miss Snowflake, Aunt Chloe (after the one in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), Fanny Elssler (because she jumps about so), and Mr. Prim—he is the stillest old codger you ever saw."

"What other pets have you?"

"I've lots of chickens, three dogs, two cats, a squirrel, and a parrot."

"A large family."

"Yes, almost too large; they will have to be given up soon."

"How soon?"

"In the fall, I suppose; I am going to boarding-school."

"What fun!"

"You would be amused with Polly. She is a gay old thing—laughs, sings, and dances."

"Oh, Graham, can she do all that?"

"Indeed she can; sometimes she sings like a nurse putting a child to sleep, in a sort of humming hush-a-by-baby way; then she tries dance-music, and hops first on one foot, then on the other—this way," and Graham began mimicking the parrot, and Phil laughed till the tears came. "She screams out 'Fire!' like an old fury, but she is as serene as a May day when she gets her cup of coffee."

"Is that your parrot, Graham?" asked Miss Schayler.

"Yes, ma'am, that's our green and golden Polly."

"We will have to pay it a visit. Can you join our picnic to-morrow? it is Phil's first one."

"Really! why, he has a good deal to learn of our country ways."

"Yes, and I have a little plan to propose in which you may help us. Promise you will come."

"Oh, I am always ready, thank you, Miss Schuyler. Shall we go by boat?"

"To be sure, to Eagle Island."

"Then we will go early, I suppose, as it is quite a long pull. What must I bring, Miss Schuyler?"

"Only your arms, Graham, for alone Joe will perhaps find the rowing a little too much for him in the warm sun. I am Commissary-General for the party. That means, Phil, that I furnish the provisions; a Commissary-General has to see that his troops are well fed."

"There is no danger about that, I am sure," said Graham, gallantly, "if Miss Schuyler leads us."

"Well, then, to-morrow at nine, before the sun is too high—earlier would not do for Phil. And now be off with yourself; and your bunnies, Graham, leave them in the barn; and tell your good, kind father that you are an excellent substitute for himself, that Phil is improving even faster with your visits than he did with his."

"Good-by, then, Phil; good-by, Miss Schuyler. To-morrow at nine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

Three organ men met in the street one day,
And all of them started at once to play;
They ground out their music from morning till night,
And the neighborhood felt in a terrible plight.
The rats and the mice scampered out of their holes,
And fled to the tops of the telegraph poles,
And a dog, that had patiently heard every tune,
Went mad at the last, and howled at the moon.
Then each of the organ men shouldered his pack,
And the neighborhood wished they might never come back.

I'll tell you a story—it's not very long—
Of the terrible giant, old Pink-a-pong.
He lived in a castle so big and high
That the topmost turrets were up in the sky.
He made a great earthquake whenever he walked,
And it sounded like thunder whenever he talked.
He never jumped less than a mile at a bound,
And would frighten the people for leagues around;
And every one said this was very wrong
Of the terrible giant, old Pink-a-pong.

Dear Aunt Fanny drove up to the door
From her country home with a coach and four;
She brought a big bundle of candy and cake,
The sweetest and best she could purchase and bake;
And that is the reason she travelled in state,
For she knew that the dear little folks couldn't wait.

Four little youngsters ran out of the mill,
Clambered right merrily over the hill;
Scampered about through the whole afternoon;
Went home at night by the light of the moon.
Foot-sore and weary and sleepy were they;
Slept all the night and the whole of next day.

Blow, breezes, softly blow,
Rock the children to and fro;
Not too hard, and not too high,
Lest they should tumble out and cry.

Digitized by Google

OGDENSBURG, NEW YORK.

I live on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. I suppose the little readers in Florida think this is the north pole, and sometimes it is so cold I think so too. My little brother and I skate. We can not skate much on the St. Lawrence, for the ferry-boat from here to Prescott tries to keep the ice broken, and when it does freeze, it is very rough. But there is good skating on the Oswegatchie River, which runs into the St. Lawrence here.

The old windmill where a battle was fought, ever so many years ago, can be seen across the river, a mile and a half below Prescott. It was made into a light-house about four years ago, and is the best light on the St. Lawrence.

We have had snow and sleighing here ever since October. I attend school, and I can look out of my school-room window and see a number of miles into Canada, and have a splendid view of one of the grandest rivers in the world. CORA S. B.

PEEKSKILL CORNERS, NEW YORK.

It was a glad surprise to us children when papa took YOUNG PEOPLE for us this year.

I have a cat that can open grandma's door and come in. She has only one ear, the other was frozen when she was a little kitten.

I wish Judith Wolff would write more to YOUNG PEOPLE about her home. Mamma thinks it would be so nice to live there in the tropics. Here we have had such deep snow all winter that we could not go to school. I am nine years old. ALLIE G.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I am seven years old. I wanted to write and tell Charlie C. how sorry I am for him because his little sister Annie died and left him all alone. And I am very sorry, too, for Harry D. S., whose papa was shot by the Mexicans.

I liked Jennie Anderson's letter about the flood. Mamma cried when she read it to me.

I have just been to visit my cousin in Chicago, and I saw a monkey in the park there that I thought must be Mr. Stubbs. I was so sorry for Toby, and I hope old Ben will help him to get some more money. MABEL R. T.

HALIFAX, MASSACHUSETTS.

When I saw the game of Kangaroo in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 69, I got a board and copied it nicely, and I want to tell you that my mother and my sisters and I enjoy playing it very much. C. MORTON P.

HILLSBOROUGH, MISSOURI.

I am eleven years old. I am so delighted with "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies," that I can hardly wait for my little paper to come.

I was very much pleased with the notice in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 70 about birds' eggs. I think it is a cruel thing to rob the little birds of their eggs. My oldest brother is thirteen years old, and he has never taken an egg out of a bird's nest. LAURA H. MCM.

LEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are much pleased to see that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is teaching its readers to defend the little birds. SALLIE, ROSE, and KATE W.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

When I saw the picture of Niagara in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 70, I thought I would write and tell the little readers that I was born in a house on the Canada side of the river, in February of a very cold winter, when an ice mound like the one in the picture reached as high as the falls, and did not melt entirely away that year until the 2d of July. There was an ice bridge, too, so that people crossed from one shore to the other.

I have a nice collection of postage stamps, and I have the autograph of Prince Arthur, the third son of Queen Victoria. S. P. S.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

My home is in Norwalk, Connecticut, but I came here in January, with papa and mamma, for my health, and we are not going home until May.

I like Florida very much, for I can be out-of-doors from morning until night, and I have such good times playing in the sand. All the soil here is white and sandy, and full of little shells. The orange-trees are in bud, and will soon be in full blossom. We have lots of pretty flowers, and nice strawberries, and green peas.

I saw a large panther which had been killed a few miles from here, and also an alligator nearly thirteen feet long, which was to be stuffed for a museum. We see lots of little alligators; they are very funny-looking things. BERTHA E. S.

TROY, NEW YORK.

The YOUNG PEOPLE is so nice I wish it would come twice a week instead of once. I am saving all my copies to show to my uncle John when he comes back. Now he is at Fort Custer, Montana, fighting the Indians. He sent me a baby buffalo skin with the head and tail all on. We put it in the little sleigh when we take my baby brother out riding. A. J. H. S.

REDWOOD FALLS, MINNESOTA.

I like my YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and I have been so sorry this winter because I could not get it regularly, because the trains were stopped by the great snow. At one time our postmaster went to Sleepy Eye, twenty-six miles from here, and brought the mail on a hand-sled on top of the snow-drifts. Then I received three numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE all at once. J. MABEL M.

RIO, ILLINOIS.

I am just overjoyed when YOUNG PEOPLE comes. I always sit down and read it all through, and oh, how I wish there was as much again! I don't suppose I shall get it to-day, for the train is stuck tight in a snow-bank below Rio. Three engines are trying to pull it out, but they can not move it. We have had a terrible winter here. The snow has drifted clear across the road and right over the fences, so that teams could not go anywhere. NELLIE A. R.

FOND-DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

I have a dog that drags me all around the city on my sled. The snow here is six or seven feet deep in many places. Some of the houses are half covered up with drifts. I jumped from our up-stairs barn door into a drift twelve feet deep, and I had hard work to get out of it. FRED G. S.

EDDYVILLE, IOWA, March 4, 1881.

We have had a long, cold winter here. To-day there is a regular "blizzard," and we have had a great many already. We live on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, but have not seen a train since January 29, because the cuts are all filled with snow, and as fast as they are cleared out, another "blizzard" comes and fills them up again. I don't get YOUNG PEOPLE very regularly, only when the stage brings the mail, and then I get several numbers at once. The drifts are very high, and we walk on them over the tops of the fences. One drift is twelve feet deep. SOPHIE O.

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a very little girl. Mamma reads the stories and little letters in YOUNG PEOPLE to me. I felt so sorry for Toby Tyler when Mr. Stubbs threw away his money that I made a little bag, and put some of my pennies in it, and I have asked mamma so many times to send it to him that now she is going to do it, and when I think Toby has this nice little red money bag, and some more pennies, I shall feel a great deal better. I am blowing soap-bubbles in the sunshine by the window, while mamma writes this for me. I know my letters, and can print some, and I hope soon to do my own writing.

Mamma helped me print a letter to Santa Claus, and I told him just what I wanted him to bring me. I put my letter in the chimney, and next morning it was gone, and dear old Santa Claus brought me just what I asked him for. I screamed up the chimney, and tried to make him hear me, but he never answered a word. CHARLIE B. B.

A little red bag, evidently the work of a "very little girl," containing three very bright pennies, accompanied this letter. It has been sent to Mr. Otis, who has written the story of the little boy's wanderings, and we are sure that when it reaches him, Toby Tyler will be pleased and comforted by this pretty expression of sympathy. The little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE are very lavish with their offers of kindness to this unfortunate boy. A great many homes are proffered to him, and no end of pennies and other comforts.

Indeed, no story that we remember has excited so much interest in its readers as that of "Toby Tyler." We could fill the Post-office Box with the letters received from our young correspondents, expressing their sympathy and delight. Many letters from parents also show that grown-up people are interested in the story, not only for the good lesson which it teaches, but for the graphic and entertaining manner in which the boy's adventures are told.

NEWCASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—Would you please tell me where Toby Tyler is? I would like to send him my fifty cents to help him home. I am so sorry Mr. Stubbs threw his money away, and I think Toby was a good boy not to punish him for it. CARRIE M. M.

We do not know at present where Toby Tyler is; and we advise our young correspondents, who show such a pleasant disposition to help him, to wait for the end of his story, and see how his adventures turn out.

SUMMERSIDE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I am eleven years old, but I have never been to school. I learn my lessons at home. I am in the Fourth Royal Reader.

I wish some of the little girls in the Southern States could see all the snow we have here. The train passes close to our house, and it is great fun watching it go out to Charlottetown with three engines, and the snow-plough sending the snow in all directions. ELLIE G.

LOWER RAILROAD VALLEY, IDAHO.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I think it is the best paper for boys and girls I ever saw.

The snow is very deep here, and we are going round on snow-shoes. We boys have lots of fun riding down hill on them. WILLIAM H. O.

Willie M. Bloss, Montreal, Canada, desires to inform correspondents that he will not exchange any longer for postmarks.

Elijah G. B., Cleveland, Ohio, and Shelton A. Hibbs, Philadelphia, Penn., withdraw their names from our exchange list.

Charles Gruner, Brooklyn, N. Y., made a mistake in his offer printed in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 71. He wishes to exchange foreign stamps and foreign coins for old United States copper one-cent and half-cent pieces, coins, curiosities, and postmarks.

Correspondents will please take particular notice of the paragraph at the beginning of the Post-office Box in the previous number. In future we shall print no offer of exchange unless it comes to us very clearly expressed, for there is no space in the Post-office Box for the correction of mistakes.

I wish to say to those correspondents who have sent me used United States stamps that I only want new, unused stamps, as my foreign stamps are half unused. JOHN LEWIS CASPAR,
P. O. Box 3, China Grove, Rowan County, N. C.

We publish the above statement for the benefit of those who may be sending stamps to the writer; but at the same time we must remind him that, as his first offer of exchange did not state that he wished for new stamps only, he is in honor bound either to send his foreign stamps to his correspondents, or to return promptly those which he has received.

I have received so many letters requesting arrow-heads in exchange for postage stamps that my stock is exhausted. I wish to say to the boys and girls who have sent me stamps, and to whom I can not return arrow-heads, that I will either return their stamps, or send them pressed moss and rocks from Oregon. Correspondents will please write and tell me which they wish me to do.
WALTER BRUNNAN,
Butteville, Marion County, Oregon.

The following exchanges are desired by correspondents:

Stamps, for coins and Indian arrow-heads.
EDWARD P. GOODELL,
500 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Quartz, iron ore, or two kinds of old United States stamps, for foreign stamps.
RUSSELL S. JANNEY,
Rainbow Box, Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio.

Foreign postage stamps, for curiosities. Ten foreign stamps (no duplicates) for an Indian arrow-head. A. C. GILDERSLEEVE,
28 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps. LEWIS B. MELVAINE,
P. O. Box 2410, New York City.

Canadian, English, Danish, Japanese, and Sandwich Island stamps, for Cuban, Newfoundland, Baden, Australian, Spanish, and Philippine Islands stamps. JOHNNIE R. WHIPPLE,
Hotel St. Cloud, Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Minerals. EDDIE M. WEVER,
Portsmouth, Scioto County, Ohio.

Stones from Tennessee, fossils, and other specimens, for sea-shells and other curiosities.
FANNIE M. YOUNG,
Dixon's Springs, Smith County, Tennessee.

Stamps. GOODWIN GOLDSMITH,
157 East Seventy-fourth Street, New York City.

Stamps. W. D. C. SPIKE,
St. Peter's Clergy House,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Rare European and American stamps, for South American and African stamps.
J. H. CROSS, JUN.,
P. O. Box 597, Westerly, R. I.

Foreign postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads, ocean curiosities, or curiosities from South America and other places. Correspondents will please label specimens. JOHN OWEN BOUSE,
115 Broadway, Room 91, New York City.

Digitized by Google

Copper pyrites, agate, zinc ore, and some cement-rock from California, for other minerals or shells.
EMMA S. PATTERSON,
738 East Fifth Street, New York City.

Postage stamps from England, France, Germany, or Cuba, for Chinese, African, or Danish stamps.
WILL KILLMASTER,
Port Rowan, Ontario, Canada.

Shells, coins, postmarks, and minerals, for foreign postage stamps, Indian relics, or monograms. Or a Mexican dollar, some postage stamps, and some Indian arrow-heads, for a real Indian bow and six arrows. ROBERT T. and BERTIE PARKE,
Care of J. H. Wills,
Downingtown, Chester County, Penn.

Rare foreign stamps. ANNIE WHEELER,
Care of Postmaster, Danville, Va.

Postage stamps and minerals, for Indian relics.
WILLIAM L. BLOOMGOOD,
1222 North Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Five different kinds of well-polished woods, for two good minerals, size not less than three by three inches, or for two Indian relics, arrow-heads excepted. S. H. LOOMIS,
P. O. Box 191, Geneva, Ontario County, N. Y.

Talc and marble, for ocean curiosities, flower seeds, or for other minerals. JULIA E. FOSTER,
Conventmeor, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

Postmarks, or old United States stamps, for Newfoundland stamps. GEORGE M. LAYS,
297 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sea-urchins, small abalone shells, or sea-moss from the Pacific, for Indian relics of all kinds. Or a piece of flint from California, for flint from any other State. FRED A. WALTON, JUN.,
Navarro Ridge, Mendocino County, Cal.

Silver, iron, or copper ore, Indian relics, soil from ten States, curious stones, or shells, for stamps (no duplicates). W. A. COURTRIGHT,
P. O. Box 151, Palmyra, Marion County, Mo.

A stamp from each of the following countries, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Holland, for five African, Asiatic, or South American stamps.
WILLIAM C. RIVERS, Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps, coins, or curiosities. C. PITT P. JOYCE,
617 Thirteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Shells, ocean curiosities, or pieces of a wrecked vessel, for United States postage stamps of denominations above ten cents, or foreign stamps; Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island stamps especially desired.
WILLIS L. DUNLAY,
P. O. Box 776, Atlantic City, Atlantic County, N. J.

Postage stamps. Thirty-cent United States and others to exchange. ANNA O. HEBER,
256 South Second Street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

An ounce of sand or a stone from New York State, for the same from any other State. E. DEAN,
310 Hamilton Street, Albany, N. Y.

Specimens of woods and soil of Victoria County, Texas, for the same of any other locality.
A. G. STREAR, Victoria, Victoria County, Texas.

A READER, SYRACUSE.—Skins of woodchucks and other small animals are often prepared by country boys without the use of any chemicals. The skin, fur side down, is stretched as tight as possible on a board, and is exposed to the sun and air until thoroughly dry. It must never be left out at night, nor allowed to get damp, as this makes it liable to crack and mould. When dry, it should be rubbed gently between the hands until soft. A little bran added while rubbing absorbs the grease, and helps to soften the skin. The skin will be better preserved if, after tacking it to the board, you wash it over with a solution of salt, and afterward, during several days, moisten the surface often with a wash made by dissolving two and a half ounces of alum in a pint of warm water.

E. L. S.—The first series of United States stamps was issued in 1847, and consisted of two values—5-cent, Franklin head, brown; 10-cent, Washington head, in black. The next series was begun in 1851. It consisted of 1-cent, 3-cent, 5-cent, 10-cent, 12-cent, 24-cent, 30-cent, and 90-cent. This was followed in 1861 by a series of similar values, with the addition of 2-cent and 15-cent. In 1869, an entire change was made, and stamps were issued of 1-cent, 2-cent, 3-cent, 6-cent, 10-cent, 12-cent, 24-cent, 30-cent, and 90-cent. Following this, in 1870, came the current series, which at first had values similar to the 1869 series, with the addition of a 7-cent stamp. The 7-cent, 12-cent, and 24-cent were suppressed in 1875, and the 5-cent re-introduced. Space is too limited to give any details of these stamps, but the following point will help you. The second and third series can be distinguished by the size of the holes separating the stamps, being very small in the second. In the fourth series, the stamps are all square. In the current series, all except the 5-cent are treated similarly to the 3-cent, head to oval to left. The 5-cent is blue. All these are the regular postage stamps for the use of the public.

R. S. R.—There are no books on the subject about which you inquire which are of use to beginners. The best thing you can do is to take a few lessons from some practical workman.

JOHNNY S.—If by "round" stamps you mean those cut from stamped envelopes, they are good for exchange, with the exception that they are very easily obtained. You must always cut them square, as they are better to paste in an album.

T. A. J.—Fac-similes of autographs of celebrated persons are not of much value for exchange, as they can easily be obtained. They are not only often given in newspapers, but are contained in school histories and many other books.

HARRY A. MCL.—The list of words ending in *cion* was given in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 20, Vol. I.

W. E. B. AND WALTER E. L.—Before the annexation of New Mexico, St. Augustine was the oldest town in the United States. Santa Fe had long been an Indian pueblo when it was occupied by the Spaniards, toward the end of the sixteenth century, and some of the ancient adobe dwellings of the Indians are still standing. Neither history nor tradition tells when this location was first chosen by the Indians, but the remains found there prove the date of settlement to be very ancient. The San Miguel Church, built soon after the occupation of Santa Fe by the Spaniards, is probably the oldest church edifice in the United States.

O. W. S.—The first "Jimmy Brown" story was in No. 32 of YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I. There were also stories of the series in Nos. 35, 38, and 50 of the same volume.

SUBSCRIBER, PHILADELPHIA.—The first Wednesday in March, 1789, which that year fell on the fourth day of the month, was the time appointed for the government of the United States to begin its operations after the election of George Washington, but owing to unavoidable delays it was several weeks later before both of the new Houses of Congress could assemble. The inauguration of Washington did not take place until April 30 of the same year, but his term of office dated from March 4, and it was on that day in 1797 that he retired, after serving his country for eight years, and the inauguration of John Adams took place. The inaugurations of Presidents of the United States have always taken place on that day, except when the date has fallen on Sunday, in which case the public ceremonies are postponed until the following day.

R. W. H., AND MANY OTHERS.—When the address of a correspondent desiring exchange has been given, you must direct your offers and inquiries directly to the one with whom you desire to make an exchange.

M. C. M.—The address you desire was given twice in the Post-office Box, in No. 36 and No. 41, Vol. I.

ROBERT H. R.—We can not furnish a full set of YOUNG PEOPLE containing "The Moral Pirates," but you can obtain the story in neat book form.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jessie Allen, T. M. Armstrong, Walter E. Brainard, Charles Beyers, Jun., Berty Bassett, Jimmie F. Burns, Nellie Brainard, Courtney Chambers, C. D. Chipman, Nellie and Charles Corbishley, Maud M. Chambers, Willie Cortis, "Cer. O. Liney," Bessie Daniels, Happy J. Daniels, Edward L. Hunt, J. L. Hastie, Madge K. Kelly, M. Keiso, *A. B. Lothrop*, "L. U. Stral," *Charles Mullen* and "*Thought*," Paul J. Myler, Gracie Moore, Maud Miller, Charlie Nichols, Jessie Newton, "Oliver Twist," Alice Paige, *Augusta Low Parke*, Daisy Rand, W. H. Rogers, "Starry Flag," "Tre," Mattie R. Upton, Willie P. Woodard, Kittie Weston, Karl C. Wells, H. Western, *Madge S. Wilson*.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In frolic, not in fun.
In rifle, not in gun.
In insect, not in gnat.
In mouse, not in cat.
In peat, not in coal.
In wrap, not in roll.
In stain, not in soil.
In labor, not in toil.
In curtain, not in screen.
My whole an ancient queen.
CAR. O. LINEY.

No. 2.

HALF-SQUARE—(*To Percy*).

A sea. A bitter drug. A business transaction. A number. The present tense of a verb. A letter from Michigan. STARRY FLAG.

No. 3.

EASY DIAMONDS.

1. In amethyst. To cover. A sea-port in Europe. To be impertinent. In amethyst. EDITH B.

2. A letter from New Hampshire. To confine. A musical instrument. The limit. A letter from Idaho. JOHN.

3. In England. A town of Belgium. A town of Brazil. A town and river of Persia. In England. BOLUS.

No. 4.

ENIGMA—(*To Bolus*).

In rattle, not in box.
In Reynard, not in fox.
In gable, not in house.
In bittern, not in grouse.
In lion, not in deer.
In port, not in beer.
In master, not in men.
In inkstand, not in pen.
In curtain, not in shade.
In knife, not in blade.
You read of my whole in a famous book,
Into which all children love to look;
It forms a part of a baby's attire,
And takes the place of blankets and fire.
EDITH M. W.

No. 5.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—(*To Owlet*).

Primals and Finals.

Always opposed, each struggling for his right;
One flings the glove, the other then must fight.

Cross Words.

1. A work of art, admired through ages past,
Yet, after all, is but a tomb at last.
2. An instrument of music no one uses,
Though honored by Apollo and the Muses.
3. When gossips trouble us with tales absurd,
We wish them far away, using this word.
4. A picture we may guard, displayed or hid,
But none may worship—that's a thing forbid.
5. The prophet who rebuked, with words of power,
The king who sinned in an unhappy hour.
6. A creature from whose touch we shrink with dread,
That bears a charmed life—none find it dead.
7. A charming isle in Naples' lovely bay—
There pilgrims worship, and there tourists stray.
8. She cares not for the duties of her nest,
But on her master's hand sits like a crest.
9. Here roamed the deer, and many an Indian band,
Now rarely found throughout our happy land.
RIP VAN WINKLE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 71.

No. 1. Donkey.

No. 2. 1. Yosemite Valley. 2. Wheat-ear. 3. Dahlia.

No. 3. Madagascar.

No. 4. U pa S
N augh T
f beri A
T rou T
E lb E
D lpper S
United States.

No. 5. Mobile.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

A PERSONATION: WHO AM I?

BY E. M.

THE first thirty years of my life I lived at ease as a liegeman at a foreign court, where I was treated with favor, and not made to feel my dependence. My own country, of which I was the lawful ruler, suffered from internal wars, and finally my patriotism was aroused by the judicial murder of one of my countrymen, who, fighting not for the hope of the crown, but to free the country from its oppressors, was taken prisoner, and barbarously executed. His unselfish life and death opened my eyes to my cowardice, and incited me to make an effort to regain my freedom, and, with a few whom I thought my friends, I concerted a plan to escape. This plan was betrayed by one of my associates, and being hot-blooded, when I met him by appointment to consult, though it was in a church, I taxed him with his treachery, and our quarrel growing violent, swords were drawn, and I killed him at the foot of the altar.

Boy. "Say, Mister, will you hold my Kite while I go up and tie on another piece of tail?"

I instantly fled, assumed the title of King, called on my faithful subjects to aid me, and, assisted by my three brothers, soon organized a small army. The force sent against me by the usurper of my crown was so much larger and better disciplined than mine that in the first battle I was defeated, my army scattered, and I fled, with my brothers and a few friends, to the hills for shelter. Being too many to remain together, we separated. I escaped pursuit, but my three dear brothers were captured, and soon after hung, and I was excommunicated by the Pope on account of the murder committed in the church. A few friends joined me in my hiding-place, and whenever we were able we sallied forth, attacking, and often defeating, small bodies of our enemies, and then fleeing to the friendly hills. Little by little my forces increased, and finally my successes became so constant that the usurper himself left his country at the head of a large army, determined to crush me. Fortunately for me, he was taken sick, and died ere he could cross the borders of my kingdom, but charged his son not to bury his bones until he had borne them in triumph through my dominions. This son, unlike his warlike father, preferred a luxurious court life, and for three years I was left unmolested, so that I succeeded in establishing my claim over all the country, and was publicly proclaimed King. This last act aroused my enemy from his apathy, and he sent a force against me; but domestic troubles compelled the army to return home, and the disagreements between the King and his subjects lasted long enough to enable me to recover my lost possessions, until at last only one fortress remained to be reconquered. The governor of this asked for a truce, promising if he were not relieved by the King before the feast of St. John, he would deliver up the castle. He sent word to his royal master, who started as soon as he could raise an army, and the night before the feast (June 24) saw us both encamped in the neighborhood of the fortress. The battle next day resulted in my favor, though the odds were greatly against us, and it has been celebrated in both song and story. I captured so many noble prisoners that I was enabled to exchange them for my wife and relations, who had been held as captives for eight years. I was now able to take the offensive, drive my enemies out of my kingdom, and compel a truce for thirteen years. I was beloved by my people, and so dear is my memory still to them that in 1872, more than five hundred years after my death, a statue was erected to me in the famous castle I conquered on the eve of St. John.

THE TALLY-HO.

Heigh-ho! Here we go,
On top of the famous Tally-ho.
The cracking whip and tooting horn
Ring loud and clear on the frosty morn;
And the iron hoofs make a merry sound
As they clatter over the frozen ground.
Ta ra! Ta ra! Crack! Crack!
Heigh-ho!
Then snap the whip, the bugle blow;
For this is the famous Tally-ho.

Our cheeks are red, our noses blue;
But we enjoy it, and so would you.
And we shall have hot pumpkin-pie
And apple-dumplings by-and-by;
A blazing fire to warm our feet,
And a maid to serve us, trim and neat.
Ta ra! Ta ra! Crack! Crack!
Heigh-ho!
Then snap the whip, the bugle blow:
For this is the famous Tally-ho.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 75. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, April 5, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE BLACKBIRDS' NEST.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

"PUT it back, Jim. Do put it back."

"Why?" Jim whispered, with a startled glance along the wood path. "Is the master in sight, Ned?"

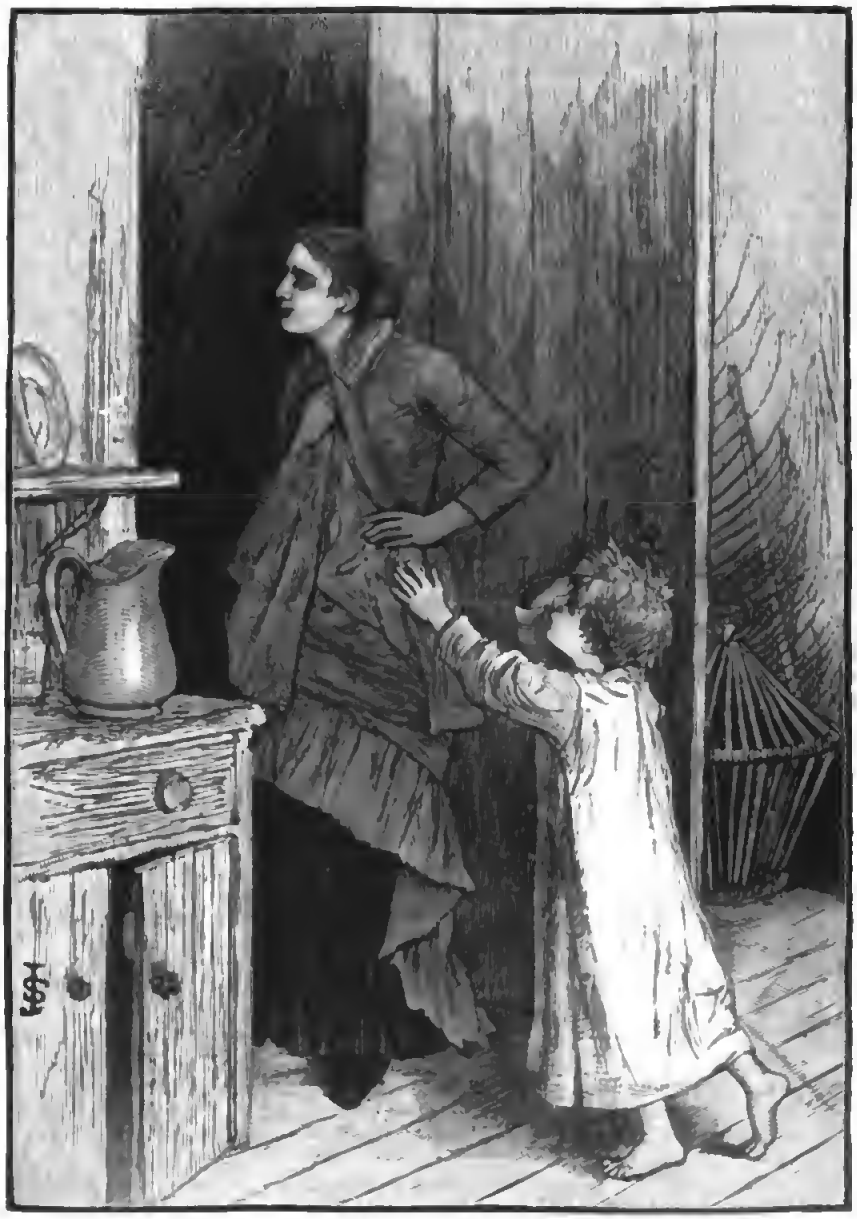
"We are in sight of the Master, Jim."

Jim drew a long breath of relief, and put his finger into the open mouth of one of the unfledged blackbirds. "You frightened me for a moment," he said, "but I see you were only talking Sunday-school stuff. Of course, as Squire's forbid us to touch the nests here, we must mind he doesn't see, that's all."

"Put it back, Jim, lad," pleaded the elder boy, without resenting his companion's sneer. "It's as much a home, you know, as your own cottage; and those four little blackbirds can no more live and grow if you destroy it, than your baby sisters could live and grow if they had no home and no mother."

"I ain't harmin' the mother," muttered Jim.

"Suppose your mother came home one night, after her work, feeling happy, and thinking of the rest she should have in her own snug little house, where you would all be looking out for her, and just when she came close up to your cottage—just at the old lilac-tree by the gate, you know—she looked up and saw there were no little ones to meet her, no bright little room to rest in, no sign, even, of where the dear old home had been: if you could see her then, Jim, would



AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.

Digitized by Google

you say that anybody who'd taken it all away hadn't harmed *her* ?"

"I don't know notbin' 'bout that," stammered Jim, moodily. "It ain't got to do with a nest. The old bird can make another."

"I suppose your mother could find another cottage, but would it be the same without you and the babies ?"

"It's very different," grumbled Jim, but a little less defiantly now.

"Father says the mother birds often die of grief when they find their nests gone. You'll put it back, Jim ?"

"Not very likely, when I've had all this fuss to get it."

"Just put it back for ten minutes," pleaded Ned.

"And take it again after ?"

"Yes, and take it again after—if you like."

"What good would that do ?" inquired Jim, with a laugh.

"Just put it back for ten minutes, while I tell you a story."

"You'll promise not to talk Sunday-school stuff when I take 'em back again, or tell the master, or serve me any sneaky trick like that ?"

"I promise. Stay, I'll help you put the nest back in exactly the old spot."

"I'll do it myself," returned Jim, ungraciously. "I fetched it myself first, and I'll fetch it again when your tale's over. There, I've put it."

"Look, Jim! look!" cried Ned, joyfully. "That blackbird flying straight to the tree is sure to be the mother. Aren't you glad the nest's there now ?"

"Ten minutes ain't very long," observed Jim, as he threw himself at full length on the turf, looking longingly up at the branch on which the nest was built, while the white blossoms of the hawthorn fell upon his upturned face. "I'm safe to have 'em in ten minutes to do what I like with. Now, then, for the tale. Is there a giant in it ?"

"Not this time," said Ned, gently. "It's only about myself and the children and mother. That won't be like Jack the Giant-Killer or Robinson Crusoe, will it ? But the story isn't long, Jim. I was a very little chap, and the twins were dots of things, and baby only a month or so old. Father worked for the master here, and loved him as all the men do now; but I didn't love him, because he wouldn't have us boys take the eggs or nests. But one day, when I was going through this very wood, and nobody was by to see me, I took a thrush's nest with five tiny throstles in it. I hid it in the basket I was bringing to mother, and went off so cheerfully, remembering we had an old wicker cage at home, and thinking how I'd put the birds in it, and watch how they'd manage to fledge; and how I'd burn the nest—it was dry and crisp, and would burn beautifully—that I mightn't be found out. Mother was sitting by the fire nursing baby (poor mother was sick that time, and baby hadn't ever been well), and I went behind her to the cage, and put my birds in without her seeing, for I knew well enough how she'd tell me I was wrong to disobey the master, and cruel to the little creatures I'd stolen. I didn't care to be told that, for I wasn't sorry, and I didn't want to give mother the chance of spoiling my fun by any of her quiet speeches about the other Master—up there beyond the blue—who cares for every little bird in every tree. I had plenty of opportunities for slipping away to the dim corner where the cage was, for I was let stay up waiting for father; but at last mother sent me to bed. I slept in a little bed in a corner of the kitchen, so it wasn't the same as going up stairs; and I watched the hand of the clock go round, for I couldn't sleep for thinking how queer my orphan birds looked, and how jealous some of the lads at school would be. I saw mother get to look whiter and whiter, and tireder and tireder; but father didn't come home. Then baby began to moan, and mother got up and walked about with her, and I watched how troubled she looked. Then I fell asleep. It seemed like the middle of the night when I awoke, and I jumped up, for I seemed to know in a second that everything wasn't like other nights. The cottage door was wide open, and there was mother standing there, looking out into the darkness, and listening. When I went up to her, she just put her arm round my neck, but she didn't look at me; she only looked into the darkness.

"'Come in, mother,' I cried; 'you oughtn't to stand here while you are ill.'

"But she only stood there trembling, till baby began to cry and move restless in her cradle: then mother came in, and took her up, and held her close to her neck, sobbing as I'd never heard mother sob before in all my life—never. I held to her, and begged her to stop, but I was crying myself too all the time. And still father didn't come. I was a silly lad, Jim, and a wicked one, but I wasn't a coward; and so I begged mother to let me go up to the Hall to ask about father. For a long time she wouldn't, but at last I got her just to whisper 'yes' in her crying, and I was only too eager to set off. She came to the door with me, still shivering, and holding baby wrapped in a shawl; and while she kissed me she whispered something I couldn't hear; but I suppose it didn't matter my hearing, for she was speaking up to Heaven. I wasn't long reaching the Hall, for I knew every inch of the road, and could run safely enough even in the darkness. I went up through the yard, and when I saw a light in the saddle-room, I knew one of the grooms was sitting up to take the master's horse, and I went in at once. It was Tom Harris, and of course I was sorry, because he hated father, and didn't like me; but whoever it had been, I should have gone in then to ask for father. Tom scolded me first for startling him, then he laughed at my questions, and then he got cool again, and stared at me.

"'You won't find your father here,' he said; 'you won't never find him here again, Ned Sullivan, for he ain't ever coming here again. He's turned off. The master won't have nothing more to do with him. You'd best go and ask for him at the public, for he went that way when the master sent him off. The public's a good place for him to forget his troubles in.'

"I stared at the man, trying to understand what he said, and trying to *believe* him. 'Father never goes to the public,' I stammered. 'What do you mean ?'

"'He's never been turned off work before to-night,' laughed Tom. 'That's what sends a man to the public. If he ain't there, something's happened to him. Go you and see after him. Don't stare,' he went on, crossing his arms, and leaning back in his chair by the fire. 'Can't ye hear what I say ? Your father's been turned off here, and to-morrow you're all to be off out of your cottage.'

"I caught hold of the table, for the room was spinning round and round; and then I remember Tom laughed, and said it again, as if I'd questioned him.

"'Yes, I mean just what I say. Your father's been late every morning this week, and the master won't stand it—not likely. So you're all to turn out of your cottage to-morrow for the new shepherd. Go home and make as much as you can of the place to-night, as it 'll be gone to-morrow.'

"At first I was afraid to stir, for I thought if I did I should fall; but as soon as I could I crept away from the man's sight. Out in the darkness again, all my strength came back, and I ran home faster even than I had run to the Hall, crying mother's name all the way, without knowing what I meant.

"The cottage door was open when I reached it. I think she'd put it open to guide us—father and me; and I looked in, actually afraid for the first time in my life of meeting mother. She was sitting by the fire, her face white, and the tears falling all the time. While I stood wondering how to tell her about father, my sobs burst out

Digitized by Google

and frightened her. But I was by her side then, and I fell on my knees, and laid my head in her lap. It was just then, Jim, that I remembered my little unfledged birds and their ruined home, and the mother who had lost them, and I folded my hands and looked up into mother's face almost as if she had been God. 'I'll never do it again—never! never! I didn't know it was so terrible. I'll put them back.'

"Afterward, while I told her all that Tom had said, I tried not to see her face, and tried still more, Jim, not to see that old cage in the far corner of the kitchen, where my little prisoners were. When I'd done, mother got up from her seat, and put on her shawl and bonnet.

"'No, no, mother,' I cried, quite quietly, though, for fear of waking baby; 'you mustn't go out; you'll be ill again, and it's quite dark. Oh, let me go!'

"She stooped and kissed me. 'It's no place for you, my child. Take care of baby.' She couldn't say another word, and I could only watch her go, as she had watched me, thinking what I'd have given to be able to go and take care of her.

"I sat close to baby's cradle, and stared into the fire as if that wide stare could keep the tears away; but all the while I didn't see the fire at all, but other things—oh, Jim, so plainly!

"The white light crept through the kitchen window, then the sun rose, and still father and mother didn't come. The sun was shining now, and this was the very day we were to go, so I woke the twins and dressed them, and wrapped baby ready, and put the room in order, all without a word, for I was too miserable to cry. At last father and mother came in, very slowly and silently, and father put his hand on my head, and mother took baby, and then I knew we were bidding good-by to the little home where we had been so happy, and I didn't want to cry, though my heart was breaking, so I crept away to the woods for a few minutes. I felt that everything would seem better there, where I should see the sunshine on the leaves and grass and flowers, and hear the birds' songs among the boughs, making the leaves seem full of music, as I had so often heard them; and even higher still, among the soft white clouds, where I'd often thought that even the angels must like to hear them, stooping to listen when their own songs were silent for a bit. But, Jim, when I came into the wood, there was no note of all these bright glad songs.

"The whole wood was heavy with a dismal silence; and then I knew that it was my fault that the birds were unhappy, and would never sing again.

"What could I do? Was it all too late? Sobbing bitterly, I ran home to fetch the little orphan birds, and give the mother back her children and her home. Ah, Jim, what a change I found in our own dear home! The little kitchen that had always seemed so snug and bright and cheerful was empty and bare. Nowhere in the cottage was there a step or voice to be heard; only I was left there, and with me, in that nest in the old cage, five little dead birds.

"The dream had been so real, Jim, that my cry terrified a gentleman who was riding past in the darkness, and heard it. He dismounted, and came into the cottage kitchen, and I saw it was the master.

"'Were you asleep, Ned?' he asked, in his kind way. 'Did you cry out in your sleep?'

"Scarcely knowing I had dreamed, I told him all about taking the nest, and disobeying him, and about the woods being silent, and how I came home and found our home ruined, and father and mother gone, and the birds dead; and when he looked kindly at me, I fell down on my knees and begged him to forgive me, and not take our home away from mother, but to send only me away, because I'd taken the nest, and to let father and mother and the children stay. Then he questioned me till I'd repeated all that Tom Harris had told me when I went to ask for father; and I said how father had never been to the public before that night, and how mother had been to fetch him, though she was ill. Then he put out his kind hand, and lifted me up.

"'I am glad I heard you as I passed,' he said. 'Harris has been deceiving you, Ned. You might have guessed that, because he is so fond of frightening you, and has a grudge against your father. But this amounts to wickedness, and he shall be punished. I guess how it is, my lad. Your father is in the shed in the far meadow with the sick cow. I dare say he couldn't send a message from there, and has all the while expected he would be able to come home in a few more minutes. You may be sure he is as anxious to come as you are to see him, but he never neglects a sick animal. Dry your eyes, my lad, for the cottage is your home still, and it doesn't look at all "ruined," I think. Now build up the fire, and wait for your mother. I'll see about your father.'

"Oh, Jim, can you fancy what it was like then? I put my head into the cradle, and smothered baby with kisses; I made the fire up, and put on the kettle. Then I ran a little way down the dark road, calling out to mother, 'Make haste, mother! make haste!' At last she came, Jim—not white and crying and alone, as she had gone, not silent and sorrowful with father, like in my dream, but talking happily with him. And then how I longed that I could have given back my dead birds to their mother—given them back their home, as ours had been given to us! I don't know what I did for a bit, but when I'd got father and mother to have some tea, I laid my head down upon the cold nest, and while I held so tenderly the little dead birds—killed by these hands of mine, while the master who was kind to the birds had been so kind to me—I asked God to forgive me, and I made a promise to Him that He has let me be able to keep, for I ask Him again every night and every morning. Don't you think it's true, Jim, what mother says, that the more we love the things He loves, the more we love Him? That's all. It's quite ten minutes, isn't it? Are you going to take your nest again?"

"You might have told a cheerfuler tale, Ned. Tell another. There's no hurry about taking that nest again just yet."

THE FUNNY LITTLE USHER.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The studios were open, all the artists had united,
And to see the very pretty show were lots of folks invited;
They came quite early in the day, they came till late at night,
And used up all the adjectives in showing their delight.

A water-color artist, rather grander than the rest,
Had a funny little usher in a funny costume dressed,
Who met the people at the door, and marshalled them the way
To where the easels were arranged with pictures for display.

And then he bowed a funny bow that made the people smile,
And through his funny little eyes he gazed at them the while,
As if to say, "My master is, you see, a clever man,
And on this grand reception day I do the best I can."

When the pictures were admired, and the people turned about,
This funny little usher would with grace escort them out,
And stand within the passage at a distance about right,
So as not to be familiar, but exceedingly polite.

There are many of the pictures that I can not now recall;
And the little living tableau I remember best of all
Was the funny little usher from the distant Isle of Skye,
Who did his duty well, and answered to the name of Fly.

Digitized by Google

THE HALBERDIER.

AN OLD-TIME SOLDIER.

THE queer-looking figure in the accompanying etching is that of a halberdier, or one of a style of soldier that formed an important body of the European armies of four hundred years ago. We of to-day would laugh at soldiers in such queer costumes; but in those days the halberdiers were considered a very fine-looking and handsomely uniformed body of men. The halberd, or half battle-axe, was a stout shaft of wood some six feet in length, and having a curious steel head formed for cutting, thrusting, or tearing; that is, one side of it was shaped like a battle-axe, and was for cutting; the end was like a spear; and on the other side was a strong hook, which was very useful in tearing down outworks.

The halberd was used by the Scandinavians and the semi-barbarous tribes of Germany in the very earliest times. The Swiss introduced it into France in the fifteenth century, and it was first used in England in the time of Henry VIII.

In our day halberds are very seldom seen, and but few exist outside of museums, where they are preserved as curiosities. Until late in the last century they were used by certain court officials in England, and at the present time they are sometimes borne on occasions of state ceremony by the yeomen of the Queen's Guard.

[Begun in No. 50 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFF, FOR HOME.

DURING this walk Toby learned many things that were of importance to him, so far as his plan for running away was concerned. In the first place, he learned from the railroad posters that were stuck up in the hotel to which they went that he could buy a ticket for Guilford for seven dollars, and also that by going back to the town from which they had just come, he could go to Guilford by steamer for five dollars.

By returning to this last town — and Toby calculated that the fare on the stage back there could not be more than a dollar—he would have ten dollars left, and that surely ought to be sufficient to buy food enough for two days for the most hungry boy that ever lived.

When they returned to the circus grounds, the performance was over, and Mr. Lord in the midst of the brisk trade which he usually had after the afternoon performance, and yet, so far from scolding Toby for going away, he actually smiled and bowed at him as he saw him go by with Ben.

"See there, Toby," said the old driver to the boy, as he gave him a vigorous poke in the ribs, and then went off into one of his dreadful laughing spells—"see what it is to be a performer, an' not workin' for such an old fossil as Joh is. He'll be so sweet to you now that sugar won't melt in his mouth, an' there's no chance of his ever attemptin' to whip you again."

Toby made no reply, for he was too busily engaged thinking of something which had just come into his mind to know that his friend had spoken.

But as old Ben hardly knew whether the boy had answered him or not, owing to his being obliged to struggle with his breath lest he should lose it in the second laughing spell that attacked him, the boy's thoughtfulness was not particularly noticed.

Toby walked around the show grounds for a little while with his old friend, and then the two went to supper, where Toby performed quite as great wonders in the way of eating as he had in the afternoon by riding.

As soon as the supper was over, he quietly slipped away from old Ben, and at once paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Treat, whom he found cozily engaged with their supper behind the screen.

They welcomed Toby most cordially, and despite his assertions that he had just finished a very hearty meal, the fat lady made him sit down to the box which served as table, and insisted on his trying some of her doughnuts.

Digitized by Google

Under all these pressing attentions, it was some time before Toby found a chance to say that which he had come to say, and when he did he was almost at a loss how to proceed; but at last he commenced by starting abruptly on his subject with the words, "I've made up my mind to leave to-night."

"Leave to-night?" repeated the skeleton, inquiringly, not for a moment believing that Toby could think of running away after the brilliant success he had just made. "What do you mean, Toby?"

"Why, you know that I've been wanlin' to get away from the circus," said Toby, a little impatient that his friend should be so wonderfully stupid, "an' I think that I'll have as good a chance now as ever I shall, so I'm goin' to try it."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the fat lady, in a gasping way. "You don't mean to say that you're goin' off just when you've started in the business so well? I thought you'd want to stay after you'd been so well received this afternoon."

"No," said Toby, and one quick little sob popped right up from his heart, and out before he was aware of it; "I learned to ride because I had to, but I never give up runnin' away. I must see Uncle Dan'l, an' tell him how sorry I am for what I did; an' if he won't have anything to say to me, then I'll come back; but if he'll let me, I'll stay there, an' I'll be so good that by-'n'-by he'll forget that I run off an' left him without sayin' a word."

There was such a touch of sorrow in his tones, so much pathos in his way of speaking, that good Mrs. Treat's heart was touched at once; and putting her arms around the little fellow, as if to shield him from some harm, she said, tenderly: "And so you shall go, Toby, my boy; but if you ever want a home or anybody to love you, come right here to us, and you'll never be sorry. So long as Sam keeps thin and I fat enough to draw the public, you never need say that you're homeless, for nothing would please us better than to have you come to live with us."

For reply, Toby raised his head and kissed her on the cheek, a proceeding which caused her to squeeze him harder than ever.

During this conversation the skeleton had remained very thoughtful. After a moment or two he got up from his seat, went outside the tent, and presently returned with a quantity of silver ten-cent pieces in his hand.

"Here, Toby," he said, and it was to be seen that he was really too much affected even to attempt one of his speeches; "it's right that you should go, for I've known what it is to feel just as you do. What Lilly said about your having a home with us, I say, an' here's five dollars that I want you to take to help you along."

At first Toby stoutly refused to take the money; but they both insisted to such a degree that he was actually forced to, and then he stood up to go.

"I'm goin' to try to slip off after Job packs up the outside booth if I can," he said, "an' it was to say good-by that I come around here."

Again Mrs. Treat took the boy in her arms, as if it were one of her own children who was leaving her, and as she stroked his hair back from his forehead, she said: "Don't forget us, Toby, even if you never do see us again; try an' remember how much we cared for you, an' how much comfort you're taking away from us when you go; for it was a comfort to see you around, even if you wasn't with us very much. Don't forget us, Toby, an' if you ever get the chance, come an' see us. Good-by, Toby, good-by," and the kind-hearted woman kissed him again and again, and then turned her back resolutely upon him, lest it should be bad luck to him if she should see him after saying good-by.

The skeleton's parting was not quite so demonstrative. He clasped Toby's hand with one set of his fleshless fingers, while with the other he wiped one or two suspicious-looking drops of moisture from his eyes, as he said: "I hope you'll get along all right, my boy, and I believe you will. You will get home to Uncle Daniel, and be happier than ever, for now you know what it is to be entirely without a home. Be a good boy, mind your uncle, go to school, and one of these days you'll make a good man. Good-by, my boy."

The tears were now streaming down Toby's face very rapidly; he had not known, in his anxiety to get home, how very much he cared for this strangely assorted couple, and now it made him feel very miserable and wretched that he was going to leave them. He tried to say something more, but the tears choked his utterance, and he left the tent quickly to prevent himself from breaking down entirely.

In order that his grief might not be noticed, and the cause of it suspected, Toby went out behind the tent, and sitting there on a stone, he gave way to the tears which he could no longer control.

While he was thus engaged, heeding nothing which passed around him, he was startled by a cheery voice, which cried: "Hello! down in the dumps again? What is the matter now, my bold equestrian?"

Looking up, he saw Ben standing before him, and he wiped his eyes hastily, for here was another from whom he must part, and to whom a good-by must be spoken.

Looking around to make sure that no one was within hearing, he went up very close to the old driver, and said, in almost a whisper, "I was feelin' bad 'cause I just come from Mr. and Mrs. Treat, an' I've been sayin' good-by to them. I'm goin' to run away to-night."

THE RUNAWAYS.

Digitized by Google

Ben looked at him for a moment, as if he doubted whether the boy knew exactly what he was talking about, and then he said, "So you still want to go home, do you?"

"Oh yes, Ben, *so* much," was the reply, in a tone which expressed how dear to him was the thought of being in his old home once more.

"All right, my boy; I won't say one word agin it, though it do seem too bad, after you've turned out to be such a good rider," said the old man, thoughtfully. "It's better for you, I know; for a circus hain't no place for a boy, even if he wants to stay, an' I can't say but I'm glad you're still determined to go."

Toby felt relieved at the tone of this leave-taking. He had feared that old Ben, who thought a circus-rider was almost on the topmost round of fortune's ladder, would have urged him to stay, since he had made his début in the ring, and he was almost afraid that he might take some steps to prevent his going.

"I wanted to say good-by now," said Toby, in a choking voice, "'cause perhaps I sha'n't see you again."

"Good-by, my boy," said Ben, as he took the boy's hand in his. "Don't forget this experience you've had in runnin' away, an' if ever the time comes that you feel as if you wanted to know that you had a friend, think of old Ben, an' remember that his heart beats just as warm for you as if he was your father. Good-by, my boy, good-by, an' may the good God bless you!"

"Good-by, Ben," said Toby; and then, as the old driver turned and walked away, wiping something from his eye with the cuff of his sleeve, Toby gave full vent to his tears, and wondered why it was that he was such a miserable little wretch.

There was one more good-by to be said, and that Toby dreaded more than all the others. It was to Ella. He knew that she would feel badly to have him go, because she liked to ride the act with him that gave them such applause, and he felt certain that she would urge him to stay.

Just then the thought of another of his friends, one who had not yet been warned of what very important matter was to occur, came into his mind, and he hastened toward the old monkey's cage. His pet was busily engaged in playing with some of the younger members of his family, and for some moments could not be induced to come to the bars of the cage.

At last, however, Toby did succeed in coaxing him forward, and then, taking him by the paw, and drawing him as near as possible, Toby whispered: "We're goin' to run away to-night, Mr. Stubbs, an' I want you to be all ready to go the minute I come for you."

The old monkey winked both eyes violently, and then showed his teeth to such an extent that Toby thought he was laughing at the prospect, and he said, a little severely: "If you had as many friends as I have got in this circus, you wouldn't laugh when you was goin' to leave them. Of course I've got to go, an' I want to go; but it makes me feel bad to leave the skeleton, an' the fat woman, an' old Ben, an' little Ella. But I mustn't stand here. You be ready when I come for you, an' by mornin' we'll be so far off that Mr. Lord nor Mr. Castle can't catch us."

The old monkey went toward his companions, as if he were in high glee at the trip before him, and Toby went into the dressing tent to prepare for the evening's performance, which was about to commence.

It appeared to the boy as if every one was unusually kind to him that night, and feeling sad at leaving those in the circus who had befriended him, Toby was unusually attentive to every one around him. He ran on some trifling errand for one, helped another in his dressing, and in a dozen kind ways seemed as if trying to atone for leaving them secretly.

When the time came for him to go into the ring, and he met Ella, bright and happy at the thought of riding with him, and repeating her triumphs of the afternoon, nothing save the thought of how wicked he had been to run away from good old Uncle Daniel, and a desire to right that wrong in some way, prevented him from giving up his plan of going back.

The little girl observed his sadness, and she whispered, "Has any one been whipping you, Toby?"

Toby shook his head. He had thought that he would tell her what he was about to do just before they went into the ring, but her kind words seemed to make that impossible, and he had said nothing when the blare of the trumpets, the noisy demonstrations of the audience, and the announcement of the clown that the wonderful children riders were now about to appear, ushered them into the ring.

If Toby had performed well in the afternoon, he accomplished wonders on this evening, and they were called back into the ring, not once, but twice; and when finally they were allowed to retire, every one behind the curtain overwhelmed them with praise.

Ella was so profuse with her kind words, her admiration for what Toby had done, and so delighted at the idea that they were to ride together, that even then the boy could not tell her what he was going to do, but went into his dressing-room, resolving that he would tell her all when they both had finished dressing.

Toby made as small a parcel as possible of the costume which Mr. and Mrs. Treat had given him—for he determined that he would take it with him—and putting it under his coat, went out to wait for Ella. As she did not come out as soon as he expected, he asked some one to tell her that he wanted to see her, and he thought to himself that, when she did come, she would be in a hurry, and could not stop long enough to make any very lengthy objections to his leaving.

But she did not come at all; her mother sent out word that Toby could not see her until after the performance was over, owing to the fact that it was now nearly time for her to go into the ring, and she was not dressed as yet.

Toby was terribly disappointed. He knew that it would not be safe for him to wait until the close of the performance if he were intending to run away that night, and he felt that he could not go until he had said a few last words to her.

He was in a great perplexity, until the thought came to him that he could write a good-by to her, and by this means any unpleasant discussion would be avoided.

After some little difficulty he procured a small piece of not very clean paper, and a very short bit of lead-pencil, and using the top of one of the wagons, as he sat on the seat, for a desk, he indited the following epistle:

"deaR ella I Am goin to Run away two night, & I want two say good by to yu & your mother. I am Small & unkle Danil says i dent mount two much, bat i am old eunf twe know that you have bin good two me, & when i Am a man I will buy you a whole cirkus, and we Will ride together. dont forgit me & t wont yu in haste Toby Tyler."

Toby had no envelope in which to seal this precious letter, but he felt that it would not be seen by prying eyes, and would safely reach its destination, if he intrusted it to old Ben.

It did not take him many moments to find the old driver, and he said, as he handed him the letter, "I didn't see Ella to tell her I was goin', so I wrote this letter, an' I want to know if you will give it to her."

"Of course I will. But see here, Toby"—and Ben caught him by the sleeve, and led him aside where he would not be overheard—"have you got money enough to take you home? for if you haven't, I can let you have some," and Ben plunged his hand into his capacious pocket as if he was about to withdraw from there the entire United States Treasury.

Digitized by Google

Toby assured him that he had sufficient for all his wants; but the old man would not be satisfied until he had seen for himself, and then taking Toby's hand again, he said: "Now, my boy, it won't do for you to stay around here any longer. Buy something to eat before you start, an' go into the woods for a day or two before you take the train or steamboat. You're too big a prize for Job or Castle to let you go without a word, an' they'll try their level best to find you. Be careful, now, for if they should catch you, good-by any more chances to get away. There"—and here Ben suddenly lifted him high from the ground, and kissed him—"now get away as fast as you can."

Toby pressed the old man's hand affectionately, and then, without trusting himself to speak, walked swiftly out toward the entrance.

He resolved to take Ben's advice, and go into the woods for a short time, and therefore he must buy some provisions before he started.

As he passed the monkeys' cage he saw his pet sitting near the bars, and he stopped long enough to whisper, "I'll be back in ten minutes, Mr. Stubbs, an' you be all ready then."

Then he went on, and just as he got near the entrance, one of the men told him that Mrs. Treat wished to see him.

Toby could hardly afford to spare the time just then, but he would probably have obeyed the summons if he had known that by so doing he would be caught, and he ran as fast as his little legs would carry him toward the skeleton's tent.

The exhibition was open, and both the skeleton and his wife were on the platform when Toby entered, but he crept around at the back, and up behind Mrs. Treat's chair, telling her as he did so that he had just received her message, and that he must hurry right back, for every moment was important then to him.

"I put up a nice lunch for you," she said, as she kissed him, "and you'll find it on the top of the biggest trunk. Now go; and if my wishes are of any good to you, you will get to your uncle Daniel's house without any trouble. Good-by again, little one."

Toby did not dare to trust himself any longer where every one was so kind to him. He slipped down from the platform as quickly as possible, found the bundle—and a good-sized one it was, too—without any difficulty, and went back to the monkeys' cage.

As orders had been given by the proprietor of the circus that the boy should do as he had a mind to with the monkey, he called Mr. Stubbs, and as he was in the custom of taking him with him at night, no one thought that it was anything strange that he should take him from the cage now.

Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle might possibly have thought it queer had either of them seen the two bundles which Toby carried, but fortunately for the boy's scheme, they both believed that he was in the dressing tent, and consequently thought that he was perfectly safe.

Toby's hand shook so that he could hardly undo the fastening of the cage, and when he attempted to call the monkey to him, his voice sounded so strange and husky that it startled him.

The old monkey seemed to prefer sleeping with Toby rather than with those of his kind in the cage, and as the boy took him with him almost every night, he came on this particular occasion as soon as Toby called, regardless of the strange sound of his master's voice.

With his bundles under his arm, and the monkey on his shoulder, with both paws tightly clasped around his neck, Toby made his way out of the tent with beating heart and bated breath.

Neither Mr. Lord, Castle, nor Jacobs were in sight, and everything seemed favorable for his flight. During the afternoon he had carefully noted the direction of the woods, and he started swiftly toward them now, stopping only long enough, as he was well clear of the tents, to say, in a whisper:

"Good-by, Mr. Treat, an' Mrs. Treat, an' Ella, an' Ben. Some time, when I'm a man, I'll come back, an' bring you lots of nice things, an' I'll never forget you—never. When I have a chance to be good to some little boy that felt as bad as I did, I'll do it, an' tell him that it was you did it. Good-by."

Then turning around, he ran toward the woods as swiftly as if his escape had been discovered, and the entire company were in pursuit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLUEBIRDS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

A mist of green on the willows;
A flash of blue 'mid the rain;
And the brisk wind pipes,
And the brooklet stripes
With silver hill and plain.
Hark! the bluebirds, the bluebirds
Have come to us again!

The snow-drop peeps to the sunlight
Where last year's leaves have lain;
And a fluted song
Tells the heart, "Be strong:
The darkest days will wane.
And the bluebirds, the bluebirds
Will always come again!"

SEA-BREEZES.

BESSIE MAYNARD TO HER DOLL.

Berlin, *March*, 1881.

It will be long after Christmas before you get this letter, dearest Clytie, but, for all that, I'm sure you will like to hear about my German holidays. If my letter seems mixed up and secure, you must excuse it, for my mind is in a perfect whirligig. One of their festivals, or "Fest-tag," as they say here, is so different from any we have at home, that I *must* tell you about it, although it happened so many weeks ago. It is "Nicholas-day," and comes on the 6th of December. My new cousins Ilsie and Lisbet told me that St. Nicholas always comes himself, and leaves presents at every house for the good children, and a bunch of rods for the naughty ones. He lives ever so far away, and is a kind of relation of Santa Claus—second cousins or step-fathers, maybe. Some people say he was once a real man, and lived in Asiaminer, wherever that may be; that he was a great Bishop there, and was so good to little children that they called him "dear Father Nicholas," and when he died they called him "Saint," and kept his birthday by giving presents to everybody. Well, that evening we had quite a party in mamma's parlor: all our cousins, besides Minna and Karl, Randolph and Helen, Cousin Carrie and two or three of mamma's friends. Cousin Frank didn't come till after St. Nicholas had gone—wasn't it too bad?

Well, we were talking and playing together, when all at once we heard a great shouting and stamping of feet, ringing of bells and blowing of horns; the door was thrown open, and in stalked St. Nicholas himself! He was as tall as a real giant; his beard came down below his knees; he wore great goggles, and carried a switch in his hand. He cried out in a terrible voice, "Where are the bad children?"

Then papa said, "Dear St. Nicholas, we have no bad children here; they are all as good as good can be."

At that St. Nicholas laughed, and he kept laughing louder and louder. He hid the switch under his cloak, and said: "Somehow I can't find any naughty children anywhere. What a beautiful world it is, to be sure—a world full of *good* boys and girls!"

Digitized by Google

THE MAGIC LANTERN.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

Then he opened a bag and shook out nuts, raisins, apples, and oranges, and while we were scrambling for them, he hurried away, before we could say, "Thank you."

Next came Christmas, which I can't write about now, and then Twelfth-night, when we had a splendid supper, with a great plum-cake in the middle of the table, covered all over with queer little sugar things, cats and dogs and rabbits, chocolate shoes and mice and goats, and cunning little candy babies.

Do you wonder that I have had no time for writing you lately, and that my mind should be in a whirligig, and my thoughts go higgledy-piggledy? for besides all this, we went to Leipsic to the New-Year's fair. The fair is held out-doors, and people come from all parts of the world, bringing curious things to sell. They have their booths in the public squares, and it is merry and noisy from morning till night. There are Spaniards and French and Swiss and Italians, and just such people as I've read you about in my *Stories of all Nations*, and they look exactly like the pictures I've shown you so often. The fair lasts a fortnight, and at the end of it is Carnival. Then there are bands of music everywhere, and processions march through all the streets, and oh, dear me, Clytie! I can't give you a nidea of the funny times we had.

The doll I have in my lap I bought at the fair, and have named her Princess Carnival. She is a magnificent creature, and I admire and suspect her; but as for *loving* her—there is no doll in the world to compare with you, my Clytie, when it comes to loving. You are not as *handsome* as Princess Carnival, but I love you a million times more, my pet, than I can ever love her, beautiful as she is.

And now good-night. Be as happy as you can, and take good care of the others, till I come back to you all.

DR. JOHNSON DOING PENANCE.

THE picture on the next page represents one of the most remarkable incidents in the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. This famous man prided himself upon being odd and different from other men, and in doing queer things that no one else would have thought of doing; and the picture shows him in the act of carrying out one of the queer ideas for which he was noted.

Dr. Johnson's father was a bookseller in a small way, and was in the habit of setting up stalls or booths for the sale of books in the market-places of towns in the neighborhood of Lichfield, where he lived, on market-days. Sometimes he took his son Samuel with him as an assistant. This son Samuel, who afterward became Dr. Johnson, said, in speaking of the incident to which the picture refers, that as a general thing he could not accuse himself of having been a disobedient child. "Once, indeed," said he, "I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time, bare-headed, in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand."

So here the wise Doctor is, standing bare-headed in the open market-place, exposed to drenching rain, and to the jeers of the people. And all this, when he is more than seventy years of age, for the purpose of trying to atone for one act of disobedience committed in his boyhood!

This quaint method of doing penance for an act that most men would have forgotten long before is but a specimen of his innumerable queer actions. These were so novel and so original as to gain for him the name of "Oddity," by which he was very generally known.

Digitized by Google

DR. JOHNSON IN UTTOXETER MARKET-PLACE.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

Digitized by Google

A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL.

BY MARY DENSEL.

IF our heroine, Cynthia Smith, walked the earth to-day, she would be a great-great-grandmother. But at the time of this story, 1780, she was only a small girl, who lived on a plantation near the Santee River, in South Carolina. She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as stanch a rebel as you could have found in all America; for the War of Independence had been raging in the United States ever since Cynthia could remember.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole ship-load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because stupid George III. insisted on "a threepenny tax."

"And New York and Philadelphia would 'a done the same, but for the ships turning tail, and going where they came from. They've burned the stuff in Annapolis, and it's spoiling in the Charleston cellars, bless the Lord!" said Mr. Smith, striking his heavy hand on his knee.

"Hurray!" shouted John and Jack and William and Ebenezer, Cynthia's brothers. "Hurray!" echoed Cynthia, as if she understood all about it.

The following year, when England shut up Boston Harbor with her "Stamp Act," never a bit of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father sent his whole harvest North, as did many another Southerner.

After that, John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Jack, all on fire to take John's place, insisted on joining the Virginia Riflemen, and following a certain George Washington to the war.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Jack wrote home; at which his mother wrung her hands, and his father smiled grimly.

"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter; "we'll have it hot and heavy at our own doors before we're through."

That was because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Jack's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, that she might indulge in a private skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account.

But she had little time for even patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days.

Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers, and to spin and knit yarn for the paternal and fraternal stockings. This kept her very busy until 1776, when two great events took place.

One was the signing of the Declaration of Independence; the other was the birth of a red and white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Which was of the most importance to Cynthia it is hard to say.

To be sure, she tingled from head to foot at her father's ringing tones, as he read from a sheet of paper some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal"; but she also went wild with joy when her father said, "You may keep that bossy for your own, if you'll agree to raise her, Cynthy."

Cynthia took the calf into her inmost heart, and she named her "Free-'n'-equal." That was the way the words sounded to her.

If ever an animal deserved such a name, this was the beastie. She scorned all authority, kicked up her hind-legs, and went careering round the plantation at her own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only playmate, for no children lived within six miles. As the calf grew into a cow, the more intimate and loving were the two. To Free-'n'-equal did Cynthia confide all her secrets, and chiefly did she inform her of her sentiments in regard to the war. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Jack, who in this winter of 1777–78 had gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania. Alas! Jack never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who lay down to die of cold and hunger in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news.

Quite as much did she share her joy when Cynthia came flying to the barn with the joyful tidings that British Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga.

Again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away.

But she sobbed even more a few months later.

"For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, Free-'n'-equal, and father and Will and Ebenezer have gone to fight in his army."

Free-'n'-equal shook her head solemnly at that, and her long low "Moo-o" said, plainly enough, "What's to become of the rest of us, my poor little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I'll hoe the rice. And, Free-'n'-equal, you've got to toe the mark, and give more milk than ever to keep us strong and well."

"Trust me for that," said Free-'n'-equal's eyes.

And she kept her promise. Rich yellow milk did she give, pailful after pailful. Cynthia and her mother worked like men, and fed on the cream.

Those were dangerous days all along the Santee River, for Lord Cornwallis's troops were roaming over the land, and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid—no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and believed firmly in the guardian angels, and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door.

"Just let those soldiers touch anything of ours, and see what they'll get!" said she, with ponderous dignity.

Free-'n'-equal was perfectly sure Cynthia could manage the whole British army, if need were, and munched her cud in blissful serenity.

Oh no, Cynthia had no fear, even when a red-coat did sometimes rise above the horizon like a morning cloud. She regarded him no more than she would a scarlet-breasted bird which sung above her head when she went into the forest hard by to gather sticks.

So no wonder that she was taken mightily aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her with wide-open eyes and a pale face.

"Cynthy, they've been here and carried off Free-'n'-equal."

"'They!'" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns. She kicked well, but they jerked her along. Cynthy, Cynthy, what shall we do?"

Cynthia uttered a sound between a groan and a war-whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sun-bonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles—on and on. At last she reached a small house, which was Lord Cornwallis's head-quarters. Never a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her in vain. She marched majestically past them. Into the house—into the parlor—walked she.

There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six of his officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Digitized by Google

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy.

Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her.

Miss Cynthia dropped another courtesy, opened her lips, and spake.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow. Free-'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, pausing, with a wine-glass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the British General.

"Three miles away, along with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father?"

"In General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he's a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly erect.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John he went to heaven along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped in a hurry as Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashed at him.

"And Jack went to heaven," proceeded Cynthia, softly, "out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington."

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels."

"Yes, they are."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel too, I'm thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Lord Cornwallis. "I'll be bound she's rebel beef herself."

Cynthia meditated. "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be rebel, but maybe they wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis threw back his head and laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed too, including the miserable redcoat who had smiled over John's fate.

Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but in no wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until, the merriment over, they might see fit to return to the cow in hand, which was certainly worth any two in the camp.

At last her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making game of her, after all.

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and just because he was a real gentleman, he became sober instantly. "Come here, my little maid," said he. "I myself will see to it that your cow—"

"Free-'n'-equal," suggested Cynthia.

"That Free-'n'-equal," repeated Lord Cornwallis, courteously, "is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "you will accept these as a gift from one who certainly wishes no harm to these rebels. And that his Majesty himself knows."

Then he rose and held his wine-glass above his head; so did every officer in the room.

"Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her!" said he.

She dropped her final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free-'n'-equal was all her own once more.

As for those buckles, children dear, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real cow and a real Miss Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter X.

THE PICNIC.

It was a perfect morning. Blue sky, with pure little snow-drop clouds, as if the angels had dropped them from their baskets as they tended the flowers in the heavenly gardens. The lake sparkled and glistened in the sunshine, and every wave seemed to leap joyously as it broke in soft foam on the shore. In one end of the *Flyaway* sat Phil, on a pile of shawls; in the other were stowed a large basket, a pail of ice, and a pail of milk, and in between were Miss Rachel, Lisa, Joe, and Graham. Phil had twisted up a little nosegay for each, and had pinned a broad wreath of grape leaves around Joe's straw hat, making the old fellow laugh at his nonsense. They were just pushing off, when a sudden rattling of chain and some impatient barks from Nep showed that he began to feel neglected.

"I thought we could get away unnoticed," said Miss Rachel, "but I find myself mistaken."

The boys pleaded for Nep. "Ah, let him come, please let him come."

Nep's leaps becoming frantic, Miss Rachel yielded, and Graham soon had him loosened. He jumped at once into the boat, and crept under Phil's feet, making a nice warm mat.

"Poor Nep," said Phil, patting him, "he felt neglected;" and the big tail wagged thankful thumps against the boat.

The morning air was sweet with all manner of herbage yet fresh from the morning dew. The trees were in their most brilliant green, and every leaf seemed newly washed.

Graham began a boating song, and Miss Schuyler joined in the chorus. Old Joe chuckled and grinned; even quiet Lisa hummed a little as the song rose louder; and Phil, dipping his hands in the clear water, imagined that the fishes were frisking a waltz in their honor. They glided past Point of Rocks, past huge beds of water-lilies, past lovely little coves and inlets, and spots where Graham said there was excellent fishing; finally Eagle Island became more distinct, and its pine-trees began to look imposing.

"Here we are!" said Graham at last, bringing the *Flyaway* up nicely on a pebbly beach, in good boating style.

Graham and Joe made a chair with their hands and arms, and so carried Phil very comfortably to the place under the trees which Miss Rachel had chosen for their encampment.

"Now," said Miss Rachel, as she brought out Phil's portfolio, a book, her own embroidery, and Lisa's sewing, "I propose that Graham, being a more active member of society than we are, go off with Joe and catch some fish for our dinner."

"Just the thing!" said Graham; "but I did not bring a line."

"Joe has everything necessary, bait and all," said Miss Schuyler.

"Now," said Miss Rachel, when the fishermen had gone, seeing Phil's longing look, and knowing well how much he would have liked to go with them, "we must go to work too, so that we may enjoy our play all the more afterward. I could not let you go with Graham, my dear Phil; it would have fatigued you too much; but I want you to try and draw me that drooping bush on the edge of the water, and while you draw I will read aloud for a while."

Miss Schuyler read, explained, talked to Phil about his drawing, and gave him the names of the trees about him.

The time flew fast, and it seemed a very little while

Digitized by Google

when Miss Schuyler said to Lisa, "I think I hear oars; we had better be getting our feast ready."

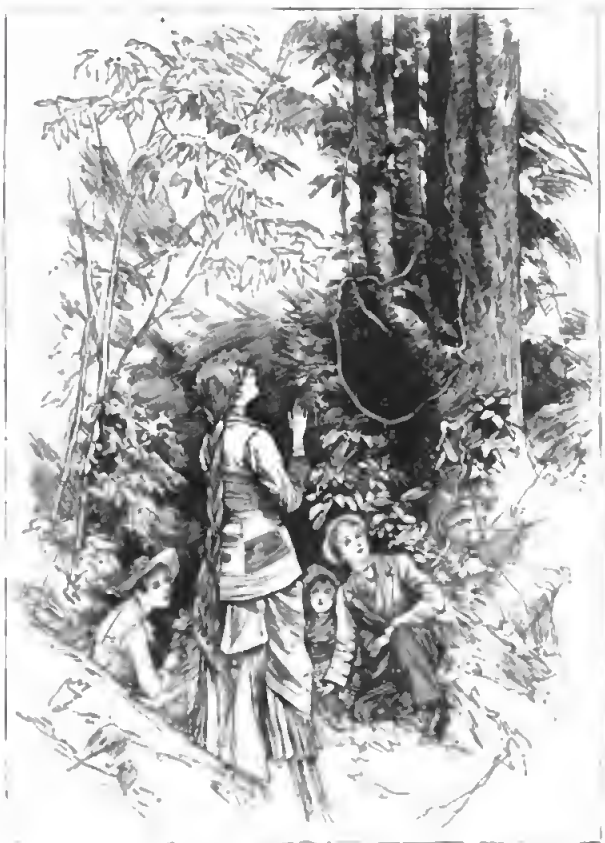
They brought out the basket and pails, spread a nice red dessert cloth down on a smooth patch of grass, laid broad green leaves down for the rolls and biscuits; golden balls of butter were in a silver dish of their own, and so were the berries in a willow basket, around which they put a few late wild flowers.

"Now we want a good flat stone for our fire-place, and— Ah! here come our fishermen just in time."

Graham and Joe now appeared with a few perch, but plenty of cat-fish. They went to work with zeal, and soon had enough brush for the fire, which they built at a good distance. And whilst Graham fed it, Joe skinned his cat-fish, salted the perch, and laid them on the stone.

Then they all sat around their grassy table, and Joe served them in fine style, bringing them their fish smoking hot on white napkins.

How merry they were over the good things, and how eager Graham was to cook fish for Joe, and serve the



"LOOK! THERE'S AN EAGLE."

old fellow as nicely as he had done all of them! And Phil cut the very largest slice of cake for Joe.

"It is just the jolliest picnic I ever was at," said Graham, helping to wash and clear away, and re-stow spoons and forks.

"Of course it is," said Phil. "There never can be another quite so nice: it is my first one, you know."

"Yes; just think of it, and it's my fiftieth, I suppose; but then you must not think all picnics like this. It is something really remarkable to have everything go off so smoothly. Why, sometimes all the crockery gets smashed, or the fire won't burn, or if it does, you get the smoke in your eyes, or your potatoes get burned, and your lemonade gets in your milk, or somebody puts your ice in the sun, and, to crown all, down comes a shower."

"Dear! dear! what a chapter of accidents, Graham!"

"Are you listening, Miss Rachel?" said Graham, with a quizzical look. "I was only letting Phil know how much better you manage than most people."

"Well, when you and Phil are ready, I want to tell you about something else I should like to manage. Come, put away all the books and work, and listen to my preaching."

Miss Rachel sat on a fallen tree, leaning against some young birches. "Phil was asking me, yesterday," said she, "what became of all the poor sick children in the city, and he seemed to think he ought in some way to help them. So I promised him to think about what he had been considering, and a little plan came into my head in which I thought you could help us, Graham."

Graham looked up with a pleased face, and nodded.

"It is just this. In the city hospitals are many sick children who have to stay in bed almost all the time. Now Phil and I want to do the little that we can for them, and it seems to me it would be nice to send fresh flowers and fruit—all that we can spare from our gardens—once or twice a week to some of these sick city children. What do you think, boys?"

"It would be lovely, Miss Schuyler," said Phil, "only I do not see how *we* could help; it would all come from you."

"Not all, dear child. I mean to give you both a share of the work—you in your way, and Graham in his. Are you interested? Shall I go on and tell you?"

"Yes, indeed," both exclaimed.

"I propose that we set aside a certain part of our flower garden and our fruit trees, you and I, Graham (for I know you have a garden of your own), which we will call our 'hospital fruits and flowers,' and Phil is to assist in making up bouquets, hulling berries, and packing to send away; besides that, he is to make some little pictures, just little bits of sketches of anything that he fancies—a spray of buds, a single pansy, Joe's old hat and good-natured face beneath, a fish, or a bit of vine-covered fence—and we will sell them for him, and the money shall help pay the express charges upon our gifts to the sick children, so that Phil will really be doing more than any of us. How do you like my plan?"

The boys were pleased, and had begun to say so, when a shout came from the other part of the island, from Joe, and Nep set up a violent barking.

"Hi! look up dar, Miss Schuyler!" called out Joe.

"Quick, Phil!" said Graham; "look! there's an eagle. How fortunate we are! There he goes sailing away in all his glory;" and sure enough the great bird floated further and further up in the blue sky.

Still Nep kept on barking, and Graham ran down to see what was the matter. He came back with something dangling from his hand, Joe and Nep following.

"A black snake!—oh, what a dreadful creature!" exclaimed Lisa.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," said Joe, "and if Nep hadn't barked so, the drefful cretur would have bitten me sure. That dog knows a heap; you'd better allus take him with you in the woods, Miss Rachel. I was lyin' off sound asleep, with this critter close beside me, when Nep come up, and barked just as plain as speakin'. 'Take care,' says he, 'ole Joe, you're in danger,' an' with that I woke in a hurry, an' jist then I saw that big eagle come soarin' overhead, and then Marsa Graham come and give that snake his death-blow."

"How did you do it, Graham?" asked Phil, excitedly.

"Oh, I pounded him on the head with a stone as he was making off. He is a pretty big fellow, and he must have swum from the mainland, Miss Schuyler."

"Yes, I never saw a snake on this island before."

"Come here, Nep," said Phil, "dear old fellow; good dog for taking care of Joe. Your head shall be my first picture for our sick children."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

ONE of the most exquisite pieces of embroidery I ever saw was brought from the Royal School of Art Needle-Work at South Kensington by a gentleman who imports the most beautiful art embroideries for sale in this country. This was a sofa pillow of soft yellow India silk, with the design outlined, and the rest of the surface darned back and forth in a rich old-gold-color. A few lines of pale pink veined the petals, and there was a narrow border of dull greenish-blue that inclosed the whole. The only stitch used was simply an irregular darning stitch. The work was so charming and so easy that any young girl would enjoy doing it. It would be a very pretty way of embroidering work-bags or squares for the backs of wall-brackets. The soft India silks are hard to find, but you may find a dull yellow Surah silk, and there is a soft cream-colored pongee that would do. Something near the color of a light yellow nasturtium would be best. Get a piece eight inches square, trace on it the design of Fig. 17, and back the silk with a piece of soft, very thin unbleached muslin, and overcast the edges. Fig. 17 is just the size of a tile such as is usually set in square wall-brackets. Buy a skein or two of old gold filoselle of a somewhat darker shade than your silk, or a good bronze-color that harmonizes well with it. First run the outline of your flowers in the dark yellow or bronze, and the shading lines, taking up but few threads of the silk with your needle, so that the outline will show strong and plain on the surface. Outline the leaves and stems in a dull, not too dark, green. Take two or three threads from a strand of filoselle in your needle at once, and do not take too long a needleful. Then darn the background back and forth, making the threads run parallel to each other, but with constant variation as to the length of stitch and the closeness of the lines—in this way:

The background could be darned in dull blue if you prefer, or with slightly varying shades of yellow. The irregularity in stitch, in closeness of the lines, and in shade, all help to give the work a very antique look. A narrow border can be darned all around of another color that will not contrast too sharply with the flowers or the background.

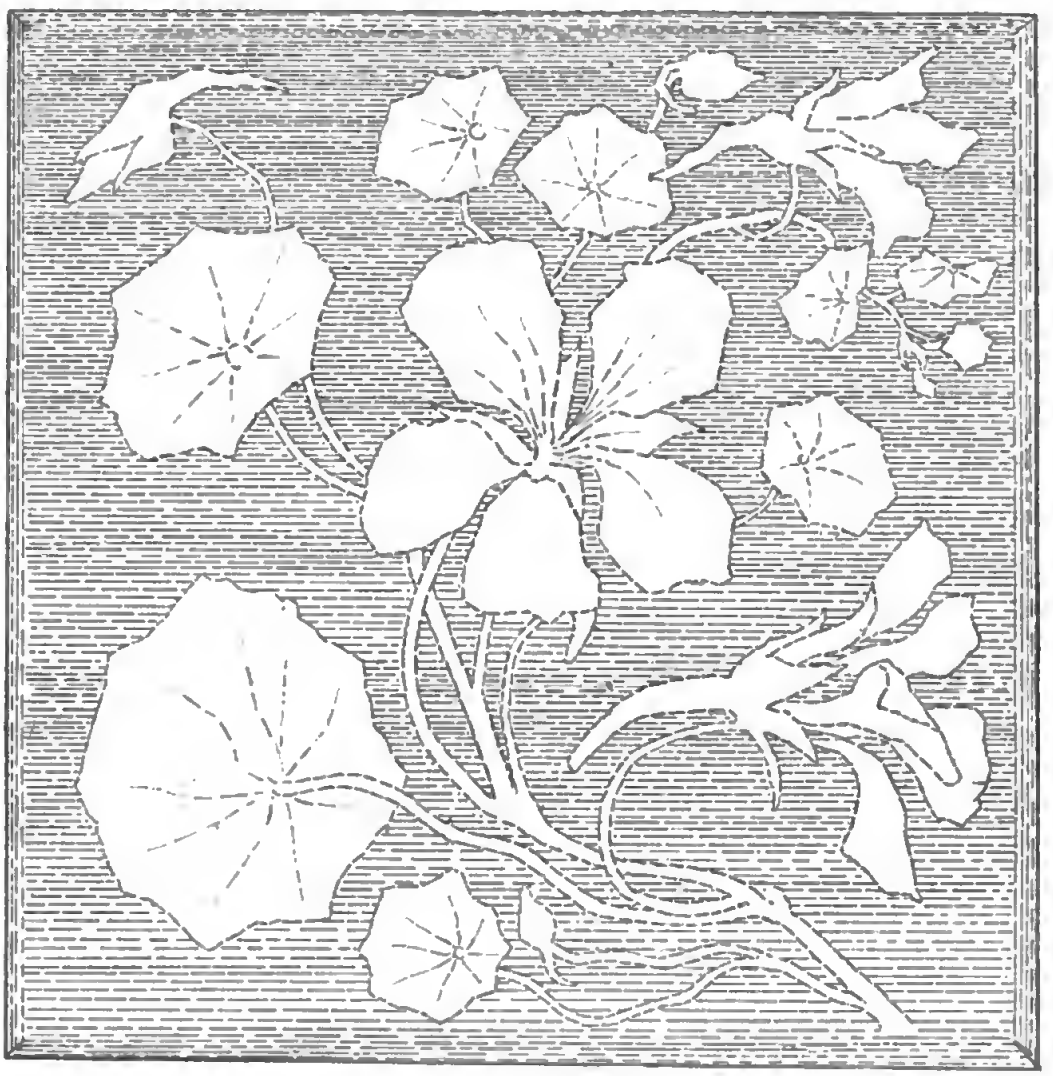


Fig. 17

Digitized by Google

Villa Pignone, Posilippo, Naples, Italy.

In the month of January a party of Americans had the honor of a special excavation at Pompeii. There were nine in the party. We had a room given us to be excavated. They found some table legs of bronze ornamented with ivory rings, and a bronze vase which had stood on the same table; also some nails and pieces of terra-cotta vases. After the workmen had finished excavating, some of us went to digging. My sister found two nails, auntie and another lady found some nails too, and I found one handle of the bronze vase, which had been broken off. We also went to where the workmen were making the regular excavations, and saw a little bit of a fountain, which the manager said was the finest which had been found yet. It was of mosaic. Then we went to the Stabian Baths, and had our luncheon, which was spread on an old marble fountain—a dry one, of course. The Stabian Baths was the largest bathing establishment in Pompeii. It was called Thermæ.

We went upon an embankment, and took a bird's-eye view of Pompeii. It is a great mass of houses without roofs, and is a very odd sight. I have seen it several times, and it does not look very strange to me now.

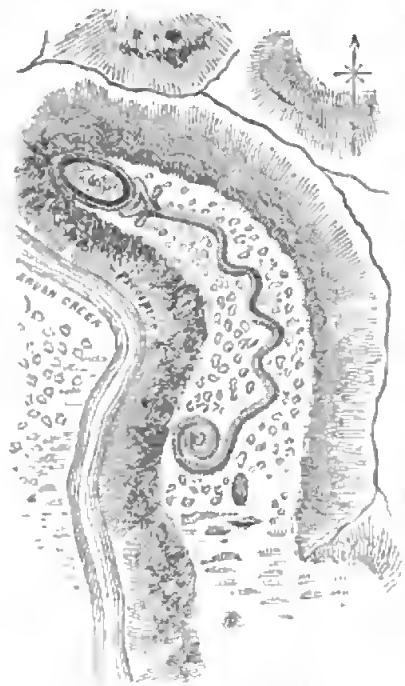
I do not remember my first visit there, but I am told that I danced on one of the mosaic floors in the house of Sallust, and the guide said that children always wanted to dance in Pompeii. I would like to write more about this old buried city, but I must go to school.

I am nine years old, and my sister is eight. We are delighted with YOUNG PEOPLE, especially with the story of "Toby Tyler," and are impatient for the mail that brings it. Opall H. D.

West Union, Ohio.

There is a very interesting Indian mound near this place, on the banks of Brush Creek. It is called the Serpent Mound, because it is in the form of a serpent. It is nearly one thousand feet in length, extending in graceful curves, and ending in a triple coil at the tail. Its neck is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing an oval figure, like a huge egg. Some think it was built to represent the Oriental idea of the serpent and the egg. It is said to have been the work of a race of men called the Mound-Builders, very many years ago. There are other mounds here, but none so interesting as this one. Effie C. L.

The mound described by our young correspondent is in Adams County, Ohio, and is one of a number called "animal mounds," because they represent the forms of animals, or birds, or men, instead of the usual type of the pyramid or circle. The Serpent Mound is described in Short's work on *The North Americans of Antiquity*, published by Harper & Brothers, from which we take the accompanying illustration. It lies "with its head conforming to the crest of hill, and its body winding back for seven hundred feet in graceful undulations." Another remarkable work by the ancient race of men is a large elephant mound, found a few miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin River. It is so perfect in its proportions that its builders must have been well acquainted with all the physical characteristics of the elephant; so that the mound-builders may have been of Asiatic origin, or lived when the great mastodon of North America roamed over the continent. Another mound, in Licking County, Ohio, represents an alligator. It is about two hundred feet in length, twenty feet broad, and each of the paws is twenty feet long.



THE GREAT SERPENT MOUND.

Lawrenceburg, Tennessee.

I live near where the celebrated David Crockett once lived. His old house is still standing on our place. The legs are full of auger-holes, where I suppose he had wooden pins to support shelves, or to hang clothes and household things on. When my grandpa was a little boy he knew David Crockett very well. Ella B.

David Crockett was a famous hunter, who was born in Tennessee in 1786. He was a political friend of General Jackson, and was several times elected to Congress. He was a great humorist, and very eccentric in his habits. When the people of Texas revolted against the government of Mexico, he enlisted in the Texan army, and lost his life in the terrible massacre at Fort Alamo, in 1836, when the Mexicans, in violation of the rules of war, slaughtered all their prisoners.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I am a little boy five years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and mamma and auntie read me all the pretty stories and all the little letters in the Post-office Box.

I have a little brother three years old. We each have a bank in which we keep our pennies. George's bank is a great big cross-looking bull-dog. He has a flat place on his nose. If we put a penny on it, and then pull his tail, he will open his mouth and swallow the penny. My bank is a soldier who is standing in front of the trunk of a tree. He has a gun in his hand, with which he points at a hole in the tree. When I put a penny on the end of the gun, and touch the soldier's foot, he fires off the gun, and the penny goes into the hole. Papa gives us each a penny every day we are good; but every day we are naughty we have to give him one. I have fifty-one pennies in my bank. George has not quite so many, but I am the oldest, and I ought to be the best boy.

I would like to write about some of our playthings, but I am afraid my letter would be too long.

John L. McK.

New York City.

I would like to tell YOUNG PEOPLE what kind friends I have. I am a poor little girl, and my mamma has to go out to work. I go to the public school, but I am not very strong, and the noise and close air sometimes make me sick. Once I had to stay from school a long time; and there was a little girl who had a private teacher come every day, and she let me go and study with her. She used to pay my car fare out of her own spending money. It cost her sixty cents a week. And she made me a present of all my school-books, and a great many other handsome books. I do not think there are many little girls so kind.

There is another little girl who made me a Christmas present of YOUNG PEOPLE, and I will have it all the year. She, too, is very kind to me. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think "Mildred's Bargain," "Phil's Fairies," and especially poor "Toby Tyler," are splendid stories. May H.

South Eastlake, Ohio.

I thought I would tell YOUNG PEOPLE about my pet sheep. My grandpa gave me a sheep and a lamb when I was a baby, and now I have seven. They are all very tame, and almost run over me when I feed them. I am seven years old.

I read in the Third Reader, and I study arithmetic and geography, but I have never been to school.

Frank T. C.

Berea, Ohio.

I live on a beautiful farm. My papa raises lots of onions, and sends them to Cincinnati by car-loads. There are a great many stone quarries in this place, where they make grindstones. They are sent all over the world from here. They also get big blocks of stone from the quarries for building railroad bridges, houses, and sidewalks.

Last summer I went up the lakes with papa and mamma as far as Marquette. We saw lots of Indians sailing down the rivers in their canoes, and a great many other pretty and interesting sights.

Maggie W.

St. Louis, Missouri.

When we lived in the country my sister had a pet deer. Its name was Nellie. It was a very pretty creature. When we were in the garden, and were hungry, we used to send Nellie to get us some bread, and the darling little thing would go and get a loaf of bread from grandma and bring it out to us. One day Nellie was running in the woods, and some one shot her. My sister cried very much, and we buried poor Nellie, and put flowers on her grave. L. F.

Red Oak, Iowa.

I have been in bed for two months with rheumatism, and I look forward to the coming of YOUNG PEOPLE with very great pleasure.

I think the picture of "Harry and Dan" is very pretty indeed. I have not been able to walk my distance for more than a year, and I think it would be real nice to have such a pretty goat and sleigh.

I am very glad YOUNG PEOPLE disapproves of disturbing birds' nests. I always thought it was very cruel. Gracie M.

Batavia, Iowa.

We think the Post-office Box, and everything in YOUNG PEOPLE, are interesting. My brother Ernest likes "Toby Tyler" the best.

My little sister Mabel, two years old, can sing every tune she hears once. She likes "Kissing through the Chair," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 57. She calls it "Peep Ho." She gets in the rocking-chair every day, and rocks, and sings the first verse over and over for a long time. Minnie H.

Warren, Georgia.

I am thirteen years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I go to school nine miles from this place, and come home every Friday evening. I call for my paper on my way, and I read it to my little brother and sister. They are much pleased and interested with the stories and pictures.

I have two pet lambs, named Annie Bell and Ellmore, that follow me everywhere I go. They are about a year old.

I hope YOUNG PEOPLE will be in the hands of all the boys and girls. Hessie W.

I have no more postmarks, but I will exchange stamps, for curiosities or foreign stamps.
George N. Prentiss, Watertown, Wis.

All my silver ore is exchanged, but I will exchange a few foreign stamps, a piece of coral, some Florida shells, and some other curiosities, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow in good order for shooting.
Fred Pyaas, Jun.,
11 Beaver Street, Newark, N. J.

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I like Bessie Maynard's "Sea-Breezes."

I would like to exchange sea-shells and other small curiosities for old coins or odd bits of money.
Virgie McLain, care of U. S. Consul,
Nassau, N. P., Bahamas.

M. D. Austin, Buffalo, N. Y., wishes to inform correspondents that his stock of Sandwich Island and Canadian stamps is exhausted, and he accordingly withdraws his name from our exchange list.

The following exchanges are desired by correspondents:

Postmarks and beetles, for butterflies and moths.
George A. Horan,
26 Elm Street, New Bedford, Mass.

Foreign stamps, for a 5-cent, 30-cent, or 90-cent United States stamp, issue of 1851 to 1861; a 90-cent, issue of 1861, envelope or newspaper stamps, except 1-cent, 2-cent, and 3-cent, or any Department stamps except Interior and Treasury.
R. L. Brackett, P. O. Box 4494, New York City.

Postage stamps, crests, and monograms.
F. P. Carole,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

Foreign and United States postage stamps, for minerals and coins. Daniel T. Jay,
P. O. Box 614, Emporia, Kan.

Canadian, East Indian, English, and old issues of United States stamps, for stamps from Russia, Persia, China, and other foreign countries.
Subscriber to "Young People,"
31 Thorp Block, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pressed autumn leaves, postmarks, and stamps, for minerals, Florida moss, or any curiosity.
Belle de Lamatre,
125 Fourth Street, Jackson, Mich.

Danish, German, Italian, East Indian, or British stamps, for other foreign stamps, or for Indian curiosities. L. B. Bachenstein,
Lititz, Lancaster County, Penn.

United States postage and Department stamps, for other stamps. Chandy Whitney,
P. O. Box 1552, Muskegon, Ottawa County, Mich.

English and German stamps, for stamps of any other foreign country. Anna J. Davison,
St. Edward, Boone County, Neb.

Digitized by Google

Quartz, Indian arrow-heads, rocks from the Mammoth Cave, some shells from the Dead Sea, and sea-coates, for amethysts or other curiosities.
WILLIS G. WHITE, Yorkville, S. C.

Six different War Department stamps, for a stamp from India, China, Egypt, or any South American country. CLEM FLAGLER,
Rock Island Arsenal, Rock Island, Ill.

Twenty-five postmarks, for five foreign stamps.
GEORGE H. ASHLEY,
20 North Washington Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Fourteen Ohio postmarks, for two rare foreign stamps. FRED W. ADAMS,
Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio.

Virginia and Lake Superior iron ores, for insects, minerals, or Indian arrow-heads. Stones and soil from Ohio, for sea-shells.
ALEX. C. and LULU A. BATES,
1415 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

English and Cuban stamps, for other foreign stamps. J. D. J. B.,
129 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

United States stamps, for foreign stamps.
JESSIE R. BENTLEY,
Marshall, Calhoun County, Mich.

Foreign stamps, specimens of wood, foreign and United States postmarks, slate showing formation of coal, or soil of Illinois, for rare foreign or United States Department stamps, or ocean curiosities.
EDWARD T. REA,
P. O. Box 581, Urbana, Champaign County, Ill.

Petrified coral, zinc ore, or a piece of volcanic rock from Italy, for a specimen of lead or copper ore.
ALLEN R. BENSON,
51 Seventh Street, Hoboken, Hudson Co., N. J.

Indian arrow-heads and rattlesnake rattles, for ocean curiosities. J. P. CROSIER,
Carlyle, Allen County, Kansas.

Twenty foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for twenty others. GEORGE L. RUSBY,
Franklin, Essex County, N. J.

Stamps, for minerals.
W. MILLER,
1743 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Rare postage stamps.
CLARENCE G. WHITE,
1581 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A piece of Quincy granite, for ten stamps of any foreign country except England, France, and Germany. W., P. O. Box 208, Milton, Mass.

Fifty postmarks or twenty-five stamps, for ocean shells. LOUIS C. GAHM,
Mohrsville, Berks County, Penn.

Postage stamps, for Indian relics.
BENNIE STOCKWELL,
850 National Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Rare postage stamps. EDWARD A. DE LIMA,
36 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

HENRY M. R.—There is some uncertainty in regard to the origin of the name of the city of Toronto. *Chambers's Cyclopædia* says that it is of Indian origin, and that the meaning of it seems to be lost. On the other hand, the *National Cyclopædia* says that the district, as it was gradually cleared by the British, was called Toronto, after the fort Tareno; but the name given by Governor Simcoe, in 1774, to the town, which he laid out on a regular plan, was York. This name it retained until 1834, when Sir John Colborne raised it to the rank of a city, and changed the name to that of the district, Toronto.

It is also surmised that the name of the fort may have been derived from that of the ancient city of Tarentum, in Calabria, also called Tarentus, and in modern times Taranto. The war which the inhabitants of Tarentum maintained against the Romans, with the assistance of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and which has been called the Tarentine war, is greatly celebrated in history. This may account for the name being given to the fort.

"INQUISITIVE."—The kinds of matches now in common use are of comparatively recent origin. The earlier kinds consisted of thin pine splinters, about six inches long, tipped with sulphur. They were lighted by applying the end to tinder ignited by the old-fashioned flint and steel. After the discovery of phosphorus, in 1677, a readier means of lighting them was invented. The interior of a small bottle or vial was coated with oxide of phosphorus, and kept tightly corked, except when a light was wanted, when a match tipped with sulphur was dipped in, and immediately took fire. Other methods, equally clumsy, were also employed to obtain a light.

The first friction matches, called *lucifers*, were invented in 1829. They were tipped with an inflammable paste, and ignited by being drawn between folds of sand-paper. They were made in the shape of a comb (a form still in use), and broken off when required. When these matches were introduced into this country, they were called *locofocos*, perhaps from the Italian word *fuoco*, meaning fire. It was not until 1834 that phosphorus was employed in the composition of the substance with which matches are tipped.

The number of matches consumed every year is enormous. Ninety-five per cent. of all the phosphorus made is employed in their manufacture. More than three hundred tons of this substance are fabricated every year in Europe, and as one pound of phosphorus will make one million of matches, an estimate of the number manufactured may easily be made by those of our little readers who have a fondness for calculation.

Many people are still living who can remember when every night, winter and summer, the coals were carefully raked together and covered up, so that they would keep alive until morning. If by chance they died out, fire could only be obtained by means of flint, steel, and tinder, unless live coals could be borrowed from a near neighbor.

TO CHARLIE BRADLEY B.—Last Tuesday morning the mail brought to me a little gift to aid Toby Tyler in reaching his uncle. God bless the generous little heart that prompted the deed, and may some kind hand ever smooth the rough places in her journey through life!

I would like to have her full name and address. Will she kindly send it to me through YOUNG PEOPLE?

With many thanks, in the name of Toby Tyler, I remain, sincerely, JAMES OTIS.

OMORNA Y.—The distinguished person who refused to stand on the Bible was Edward the Sixth of England. The following account of his reverence for the sacred volume is from a work entitled *England in the Sixteenth Century*: "An interesting anecdote of Edward's childhood shows how deeply he was imbued with reverence for the Bible. One day, when very young, he wished while at play to get something that was above his reach. A companion, observing this, brought a large book for him to stand upon; but Edward, perceiving that it was the Bible, rebuked his associate for want of respect to the Scriptures, and lifting the book reverently from the ground, he kissed it, and replaced it on the shelf."

FLORENCE E. M.—The Column of Luxor, which stands in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, is an obelisk similar in appearance to the one now erected in the New York Central Park. It is a syenite monolith, and is covered with hieroglyphics recording the glories of the great King Sesostris, who reigned about 1500 B.C. This obelisk was a present from Mehemet Ali to Louis Philippe. It arrived in Paris in 1833, but was not erected in its present position until two years later.

TWO LITTLE INDIANS.—The word "pariah" signifies mountaineer. It is applied to the lowest and most degraded classes in India, these formerly having been wandering people from the hill tribes. But now all outcasts and vagabonds are known as pariahs, and have become a caste. Their presence is supposed to be contaminating, and they are not allowed to approach within many feet of any member of the higher classes. Missionaries have made great efforts to better the condition and character of these wretched people.

M. E. C.—A very good miniature water-wheel was described in a story entitled "Setting the Brook to Work," which appeared on page 430 of YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I.

SUBSCRIBER, SAN FRANCISCO.—See answer to Willie F. W. in the Post-office Box of No. 73.

EDWARD A. S.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers can not attend to the binding of your volume of YOUNG PEOPLE.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jessie B. Brown, Charles Beyers, Hugh Burns, "*Bolus*," C. F. Bishop, Sadie Beebe, Bessie Bolton, Arthur C., John L. Collins, Nellie Cromwell, Maud Chambers, De F. W. Chase, C. H. Cole, A. E. Cunningham, R. O. C., Maggie Dates, "Dick Deadeye," G. M. Fisher, L. M. Fobes, W. E. Gulick, Jun., Ashbel G., Alice C. H., George Hewson, Curtis Hillyer, Rita Harris, Alice H., Edward L. H., "Indian," L. A. Jones, Isabel Jacob, Willie M. K., Jemima Latimer, Frank Lomas, Thomas Lanham, "L. U. Stral," *Nelson C. Metcalf*, *John McClintock*, C. H. Nichols, W. Offenbuttel, Frances Patterson, Henry Rochester, Emma Schaffer, *Bessie Stockwell*, Gilbert S., "Starry Flag," Gilbert P. Satters, W. S. and E. I. Sheppard, Alice M. Southworth, James W. Thompson, "The Lawrence Girls," "The Dawley Boys," W. I. Trottar, Karl Wells, "Wild Oats," Tillie Winter, Robert S. Winn.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAGRAM.

```
 1     *     *     8
 *     2     *     *
 *     *     3     *
 *     *     *     4
 *     *     5     *
 *     6     *     *
 7     *     *     *
 *     8     *     *
 *     *     9     *
 *     *     *    10
```

Cross Words.—1. Two and a quarter inches. 2. A cozy home. 3. To gape. 4. Fondness. 5. Solitary. 6. A chill. 7. A narrow road. 8. To satisfy. 9. A multitude. 10. To domineer.

Zigzags.—A division of the United States.
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 2.

HALF-SQUARE.

A lake in North America. Sounds. Fearful. A continent. A color. The present tense of a verb. A letter from California. YOUNG SOLVER.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL WORD SQUARE.

1. A town of New Mexico. 2. A town of Mexico. 3. A river in Russia. 4. A tributary of the Danube.
BOLUS.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Cross Words.—Peculiar. A keepsake. To amuse. Eloquence. A kind of cement. A boy's name. A water-nymph.

Primals.—The name of an American author.

Finals.—His place of residence. G. T. W.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

First in ape, not in monkey.
Second in ass, not in donkey.
Third in trunk, not in box.
Fourth in cat, not in fox.
Fifth in ashes, not in coal.
Sixth in horse, not in foal.
Seventh in bright, not in gay.
My whole a savage beast of prey.
FRANK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 72.

No. 1. Qalto.

No. 2. 1. Rain, raid, said, slid, slip, slop, slow, snow. 2. Rage, rate, rate, sate, cate, salt, salt, silk. 3. Mill, bill, bell, belt, bent, cent. 4. Sin, sein, wen, woe. 5. Sold, cold, colt, cost, lost. 6. Line, lone, lore, core, cord. 7. Nay, nag, lag, leg, leg, pea. 8. Glue, glee, flee, fled, sled, seed, send.

No. 3. 1. Newport. 2. Toledo. 3. Charleston. 4. Helena. 5. Armenia. 6. Damascus. 7. Thebes. 8. India. 9. Willow. 10. Pine. 11. Oak. 12. Elm. 13. Pear. 14. Peach. 15. Plum. 16. Ibis. 17. Curlew. 18. Emu. 19. Sparrow. 20. Horse. 21. Camel. 22. Bear. 23. Dove. 24. Bittern. 25. Swan. 26. Crow. 27. Snipe. 28. Thrush.

No. 4. Ani-eater.

No. 5. Chestnut.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS.
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

POPULAR TALES,

FROM A CHINESE STORY-BOOK.

About thirteen hundred years ago, an officer was unjustly accused of treason by a brother officer, and was condemned to death. His son, who was only fifteen years of age, went to the Emperor, praying to be allowed to die for his father.

The Emperor thereupon set the man free; and then expressed his intention of giving the boy the title "Perfectly Dutiful."

The boy exclaimed: "It is right and just for a son to die when his father is disgraced; but what disgrace can be compared with the idea of gaining honor at a father's expense? I respectfully decline your Majesty's proposed distinction."

A certain man had a mother who lost her sight, and he spent all his money on doctors, but in vain. For thirty long years he cared for her, and would scarcely take off his clothes; and in the pleasant spring weather he would lead his mother into the garden, and laugh and sing, so that she forgot her sadness.

When she died, her son wasted away from grief; and when at last he somewhat recovered his health, he loved his brothers and sisters like his mother, and was as gentle to his nephews and nieces as if they had been his own children. As he said himself, "This is the only way in which I can get some comfort, namely, in letting my love go forth to those who are left."

The eldest son of an ancient Emperor had a younger brother whose name meant "Junior Order," who again had a son named "Illustrious," a lad of remarkable ability. When the elder brother knew that his father's intention was to bequeath the throne to "Junior Order" and "Illustrious," he and the second son, "Harmony," sought a livelihood by collecting medicinal herbs, and went off to the barbarous tribes of China. Moreover, they shaved their heads and tattooed their skin, as much as to say, "We are no longer possible candidates for the throne."

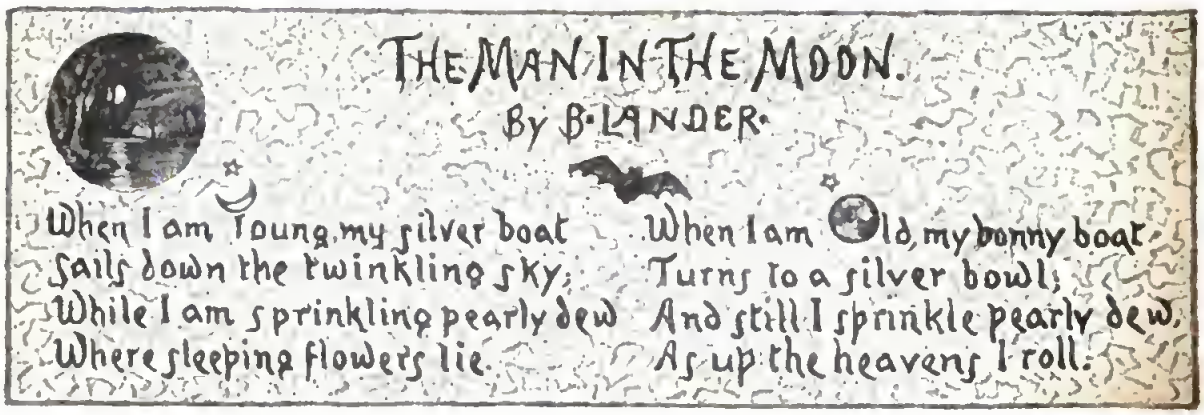
By thus secretly ascertaining his father's wishes, and departing at once with his second brother, there was no trace left of the somewhat roundabout arrangement between father, sons, and brothers. In all these matters we should avoid the straight and stiff following of our own inclinations.

A great officer named Yang served his mother most dutifully. In the spring-time he used to carry her up and down on his back amongst the wealth of flowers; and he would frisk and gambol about, while his mother enjoyed the fragrance and the shade.

The old lady died at the age of one hundred and four.

A prince whose name meant "Solitary Bamboo" had three sons. He left directions in his will that the youngest son should succeed him. But the younger brother wished to make way for the elder. The elder replied, "It is our father's order," and forthwith disappeared. The younger refused the throne, and left the country, like his elder brother, and the people of the land elected the second son as their prince.

Kiang Ong's family was renowned for filial piety and brotherly love. When they were children, he and his two brothers slept under the same coverlet, with exceeding great love and harmony; and when they were grown up, their love could not bear a moment's separation. On one occasion they met with robbers, and the brothers strove for death, each one wishing to die first, with the hope of the others escaping. The robbers, seeing this, released them all three.



Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 76. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, April 12, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

BABES IN THE WOOD—A TABLEAU.

Digitized by Google

HOW SHALL I MAKE A LIVING?

"WHAT business shall I follow?" is the question every young man and boy asks himself; "how shall I make a living?" and the best answer is, "By learning some useful trade." Nearly all the good men who have succeeded in life have begun in this way. Benjamin Franklin went to Philadelphia from Boston. He was a printer by trade, very skillful and industrious. But when he reached Philadelphia, tired, feverish, and weak, he had only a few pence to spend. He bought three pennies' worth of rolls at a baker's, and as he could not eat them all, carried a part under his arm. As he passed a house in Market Street he saw a young lady on the stoop, who was afterward his wife. He soon found employment at a printer's, and attracted the notice of the neighbors by working late at night when others were asleep. "That young man," they said, "is sure to succeed." He drew business from his rivals, and made money. He studied, and became a fine writer; he never ceased to work. He drew the lightning from the skies with a kite, and he aided in forming our republic. He lived to a great age, in good health, useful to his fellow-men, prosperous, and happy, because he had learned a trade.

George Washington was poor in his youth. He went to a country school, and then learned to be a surveyor. As a boy he was always ready to work, and passed his youth in the wild woods of Virginia measuring land. When he became a man he defended his country and made it free. He was always fond of farming, and passed his later years in that pursuit. The habits of labor and accuracy he had formed in his youth made him what he was. Had he never learned to be a surveyor, he would probably never have been of use to his fellow-men.

Another of these useful Americans was Robert Fulton. Almost every one travels on steamboats or crosses the ferries; but how few remember who it was that first made the steamboat a common thing. Robert Fulton was its real inventor. He became a mechanic when he was a boy, and was never tired of visiting workshops. Afterward he learned to draw and paint, but all his life he was still a mechanic, inventing useful machines. He improved canals, and made boats that moved under water. At last, in 1807, he built the first steamboat that was successful. One night the people on the banks of the Hudson were startled by the sudden appearance of a fiery monster, whose panting breath sounded along the shore. It seemed to breathe out great clouds of fire and smoke. It shook the smooth surface of the water, and sailed against wind and tide. It was evidently a demon. The sailors on board the sloops of Esopus fled from it as it came along: nothing like it had ever been seen before. But it was only the *Clermont*, Fulton's first steamboat, that had begun its trips between Albany and New York. The first voyage was made in about a day and a half; the sloops sometimes spent a week or two in getting to Hudson.

The advantage of a trade is that it exercises the body and makes the mind active. It produces a sound mind in a sound body. Franklin was fond of swimming, and would sometimes float for a long time in the Delaware. He found that he wanted change after setting type. The machine-shop, the engineer's room, or the carpenter's and mason's occupation, probably give sufficient exercise, but even this should be varied. One of the best employments for young men is farming. They may go out to the great West and settle on the rich lands that are offered them by the government, and help to feed the Europeans, or they may take a small farm of a few acres near a city and raise vegetables and fruits. They should first learn how to farm by beginning early to work for some intelligent farmer. There is no occupation pleasanter than this if well understood, and none that produces a more certain profit. Manufactures of different kinds also offer a sure employment for the young and strong, and stores and counting-houses are everywhere open.

Among the famous inventors are Arkwright, Watt, and Whitney, all of whom were brought up in work-shops. Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton; he was a poor workman, laboring at his trade, and at first all his efforts to complete his invention failed. He was very poor, but he was never discouraged, and at last his spinning-jenny was used in every factory in England, and made his fortune. Watt, a young engineer, worked upon the steam-engine until he made it a useful and wonderful machine. From a poor boy he became a member of the once famous firm of Boulton & Watt. Whitney, born in Connecticut, invented the cotton-gin after long labors; it brought American cotton into use at once, and made the nation and Whitney rich together. These are only a few of the remarkable men who have risen to great usefulness in trade. Among the noted citizens of New York nearly every one has been trained in a workshop. Astor, Vanderbilt, Stewart were skillful workmen in their different occupations; Peter Cooper was a careful mechanic. It is easy to see how much better off every young man or boy would be if he had a regular trade.

But he should never forget that at the same time he should get as much knowledge as he can. Knowledge teaches men to be gentle, honest, pure, and bold, and, well used, it leads them to the surest success in life. The boy that learns most is sure to be the most valuable to his employers. It was because he studied mechanics so carefully, as a boy, that Fulton invented the steamboat; because he learned, in his youth, to write well and think, that Franklin became useful to every one. Every boy and young man should spend two or three hours each day in study. He should love history, poetry, and perhaps music, and in his conduct avoid everything that is gross and vile. In this way he is certain to lead a happy, prosperous life, useful to all around him. He will make a good son and father, brother, friend, and citizen.

INDIAN CORN: A LEGEND.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE unwritten and sometimes pictorial literature of the North American Indians abounds with much poetic thought. The creations of their dark minds in meagre language often assume the forms of really beautiful legends, especially those which relate to the origin of created things—thunder, wind, and rain; the sun, moon, and stars; beasts, birds, and fishes; grain, fruit, and flowers; and the races of men. These constitute the fabric of their narrow mythology.

One of these legends tells us that a youth, the son of a sachem living on the borders of one of our great lakes, was impelled by a thirst for wisdom to go far into the forest, where hunters seldom trod, to a sunny savanna, to fast and pray in solitude. It was early in May, when song-birds had just returned with the south wind, and were beginning to warble their love ditties.

There the youth built for himself a lodge, and covered it with the odorous sprays of the balsam-fir, leaving a wide opening for the admission of light. He painted his face in sombre colors, and like the old Christian hermits, who sought the favor of Heaven by penitential humiliation in the solitude of the desert, this pious barbarian prince sought light and knowledge in this lonely spot, in humble obeisance of body and soul before the Master of Life. To the Great Spirit he prayed for some bounteous gift for the benefit of his race.

Day and night this youth fasted, until, famished and weak, he lay down in his lodge at noonday, and slept. Toward evening he awoke, and looking up through the opening in the boughs above him into the blue depths of the heavens, he saw descending from the azure vault the

Digitized by Google

form of a beautiful young man robed in a bright green garment, his head adorned with plumes of green and gold colors. Standing at the door of the lodge, this embodied spirit said:

"Arise, faithful boy, and come forth. Only by wrestling with me can you obtain the coveted blessing which you seek. I am Oneasti [Maize], a child of the Sun, and a friend of mankind."

The weak youth obeyed. The evening sunlight spread a delicious glow over the dark forest and the little prairie, casting long shadows from the woods across the springing grass and the timid flowers, then first beholding the face of their great King and Creator. So soon as the youth touched his celestial visitant, moral strength that gave promise of victory in the contest thrilled his whole being. For an hour they wrestled, when the dusky prince, with bodily strength exhausted, retired to his lodge for repose.

The next day Oneasti again summoned the youth to the wrestling. Greater than before was his moral strength, and Hope bade him persevere. Again, on the third day, did the wrestlers contend, with the same result, when Oneasti said:

"To-morrow will be the seventh day of your fast, and the last time I shall wrestle with you. You will triumph over me, and gain your wishes. As soon as you have thrown me on the ground, strip off my garments, and bury me on the spot in soft fresh earth. When you have done this, leave me for a while, but come occasionally to visit my grave, and keep the noxious weeds from growing upon it. Once or twice cover me with fresh earth."

Oneasti then vanished, but the next morning he stood at the door of the lodge, and again summoned the young prince to combat. Long they contended. In the struggle the strength of the youth continually increased, until he threw Oneasti on the ground. Then he faithfully obeyed the instructions of his celestial friend. Carefully removing the tender greensward, he laid the body of the vanquished in the earth, and covered it with fresh, well-pulverized mould. Then he returned to his home, his face radiant with joy as the undoubted heir to a great treasure.

The young prince soon returned, and was delighted to see the green plumes of the heavenly stranger springing up from the earth through the soft mould, but contending with unsightly weeds for the privilege of light and air. These incumbrances to growth were removed, and the earth around was kept fresh and clean. In due time the youth was charmed by the vision of a stately plant, taller than himself, surmounted with tassels of flowers of clustered spikes, and bearing delicious fruit incased in sheaths of long leaves, and lined with silk. When the frost season approached, this fruit became hard, golden-hued grain, containing most nutritious food for man and beast. The plant gracefully waved its long leaves and golden tassels in the autumn wind.

"Come," said the young prince to his parents, on a soft October day, "and I will show you a great blessing from the Master of Life."

They followed him to the sunny savanna, where hoar-frost lay hidden in shaded nooks. They pounded the golden grains, and made cakes from the flour thereof.

"It is *Men-du-min*, the grain of the Great Spirit," said the father.

They invited their friends to a feast on the excellent grain, and there were soon great rejoicings among many nations because of the boon. It was Maize. When Europeans came, centuries afterward, they called it *Indian Corn*. It proved to be as great a blessing to them as it had been to their barbarian neighbors. To-day it is the food of thousands of Christians and pagans, civilized men and savages, from the Gulf of Mexico far toward the frigid zone. It is indeed *Men-du-min*—the grain of the Great Spirit.

NEXT SUMMER.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

Beautiful things there are coming this way
Nearer and nearer, dear, every day—
Yes, closer and closer, my baby.

Mischievous showers and faint little smells
Of far-away flowers in far-away dells
Are coming in April, my baby.

Sly little blossoms that clamber along
Close to the ground till they grow big and strong
Are coming in May, little baby.

Roses and bees and a big yellow moon
Coming together in beautiful June,
In lovely midsummer, my baby.

Pretty red cherries, and bright little flies,
Twinkling and turning the fields into skies,
Will come in July, little baby.

Feathery clouds and long, still afternoons,
Scarce a leaf stirring, and birdies' soft croons,
Are coming in August, my baby.

Glimpses of blue through the poppies and wheat,
And one little birthday on fast-flying feet,
Will come in September, my baby.

EASTER-EGGS.

BY MARY A. BARR.

THE giving of an egg as a mark of friendship or love is almost as old as the ark, of which it is a symbol; for the ancients used it as a sign of resurrection, and brought eggs to the altars of their gods as gifts.

Placed on the Passover table of the Jews, it means the destruction of the whole race and its resurrection. The Druids used it in their ceremonies, and the Persians present it at the New Year. A Russian will salute you on Easter morning with "Christ is risen," and offer you his Easter-egg; and what is still stranger, the Mohammedan will do the same. And, my dear little readers, when you break your egg at breakfast, you are doing just what the Greek and Roman boys and girls did centuries ago, for they began the first meal of the day with eggs; and egg-cups resembling ours have been found in Pompeii; only they preferred the egg of the pea-hen or Egyptian goose.

Easter-Monday is the proper time for the presentation of peace eggs, and to prepare them is always a work of love; for if they are given as reminiscences of ourselves, then we should be very careful that they are both tastefully and appropriately made; and if they are intended as a means of instruction (as they first were), then don't be tempted to put Cupids or ridiculously grouped flowers or fruits on what should be plain and yet well done. For instance, I once saw an Easter-egg with a text from the Bible on one side, and a Cupid throwing kisses on the other, and it was painted by a person who ought to have known better.

When you are preparing them, stop and think what will be most suitable for sister Lucy or brother John. An egg with butterflies and flowers would be utterly thrown away on Lucy, who is three years old; she would much rather have one that is striped with many colors. But sister Ann, who is eleven, would prize one with butterflies, forget-me-nots, and rose-buds; while John, who is fourteen, would like his with a horse, dog, bat and ball, bicycle, or almost anything that represents his pleasures.

All these are easily done if you are at all skillful with your brush or pencil, and if not, then you may know of some one who would be glad to make a few cents prepar-

Digitized by Google

ing them for you. I know of one little girl only twelve years old who made seven dollars last year painting Easter-eggs for ten cents apiece.

And there are lots of other ways, too. Eggs boiled in logwood will be a rich purple, and then you may scratch with a penknife any design you like. You can wrap an onion-skin around them, and they will be beautifully mottled, or a piece of chintz, or anything that is bright-colored and will fade. I have one that was colored with ribbons in this way that is very pretty.

Another way of preparing the eggs is to plunge them into hot water for a few moments, and then to write with tallow a name or draw an ornament on the shell. The egg is then boiled in water containing any colored dye or solution, and the color will not attach itself to the shell in any part which has been covered with grease, and consequently all ornaments will appear white. An egg with a text of Scripture on one side, and the flower that is sacred to Easter-Monday—that is, the star-of-Bethlehem, or marsh-marigold—drawn on the other with tallow, and then dyed purple with logwood, would make a very pretty gift for your Sunday-school teacher.

Sometimes the surface of the egg is divided into spaces, to be filled up according to the taste and skill of the designer. One may contain the name and age, another a landscape, the third a good wish, the fourth, if you have so divided it, a likeness or flower. In some parts of England eggs simply dyed and dotted with tallow are presented to the Junior Class at college, and in Germany they have a way of adorning eggs with foliage, all in transparent work, which is cut out with aqua fortis. In Rome, the Easter-eggs are carried to the parish priest, who blesses them, and sprinkles them with holy water, and on Easter-day at dinner the cloth is adorned with sweet herbs and flowers, and the first thing eaten are the blessed eggs; they are painted by the nuns, and sold in the streets.

OLD EASTER-EGG NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In New York, fancy candy eggs are to be had in the confectioners'; but those we make ourselves are worth twice as much, even if we are not artists enough to decorate them alone, but are forced to use decalcomanie, chintz, or onions.

There are some Easter-eggs that have come down to us in history; and who can be sure that the ones you are making this year may not lead to great things. So, children, be careful that if you give an Easter-egg, it bears no sorrowful or unhappy memory, and that in after-years you will not be ashamed to own it as yours.

Not many of you can give a silver one, as Charles the Second did to one of his favorites, nor will there be many who can make them as beautiful as that shown in the engraving, which is copied from one in the British Museum, that was presented to a lady of high rank nearly two hundred years ago. It was sawed open, the inside of the shell being cleaned and dried, and then lined with gold paper, and decorated with the figures of saints done in silk. It opens and shuts, and is tied together with green ribbons. But if this is beyond your power or skill, you can at least make an Easter offering of your own design that will be much more acceptable to your friends.

A PASSING CLOUD.

BY M. J.

A little cloud went slowly sailing
Across the sunny sky;
A woful little wind went wailing
Through the tree-tops high:
A sudden sunbeam danced across the shadows,
And so the shower went by.

A little frown came stealing after
A gusty little sigh;
A pearly tear-drop drowned the laughter
Of a merry eye:
A sudden smile danced in the baby dimples,
And so the shower went by.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 58 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XVIII.

A DAY OF FREEDOM.

TOBY ran at the top of his speed over the rough road, and the monkey, jolted from one side to the other, clutched his paws more tightly around the boy's neck, looking around into his face as if to ask what was the meaning of this very singular proceeding.

When he was so very nearly breathless as to be able to run no more, but was forced to walk, Toby looked behind him, and there he could see the bright lights of the circus, and hear the strains of the music as he had heard them on the night when he was getting ready to run away from Uncle Daniel, and those very sounds, which reminded him forcibly of how ungrateful he had been to the old man who had cared for him when there was no one else in the world who would do so, made it more easy for him to leave those behind who had been so kind to him when he stood so in need of kindness.

"We are goin' home, Mr. Stubbs," he said, exultantly, to the monkey—"home to Uncle Dan'l an' the boys, an' won't you have a good time when we get there? You can run all over the barn, an' up in the trees, an' do just what you want to, an' there'll be plenty of fellers to play with you. You don't know half how good a place Guilford is, Mr. Stubbs."

The monkey chattered away as if he were anticipating lots of fun on his arrival at Toby's home, and the boy chattered back, his spirits rising at every step which took him further away from the collection of tents where he had spent so many wretched hours.

A brisk walk of half an hour sufficed to take Toby to the woods, and after some little search he found a thick clump of bushes, in which he concluded he could sleep without the risk of being seen by any one who might pass that way before he should be awake in the morning.

He had not much choice in the way of a bed, for it was so dark in the woods that it was impossible to collect moss or leaves to make a soft resting-place, and the few leaves and pine boughs which he did gather made his place for sleeping but very little softer.

But during the ten weeks that Toby had been with the circus his bed had seldom been anything softer than the seat of the wagon, and it troubled him very little that he was to sleep with nothing but a few leaves between himself and the earth.

Using the bundle in which was his riding costume for a pillow, and placing the lunch Mrs. Treat had given him near by, where the monkey could not get at it conveniently, he cuddled Mr. Stubbs up in his bosom, and lay down to sleep.

"Mr. Lord won't wake us up in the mornin', an' swear at us for not washin' the tumblers," said Toby, in a tone of satisfaction, to the monkey; "an' we won't have to go into the tent to-morrow, an' sell sick lemonade an' poor pea-nuts. But"—and here his tone changed to one of sorrow—"there'll be some there that 'll be sorry not to see us in the mornin', Mr. Stubbs, though they'll be glad to know that we got away all right. But won't Mr. Lord swear, an' won't Mr. Castle crack his whip, when they come to look round for us in the mornin', an' find that we hain't there?"

The only reply which the monkey made to this was to nestle his head closer under Toby's coat, and to show, in the most decided manner, that he was ready to go to sleep.

And Toby was quite as ready to go to sleep as he was. He had worked hard that day, but the excitement of escaping had prevented him from realizing his fatigue until after he had lain down, and almost before he had got through congratulating himself upon the ease with which he had gotten free, both he and the monkey were as sound asleep as if they had been tucked up in the softest bed that was ever made.

BREAKFAST IN THE WOODS.

Toby's very weariness was a friend to him that night, for it prevented him from waking, which, if he had done so, might have been unpleasant when he fully realized that he was all alone in the forest, and the sounds that are always heard in the woods might have frightened him just the least bit.

The sun was shining directly in his face when Toby awoke on the following morning, and the old monkey was still snugly nestled under his coat. He sat up, rather dazed at first, and then, as he fully realized that he was actually free from all that had made his life such a sad and hard one for so many weeks, he shouted aloud, revelling in his freedom.

Digitized by Google

The monkey, awakened by Toby's cries, started from his sleep in affright, and jumped into the nearest tree, only to chatter, jump, and swing from the boughs when he saw that there was nothing very unusual going on, save that he and Toby were out in the woods again, where they could have no end of a good time, and do just as they liked.

After a few moments spent in a sort of jubilee at their escape, Toby took the monkey on his shoulder, and the bundles under his arm again, and went cautiously out to the edge of the thicket, where he could form some idea as to whether or no they were pursued.

He had entered the woods at the brow of a small hill when he had fled so hastily on the previous evening, and looking down, he could see the spot whereon the tents of the circus had been pitched, but not a sign of them was now visible. He could see a number of people walking around, and he fancied that they looked up every now and then to where he stood concealed by the foliage.

This gave him no little uneasiness, for he feared that Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle might be among the number, and he believed that they would begin a search for him at once, and that the spot where their attention would first be drawn was exactly where he was then standing.

"This won't do, Mr. Stubbs," he said, as he pushed the monkey higher up on his shoulder, and started into the thickest part of the woods; "we must get out of this place, an' go further down, where we can hide till to-morrow mornin'. Besides, we must find some water where we can wash our faces."

The old monkey would hardly have been troubled if they had not had their faces washed for the next month to come; but he grinned and talked as Toby trudged along, attempting to catch hold of the leaves as they were passed, and in various other ways impeding his master's progress, until Toby was obliged to give him a most severe scolding in order to make him behave himself in anything like a decent manner.

At last, after fully half an hour's rapid walking, Toby found just the place he wanted in which to pass the time he concluded it would be necessary to spend before he dare venture out to start for home.

It was a little valley entirely filled by trees, which grew so thickly, save in one little spot, as to make it almost impossible to walk through. The one clear spot was not more than ten feet square, but it was just at the edge of a swiftly running brook, and a more beautiful or convenient place for a boy and a monkey to stop who had no tent, nor means to build one, could not well be imagined.

Toby's first act was to wash his face, and he tried to make the monkey do the same; but Mr. Stubbs had no idea of doing any such foolish thing. He would come down close to the edge of the water, and look in; but the moment that Toby tried to make him go in, he would rush back among the trees, climb out on some slender bough, and then swing himself down by his tail, and chatter away as if making sport of his young master for thinking that he would be so foolish as to soil his face with water.

After Toby had made his toilet, he unfastened the bundle which the fat lady had given him, for the purpose of having breakfast. As much of an eater as Toby was, he could not but be surprised at the quantity of food which Mrs. Treat called a lunch. There were two whole pies and half of another, as many as two dozen doughnuts, several large pieces of cheese, six sandwiches with a plentiful amount of meat, half a dozen biscuits nicely buttered, and a large piece of cake.

The monkey had come down from the tree as soon as he saw Toby untying the bundle, and there was quite as much pleasure depicted on his face, as he saw the good things that were spread out before him, as there was on Toby's, and he showed his thankfulness at Mrs. Treat's foresight by suddenly snatching one of the doughnuts, and running with it up the tree, where he knew Toby could not follow.

"Now look here, Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, sternly, "you can have all you want to eat, but you must take it in a decent way, an' not go to cuttin' up any such shines as that."

And after giving this command, which, by-the-way, was obeyed just about as well as it was understood, Toby devoted his time to his breakfast, and he reduced the amount of eatables very considerably before he had finished.

Toby cleared off his table by gathering the food together, and putting it back into the paper as well as possible, and then he sat down to think over the situation, and to decide what he had better do.

He felt rather nervous about venturing out when it was possible for Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle to get hold of him again, and as the weather was yet warm during the night, his camping-place everything that could be desired, and the stock of food likely to hold out, he concluded that he had better remain there for two days at least, and then he would be reasonably sure that if either of the men whom he so dreaded to see had remained behind for the purpose of catching him, he would have got tired out, and gone on.

This point decided upon, the next was to try to fix up something soft for a bed. He had his pocket-knife with him, and in his little valley were pine and hemlock trees in abundance. From the tips of their branches he knew that he could make a bed as soft and fragrant as any that could be thought of, and he set to work at once, while Mr. Stubbs continued his antics above his head.

After about two hours' steady work he had cut enough of the tender branches to make himself a bed into which he and the monkey could burrow, and sleep as comfortably as if they were in the softest bed in Uncle Daniel's house.

When Toby first began to cut the boughs he had an idea that he might possibly make some sort of a hut, but the two hours' work had blistered his hands, and he was perfectly ready to sit down and rest, without the slightest desire for any other kind of a hut than that formed by the trees themselves.

Toby imagined that in that beautiful place he could, with the monkey, stay contented for any number of days; but after he had rested a little, played with his pet a little, and eaten just a trifle more of the lunch, the time passed so slowly that he soon made up his mind to run the risk of meeting Mr. Lord or Mr. Castle again by going out of the woods the first thing the next morning.

Very many times before the sun set that day was Toby tempted to run the risk that night, for the sake of the change, if no more; but as he thought the matter over he saw how dangerous such a course would be, and he forced himself to wait.

That night he did not sleep as soundly as on the previous one, for the very good reason that he was not as tired. He awoke several times, and the noise of the night-birds alarmed him to such an extent that he was forced to waken the old monkey for company.

But the night passed, despite his fears, as all nights will, whether a boy is out in the woods alone or tucked up in his own little bed at home. In the morning Toby made all possible haste to get away, for each moment that he staid now made him more impatient to be moving toward home.

He washed himself as quickly as possible, ate his breakfast with the most unseemly haste, and taking up his bundles and the monkey once more, started, as he supposed, in the direction from which he had entered the woods.

Toby walked briskly along, in the best possible spirits, for his running away was now an accomplished fact, and he was going toward Uncle Daniel and home just as fast as possible. He sang "Old Hundred" through five or six

Digitized by Google

times by way of showing his happiness. It is quite likely that he would have sung something a little more lively had he known anything else; but "Old Hundred" was the extent of his musical education, and he kept repeating that, which was quite as satisfactory as if he had been able to go through with every opera that was ever written.

The monkey would jump from his shoulder into the branches above, run along on the trees for a short distance, and then wait until Toby came along, when he would drop down on his shoulder suddenly, and in every other way of displaying monkey delight he showed that he was just as happy as it was possible.

Toby trudged on in this contented way for nearly an hour, and every moment he expected to step out to the edge of the woods, where he could see houses and men once more. But instead of doing so, the forest seemed to grow more dense, and nothing betokened his approach to the village. There was a great fear came into Toby's heart just then, and for a moment he halted in helpless perplexity. His lips began to quiver, his face grew white, and his hand trembled so that the old monkey took hold of one of his fingers and looked at it wonderingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENCHANTED SHIP; OR, THE DUTCH CAPTAIN'S DEVICE.

BY DAVID KER.

"SAIL on the starboard bow!"

"What is she?" asked Captain Martin Pieterszoon, looking anxiously in that direction; for in the Eastern seas, two hundred years ago, every strange sail was a terror to the captain of a well-laden Dutch merchantman.

"Can't quite make her out yet," answered the look-out at the mast-head; "looks like a brigantine—very rakish cut altogether."

The Captain's face darkened, and his lips tightened. They tightened still more a few minutes later, when the look-out hailed again, "She's an armed brigantine, bearing right down upon us."

Every face among the crew seemed to *harden* suddenly, but no one spoke. Indeed, what need was there of words? All on board understood in a moment what was before them. They were about to be attacked by pirates, and there was not a single cannon—not even an old musket—aboard the vessel.

It was a terrible moment for them all—more terrible still for the poor Captain. For years he had been toiling and saving, bearing every kind of hardship, and facing every kind of danger, until he made enough money to become part owner of the ship that he commanded. He had made three successful trips in her, and was now going home for good, to settle himself in a snug little house on the great canal at Amsterdam, with rosy-cheeked Gredel Voort, his old neighbor's only daughter, for his wife. And now, all in a moment, he found himself face to face with a hideous peril, which threatened him with the loss of all he had in the world, and his life to boot.

The crew stood looking moodily at the approaching vessel, which came sweeping over the bright blue sea with its huge white sails outspread like the wings of a swan—a perfect picture of beauty, though it brought death along with it. Some of the bolder spirits were already beginning to mutter to each other that it would be better to set fire to their own ship, and die like men, than be flung into the sea like dogs, when the Captain's gloomy face suddenly lighted up as nobody had ever seen it light up yet, and he burst into such a loud, hearty laugh that the doomed men stood amazed to hear him.

"Cheer up, lads," he cried, still laughing; "all's not over with us yet. Come, knock the head out of that cask of butter, and smear the deck with it—sharp, now!"

The men only stared blankly at him, thinking he had gone mad, and even the stolid mate opened his heavy mouth in amazement.

"Do you hear?" shouted the Captain. "Look sharp, will you? there's no time to lose. Grease the whole deck fore and aft, and the rigging too as high as you can reach. We'll give these rascals a slippery job of it, anyhow."

Then the sailors began to understand, and the shout of laughter that broke forth would have mightily astonished the pirates had they been within hearing. In a twinkling the deck was greased until it fairly shone, bulwarks and all.

"Now, boys," cried the Captain, "on with your sea-boots, and put sand on the soles to keep you from slipping, and then each of you take a handspike, and be ready."

The pirate was now so near that they could see quite plainly the rabble of gaunt, sinewy Malays, woolly-headed negroes, and sallow, black-haired Portuguese that crowded her decks. A few minutes more, and she ran alongside, and almost before the two vessels had touched, three wild figures leaped from the pirate's rigging upon the merchantman's deck.

But it was a very unlucky jump for all three. The first man spun across the slippery deck as if it had been a skating rink, and went right out into the sea on the other side. The second tumbled head-foremost down the hatchway into the cook's galley, where the black cook considerately piled a heap of iron pans on him to keep him quiet.

"Aha, Massa Pirate," said he, grinning, "dis ship no de *Flying Dutchman*, him de *Sliding Dutchman!*"

The third pirate had leaped on board as fiercely as if he meant to kill the whole crew at one blow; but the only man he hurt was himself, for he hit his head such a whack against the mast that he almost knocked his brains out, and fell down roaring with pain. All this so frightened the other pirates that they thought the ship must be bewitched, and rushing back to their own vessel with a howl of dismay, made off as fast as possible.

For many years after, one of the familiar sights of Amsterdam was a portly old gentleman with a jolly red face, at sight of whom the boys used to begin singing,

"Captain Martin Pieterszoon
Made his ship a buttered bun,"

and his wife was never tired of showing the huge silver butter-dish presented to him in honor of his repulse of the pirate with a cask of butter.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH Indian children have their games and good times as well as their more civilized brothers and sisters, they also have much hard work to do, and are taught to help their poor tired mothers almost as soon as they learn to walk. One of the principal duties of Indian children is that of supplying their camp or village with water. These camps are always near a river or stream, for of course wandering tribes of Indians can not have wells or cisterns, and from the river the children must carry up to the lodges all the water used in cooking.

In this work they call to their aid their playmates, the dogs, always plentiful in Indian villages. To the collars of the dogs are fastened two long light poles, one on each side, that drag on the ground some distance behind them. On these poles, about half way to the ground, is fixed the kettle or earthen jar that is to be filled with water, and then the dogs are driven down to the river.

Some of the larger boys have ponies, to which they attach heavier poles in the same way that the light ones are fastened to the dogs, and on which they can carry as much as a barrel of water at a time.

At the river-side the children have great fun while fill-

Digitized by Google

GETTING WATER FOR THE VILLAGE.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.

ing their various jars and kettles; they duck and splash each other, run, scream, laugh, and often forget entirely that the village is waiting for its daily supply of water, until the shrill voice of some squaw mother warns them that they are neglecting their duty, and if they do not attend to it at once they will have to suffer the consequences.

The sketch for the accompanying picture was made in Dakota one bright morning last summer, and represents the children of a Sioux village near Fort Berthold, going down to the Missouri River with their dogs and ponies for a supply of water. These dogs look more like wolves than the dogs to which we are accustomed, and to strangers or those whom they regard as enemies they are very savage, but with their little Indian masters they are very patient, and from them will bear any amount of abuse.

The jars that the children are filling are made by their mothers from the clay of the river-banks, and resemble in shape those borne on the heads of the Egyptian women who carry water on the banks of the Nile.

SO VERY STRANGE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

It was the office-boy who heard it all. He told it to the janitor, and the janitor told it to the night-watchman. Both of them said they never heard anything like it.

"Ghosts and spooks and spirits ain't anything to it," said the watchman.

"You ought to know," said the janitor. "You prowl about here all night."

"I never heard a single book say a thing, much less a lot of letters."

Then the office-boy had to tell the whole story all over again.

The letters had come up from the office, and were laid on the desk ready for the editor of Harper's Young People, when the office-boy came into the room. All the letters had been cut open, and lay in a heap on the desk, and the boy was just going to take one up, when he heard a thin, rustling, papery voice speak right out, and say, "Can't you let a fellow out?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, opening the door.

There was no one there. Besides all that, the doors were all unlocked, and any one who wished to do so could get out. The office-boy thought it was very queer, and he went back to the desk and sat down.

"Oh, come now, I say! Do let a fellow out."

The office-boy jumped right out of the chair, and said, "Yes, sir."

Well! Of course you won't believe it. There was nobody there. The office-boy sat down again, and said, in a solemn manner, "I swan!"

"Oh!" cried a very thin crickling voice, "I never expected to come to such a place to hear such dreadful words."

The office-boy blushed deeply, and then began to take the letters out of their envelopes and lay them open on the table ready for the editor. Each time he did so some one said, "Thank you; you're very kind; much obliged," in the politest manner possible.

"Guess these letters come from that beautiful country where all the children say, 'Yes, marm,' and 'Thank you,' and 'If you please.'"

And then the whole thing went on in the most startling way. Every letter had something to say. Talk! Letters talk? To be sure. When you read a letter, does it not tell you something? Anybody can understand everything they say the moment you look them in the face. When the office-boy heard all the letters talking at once, he puckered up his mouth, and tried to whistle, but his lips only made up a round O of surprise. He didn't say a word, but tried to remember what the letters said.

"I came from Chicago, and I want to find a boy or

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE TAILOR.

girl who will trade postage stamps for minerals."

"I've got a new wiggle. I'd show it to you if I could only unfold myself. I'm too stiff. It's awful cold up here, isn't it?"

"Cold? It's nothing to Chicago. I nearly froze to death in the postal car. It's as much as I could do to keep my ink from freezing, and as for the mucilage on the envelope, it was quite stiff, and full of little crackles. I did think it would be warmer in New York."

"It was so warm in Oelahama, Mississippi, when I left, that the ink wouldn't dry."

"I'm nine years old, and I came all the way from Des Moines."

"You ought to be pretty yellow by this time."

"It isn't me. It's my writer. She's a girl, and she says she didn't like the 'Moral Pirates.'"

At this every one of the letters gave a thin groan, and the office-boy sat right up and said, "My!"

The letters didn't seem to mind this singular remark, for they all began to talk at once.

"I've got two Mexican and one Peru stamp, and some sea-shells. I live in Philadelphia, and I'm ten years old."

"Any fellow want some iron ore? I've come from Marietta, Ohio, and I'll exchange it for real Indian arrow-heads."

"Here I've come all the way from Strasburg, in Alsace, with a new puzzle. I'm sure nobody can read it."

"Yes, they can. It's in English."

"We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in Germany. I'm nine years old."

"How can you talk about travelling? I've been shut up in four different mail-bags for nearly two months. I came all the way from Samarang, Java."

"I thought there was a dread-

THE YOUNG ART STUDENT.

Digitized by Google

ful smell of coffee in the mail-bag," said a letter from Buffalo.

"Coffee!" said the postal card from Java, in a thin straw-board sort of voice—"coffee! I was made out of grass that grew next to a coffee plantation, and one day, just before I was cut down—"

"Gracious me!" said a piping voice that sounded as if it was made of rice-straw. "Did they cut you down?"

"No! It was the grass. That's before I was born. Well, I was a-saying, before I was interrupted, that—"

"Oh, do let 'er alone," said a note from Detroit.

"Ah!" cried all the letters; "let 'er alone. That will do for Detroit."

"Now I came from Manitoba," said a letter that had a crackling voice, as if the ice was breaking. "There's not a house for sixteen miles, and it's very lonesome in winter. We have plenty of ice and snow, and the thermometer stays down near zero so much of the time that they do say it has cold feet. Sometimes we do not see any one for a week; but we do not care."

Just then the editor came in, and the office-boy jumped up and said, "Good-morning, sir; nice lot of letters today."

Perhaps you don't believe this story: it's true, for all that. At any rate, the last part is true; for every day there comes to Harper's Young People a great pile of letters from boys and girls in all parts of the civilized world.

MY PIG.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I DON'T say that I didn't do wrong, but what I do say is that I meant to do right. But that don't make any difference. It never does. I try to do my very best, and then something happens, and I am blamed for it. When I think what a disappointing world this is, full of bamboo canes and all sorts of switches, I feel ready to leave it.

It was Sue's fault in the beginning; that is, if it hadn't been for her it wouldn't have happened. One Sunday she and I were sitting in the front parlor, and she was looking out of the window and watching for Mr. Travers; only she said she wasn't, and that she was just looking to see if it was going to rain, and solemnizing her thoughts. I had just asked her how old she was, and couldn't Mr. Travers have been her father if he had married mother, when she said, "Dear me how tiresome that boy is do take a book and read for gracious sake." I said, "What book?" So she gets up and gives me the *Observer*, and says, "There's a beautiful story about a good boy and a pig do read it and keep still if you know how and I hope it will do you some good."

Well, I read the story. It told all about a good boy whose name was James, and his father was poor, and so he kept a pig that cost him twenty-five cents, and when it grew up he sold it for thirty dollars, and he brought the money to his father and said, "Here father! take this O how happy I am to help you when you're old and not good for much," and his father burst into tears, but I don't know what for, I wouldn't burst into tears much if anybody gave me thirty dollars; and said, "Bless you my noble boy you and your sweet pig have saved me from a watery grave," or something like that.

It was a real good story, and it made me feel like being likewise. So I resolved that I would get a little new pig for twenty-five cents, and keep it till it grew up, and then surprise father with twenty-nine dollars, and keep one for myself as a reward for my good conduct. Only I made up my mind not to let anybody know about it till after the pig should be grown up, and then how the family would be delighted with my "thoughtful and generous act"! for that's what the paper said James's act was.

The next day I went to Farmer Smith, and got him to give me a little pig for nothing, only I agreed to help him weed his garden all summer. It was a beautiful pig, about as big as our baby, only it was a deal prettier, and its tail was elegant. I wrapped it up in an old shawl, and watched my chance and got it up into my room, which is on the third story. Then I took my trunk and emptied it, and bored some holes in it for air, and put the pig in it.

I had the best fun that ever was, all that day and the next day, taking care of that dear little pig. I gave him one of my coats for a bed, and fed him on milk, and took him out of the trunk every little while for exercise. Nobody goes into my room very often, except the girl to make the bed, and when she came I shut up the trunk, and she never suspected anything. I got a whole coal-scuttleful of the very best mud, and put it in the corner of the room for him to play in, and when I heard Bridget coming, I meant to throw the bed-quilt over it, so she wouldn't suspect anything.

After I had him two days I heard mother say, "Seems to me I hear very queer noises every now and then up stairs." I knew what the matter was, but I never said anything, and I felt so happy when I thought what a good boy I was to raise a pig for my dear father.

Bridget went up to my room about eight o'clock one evening, just before I was going to bed, to take up my clean clothes. We were all sitting in the dining-room, when we heard her holler as if she was being murdered. We all ran out to see what was the matter, and were half way up the stairs, when the pig came down, and upset the whole family, and piled them up on the top of himself at the foot of the stairs, and before we got up Bridget came down and fell over us, and said she had just opened the young masther's thrunk and out jumps the ould Satan himself and she must see the priest or she would be a dead woman.

You wouldn't believe that, though I told them that I was raising the pig to sell it and give the money to father; they all said that they had never heard of such an abandoned and peremptory boy, and father said, "Come up stairs with me and I'll see if I can't teach you that this house isn't a pig-pen." I don't know what became of the pig, for he broke the parlor window and ran away, and nobody ever heard of him again.

I'd like to see that boy James. I don't care how big he is. I'd show him that he can't go on setting good examples to innocent boys without suffering as he deserves to suffer.

MY MOTHER'S DÉBUT.

BY B. A. N.

"TELL you a story?" said dear old grandma. "Dear me! dear me! I think I've told you all I know. Shall I tell you 'Cinderella' over again? or—"

"No, no, grandma," says a chorus of voices; "tell us something about when you were young."

"Well, if you wish, I'll tell you about my mother's first party. It was a winter night, and mother was to go at eight, and that was considered very late; but Uncle Robert, who was to take her, couldn't get home before. Her dress was beautiful—a peach-colored satin, with lace on it already a generation old, and the hair-dresser was to come out from town to arrange her hair, and she was to take with her Abigail, our poor half-witted maid, to put on the finishing touches after they arrived.

"Now Abby had, as some poor weak-brained creatures have, a passionate admiration for anything particularly bright and showy, and she had one treasure which she guarded as the apple of her eye. It was a *very* large bow of arsenic green, golden yellow, and tartan plaid, fastened in the centre by a huge buckle of green and white glass. She also adored mother.

"Well, the eventful night came, and mother at last was

Digitized by Google

dressed and ready. They say she looked beautiful, and she *was* a very handsome woman in her day, my dears. The satin gown went on just right, and did not even ruffle the powdered hair, and mother, Abigail, and Uncle Robert departed in the sleigh at eight precisely.

"When they arrived they were ushered up stairs to uncloak. Just as mother turned to go down stairs, one of the maids came running in and said, 'Miss Dolly, Mr. Robert has forgotten a very important message he was to give Mr. Grey, and he says he will come back as soon as he can, and for you to go down.' It was rather hard to make her first entry alone, but still mother mustered up courage and went down. The host and hostess received her very kindly, and she was soon enjoying herself very much. There was only one drawback to her happiness: wherever she passed, the people slightly turned, looked rather surprised, and then hastily looked away, in vain trying to repress a smile. At last mother began to get seriously worried, and running up stairs, asked Abby what the trouble was. 'Why, nothing, Miss Dolly,' said she; 'it looks beautiful.' So mother, satisfied, went down again. But now it was worse than before. Audible titters and looks of surprise greeted her wherever she turned, until from excitement and vexation she was ready to cry; so you may imagine it was not long after Uncle Robert came before they were on their way home.

"As they entered the parlor poor mother dropped her cloak, and sinking into a chair, was on the verge of a deluge of tears, when a burst of laughter from the assembled family made her spring to her feet, pale with anger. 'What are you laughing at?' she demanded. 'I never was treated so before. I never knew there were such rude people in the world.' And fairly overcome, she sank down and cried as if her heart would break. And then, in the midst of sobs and laughter, grandmother moved forward and unpinned from the middle of my mother's back Abby's green bow, to which was added a long string of artificial pansies! The poor girl had felt hurt that she could do nothing for mother's first party, so when they arrived she had added this decoration, thinking she put the crowning touch to the costume.

"And this is the story of 'My Mother's Début.'"

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter XI.

A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.

AUNT RACHEL'S plan was entered into most heartily by both boys, and Graham became so much interested as to act as express agent on his own account, going to the city with what he called his first load of berries and flowers; but on his return was so silent and uncommunicative that Phil asked him if anything had gone wrong.

"Don't ask me to tell you what I saw," said he, in reply. "It was more than I could stand." Then, as if sorry for his short answer, he added: "It was the most pitiful thing in the world—such a lot of little pale faces all together! and when I came to give them their share, as the lady in charge told me to do, I cried right out like any baby—there, now! But you have no idea how they brightened up, and how glad they looked when they took the posies. I don't want to go again, though, unless Miss Rachel asks me to. I shall see those poor wizened little things as long as I live. I am going to sell all my pets this fall, and give the money to St. Luke's Hospital, and I shall sell every egg my chickens lay, for the same purpose."

After that Phil asked no more questions, but worked harder than ever at his drawings, and as the season advanced, and flowers and fruit grew more abundant, they were able to dispatch a basket twice a week.

Every day was filled with new life and pleasure. Increasing strength alone would have been a source of happiness, but in addition to this Phil had the benefit of Aunt Rachel's loving-kindness, Lisa's nursing, Joe's good offices, and Graham's pleasant, friendly attentions. Then he was learning constantly something new, with eyes and ears, from the book of nature, with all its wonderful pictures, and from the other books allowed him.

Driving behind old Slow Coach and floating on the lake in the *Flyaway* were some of the delights, and when more visitors came, and two charming young cousins of Aunt Rachel made the house resound with melody, Phil thought his happiness complete. But a new surprise was in store for him, when, after repeated consultations, and measurements, and whisperings, a huge parcel was brought to his room, and Aunt Rachel and Lisa took off the wrappings. Neither of them looked particularly joyful as a pair of stout crutches made their appearance, but their faces changed wonderfully when Phil gave a cry of glee, and said, bilariously, "Now I can walk! now I can walk!"

He was eager to use his new helps, but it took a longer time than he had imagined to get accustomed to them, and it was many weeks before he could go down the garden paths (followed by Nep with much gravity, as if Phil were in his especial care) with desirable ease.

Coming in from one of these rather tiresome attempts one warm morning, and hearing music and voices in the parlor, Phil strayed into the dining-room, which was darkened and cool, and fragrant with fresh flowers. He lay down on a lounge, with his crutches beside him, and was listening to the pretty waltz being played in the other room, when he thought he saw a tiny creature light upon one of his crutches. Supposing it, however, to be a butterfly, he watched it in a sleepy, dreamy fashion, until it approached more nearly, and these words startled him:

"You do not know me," said a tiny voice, rather reproachfully.

"What! is it you, my dear little wind fairy?" he asked. "I never dreamed that I should see you again. How did you get here?"

"Blown here, to be sure, as I always am, only I have to pilot myself, or what would be the use in having wings? I came on some thistle-down this time, for I wanted to have another peep at you, and I have had hard work to follow you in here, I assure you; but the vibrations of that lovely music helped me, and here I am. Do not talk—let me do it all. I never have much time, you know, and I want to thank you for your goodness in taking my advice, and helping some of my little sick friends. You do not begin to know what good you have done—nobody does; but doing good is very like the big snow-balls that children make in winter—a little ball at first, but as they roll, it grows bigger and bigger, almost of itself, until it is more than one can manage. So it has been with your kind action: many have imitated it, and flowers come now to the hospitals by the bushel. Not only children, but grown people, sad with suffering, have been cheered and benefited. And you too are growing strong: how glad I am to see it! Your cheeks are tinged with just a delicate bloom, and you have grown taller. Ah, the country is the place for you children! I saw one of your sketches in the hospital the other day, hung under a little cross made of moss; it was a water-lily, and out of it was stepping some one who looked like me. The child who owned it said it came to her tied to some roses. She did not know I heard her; she was telling a visitor, and she said it made her happy every time she looked at it. That was a pretty thought of yours. This is my last visit for a long while. I am to be sent off to fan her Royal Highness, the Queen of Kind Wishes, when her coronation takes

Digitized by Google

place. She lives in her palace of Heart's Ease in a far-away island. I am to sail part of the way in a nautilus—one of those lovely shells you have seen, I dare say."

"No," said Phil, "I never saw one. And so you are going away—"

"Never saw a nautilus!" interrupted the fairy, as if afraid Phil was going to be doleful over her departure. "It looks like a ship, for all the world, and it *is* a ship for me, but it would not hold you—oh no! not such a gigantic creature as a boy;" and the fairy laughed aloud.

"Dear me!" said Phil; "no more visits, no more fairy stories. What will I do?"

"Shall I tell you just one more story before I say good-by?"

"Please do."

"Well, shut your eyes and listen."

Phil obeyed, and the fairy began:

In the days when fairies had much more power than they now have, there lived in a little house on the edge of a wood haunted by elves and brownies a boy named Arthur. He was a bright, handsome lad, but a little lazy, and much more fond of pleasure than of work; and he

THE ENCHANTED FROG AND THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

had a way of flinging himself down in the woods to lounge and sleep when his mother at home was waiting for him to come back with a message, or to do some little promised task. Now the fairies knew this, and it displeased them; for they are as busy as bees, and do not like idleness. Besides, as one bad habit leads to another, Arthur, in his lounging ways, would often do great damage to the fairies' flower beds, switching off the heads of wild flowers in the most ruthless fashion, and even pulling them up by the roots when he felt like it.

One day he had been indulging this whim without any motive, hardly even thinking what he was doing, when he began to feel very strangely: a slight chill made him shiver; his eyes felt as if they were coming out of his head, his legs as if they were getting smaller and smaller; he had an irresistible desire to hop, and he was very thirsty. There was a rivulet near, and instead of walking to it, he leaped, and stooping to drink, he saw himself reflected in its smooth surface. No longer did he see Arthur; no longer was he a mortal boy. Instead of this, a frog—a green speckled frog, with great bulging eyes and a fishy mouth—looked up at him. He tried to call, to shout, but in vain; he could only croak, and this in the most dismal manner. What was he to do? Sit and stare about him, try to catch flies, plunge down into the mud—charming amusements for the rest of his life! A little brown bird hopped down for a drink from the rivulet; she stooped and rose, stooped and rose, again and again.

A great green tear rolled down from the frog's bulging eye, and splashed beside the bird's drinking-place. She looked up in alarm, and said, in the sweetest voice imaginable,

"Can I do anything to assist you?"

"I am sure I don't know," croaked Arthur, hoarse as if he had been born with a sore throat.

"But what *is* the matter?" persisted the little brown bird, as more green tears splashed beside her.

"The matter is that I am a frog, I suppose," said Arthur, rather rudely.

"Well, what of that?" still said the little bird. "Frogs are very respectable."

"Are they, indeed; then I'd rather not be respectable," said Arthur.

"You shock me," said the bird.

"I don't wonder; it has been a great shock to me," responded Arthur.

"What has?" said the bird.

"Being a frog," replied Arthur.

"Have you not always? Oh no; I presume you were once a tadpole; all frogs are at first."

"Indeed I never was a tadpole," said Arthur, indignantly; and then, it seeming somewhat a funny idea to him, he began to laugh in the hoarsest, croakiest *kerthumps*, which brought him to his senses again. Then he added, to the little brown bird, which fluttered about him in some agitation, "No, I never was a tadpole—I was a boy named Arthur a few moments ago."

"Aha!" twittered the little brown bird, "I see now: you have been bewitched."

"I suppose so," said Arthur; "and I would gladly be bewitched into a boy again, if that would do any good."

"I must try and see what I can do for you. I am very busy repairing my nest—it was injured in the last storm; but I will go as soon as I can to see one of the herb elves, and find out what is to be done. You must have displeased them very much."

"You are very kind," replied Arthur, taking no notice of the latter words.

"Oh no, not at all; it is a pleasure," said the little brown bird.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Arthur, roused into politeness by the pleasant manners of his little friend.

"You might gather some twigs or moss. Oh no, it would be all wet, and I should have great bother in drying it," said the little housekeeper. "I am equally obliged, but you had better just stay quiet and keep cool till I return;" and she flew softly away.

"I can keep cool enough," repeated Arthur; "when one's legs are in the water, it would be pretty hard to do anything else."

It seemed dreadfully long to wait, when all he could do was to wink, and yawn, and gobble flies, and yet lounging in the woods and killing flowers had never seemed tedious when he was a boy. He tried to go to sleep, but was in too great a bewilderment to quietly close his eyes in slumber, so he gazed at the brook, and wondered when the little brown bird would re-appear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

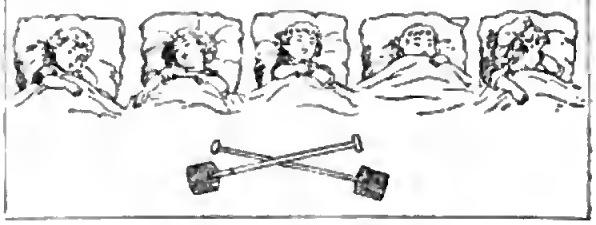
Yee-Lee, the Chinaman,
Goes walking down the street,
With paper sun-shade, and a dress
That reaches to his feet.
Oh what a funny sight is he,
That yellow Chinaman, Yee-Lee!

His eyes are slanting little slits,
So that he can't see straight;
His head is polished till it shines
Just like a china plate;
And pussy thinks he's very kind
To let his pigtail drag behind.

A merry group,
With spades in hand,
Building wee houses
Of yellow sand.

They dig and delve
The livelong day;
But even children
Grow tired with play.

On pillows soft
Their heads they lay,
While the wee houses
Are washed away.

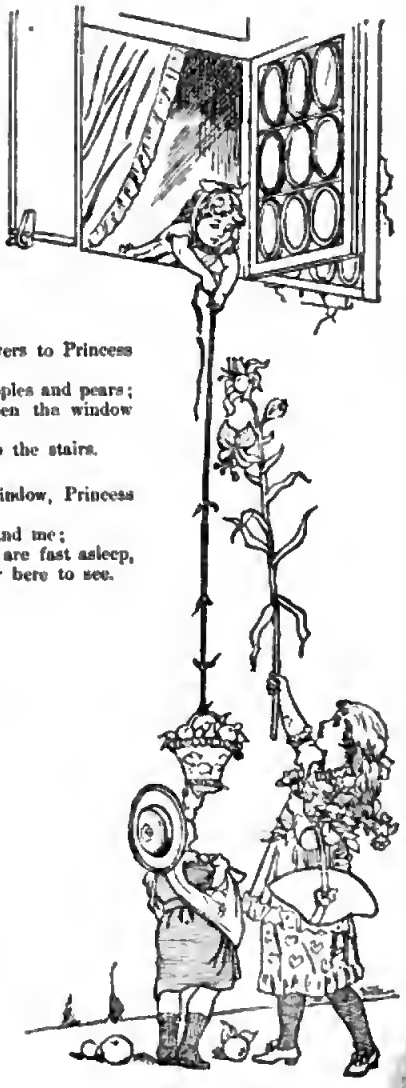


The wind asked the children
To dance on the green;
But the fiddler and fifer
Were not to be seen.

So the wind whistled for them
A gay, merry tune,
But so fast that the children
Grew tired very soon.

"Oh, we must stop dancing!"
Cried each little child;
"The tune that you whistle
Is so very wild!"

That made the wind angry;
It rose very high;
And their hats and their sun-shades
Were blown to the sky.



What is the matter
with Princess
Maude,
All alone in her
tower?
She sits forlorn in
her little chair,
And cries to her-
self by the
hour.

We'll carry some flowers to Princess
Maude,
And a basket of apples and pears;
We'll call her to open the window
wide,
For we can't go up the stairs.

Throw open your window, Princess
Maude,
It is only Charlie and me;
The cat and the dog are fast asleep,
And there's nobody here to see.

Dear Mary Angelina Jane,
You will be sorry to be told
My doll was left out in the rain,
So that she caught a dreadful cold.
She's better now, the doctors say,
Though I'm afraid of a relapse.
And now no more from me to-day—
I'll write some other day, perhaps.

Digitized by Google

I am a little colored girl just seven years old. This is my first letter. I live near our white folks, who have taught us to read and write, and who let us read their copy of Young People. We read the letters in the Post-office Box, and I thought I would ask the little people to send me some of their old books, or anything to help a little girl learn. I am too poor to buy any books, and the ladies can not get them for me.

Please put this letter in the Post-office Box.

Hannah McDaniel,
Lincolnton, Lincoln Co., N. C.

We hope little Hannah will write to us again, and tell us of the favors which we are confident she will receive from many of our young readers, of whose kind and generous hearts we have on different occasions had gratifying proof. We are sure they will not allow the appeal of this poor little colored girl to pass unnoticed.

Butternut Lake, Wisconsin.

My sister and I are delighted to have Young People again. We could not get along without it. We received the back numbers all safe before the snow blockade set in. The big snow-storms below shut us in two weeks without any mail.

We live on a beautiful inland lake, about fifty miles from Lake Superior. Our house is on a peninsula extending into the lake. We can look down through the "Narrows" into another lake, where we can see a beautiful island. The lake is full of pike and muskallonge, some of the latter weighing forty pounds. We have such beautiful trees here! Our pets are a big Newfoundland dog named Leo, and a Norwegian cat named Eric. Leo will stand on his hind-feet and beg, and go in the water for sticks. We can soon watch for the hepaticas.

Fannie T. M.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

Our school takes Harper's Young People, and on Friday afternoons our teacher reads us a story from it, and after hearing it we have to write it out in our own words. The last we wrote about was "Cleopatra's Needle."

Our County Superintendent advised all the other schools to take Young People, so that the scholars might have something nice to read.

Our teacher has read "Toby Tyler" to us, and we are very much interested in it.

I wish every boy and girl in the United States could have Young People to read. Harry B. M.

Denmark, Kansas.

We came here from Pennsylvania almost two years ago.

There are lots of prairie-wolves out here. They come right up to the house at night after chickens. We have two dogs. One is a shepherd dog, and we have named him Wolf, because he looks so much like one. The other is a little rat terrier named Candle. One night the wolves came round the house, and the dogs ran out after them. Pretty soon we heard a dreadful yelping. We went out, and found one of the wolves had Candle in his mouth, and our Wolf was fighting like everything. When they saw us, the wolves dropped Candle and ran away.

My brothers and I and the dogs caught fifteen rabbits this winter. There are just lots of them out here.

There is very little timber here, only along the creeks. It is mostly cottonwood and elm. We live between two creeks, ten miles from town, and thirty miles from the railroad. Our school-house is two miles away. It has been very cold here this winter, with deep snow. We have to go three miles for the mail, and I generally go on horseback. We can hardly wait for Tuesday, for that is the day we get Young People. Robert E. L. N.

Crow Agency, Montana.

There are about three thousand Indians around here. It is quite a show to see them dance. They have a large drum made of skin, and they paint and dress very queer. They are beginning now to come in after their annuities. When they are distributed, the employes haul them out in wagons, and the Indians sit around in rings, and each chief orders some of his men to receive the things and distribute them.

The winters here are very cold. They are much colder than in California, where I used to live. I am thirteen years old. Volney B. K.

Ilion, New York.

I think that Harper's Young People is the best paper that I ever saw. It is welcomed alike by old and young in our household. We are all very much interested in "Toby Tyler," and we all laugh at the trials and troubles of Jimmy Brown.

My father taught school this winter, and I did not miss a day during the term. Now I am tending a sugar bush with my grandpa. We have a hut made of boards to shelter us when it storms; and it is rare fun to see the sap seethe and hiss in the great square pan which is set over the "arch," as the fire-place is called. L. C. A.

Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Young People is very interesting. I think "Phil's Fairies" is just beautiful.

I went to the mountains in North Carolina last summer, and mamma and I went to a mica mine and got some specimens. They are very beautiful. I heard the explosion, and I saw the mica and rock come up in a barrel, which was hoisted by a windlass worked by a donkey.

Besides the thin transparent pieces of mica, we gathered some specimens of white and green rock with little shreds of mica glistening in them. They are lovely. I am seven years old. Clatar F. H.

I find Young People so interesting that I can not do without it. The boys here rush for it as eagerly as if the news-room were a candy stand.

I would like to exchange some good books (no novels) for the works of Oliver Optic or Harry Castlemon, or for other good books. I have a large library. I only desire books bound and in good condition.

Those wishing to exchange will please send me the title and name of author of the book, and I will send the same of any volume I am willing to give for it. Alexandria A. Reuter,
Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

I will exchange a book entitled *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, in good condition, for Miss Alcott's *Eight Cousins*. Correspondents will please write before sending the book. Pleasance Miller,
Chicorica Park, Raton, Colfax Co., New Mexico.

I will exchange Idaho minerals for well-bound books of an instructive character. Correspondents will please send a list of books they wish to exchange before sending me any package.
J. P. Croson, Junction, Lemhi Co., Idaho.

We hope that these exchangers who wish to obtain books will meet with success and fair dealing, as we regard the exchange of books, if well conducted, as one likely to prove both pleasant and beneficial.

I would like to exchange a Baltimorean self-inking press for a good scroll-saw. My press is a new one. I will also give two boxes of old English and two of plain type for some patterns and saws.
Vanderbilt Olmstead,
1558 Broadway, New York City.

I will exchange little cakes of nice maple sugar with any little girl, for shells or sea-moss. We make a good lot of sugar here.

I am nine years old. Erma Wheeler,
Williamsville, Windham Co., Vt.

I live in Nagasaki, Japan. I was born here in an old temple. I have a little sister seven years old. I am always so glad to get Young People! I watch anxiously for every mail to come, that I may read the new stories.

I have a great many pressed flowers and ferns, which I would like to exchange, with any reader of Young People, for curious flower seeds, Indian arrow-heads, or other curiosities.
J. Prevost Stout, Nagasaki, Japan.

I am a Southern girl, and I love Young People as well as any of the Northern children. I live at our country-seat at a place called "Locust Grove." It is very dear to me, and very beautiful. It has been one of the coldest winters we have had in many years. The snow has been more than a foot deep in many places, and it stood on the ground three weeks.

I would like to exchange crochet patterns with some of the many little girls who write to the Post-office Box. I crochet a great deal, and I would like some new patterns. Lucie E. Foster,
Louisburg, Franklin Co., N. C.

Boston, Massachusetts.

"Wee Tot" Brainard wishes to say that she has nearly one hundred letters now lying unanswered, and she asks her correspondents to be patient, and they shall all receive attention. Her cabinet of curiosities is really very fine. There are beautiful things from all parts of the world, and others are constantly coming. "Wee Tot's" Papa.

I will exchange a specimen of the rock from which Michigan stucco and plaster are made, for any curiosity except stamps. The plaster beds are near here. To make the plaster they blast the rock, and break it and grind it. Ben C. Robinson,
91 Prospect Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Perhaps some of the readers of Young People would like to know how I am getting a collection of pressed leaves, flowers, etc., for they are very interesting as well as pretty.

My Leaf Album, as I call it, is a blank-book about four and a half inches wide and seven and a half long, and it opens at the end. But I think that a larger book would be better, because it would hold some large leaves.

I put the leaves on one side of the paper only, and fasten them in with a tiny touch of gum mucilage, and beneath each I write the name, date, where picked, and often a few words relating to something that occurred. For instance, below one leaf in my album I wrote: "Elm leaf. May 22, 1880. Picked from the tree on which we had our swing, at the Sunday-school picnic, near the lake, five miles north of L——."

When I pick a leaf or flower I put it in a book to dry, arranging it carefully, and with it I put a slip of paper, on which I write the name of the leaf or flower, the date when picked, etc., so as not to get my specimens mixed. Then when they are real dry, I put them in my album.

Among the flowers in my album I have some potato blossoms, and they are very handsome. They keep their bright colors when dry. I think a great deal of my leaf album, and it is much admired by every one.

I will exchange pressed leaves and flowers, for pressed flowers from other States, and especially from foreign countries.

To go safely through the mails they should be placed between two thicknesses of card or paste board. I also have some foreign postage stamps, and I will give ten for ten department stamps; or fifteen foreign stamps, or the same number of postmarks, for a half-cent of 1849, or two of any other date. A Reader of "Young People,"
P. O. Box 915, Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

William and Jennie Otterson, Bennet Creek, Idaho, wish to notify their correspondents that they can not exchange any more Indian arrow-heads.

Lucy Sharp, Bridgeton, New Jersey, gives notice to correspondents that she has no more ferns to exchange.

L. H. Nelson, Philadelphia, notifies his correspondents that he was burned out, and is forced to withdraw from our exchange list.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Postmarks, for Indian relics and other curiosities.
Thomas Page,
P. O. Box 617, Williamsport, Penn.

Oregon land-moss, barnacles from Puget Sound, and white coral from the Pacific coast, for sea-moss, sea-weed, and shells.
Mollie C. Voorhees,
Woodburn, Marion Co., Oregon.

Old issues of United States stamps, for foreign stamps. John B. Chamberlin,
69 Middle Street, Gloucester, Essex Co., Mass.

Ivory nuts, for Indian arrow-heads.
Willie Short,
Woodlawn Heights, New York City.

Stamps or postmarks, for minerals or cowries.
Walter S. Stillman,
P. O. Box 966, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

West India shells, foreign stamps, and United States postmarks, for Indian arrow-heads and other relics. William Todd,
2111 Spring Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Choice minerals, for Indian arrow-heads or other Indian relics. C. F. Teed,
508 Roe Avenue, Elmira, N. Y.

A printing-press, for a collection of stamps (no duplicates). J. V. L. Radbard,
P. O. Box 371, Brookline, Mass.

Limestone, for Indian relics or curiosities; or a specimen of silver ore, for one of copper or lead.
Harry S. Robinson,
Care of Dr. O. F. Harvey, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Stamps or postmarks, for stamps. E. R.,
P. O. Box 125, Sherman, Grayson Co., Texas.

Foreign and United States stamps, for stamps from Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Cuba, and South America. Alex. Sprague, Jun.,
132 First Street, Albany, N. Y.

Pieces of tamarack, red cedar, and hickory, for bird's-eye maple and red or yellow birch.
Louis H. Taylor,
Manchester, Delaware Co., Iowa.

Postage stamps and postmarks, for ocean curiosities and minerals. Walter S. Russell,
Cooperstown, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Stamps from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and other countries, for stamps or coins.
W. G. Langdon,
5 Stanhope Street, Boston, Mass.

Indian arrow-heads, for minerals or sea-shells.
Arthur B. Carr, Henryville, Ind.

Specimens of poplar, maple, oak, hickory, bass, cottonwood, walnut, elm, box, and elder, for other

Digitized by Google

woods, or for stamps or curiosities. Please label specimen.
FRED L. PARCHER,
Marysville, Nodaway Co., Mo.

Mica, silver ore, or stones from Keuka Lake, for an Indian arrow-head, or minerals.
HARRIE D. WATSON,
P. O. Box 434, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

A few French stamps, and some old issues of United States stamps, for United States Navy, War, Interior, or State departments, or for foreign stamps.
R. G. W., P. O. Box 267, Norwalk, Conn.

Postage stamps, for a stamp album. Correspondents will please state how many stamps they would require for album.
T. J. ANDREWS,
290 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A set of five German or Bavarian stamps, for two stamps from the Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, or South America.
EVERETT S. TREAT,
Station M, New York City.

Forty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for twelve United States department stamps.
W. P. FRAVIGER,
Union News Co. Stand, Dépôt, Utica, N. Y.

Silver ore, for foreign postage stamps. Correspondents will please write name and value on back of each stamp.
VERNON CHESLEIGH,
14 Carmine Street (in store), New York City.

Three Mexican stamps, a five, ten, and twenty-five, for an Asiatic stamp.
JAMES L. MILLER, P. O. Box 141,
Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Asbestos from Pelham, Massachusetts, or quartz crystals from Diamond Mountain, Rhode Island, for shells, ocean curiosities, malachite, or copper ore.
FRANK W. COOKE,
P. O. Box 54, Amherst, Mass.

Indian arrow-heads and specimens of meteoric rock, for Indian relics, ores, ocean curiosities, coins, or anything suitable for a museum.
JOHN G. CLARK, Economy, Wayne Co., Ind.

Foreign and United States stamps, coins, and autographs of noted men; or stones from Kansas, and a few relics from the Chicago fire, for a genuine Indian bow and arrows.
ELMER S. CUNNINGHAM,
Champaign, Champaign Co., Ill.

Two Austrian stamps, for two Danish stamps.
E. A. CAMPBELL,
216 East Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Twenty-five foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for a star-fish, sea-weeds, or Indian relics.
ALEX. STRONG,
Monticello, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

Postmarks, buttons, or soil of Pennsylvania, for stamps, coins, or curiosities.
EDGAR F. JORDAN,
2129 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

White and red coral and a piece of Fort Marco, St. Augustine, Florida, for African, Asiatic, or European stamps.
HOWARD HOOKER, North Crescent Avenue,
Avondale, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

Foreign postage stamps, for United States internal revenue stamps. No duplicates.
O. H. BRUCE,
Piedmont, Mineral Co., W. Va.

Twenty-five good foreign stamps, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp.
GEORGE S. SCHILLING,
104 South Third Street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Minerals, stamps, and postmarks, for minerals and stamps.
ELLISTON J. PERRY,
Morton Street, Germantown, Penn.

Full sets of War, Interior, Navy, and Post-office department stamps, for new old United States envelopes. High values especially desired.
H. W. PRATT,
1012 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

New York State minerals, for specimens from any other State.
H. H. PIFFARD,
P. O. Box 136, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Postmarks, for curiosities or Indian relics.
ALLEN MAXWELL,
68 Eighth Street, Hoboken, N. J.

A set of fancy card type for amateur printers' use, for one hundred and fifty foreign stamps (no duplicates).
ISAAC A. W. MORAN,
175 East 118th Street, New York City.

Thirty-one postage stamps, a green-colored mineral, a specimen of copper ore, and a piece of Pulpit Rock, for a copy of the rules and regulations of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.
H. MCKEAN, Jackson, Amador Co., Cal.

An Indian arrow-head and two pieces of pottery, for twenty foreign postage stamps.
EDDIE GORDON, Beaver Dam, Dodge Co., Wis.

We are very sorry to say that one of our young correspondents has sent us an original composition for YOUNG PEOPLE a puzzle which was published some time ago in another paper. By so doing he has forfeited our confidence, and we shall be obliged to exclude his name from our columns for the future.

J. H.—Amati violins in perfect condition have brought a price as high as $1500, while poor ones have been sold for $300. At a recent sale in London some very good ones brought prices ranging from $800 to $900. There are only a very few specimens of genuine Amati violins in this country.

We acknowledge, with thanks, a beautifully written "prize letter" from a little girl, pupil in a public school in Howard City, Michigan; and also a package of twelve letters from the boys and girls of a primary school in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. We regret that we have no room to print these favors. They are all neatly written and prettily expressed, and even could we print the best one from our little friends in Pittsburgh, we would not know which to choose. Our young readers will be pleased to know that every one of these Pittsburgh school-children is deeply interested in the adventures of Toby Tyler, and full of sympathy for his misfortunes.

LEWIS B. M.—The set consisting of seven stamps, including stamped envelope, is worth about twelve cents if cancelled. A set of the same, uncancelled, can be bought for sixty cents.

EDWARD S. H.—Russian merchant vessels have the right to pass out of the Black Sea through the Dardanelles, but ships of war are not allowed to pass without a firman from the Porte.—Servia is an independent principality. Roumania is also independent, and until very recently has had the same form of government as Servia, but by a vote unanimously passed by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, Prince Charles of Roumania has become King. Bulgaria is a vassal of the Porte.

GUSSIE S.—Jimmy Browe is alive, and is not an old man.

KARL C. W.—See answer to C. N. C. in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 67.

R., VIRGINIA.—Your stamp was issued at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1861, and, if in good condition, is now worth about one dollar, as it is rare. The letters you can not make out are *ay*.

ALICE N. B.—The name given by the English to the Indian who caused the death of King Philip was Alderman. His Indian name is not given in any history. He was one of the followers of King Philip; but when Philip killed his brother because he had advised the King to listen to proposals for peace, he vowed revenge, and going to the English, offered to show them where Philip was concealed. Captain Church immediately started for the swamp near Mount Hope with a party of armed men, guided by Alderman. Philip's wigwam was surrounded, and the chieftain himself was shot as he was attempting to escape through the forest. It is a matter of dispute whether the bullet which pierced the heart of Philip was fired by Alderman, the Indian, or by Caleb Cook, the Plymouth soldier who stood by his side, but the deed is generally attributed to Alderman.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In girl, not in boy,
In grief, not in joy,
In rage, not in silk,
In cream, not in milk,
In foot, not in toe,
In fast, not in slow,
In ramble, not in roam,
In Africa my home.
PERCY.

No. 2.

EASY WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. Refreshing in summer. 2. A girl's name. 3. An ancient ruler. 4. Adjacent.
EMILY.

2.—1. A metal. 2. A girl's name. 3. A mineral substance. 4. Moist.
GEORGE W.

No. 3.

SYNCOPATED CHARADES.

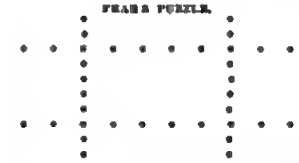
1. I am the classic name of a European peninsula composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4 is to examine carefully.
My 5, 6, 7 is a loud sound.
My 9, 8, 7 is a kind of wagon.
My 5, 10, 11, 4, 8 is a character in mythology.
WILLIE P. C.

2. I am composed of 9 letters, and am a character well known to readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.
My 3, 8, 7, 5 encircles.
My 9, 6, 8 is a kind of grain.
My 1, 2, 4 is a trifle.
OLIVER TWIST.

3. I am a wonderful natural curiosity in the United States composed of 11 letters.
My 10, 11, 6, 5 is to prohibit.
My 4, 9, 3, 1, 2 is a sweet word.
My 8, 7, 2, 6 is what school-girls like to do.
M. C. H.

No. 4.

PEARS PUZZLE.



Make this frame of four words of ten letters each. The intersecting letter at each corner is A, and the words signify: foreign; to institute; to scourge; a substance containing iron.
BOLTS.

No. 5.

TRIPLE ENIGMA.—(*To Starry Flag*).

In vindictive, not in spurn,
In incense, not in burn,
In grains, but not in rice,
In nutmeg, not in spice,
In savage, not in free.
Three goddesses were we
Worshipped in Greece and Rome,
And Olympus was our home.
DARE DURDEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 73.

No. 1. Grosbeak, Bobolink.

No. 2.
A P P A L A C H I C O L A
T A L L A H A S S E E
A S T R A K H A N
M I L T Z I N
P A T O S
T A Y
H
B O N
S A O N E
C H I C A G O
N E U C H A T E L
K L A U S E N B U R G
R I V I E R E D U L O U P

No. 3.
V I C E S S T A R T
I D E A L T U N E R
C R A S E A N I S E
E A S E D R E S I N
S L E D S T R E N T

K A T E I T E M
A C I D T I M E
T I D E E M I R
E D E N M E R E

No. 4. 1. Electric light. 2. Coal-scuttle. 3. King Arthur.

Throwing Light, on page 334.—Furze, furs, fire.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alice N. Blood, Ray B., *Hugh Burns, Boys of Marcella Street Home*, Alice Cauline, Howard Cleveland, R. O. Chester, "Dollars and Cents," "Ed. I. Torial," John C. Gabel, Edward Guda, Henry Gottlieb, J. L. Hastle, Jan., Willie Hartwell, Eddie S. Hegnembourg, Frank Haines, Alice M. H., "L. U. Stral," "Lode Star," "Milwaukee," *Percy L. McDermott*, May and Fannie, "Pepper," A. P., Harold N. Pleis, Edith Rose, "Starry Flag," *Howard J. Van Doren*, Willie F. Woolard, "Young Solver."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

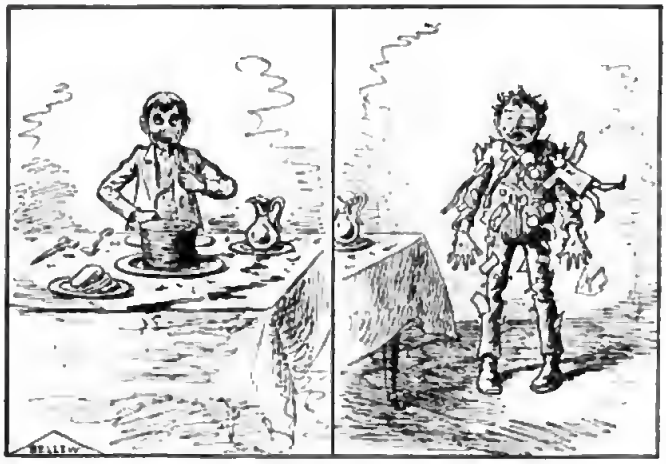
The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



THE STUCK-UP BOY.

A ravenous boy at Manassas
Once ate so much cake and molasses
That he (living in clover)
Grew sticky all over,
So that various things, from old letters to corks,
Spoons, bread-crumbs, and scissors, raised biscuits, and forks,
Stuck to him like brothers,
Burrs, beggars, or mothers,
Until every one yelled,
"He's the stuckupest boy that we ever beheld."

LEAD AND ITS USES.

THE uses of lead are numerous: it is employed in making the fine kinds of glass, enabling them to bear the sudden changes of heat and cold better; also to give glass a proper degree of weight, and render it more easy to be cut without breaking. Lead gives to glass a greater power of refracting the rays of light, and confers upon it a higher polish.

A mixture of lead with tin forms *pewter*, and the same metals in different proportions make that useful article to plumbers and others, *soft solder*.

Lead, in the condition of sheets, has long been employed for the preservation of the bodies of great personages, and is in common use for coffins.

You have often seen the thin sheet-lead with which boxes of tea, imported from China, are lined. The manufacture of this by the Chinese is very simple. The lead plates are not rolled, as from their extreme thinness might be supposed; nor even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate; but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed; one of them is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and with a movable flat stone stand at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible filled with melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the movable stone, and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a like plate formed, the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are afterward soldered together for use.

Large quantities of lead are used for the manufacture of shot and bullets. The smaller kinds of shot are made by pouring the metal from a considerable height, in consequence of which it separates into globular masses of different sizes, which cool during their descent, and in the water into which they fall.

CHARADE.

My first is truly the first
Among persons of every degree;
My second composes my whole,
And without it my whole can not be.

Yet unless from my second my whole
Is separate wholly and free,
My whole can never exist.
Now read you this riddle to me.

LONDON BRIDGE.

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down—
London Bridge is falling down,
So farewell, my lady.

"You've broke the locks, and stole my gold,
Stole my gold, stole my gold—
You've broke the locks, and stole my gold,
So farewell, my lady.

"Then off to prison you'll have to go,
Have to go, have to go—
Then off to prison you'll have to go,
So farewell, my lady."

"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN."

DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME.

One may often see in our city streets a group of children, two standing with uplifted hands while the others pass between, and chanting, in a tune of their own, the foregoing words. At the conclusion the hands are dropped around a comrade, and he is asked to choose between the two leaders, who have decided upon names—as, "a gold church," and "a silver castle"—and placed behind his choice. At last all are caught. Then comes the "tug," often a very unequal and amusing contest.

THE "TUG."

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 77. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, April 19, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"HOW I LOVE YOU, MR. STUBBS!"

[Begun in No. 56 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;
OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XIX.

MR. STUBBS'S MISCHIEF, AND HIS SAD FATE.

TOBY had begun to realize that he was lost in the woods, and the thought was sufficient to cause alarm in the mind of any one much older

Digitized by Google

than the boy. He said to himself that he would keep on in the direction he was then travelling for fifteen minutes; and as he had no means of computing the time, he sat down on a log, took out the bit of pencil with which he had written the letter to Ella, and multiplied sixty by fifteen. He knew that there were sixty seconds to the minute, and that he could ordinarily count one to each second, therefore, when he learned that there were nine hundred seconds in fifteen minutes, he resolved to walk as nearly straight ahead as possible, until he should have counted that number.

He walked on, counting as regularly as he could, and he thought to himself that he never before realized how long fifteen minutes were. It really seemed to him that an hour had passed before he finished counting, and then, when he stopped, there were no more signs that he was near a clearing than there had been before he started.

"Ah, Mr. Stubbs, we're lost! we're lost!" he cried, as he laid his cheek on the monkey's head, and gave way to the lonesome grief that came over him. "What shall we do? Perhaps we won't ever find our way out, but will die here, an' then Uncle Dan'l won't ever know how sorry I was that I run away."

Then Toby lay right down on the ground, and cried so hard that the monkey acted as if he were frightened, and tried to turn the boy's face over, and finally leaned down and lapped Toby's ear.

This little act, which seemed so much like a kiss, caused Toby to feel no small amount of comfort, and he sat up again, took the monkey in his arms, and began seriously to discuss some definite plan of action.

"It won't do to keep on the way we've been goin', Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, as he looked full in his pet's face, and the old monkey sat as still and looked as grave as it was possible for him to look and sit; "for we must be goin' into the woods deeper. Let's start off this way"—and Toby pointed at right angles with the course they had been pursuing—"an' keep right on that way till we come to something, or till we drop right down an' die."

It is fair to presume that the old monkey agreed to Toby's plan, for although he said nothing in favor of it, he certainly made no objections to it, which to Toby was the same as if his companion had assented to it in the plainest English.

Both the bundles and the monkey were rather a large load for a small boy like Toby to carry; but he clung manfully to them, walked resolutely on, without looking to the right or to the left, glad when the old monkey would take a run among the trees, for then he would be relieved of his weight, and glad when he returned, for then he had his company, and that repaid him for any labor which he might have to perform on account of it.

Toby was in a hard plight as it was; but without the old monkey for a companion, he would have thought his condition was a hundred times worse, and would hardly have had the courage to go on as he was going.

On and on he walked, until it seemed to him that he could really go no further, and yet he could see no signs which indicated the end of the woods, and at last he sank upon the ground, too tired to walk another step, and said to the monkey, who was looking as if he would like to know the reason of this pause, "It's no use, Mr. Stubbs, I've got to sit down here, an' rest awhile, anyhow; besides, I'm awfully hungry."

Then Toby commenced to eat his dinner, and to give the monkey his, until the thought came to him that he neither had any water, nor did he know where to find it, and then, of course, he immediately became so thirsty that it was impossible for him to eat any more.

"We can't stand this," moaned Toby to the monkey; "we've got to have something to drink, or else we can't eat all these sweet things, an' I'm so tired that I can't go any further. Don't let's eat dinner now, but let's stay here an' rest, an' then we can keep on an' look for water."

Toby's resting spell was a long one, for as soon as he stretched himself out on the ground, he was asleep from actual exhaustion, and he did not awaken until the sun was just setting, and then he saw that, hard as his troubles had been before, they were about to become, or in fact had become, worse.

He had paid no attention to his bundles when he lay down, and when he awoke he was puzzled to make out what it was that was strewn around the ground so thickly.

He had looked at it but a very short time when he saw that it was what had been the lunch he had carried so far. After having had the sad experience of losing his money, he understood very readily that the old monkey had taken the lunch while he slept, and had amused himself by picking it apart into the smallest particles possible, and then strewn them around on the ground, where he could now see them.

Toby looked at them in almost speechless surprise, and then he turned to where the old monkey lay, apparently asleep; but as the boy watched him intently, he could see that the cunning animal was really watching him out of one half-closed eye.

"Now you have killed us, Mr. Stubbs," wailed Toby. "We never can find our way out of here; an' now we hain't got anything to eat, an' by to-morrow we shall be starved to death. Oh dear! wasn't you bad enough when you threw all the money away, so you had to go an' do this just when we was in awful trouble?"

Mr. Stubbs now looked up as if he had just been awakened by Toby's grief, looked around him leisurely as if to see what could be the matter, and then apparently seeing for the first time the crumbs that were lying around on the ground, took up some and examined them intently.

"Now don't go to makin' believe that you don't know how they come there," said Toby, showing anger toward his pet for the first time. "You know it was you who did it, for there wasn't any one else here, an' you can't fool me by lookin' so surprised."

It seemed as if the monkey had come to the conclusion that his little plan of ignorance wasn't the most perfect success, for he walked meekly toward his young master, climbed up on his shoulder, and sat there kissing his ear, or looking down into his eyes, until the boy could resist the mute appeal no longer, but took him into his arms, and hugged him closely, as he said,

"It can't be helped now, I s'pose, an' we shall have to get along the best way we can; but it was awful wicked of you, Mr. Stubbs, an' I don't know what we're goin' to do for something to eat."

While the destructive fit was on him, the old monkey had not spared the smallest bit of food, but had picked everything into such minute shreds that none of it could be gathered up, and everything was surely wasted.

While Toby sat bemoaning his fate, and trying to make out what was to be done for food, the darkness, which had just begun to gather when he first awoke, now commenced to settle around, and he was obliged to seek for some convenient place in which to spend the night before it should be so dark as to make the search impossible.

Owing to the fact that he had slept nearly the entire afternoon, and also rendered wakeful by the loss he had just sustained, Toby lay awake on the hard ground, with the monkey on his arm hour after hour, until all kinds of fancies came to him, and in every sound he heard some one from the circus coming to capture him, or some wild beast intent on picking his bones.

The cold sweat of fear stood out on his brow, and he hardly dared to breathe, much more to speak, lest the

Digitized by Google

sound of his voice should betray his whereabouts, and thus bring his enemies down upon him. The minutes seemed like hours, and the hours like days, as he lay there, listening fearfully to every one of the night sounds of the forest, and it seemed to him that he had been there very many hours, when at last he fell asleep, and was thus freed from his fears.

Bright and early on the following morning Toby was awake, and as he came to a realizing sense of all the dangers and trouble that surrounded him, he was disposed to give way again to his sorrow; but he said resolutely to himself: "It might be a good deal worse than it is, an' Mr. Stubbs an' I can get along one day without anything to eat, an' perhaps by night we shall be out of the woods, an' then what we get will taste good to us."

He began his walk, which possibly might not end that day, manfully, and his courage was rewarded by soon reaching a number of bushes that were literally loaded down with blackberries.

From these he made a hearty meal, and the old monkey fairly revelled in them, for he ate all he possibly could, and then stowed away enough in his cheeks to make a good-sized lunch when he should be hungry again.

Refreshed very much by his breakfast of fruit, Toby started on his journey again with renewed vigor, and the world began to look very bright to him. He had not thought that he might find berries when the thoughts of starvation came into his mind, and now that his hunger was satisfied, he began to believe that he might possibly be able to live perhaps for weeks in the woods, solely upon what he might find growing there.

Shortly after he had had breakfast he came upon a brook, which he thought was the same one upon whose banks he had encamped the first night he spent in the woods, and pulling off his clothes, he waded into the deepest part, and had a most refreshing bath, even if the water was rather cold.

Not having any towels with which to dry himself, he was obliged to sit in the sun until the moisture had been dried from his skin, and he could put his clothes on once more. Then he started out on his walk again, feeling that sooner or later he would come out all right.

All this time he had been travelling without any guide to tell him whether he was going straight ahead or around in a circle, and he now concluded to follow the course of the brook, believing that that would lead him out of the forest some time.

During that forenoon he walked steadily, but not so fast that he would get exhausted quickly, and when by the position of the sun he judged that it was noon, he lay down on a mossy bank to rest.

He was beginning to feel sad again. He had found no more berries, and the elation which had been caused by his breakfast and his bath was quickly passing away. The old monkey was in a tree almost directly above his head, stretched out on one of the limbs in the most contented manner possible, and as Toby watched him, and thought of all the trouble he had caused by wasting the food, thoughts of starvation again came into his mind, and he believed that he should never live to see Uncle Daniel again.

Just when he was feeling the most sad and lonely, and when thoughts of death from starvation were most vivid in his mind, he heard the barking of a dog, which sounded close at hand.

His first thought was that at last he was saved, and he was just starting to his feet to shout for help when he heard the sharp report of a gun, heard an agonizing cry from the branches above, and the old monkey fell to the ground with a thud that told he had received his death-wound.

All this had taken place so quickly that Toby did not at first comprehend the extent of the misfortune which had overtaken him; but a groan from the poor monkey, as he placed one little brown paw to his breast, from which the blood was flowing freely, and looked up into his master's face with a most piteous expression, showed the poor little boy what a great trouble it was which had now come.

Poor Toby uttered one great cry of agony, which could not have been more full of anguish had he received the ball in his own breast, and flinging himself by the side of the dying monkey, he gathered him close to his breast, regardless of the blood that poured over him, and stroking tenderly the little head that had nestled so often in his bosom, he said, over and over again, as the monkey uttered little short moans of agony, "Who could have been so cruel?—who could have been so cruel?"

Toby's tears ran like rain down his face, and he kissed his dying pet again and again, as if he would take all the pain to himself.

"Oh, if you could only speak to me!" he cried, as he took one of the poor little monkey hands in his, and finding that it was growing cold with the chill of death, put it on his neck to warm it.

"How I love you, Mr. Stubbs!" he cried again. "An' now you're goin' to die an' leave me. Oh, if I badn't spoken cross to you yesterday, an' if I hadn't choked you the day that we went to the skeleton's to dinner! Forgive me for ever bein' bad to you, won't you, Mr. Stubbs?"

As the monkey's groans increased in number, but diminished in force, Toby ran to the brook, filled his hands with water, and held it to the poor animal's mouth.

He lapped the water quickly, and looked up with a human look of gratitude in his eyes, as if thanking his master for that much relief. Then Toby tried to wash the blood from off his breast, but it flowed quite as fast as he could wash it away, and he ceased his efforts in that direction, and paid every attention to making his friend and pet more comfortable. He took off his jacket, and laid it on the ground for the monkey to lie upon, he picked a quantity of large green leaves as a cooling rest for his head, and then he sat by his side, holding his paws, and talking to him with the most tender words his lips—all quivering with sorrow as they were—could fashion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GLACIERS.*

A GLACIER is a field or immense mass of ice formed in the deep valleys of high mountain ranges upon which snow seems to be eternal. The snow, however, is not so lasting. Indeed, it is constantly evaporating, returning to the clouds from which it descended; or, remaining exposed to the rays of the sun, or to the influence of a hot southerly wind, it melts and trickles down until it is seized by the cold and congealed into ice. Thus, by means of the millions of drops which melt only to freeze and melt again, and again grow solid, the mass is constantly transformed, and, little by little, the snow so lately fallen upon the summit of the mountain is found to have descended the slopes. Even in the summer these enormous quantities of ice and snow produce a local winter, all the more curious from the contrast, for side by side with the gloomy glacier, with its great gaping crevices, its collection of stones, its terrible silence, flowers are blooming, birds are singing, and fruit ripens. It is like death and life.

The glacier, however, has a life of its own. Though difficult to discover its secret progress, it is in constant motion. Like the avalanche, its work is to carry the rubbish of the crumbling mountains into the plains, not by violence, but by the patient labor of every moment. It is true that glaciers have ages, almost endless, in which

* From advance sheets of *The History of a Mountain*. By Élisée Reclus. Published by Harper & Brothers.

Digitized by Google

A GLACIER AND CREVASSE.

to do their work, but slowly as they move, their destination is the sea, where they must one day be swallowed up. Always immovable in appearance, they are really ice rivers flowing in a rocky bed. On its course the solid river behaves very much as would one of running water. It has its windings, its depths and shallows, its rapids and cascades.

But the ice, not possessing the suppleness or fluidity of water, accomplishes, somewhat awkwardly, the movements forced upon it by the nature of the ground. It can not at its cataracts fall in one level sheet as does the water current; but, according to the inequalities of the bottom, and the cohesion of the ice crystals, it fractures, splits, gets cut up into blocks inclining various ways, falling over one another, becoming cemented together again in curious obelisks, towers, fantastic groups. Even in that part where the bottom of the immense groove inclines with tolerable regularity, the surface of the glacier does not in the least resemble the even surface of the water of a river. The friction of the ice against its edges does not ripple it with tiny waves similar to those of the shore, but fractures and refractures it with crevices intersecting one another in a multitude of fissures or cracks, which, widening out into chasms, become what are known as *crevasses*, and which make travel upon a glacier so dangerous.

Looking down from the edges of these chasms we see layer upon layer of bluish ice separated by blackish bands, the remains of rubbish carried down from the surface, or at other times the ice may be as clear and perfect as one single crystal. What is the depth? We do not know. A jutting crag of ice, combined with the darkness, prevents our glance descending to the lowest rocks; yet we sometimes hear a mysterious noise ascending from the abyss: it is the water rippling, a stone becoming loosened, a bit of ice splitting off and falling down. Explorers have descended these chasms to measure their density and to study the temperature and composition of the deep ice. Sometimes they have been able to do it, without any great risk, by penetrating laterally into the clefts from the rocks which serve as banks to the rivers of ice. Frequently, too, they are let down by ropes. But for one scientific discoverer who carefully and with proper precaution thus explores the holes of the glaciers, how many unhappy shepherds have been ingulfed by these chasms! Yet it is known that mountaineers having fallen to the bottom of a crevasse, though wounded and bleeding and dazed by the darkness, have yet preserved their courage and managed to save their lives. There was one who followed the course of a subglacial stream, and thus made a veritable journey below the enormous vault of ice.

Without descending into the depths of a glacier to study its air-bubbles and crystals, praiseworthy as the courageous effort may be, we can find much to interest us upon its surface.

In this apparent confusion everything is regulated by law. Why should a fissure always be produced in the frozen mass opposite one point of the steep bank? Why at a certain depth below should the crevasse, which has gradually become enlarged, again bring its edges nearer each other, and the glacier be re-cemented? Why should the surface regularly bulge out in one part to become fissured elsewhere? On seeing all these phenomena, which roughly reproduce the ripples, wavelets, and eddies on the smooth sheets of the water of a river, we better understand the unity which presides over everything in nature.

When, by long exploration, we have become familiar with the glacier, and we know how to account to ourselves for all the little changes which take place upon it, it is a delight to roam about it on a fine summer's day. The heat of the sun has given it voice and motion. Tiny veins of water, almost imperceptible at first, are formed here and there; these unite in sparkling streamlets which wind at the bottom of miniature river-beds, hollowed out by themselves, and then suddenly disappear in a crack in the ice, giving forth a low plaint in a silvery voice. They swell or fall according to the variations of the temperature. Should a cloud pass before the sun and cool the atmosphere, they barely continue to flow; when the heat becomes greater, the rivulets assume the pace of torrents; they sweep away with them sand and pebbles, which, meeting little drifts of earth, form banks and islands; then toward evening they calm down, and soon the cold of the night congeals them afresh.

How much more charming are all these little dramas of inanimate nature when animals or plants take part in them! Attracted by the mildness of the air the butterfly flutters on the scene, or the plant, fallen from the heights of neighboring rocks, makes the most of its short time to take root again and display its last little blossoms.

APRIL.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Frost in the meadow, fog on the hill;
Bluebird and robin sing with a will.

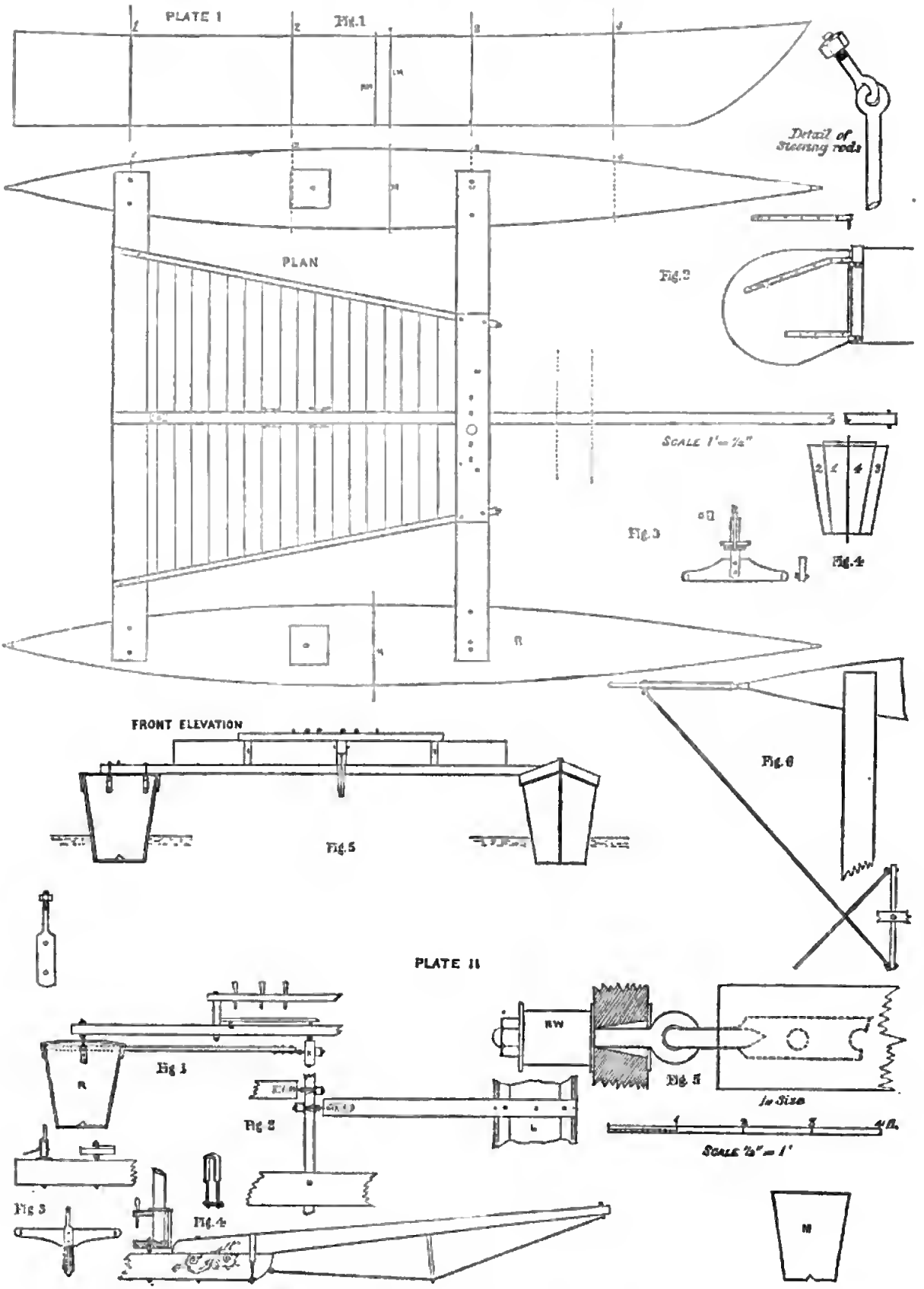
Up through the brown earth, spite of the cold,
Comes Lady Crocus, in purple and gold.

Shy little Snow-drop, dressed like a bride,
Nodding and trembling, stands by her side.

Daffadowndilly slips out of bed,
With a buff turban crowning her head.

Slim Mr. Jonquil comes on the run;
"Pray, am I up in time for the fun?"

Digitized by Google



WORKING PLANS OF A CATAMARAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

EASTER-TIME.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

The shadows of winter, so chill and so gray,
Have passed from the meadows and hill-tops away;
There's a shine in the skies,
Born of Spring's merry eyes,
And the heart of the Earth grows softer each day.

See how she releases from fetter and chain
Her treasures, which spring into freedom again,
Till with beauty and bloom
And sweetest perfume
Is filled every hill-side, and meadow, and lane.

But fairest of all things that blossom and grow,
Sweet as the summer and pure as the snow,
Is the lily, that tells,
Like the glad Easter bells,
Once more the sweet story which all hearts should know.

Bloom out, Easter lilies; bloom brightly and fair;
Breathe out your pure fragrance upon the mild air;
Fling your banners so white
Gayly out to the light,
For past is the lenten of sorrow and care.

For oh! with the spring-time the Easter is born;
Out of darkness and night springs the glad welcome dawn;
And Easter bells ringing,
Their Easter song singing,
With loud jubilates hail Spring's sunny morn.

HOW TO BUILD A CATAMARAN.

BY F. S. C.

By this time, boys, you must be pretty well tired of winter sports—ice-boating, coasting, skating, to say nothing of cold fingers, frost-bitten ears, and red noses. There is no doubt but what you are as much pleased to see the grass looking a little green, and an occasional bud here and there, as older people. You perhaps have wished it might be spring for another reason, that is, to find out what was to be done with your ice-boat. If you remember, at the time the plans came out you were told to take particular care of your craft, as it could be put to good use in the spring. Well, with a few changes your ice-boat is to become a catamaran.

In the first place, you must unrig her. Take off the mast bench, side boards, floor, and stern pieces, and also the runners and rudder; then unfasten the runner plank, and move it back one foot six inches, and bolt it to the keel. Now call on your friend the carpenter, and get a plank of the same dimensions as the runner plank. Bolt that to the keel at the extreme end (one bolt will do). Have cut two pieces of pine plank five feet nine inches long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches thick; place them as in the plan. Replace the mast bench, and bolt it to the forward plank and sides as shown; bolt also the sides to the plank aft.

Perhaps it would have been better to have commenced with the hulls, and left the frame until afterward; but it makes very little difference, as it all has to be done. Now build the hulls. You must get four boards (white pine) twelve feet long, half an inch thick, and eighteen inches wide, not a check or a knot to be found even with a microscope. As you must be pretty well acquainted with the carpenter now, he will take particular pains to get the kind you want. Make the boards as in Fig. 1. At 1, 2, 3, 4 draw lines; cut the sheer line and the bow. The moulds (Fig. 4) 1 and 3 to be made of oak one and a half inches thick, and 2 and 4 of pine one inch thick. Take measurements carefully, as they are intended to remain in place, and not be removed after the hulls are formed over them.

The stern-post and stem are to be made of oak three inches thick, and rabbeted for the sides. Fasten the sides to the moulds with galvanized nails, and to the stern and stem with brass screws.

Square the tops and bottoms of the sides with a plane and straight-edge. But before you nail on the bottom of the hulls, cut a three-cornered piece out of the centre of the lower edge of each mould (see front elevation); this will allow the water to run from one compartment to another; for all boats must leak a little, you know; in fact, it is better for them—it keeps the seams tighter.

The bottom, which should be in one piece, may be nailed on. Put a little white lead on the lower edge of the sides; it will make the joints tighter. You must do the same with the stem and stern. Give the hulls a good coat of paint inside, and fasten bolts to moulds 1 and 3; you will see in the front elevation what they are for.

The deck may be cut and fastened in place; this is to be in one piece, half an inch thick. You may, if you like, put a three-inch ribbon of pine around the hulls. It is not really necessary, but it looks better; it gives more of a finish to it. In case you do this, the deck should lap over the ribbon, so don't cut the deck before you put on the ribbons. Give the hulls a primer of paint. You may now finish the upper frame. It is all done but the flooring. Use for this half-inch pine six inches in width, tongued and grooved; fasten with galvanized nails to the under side of the keel and side pieces. Put the frame on the hulls, and bolt the planks in their places. Now, if you like, you may launch your craft. After the launching let her lie a day in the water, which will give the wood a chance to swell. In the plan you will notice two squares on the decks. These are the hatchways, through which you may sponge out the water in case your vessel leaks; she will anyway the first day she is launched. In the steering gear of your boat you may utilize that which you have on hand, with some additions. In place of the rudder in the ice-boat, get a piece of oak eighteen inches long, with bolts at either end, and fasten to the old iron-work; a glance at Fig. 3 in the ice-boat plans will show you that it is the same. The rudders are to be made of oak one inch thick; the iron bands are intended to strengthen them, as well as to hold the eyebolts. Get the blacksmith to make two half-inch iron rods; these are to connect the rudders with the cross-piece. Fig. 6 will show you the detail.

Slip a small piece of gas-pipe over the rudder-post between the tiller and the keel (see Fig. 3). The tiller, fastened on with a nut on top, will keep the post in position; this is better than a pin running through it.

Hanging the rudder and necessary fixtures, as well as the rigging, had better be done on land; that is, after she has been launched, and hauled up again.

You will need a new mast twelve inches longer than the old one, as well as a new gaff and boom; make them eighteen inches longer than the old ones. The topmast should be four feet long from the mast-head. The mainsail should have a new piece sewed on the leach, eighteen inches long, at the head and foot. The jib should be eighteen inches longer on the foot. The shrouds must be heavier than those used formerly, and be run out to the ends of the plank. No jibstay is needed, but a small rope sewed to the leach will be necessary. The bobstay should run from the end of the bowsprit, thence to the plank under the same, and be trussed in the middle with a piece of oak (see front elevation).

You might make a spreader for the topmast, say of eighth-inch wire, with an eye at either end; run the topmast

Digitized by Google

shrouds through these eyes, and then to where the shrouds are fastened.

Those parts of the ice-boat which you have not used for this craft put carefully by until the next cold snap, which will doubtless not occur within the coming six months.

Now you are ready, boys, to paint up. Having examined the hulls carefully, and being thoroughly satisfied that there are no leaks, you may get out your paint-pots and go ahead. Draw the water-line mark, and paint the bottoms red, the sides light buff or French gray, and the ribbons black; the deck, the same as the hull; the frame you may varnish, although it would be better to paint it.

Get your boat in the water now, hoist your sails, and, with a fine breeze, take your first sail in your catamaran. You need have no fear of capsizing, but your boat may do what they call "pitch pole," that is, dip its nose into the water, and go completely over. We are in hopes, however, that this one will not act so.

In making the drawings for this catamaran the supposition is that you have an ice-boat, and that you utilize certain parts of said boat in the new construction. New timber is used in whatever radical changes are made, and under no circumstances do you cut any of the old timber, but lay it away until the next cold snap. The construction of this craft from your ice-boat has necessitated a rigid frame-work, preventing the independent movement of the hulls. In a catamaran properly built the hulls should move independently; and for those boys who have not an ice-boat, or prefer, if they have, to lay it aside altogether, additional drawings are made. The changes are only in the manner of fastening the hulls to the frame-work—the arrangement of the keel and bowsprit, an additional mould in either hull, a crown to the deck, and a slight difference in the iron-work and position of the tiller.

The keel, K, of white pine, four inches wide, an inch and three-quarters thick, and eight feet long, runs twelve inches beyond the after cross-beam; instead of being on top, it is hung underneath the beams, and bolted to them by half-inch links or eyebolts. The ends of the cross-beams are fastened to the moulds in the hulls (Fig. 1 will show you how), with a rubber washer on top; this will give elasticity. You will observe that these are used wherever there are bolts, with the exception of those in the keel. Fig. 2 gives the detail of the stanchions (of oak, one by three inches) for keeping the hulls on an even keel, and at the same time allowing a limited rolling motion; the other end of the stanchion is bolted to an extra mould in the hulls, marked R M and L M. You notice the difference in the positions of the same (see Fig. 1 and plans in Plate I.); Fig. 2, Plate II., explains why. The detail is given (Fig. 5, Plate II.) of rubber washers, links, etc.; this is drawn quarter size. Mast bench of oak an inch and a half thick and six inches wide. If you like, instead of pine for cross-beams, oak can be used, an inch and a half thick, but only four inches wide, and, if it is possible, get them with a slight curve upward.

Instead of nailing the floor to the bottom of the side pieces, lay a four-inch plank of oak on the cross-beams, G, Fig. 1, and fasten the floor to that. Make it three-quarters of an inch thick, instead of half an inch, as in Plate I. This will prevent the floor going through when you happen to get in a rough sea, and your craft gives all over. The side pieces should be bolted to the cross-beams with half-inch bolts, with washers of rubber underneath; one bolt is sufficient in each end of the side pieces, running through the middle of the cross-beams.

With these alterations, in connection with Plate I., there is no reason why you should not have a comfortable craft, and no doubt you will get through the summer creditably, and without a wet jacket from a capsize. As for a "pitch pole," that should not occur, as your craft, when afloat, will be pretty well down by the stern.

"LA CHEVALIÈRE BAYARDE."

BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

"OH dear! I wish I lived in the Middle Ages!"

"What's up now?" asked a voice from Tom's sofa, where he lay idly turning the pages of a comic almanac.

"Oh, I've been reading about the Knights of the Round Table, and what lovely times they all had; and I'm tired to death of being just a girl in a Connecticut farm-house, where nothing ever happens."

"Doesn't it, then? I should rather think it had lately."

"Yes, if you mean horrid, uncomfortable things, like mother and father going to Boston for a week, and you taking the chance to lame yourself for life, and Hester's mother capping the climax by sending for her in hot haste. I don't mean stupid, commonplace things; I mean adventures—grand, beautiful deeds of heroism. How I should love to be a heroine! I wish I were Florence Nightingale in the hospital, when the sick soldier kissed her shadow on the wall; I wish I were Joan of Arc, or Grace Darling, or *somebody;* not just Amabel Holroyd. *Holroyd!* how can any one with such a name be romantic? I could be a heroine; I feel I've got it in me. You needn't laugh, Tom."

The door opened quietly, and Meg came in, her bright face a little overcast.

"People never are appreciated by their own families," wound up Amabel, with some heat.

"They know too much about 'em!" said Tom, sententiously. "Hullo, Meggums! what's the row?"

"Bad news," said Meg, trying to smile. "Anastasia Ann's gone!"

"What?" in a duet of dismay.

"Yes, indeed. She said she couldn't stop where it was so lonesome; and though I protested Hester would be back early to-morrow morning, she packed up her things then and there, and went off by the stage when it passed just now. So now we're alone, and no mistake."

"Because you must needs let Seth Binks go to drive Hester, and there isn't a soul within two miles but old Granny Peters! Never mind. I hope robbers will come; I'll defend the house: I should just enjoy it."

"There isn't much for them to steal," said Meg, as she smoothed Tom's pillow. Tom looked up with a grateful smile.

"How did you know it wanted that?" he asked. "There's Amabel sighing to be a hospital nurse, but she never thinks of practicing on me."

"Oh, a scalded leg is so commonplace! Now if you had been wounded in battle, there would be some glory about it; but just to tip a hot kettle over yourself—"

"I guess it hurts about as much as if it were glorious," said Tom, thoughtfully. "I say, Meg, Amabel wants to be a Chevalier Bayard, she says."

"That's the very thing I want—'a knight without fear and without reproach.' Brave and blameless! I'll make it feminine, and call myself La Chevalière Bayarde; that's to be my name after this. Be sure you call me by it."

"You must win your spurs first," murmured Tom.

"Just wait till I get the chance. I should like to go about the world helping the distressed and afflicted. I tell you it's in me to be a heroine, or why should I look like one? Heroines don't have snub-noses and freckles: I beg your pardon, Meg!"

"'Would you rather be a beauty,
Or do your duty?'"

sang Tom, in that aggravating cracked voice of his. "Never mind, Meggums: if you're not a Chevalier Bayard, you make splendid waffles."

"And I'll go this minute and make some for tea," said

Digitized by Google

Meg, brightening, as she sprang up. "They'll console us for the loss of Anastasia Ann."

Knock! knock! It seemed to Meg she must have been asleep for hours, when she was awakened by a sound of low but continuous knocking at the back door, mingled with smothered shrieks from Amabel's little white bed.

In an instant Meg was beside her.

"Amabel, what is it? what's the matter?" she cried.

"Oh! oh!" gasped a voice half smothered under the blankets. "Don't you hear them? it's the robbers. Call Tom. Lock the door. Cover your head, or they'll shoot you."

Meg's teeth chattered with cold and fright together, as she hurried on her clothes.

"Robbers don't knock at doors," she said. "I'm going to see who is there;" and, despite another agonized shriek from Amabel, up went the window. The robber looked a very small one as he came out from the shadow and looked up. "Why, Jimmie Peters, is that you?" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Yes, it's me," answered the voice of a tiny boy. "Grandmother's took awful bad. Guess you'd better send your Seth for the doctor right away."

"Seth's away, and Tom's leg is very bad. Oh, what shall we do? Could you go?—do you know the way?"

"No, I don't; and I've got ter stay with granny."

"Oh, then, run back quick. I'll see what we can do." And as Amabel had removed the blanket from her head, and was listening, she ventured to say, timidly, "Amabel, somebody *must* fetch the doctor. Would you—*should* you mind coming with me?"

"THE INFANT JESUS."—From a P

Digitized by Google

ING BY CARLO MARATTI.—[SEE PAGE 394.]

Amabel sat bolt-upright.

"Meg Holroyd, I believe you're crazy," she said, severely. "Set out on a two miles' walk on a pitch-dark road at three o'clock in the morning? You don't know what you're talking about. I don't believe Granny Peters is so bad, and if she is, we can't help it. What are you dressing for?"

"Somebody must go," said Meg, with brave determination, as she put on her red cloak, and drew its hood about her face. "I'll take Rover and the lantern. Don't let Tom know; he'd go nearly mad. It's awful, but it has to be done." And before Amabel could recover her breath, Meg was gone.

Oh, how dark it was outside! how cold and keen the air! how lonely and ghostly the road through the pines! The little lantern threw but a feeble gleam, and the shadows took such queer shapes! Poor Meg's heart beat fast, and her knees shook, but she pressed on valiantly; and Rover was a comfort, as he kept close to her side, and pushed his nose into her hand now and then as if to re-assure her. All through the dusky woods, and along by the dark river, which sounded so weird in the stillness; then over the bridge, and past Farmer Sykes's long meadow, and the saw-mill. With what a thankful heart did Meg see the yellow light of her lantern fall upon the green blinds and white fence of the doctor's house, and feel that the two miles were over!

"I wonder if they'll think I'm a robber?" she thought, as she pulled the bell. But the doctor was more used to nocturnal alarms.

"Somebody wanting me?" asked a brisk voice, as a night-capped head popped out of an upper window. "Is it Jeff Brown or the widow

Smalley? Why, bless my soul! it's never one of Holroyd's girls? My dear, is Tom—"

The fire was not quite out in Dr. Hunter's neat kitchen, and there Meg warmed her toes and fingers while "the chaise" was hastily made ready. It was hard to turn out again when the doctor came to call her; but the two miles was a very different affair now, sitting by his side in the roomy chaise, wrapped in his own great brown coat, and Rover racing along behind. They drove straight to Granny Peters's red cottage.

"Stop till I've seen her, and I'll take you home," said the doctor; and Meg gladly obeyed.

By the dying kitchen fire lay Jimmie Peters, curled up, fast asleep. Meg privately thought if that were the way he had "staid with Granny," he might as well have gone with her to the village; but she kept her reflections to herself, and sat down to wait for the doctor. He was gone a long time, almost an hour Meg thought it must be, and when he appeared it was with a grave face. He walked straight up to her, and took her chin in his big hand.

"Are you a coward?" he asked, looking keenly into her face.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," she answered, meekly. "I was dreadfully frightened in the woods to-night."

"Humph!" said he. "And yet you came. Now look here; I've got to bleed Mrs. Peters, and I must have somebody to hold her arm. There's nobody here but you; but if you're likely to scream at the sight of a little blood, you'd better stay away."

"Oh, I won't scream," said Meg. "Why, of course, if there's no one else, I must;" and with a white face she followed the doctor up stairs. Certainly this was the worst part of all this eventful night. She did not know how hard it would be until she saw the red stream flowing from Granny Peters's arm, while every one of her groans seemed more dolorous than the last. Meg kept her eyes fixed upon one particular stain on the whitewashed wall, set her teeth hard, and gripped the wrist she was holding with a desperate force. Presently, when the doctor informed her by a nod that the work was over, and while he was binding up his lancet wound, she laid the arm down gently, and stole down stairs. She reached the kitchen, where Jimmie still slumbered peacefully; there she sat down with some deliberation upon the floor, and quietly fainted away.

There the doctor found her when he came to take her home, and even after he had deluged her with cold water, and rubbed her hands until they felt quite sore, it was a very bewildered Meg that he lifted into the chaise again.

The sun was bright and golden in the sky as they drove in at the gate. Seth Binks was whistling in the yard, and Hester hustling to and fro in the kitchen; and as they drew up at the open door, there came Tom, hopping on his bad leg, to meet them, with a look of mingled relief and sternness on his kind ugly face.

"Now just look here, Master Tom," said the doctor, before Tom could utter a word. "Don't you dare to scold her, or I'll know the reason. Tell you what, you've a sister you may be proud of." And then and there he told the whole story of Meg's adventures.

"Well done, old Meggums!" was all Tom remarked, as he held out his arms, and the doctor lowered her into them. "I always knew you were the heroine."

"Oh no, Tom," said Meg, with a blush. "Why, I fainted."

"But you waited till there was nothing more to be done, before you indulged in that amusement, it appears," he responded.

And Meg never could quite understand why Tom's very next Christmas present to her took the form of a little silver lace-pin, inscribed in tiny letters of blue enamel with the mysterious words, "La Chevalière Bayarde."

"Haven't you made a mistake, Tom?" she asked, in some perplexity. "The pin is lovely, but that was Amabel's name, you know, not mine."

"You won the spurs," said Tom, laconically; and no other answer could he be induced to give.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT AT EASTER.

OLD Winter has gone at last, and left the sun at peace to his work of warming the ground and coaxing out of it the grass and flowers. But Winter was icy cold this year. He staid with us as long as he dared, kept his rough winds blowing, froze all the water he could spy out, and made the snow fall. The snow! It came falling, driving, whirling down, again and again, and so many times again, that the boys shouted themselves hoarse, and snow-balls were as common as sparrows, and commoner too, sometimes, for the sparrows lost one another in the storms. A merry old friend was Winter! He kept the sleigh-bells jingling, and the boys on skates until even eight-year-old chaps learned the "Dutch Roll" and "Eights," and bad boys of all ages played "hookey." He hung more icicles than ever on our eaves and lamp-posts, and loaded the telegraph wires with ice until they broke and fell into tangles at the street corners.

But, oh! the gay parties, the sleigh-rides, the coasting (out of town), and the rollicking games that we had! The nut-crackings, corn-poppings, and candy-pulls! And then Christmas! Was there ever anything brighter than Christmas? Maybe not; indeed, I really *think* not. But hearken, children! The brightest part of it, half of you never saw. You listened to the old birthday story; you looked at the picture of Jesus in the manger, with St. John and the angels smiling at Him; but how many of you thought or wondered what it meant? Why does the Baby look straight into your faces, instead of turning His sweet smile to St. John or to one of the angels? Ah! that is the very bright thing you must remember. Because He was not born for the joy of St. John, or of any one in particular, but for *all* of us—every one—to be the Light of the World. So He smiles out of the picture into the face of whoever looks at Him, with the same love for the poorest little raganuffin shivering at the corner, or the lonely sick child lying in the hospital, or even the criminal shut in behind prison bars, as for you who have always had loving friends about you to guard and save you from misfortune. If all the children in the world could have that picture, and be told why the Baby looks into their faces so lovingly, they would grow up better men and women. Fewer of them would get into trouble; and when they did, the others would be more ready to help them out. It is well and fitting to show you now, at Easter-time, this picture of the little Jesus. You can have a better chance to think about it than at Christmas, when your toys, your fun, and your frolic make it easier to think of yourselves. It is fitting because we think now of another birth—of the new life *which begins forever!* Easter reminds us how Jesus began that new life; how, after all His long suffering, He rose to the life that is never-ending, and rising, pointed out the beautiful way for us all.

The grass springing up in the parks, buds coming on the trees, the little seeds swelling and bursting in the ground, and sending up leaves and stems, remind us every hour of new fresh life. Out-of-doors with you all! At the close of school, out into the fresh air, and shout for the spring. Spy out the first crocus and dandelion, and see if you can find a single one of all the bird-cottages in the parks "to let." Go into the country on holidays, and look for arbutus; open your eyes wide, and don't let a bit of the beauty escape you.

And if you should discover here and there a chance to point out bits of brightness to another whose eyes may be

Digitized by Google

duller than yours, if you should see a way to help some one who is weaker, an opportunity to do any little kindly act for those less fortunate than you, seize upon the chance, and bless it for coming, for that will be the best way your young hands can take to point toward the glorious life which the old story tells us Jesus began on an Easter morning.

(Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.)

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter XII.

THE FAIRY'S STORY CONTINUED.

SOONER than he had supposed, Arthur heard the soft little twitter of his new friend.

"I have flown really quite a distance, and had the good fortune to see the elf who has charge of these woods. He is very much vexed with you, and will not listen to any excuse; though knowing so little about the matter, I hardly knew what to offer. I pleaded your youth, however, and made bold to promise your good behavior in the future, and while I was speaking one of the lesser elves twitched my wing a little, and whispered:

"'Promise him something he likes as a ransom, and perhaps he will answer your request.'

"'But I do not know what he likes,' I replied. 'Can you suggest anything?' I added, in the same whisper.

"'He is very much in need of some sea-weed. I heard him say the other day that he wanted some iodine, and that he would have to send a party of us off to the sea-shore to get sea-weed, from which we make iodine. Now if your friend can get it, he would be so much pleased that I am sure he would be willing to forgive him, and restore him to his proper condition.'

"After hearing this, I made the offer in your name, and received a favorable reply. You are to get two pounds of sea-weed in less than a fortnight. It is to be laid on the large flat rock which you will see lower down the stream under the chestnut-tree. You are to leave it there, and by no means to remain there, but return here, and your reward will await you."

Arthur thanked the little bird warmly, but inwardly despaired of accomplishing anything so difficult.

The little bird hopped restlessly about. "You will try to do this, will you not?" she asked.

"Of course I will try," said Arthur, rather ashamed, and striving to put a bold face on the matter. "I will try, but I do not know exactly what to do first."

"Streams run into rivers, and rivers to the sea," twittered the bird.

"Yes; but I hardly think frogs swim in deep water. I will have to contrive a boat or a float of some sort."

Just then a huge trout sprang up after a fly, and missed it. Quick as a flash the little bird darted up, caught the fly, dropped it into the trout's open mouth, and twittered something unintelligible to Arthur. He heard, however, a curious sound of words from the trout.

"Jump on my back, jump on my back, and be off, alack!"

"Go," said the bird, quickly.

Arthur made a bound, and found himself on Mr. Specklesides' back in an instant.

"Good-by," sang the little bird, loudly, for already the trout had flashed away into a dark pool beneath a cascade, where the falling waters made a deafening noise. In another instant he made another dart, and, quick as lightning, they were in broad shallow water. Again they were whirled from eddy to eddy, and already the stream had widened into a little river. The bending trees, the weeds and grasses, were mirrored in its cool depths, as now with long steady stroke the trout swam on.

Suddenly another shape darkened the glassy surface of the water. It was the figure of a man in slouched hat and high boots, and long tapering rod in hand. He seemed to be quite motionless, but far out near the middle of the stream, just where the trout was swimming, danced a brilliant fly. A leap, a dash, and then began such a whirling mad rush through the water that Arthur knew he would be overthrown. The trout had seized the fly, and the fisherman, rapidly unreeling his line, waited for the fish to exhaust himself. Before this was done, however, Arthur was thrown violently off the trout's back, and by dint of desperate efforts reached the shore, where for a long while he lay motionless.

When he revived he found himself in long sedgy grass, well shielded from observation. The trout was nowhere to be seen, and Arthur knew that it was idle to search for him. Poor fellow! his fate had found him, and no doubt he was lying quietly enough now in the fisherman's basket.

"'Streams run into rivers, and rivers to the sea,' and I must look for some other method than the trout's back."

He hopped about wearily, ate a few flies, and then, quite worn out, fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was dark. Fire-flies flashed about him brilliantly; stars beamed so brightly that they seemed double, half above in the sky, and half below in the water. From some overhanging boughs came a dismal hooting.

"Hush!" cried Arthur, impatiently. "Why do you want to spoil the night with such wailing?"

"I have lost three lovely little owlets," was the response. "Darling little fluffy cherubs! Never had an owl mother three such beauties!"

"Where are they?" asked Arthur.

"Devoured by a horrible night-hawk," sobbed the owl.

"Where has the night-hawk flown?"

"Far down the river after prey."

"Why do you not go after him, and punish him?"

"It is too far, and I am too sorrowful."

"You have no spirit. *I* would peck his eyes out were I in your place."

"Ah! you are young and strong and brave."

"Take me on your back, and we will fly after him."

"Come, then, and do battle for me, noble friend."

Down flew the owl, and up jumped Arthur quickly on its back, inwardly wondering how a frog could be a match for a night-hawk, but quite resolved to aid the poor owl if he could. With a delightful sense of freedom and glorious liberty, such as he had never before even imagined, they rose high above the tree-tops.

The moon had now risen, and the air seemed transparent silver.

Keeping near the border of the river, which had greatly widened, they emerged from one forest only to enter another.

The wild cries of loons saluted them. Herds of deer, cooling themselves in the water, glanced up with startled gaze as they passed.

A dark bird flapped low over the water as a fish leaped from the waves.

"It is my enemy," whispered the owl.

"Pursue him," returned Arthur.

"My heart sinks within me; the memory of my owlets subdues all revengefulness. Though I should make him suffer, it would not return to me my children."

"But if we kill him, he can do no further mischief."

"True, true; but he is a fearful fellow. What weapons have you with which to meet him?"

"None but my eyes and legs; a frog is a poor despicable wretch under such circumstances. Our weight together might sink him. You must fly at him with one tremendous blow, get him down in the water, and all the

Digitized by Google

THE OWL TELLS HER SORROWFUL STORY.

fish will assist to punish him, for all owe him a grudge. Or stay: fly close to him, and I will leap upon him; the weight will surprise and annoy him, and you must then make a dash for his eyes. Pluck them out if you can; it will be worse than death for him."

"Barbaric torture! But the memory of my owlets hardens my motherly heart; it pulsates with tremendous force; their loss is the world's loss. I hasten to the combat."

They swept down low as the hawk swooped for fish; Arthur sprang upon its back; the owl darted at the creature's eyes, and with a furious blow, first at one, then at the other, made her enemy sightless. The hawk, with a cry of pain, fell into the water. Instantly an enormous fish dragged him beneath, and it was only by wonderful dexterity on the part of the owl and of the frog that the latter was unhurt. He nestled once again amongst the owl's soft feathers, and they sought the shore.

"Now how shall I repay you, my brave friend?" asked the owl, as Arthur leaped upon land.

"I do not wish for any reward," replied Arthur.

"Nevertheless, you will not refuse to grant a sorrowful and stricken mother the little balm which her grateful spirit seeks in the return or acknowledgment of so vast a favor as you have conferred upon me."

Arthur thought a moment, and then told the owl of his journey and errand to the sea-shore. "Perhaps, as you are so famous for wisdom, Mother Owl, you may be able to give me some advice which will assist me to get the sea-weed, and return as speedily as I can," he said, as he finished his narration.

"I will consider," replied the owl, bending her searching gaze toward the earth. After a few moments' reflection, in which she rolled her luminous and cat-like eyes about, ruffled her feathers, and uttered a few soft "to-whit to-whoos," she murmured: "I have it. Seldom do I require to deliberate so anxiously, but parental anguish has clouded my active brain; the recent combat, also, has exhausted my nervous system. I have the happy thought at last, though, and you shall be assisted. We will fly to the nest of an old friend, a celebrated kingfisher. He lives not far from here; he knows the coast well, and will aid us. Come, mount upon my willing back, and we will fly at once."

This was no sooner said than done. They flew swiftly over the now broad expanse of water rolling in a powerful stream, bordered by a wild and harsh-looking forest. A few tall and leafless trunks in a cluster contained, high among the bare boughs, a huge nest. From it, aroused from his sleep, sullenly flapped a large bird.

"Wait a moment, my friend," called the owl, in her most beseeching manner. "I have a favor to ask. I wish to appeal to your intelligent, geographical, topographical, and comprehensive intellect for guidance. You know the coast; lead us to it before the dawn of day."

"A most unwarrantable request, upon my word," was the answer, in a gruff voice. "Why should you thus disturb my slumber, and demand of me this journey in the night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EASTER BUTTERFLY.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

GEORGE and Ella were in the garden, helping to gather the last of the fruit from the big apple-tree under which they had played all the summer. One large red apple fell on the walk, and rolled away under the gooseberry hedge, and Ella knelt down to look for it. But as she was about reaching under the bushes, she suddenly started back with a scream. "Oh, Georgie, such a horrid, *horrid* caterpillar!"

George, who hated caterpillars, and thought that they did a great deal of harm in gardens, took up a stick to kill this one. But Aunt Kate, who was looking on, checked him. "Stop, George; let us see what he is doing."

It was a very large and very ugly caterpillar, hanging to a twig of the gooseberry bush. He was curled up in almost a circle, and moving his head busily from side to side. A great many fine threads were twisted all around him.

"He is trying to get out of that cobweb," said Ella.

"No; he is making the web himself," said George, looking closely. "See how he is spinning out the threads, and winding them round himself."

"Yes," said Aunt Kate, quietly, "he is spinning his shroud. Don't disturb him, and to-morrow we will come and see what he has done."

So next day they came again into the garden, and looked under the gooseberry bush. But instead of the caterpillar, they found, hanging to the twig, a little dry brown case, or cocoon, which George said looked very much like the stump of an old cigar.

"He is in there," said Aunt Kate. "That is his coffin."

"Why, Aunt Kate! a caterpillar burying himself in a shroud and a coffin?"

"Yes; he has spun himself a fine silken shroud, and fastened himself up in a coffin."

"Is he dead?" asked Ella.

"You would think so if you could see him. He is nothing now but a little hard dry shell, which neither moves nor breathes. He can neither see nor hear."

Digitized by Google

"Then he must be dead," said George.

"No, not dead; there remains a spark of life in the little dried-up body. By-and-by, when the right time comes, you will see him burst out of that shroud and coffin, but not as an ugly caterpillar: he will be a beautiful butterfly with lovely wings."

"Why, Aunt Kate!" they both exclaimed, in surprise.

But Aunt Kate was standing with a dreamy, far-away look in her blue eyes, and a soft sweet smile on her lips. George said she looked as though she saw the air full of beautiful butterflies. And at that Aunt Kate smiled, and kneeling down, tied a bit of silk thread around the little cocoon, and took it gently off the twig. "It shall hang on a nail in your room," she said to Ella, "and in the spring we shall see what will happen."

So all through the winter the poor caterpillar, in his shroud and coffin, hung on the wall, near the ceiling, where he might be out of harm's way. More than once George and Ella were tempted to take the cocoon gently off the nail; and feeling how light it was, and how it rattled with a dry, hollow sound, they could not believe that any life remained in it. But Aunt Kate told them to have faith in what she said, until they should see with their own eyes.

On Easter-eve the children were seated before the fire, coloring eggs. Aunt Kate was explaining to them that the festival of Easter was in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection from the tomb.

"It was wonderful, when He had been three whole days dead," said Ella, solemnly.

"Yes, but we shall all rise from our tombs as our Saviour did," said George; "Mr. Danton told us so last Sunday. I know it must be true. But, Aunt Kate, it seems such a wonderful thing to believe."

"Do you believe, George, that that poor dried-up insect on the wall there will ever come out of its tomb a beautiful creature with wings?"

"I don't know," said George, doubtfully. "He seems too dead ever to come to life again."

"*I* believe he will, because Aunt Kate says so," said Ella; and Aunt Kate smiled.

"That is having faith," said she.

Next morning was Easter-Sunday—a bright, lovely day, almost as warm and bright as summer.

"Auntie," cried Ella, rushing into the room with her hands full of white and yellow crocuses, "see what I have found in the garden! These dear flowers poking their little yellow heads out of the ground, and looking as if they were staring around to see if spring had come. Isn't it wonderful how they could come up out of the dirt so clean and bright?"

"So the little dry balls which have lain all winter in the cold dark ground have come to life again," said Aunt Kate. "But now put them in water, and let us go to breakfast."

Ella went into her own room, which was next to Aunt Kate's, to get a little blue china vase for the flowers. But in a moment she called out: "Oh, auntie, come and see! There is a hole in the cocoon!"

Sure enough, when Aunt Kate came, she saw that a large hole had been made in one end of the cocoon, and that it was empty.

Then she looked carefully all over the room, and while she was doing so, Ella suddenly gave a cry of wonder and delight. On the window-seat in the bright sunshine was a large and beautiful butterfly, lightly balancing himself, and slowly waving his gold and purple wings to and fro.

"Oh, Aunt Kate, can that be our ugly caterpillar turned into such a beautiful butterfly?"

"Yes, this is the poor ugly worm which once crawled on the ground, and did nothing in all its life but search for food. He has broken his tomb, as you see, and come forth a lovely winged creature, to fly in the air, and rest upon flowers, and sip dew and honey from their fragrant blossoms."

"How he trembles!" said Ella; "and why does he wave his wings so?"

"He is getting them ready for flight. And perhaps he trembles from joy to find himself what he is."

"Auntie," said Ella, in a low voice, and with a very grave look, "do you think *we* shall be as beautiful and as happy when we come out of our graves, and find ourselves angels with wings?"

"No doubt of it," Aunt Kate replied, softly. "A thousand times more beautiful and happy."

"If we are *good* while we are caterpillars."

"Yes, if we are good."

Ella stood a long time looking at the beautiful insect. Her heart was full of a solemn wonder and awe at this great miracle, as it seemed to her.

"If the caterpillar could have known," she said, "while he was a poor ugly worm, that he would some time be a beautiful butterfly, I think he would have been glad

THE BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY.

to bury himself up in that coffin. And, Aunt Kate, it seems strange that he should have come out of his grave on Easter-day, our Lord's resurrection day.* Perhaps it was to teach Georgie and me an Easter lesson. George will believe it now."

Just then the butterfly slowly lifted himself on his wings, fluttered around in a circle, and settled quivering and trembling on the crocus blossoms. So they left him there while they went down to breakfast.

* A fact.

Digitized by Google

THE offers for exchanges from our correspondents have come in so fast of late that we have been obliged, for the present, to place a large portion of them on the third page of the cover, in order to make room for letters, answers, and puzzles, which fill the two pages allotted to the Post-office Box.

New York City.

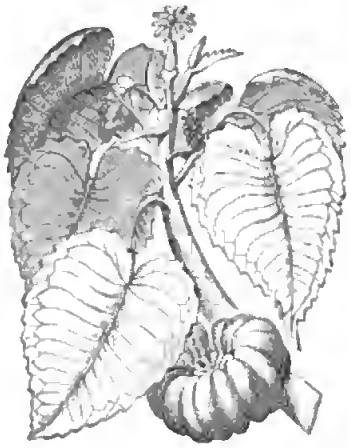
We children have just had a box of odd things from our auntie, who lives in Cuba, and I thought the readers of Young People would like to hear about it. It was a great big box, and the first thing we saw when papa took off the cover was a lot of sugar-cane. It looked very hard and dry, but when papa cut off the outside, how nice and white the inside was! We sucked the juice, and it was sweeter than sugar. Then papa took out a bundle done up in yellow paper, and marked, "Open carefully." It was full of *pinol*, which is a kind of corn meal made by the country people in Cuba. They roast the corn, and then grind it fine, and mix it with brown sugar. They eat it just that way, and sometimes they wet it with milk, and make little cakes. Auntie wrote that the school-boys in Cuba take a mouthful of *pinol*, and then try to say *fou-fou* without blowing out any meal. We tried, but the meal, which tastes very nice, was like dry powder, and we couldn't do it.

There was a little box full of what we always called guinea-peas, but which are called *pepuasa* in Cuba. They are a bright red pea, with a little black spot on one side. Auntie always writes a description of everything, and so we know that these grow on bushes, like our hazel-nuts. The bushes are covered with husks, which crack open when they are dry, and show a whole bunch of *pepuasa* inside.

There were so many candied fruits that I couldn't tell about half. There was one very curious, which they call *marañon* in Cuba, but papa says in Jamaica it is called cashew. The fruit is yellow and red, and is shaped something like a pear. The curious thing about it is that the seed, which is a kind of nut, is outside the fruit, and hangs on the lower end. If this nut is roasted when it is fresh, it is nicer than a chestnut.

There were a great many *corojo* nuts in our box, and we have enough to play with for a year; for we are going to do just like the Cuban children—carry them in our pockets, and use them for marbles until we are tired of them, and then crack them and eat the meat. They are a small, round, green nut, and the meat is like a tiny piece of cocoa-nut. The *corojo* nuts grow on a palm-tree, and hang in great bunches right under the crown of glistening green leaves.

My letter is growing too long, but I must tell about something auntie sent us a year ago. There is a very beautiful tree, which grows all through the Cuban woods, which they call *salvadera*. In Jamaica they call it the sandbox-tree, because they get the



THE SAND-BOX.

pretty, fluted seed cases, and make sand-boxes of them. If they are picked just at the right time, they last for years. If they are left on the tree, they ripen until they are dark brown, and then they fly open with a bang, and scatter the seeds in all directions. You can hear them sometimes in Cuban woods popping on every side, like hundreds of pistols.

Well, last year auntie sent us a very handsome sand-box, all varnished, and mounted on a wooden stand. We stood it on the mantel-piece. One evening we were all sitting in the parlor, when some one, as it seemed, fired off a pistol right in the room. Papa ran to the door, thinking it was in the street, and we children all crept close to mamma, and got hold of her dress. Pretty soon papa came back, looking very much puzzled, for the street was all quiet. He came and stood in front of the fire, wondering what the noise could have been, till all of a sudden he began to laugh and point to our sand-box. There stood the wooden stand, but every bit of the box had disappeared. We found it afterward in little pieces scattered all over the room. I suppose it had been picked too dry, and the heat of the fire had finished it. Hallie J. R.

The sandbox-tree is one of the most beautiful growths of West Indian forests. As we are sure our little readers will like to see a picture of the seed case which "flies open with a bang," we take the accompanying illustration from *A Christmas in the West Indies*, by Charles Kingsley, published by Harper & Brothers.

South Salem, New York.

I have taken Young People from the first number, and find it very entertaining.

I have no brothers, and only one sister. She is married, and has gone as a missionary to far-off India. She has been there more than a year. In her last letter she said they were camping out in a grove of three or four hundred orange-trees. She has oranges, lemons, bananas, custard-apples, mangoes, and other fruits growing in her own garden, and a great many flowers too.

I go to a good district school a mile and a half from our house. We have had twenty-nine scholars all through the winter. Lucia N. P.

New York City.

I have a pair of roller skates which I skate on every afternoon. They are the easiest kind to skate on. You just have to move a little, and they roll along as easy as possible. I read an article in Young People about roller skates, and I thought it was splendid. I have a little sister named Minnetta, and I let her skate. It is real amusing to see her, as she is just learning. Rosalee C.

West Newton, Pennsylvania.

I am a little boy five years old. I have a papa and mamma, and a sister Jessie, who is nine years old. And I have a sister and brother in heaven. My aunt is here, but she is sick now, and I have to keep real quiet, and can't beat my drum any. We live on the railroad, and I can see the cars nearly all the time.

My papa is a minister. I do not go to school, but I recite to my papa. I read, spell, and recite arithmetic. I can print, and I can write some.

Fred R. P.

Irvington, New York.

I wish some correspondent of the Post-office Box who lives in a maple-sugar region would tell me how much sap it takes to make a pound of sugar. G. H.

Port Orange, Florida.

I have come all the way from Kentucky to Florida, and I have had such a nice time that I want to tell Young People about it.

It was snowing hard when we left Louisville on the 16th of February, and when we reached Palatka, three days afterward, people were sitting out under the orange-trees in summer dresses. We felt as if summer had really come when we saw green peas and strawberries on the table.

I saw an alligator that was twelve feet long. There are plenty of little ones for sale. A young lady in our hotel has one for a pet.

There are a good many curiosity stores in Palatka, and all of them are full of stuffed birds. In one is a large panther which was killed near the town.

On our way here from Orange City we came through several cypress swamps. The cypress-trees had tall limbs growing at their roots, and different kinds of air plants were fastened to them all the way up to the top. One of the swamps was so deep that the water came up into the bottom of the wagon, and spoiled our lunch.

This is a lovely place. The Halifax River is just in front of the hotel. The water is salt, and papa says it is really an arm of the sea. We take a sail-boat and go across the river, a mile and a half, then we walk a little way, and come to the Atlantic Ocean, where we find pretty shells and go in bathing.

There are lots of fish here, and oyster beds all along near the shore. I am keeping a diary of my Florida trip, and write in it every day myself. I am eight years old. Ethel A.

Canton, New York.

Here is something that may amuse some little readers of Young People. Cut out a number of very small paper dolls, not over half an inch long, and lay them in a row on the table. Then take a ribbon, and rub it over your head quickly several times. Then hold it directly over the dolls, and they will all rise up. Annie W.

Hinsdale, Illinois.

It is nice here in the summer-time, and we have many pretty flowers, but in the winter it is so cold that people get sick, and sometimes they have to go to Florida, and stay until the cold weather is over.

I have a large Esquimau dog, and sometimes I harness him to my sleigh, and have a good ride with my little sister.

In the summer I go fishing over to Brush Hill Creek. I catch as many as fifteen bull-heads and half a dozen sunfish, and that makes a very good meal for my Esquimau dog. Charles R. Jones.

Hinsdale, New York.

I think Young People is the nicest paper published. We go to Chautauqua every year. Last summer I saw Young People there, and I thought so much of it I asked papa to take it for me, and he did.

I have been very sick this winter with diphtheria, but I am well enough now to go to church and to school again. My papa is a Methodist Episcopal minister. He has two little ponies, and I ride one of them. I am twelve years old. Dora J.

Portland, Connecticut.

My finances are nearly in the same condition as those of Percy L. McDermott. I get a dollar monthly, papa pays all my postage, and mamma gives me ten cents for keeping my stamp box out of the way when I am not using it. Although papa is a great advocate of neatness, he is interested in stamp collecting, and rejoices with me when I get a new specimen. He always asks me to get the box down when he is at home; mamma never hints at such a thing. She is content to leave the box, stamps, and all put aside unless I agitate the subject. I do not go to school. Mamma teaches me at home. I study in the morning by myself, and it is very hard to keep my mind from wandering, especially as the kite season is in its height, and we are having such mild spring weather.

I take orders to manufacture kites, free of charge, from small boys in the neighborhood, who will cut toward their hands. In this way I drive a thriving business, but mamma gets more and more particular with my recitations as the season advances. I study geography, grammar, arithmetic, geology, French, drawing, and music, and mamma holds to the point that a spelling and reading lesson can not be studied too well. All this takes time, and can not be done in a minute.

I sympathize greatly with Percy in his awful fix, as he expresses it, as I too have a great many letters to write, and a geological research on cryolite to make for a professor. (That research is the "last feather on the camel's back.") I am one of Percy's correspondents, but freely forgive him for not answering my letter, and when in future years he is nominated for the Presidency of the United States, I will never mention the stamp exchange in a single sent.

I wish it was in my power to alleviate the sufferings of Jimmy Brown. As it is not, I hope he will continue to write his sad experience to Young People. I am sure he will get sympathy from us all.

I live opposite Middletown, which truly is a "forest city." We have a fine view of the Meriden Mountains, the Great Hills, and the Connecticut Valley, which with its noble river is considered by strangers, as well as ourselves, the most beautiful and fascinating scenery in the world.

In winter the ice-boats of the Wesleyan students, sleighs with spirited horses, and little boys and girls coasting with sleds, make our river even more picturesque than the far-famed Neva of Russia, while in summer tugs, schooners, and yachts pass each other on its surface, the sailing vessels looking like white-winged sea-birds on the water. To-day it is clear and calm, and the water looks like silver. A few days ago the ice was rushing and ploughing its way to the Sound. Alice R. A.

Washington Court-House, Ohio.

I have a hen with seven young chickens, and it is so cold I have to keep her in a box in the kitchen. My chickens were hatched on March 28. I would like to know if any readers of Young People had any little chickens this spring hatched earlier than mine.

I sympathize with Percy McDermott. I had so many letters, after my offer of exchange was printed, that it kept me awake nights thinking where I could get arrow-heads enough to supply all the boys in the Eastern States.

If Percy McDermott and Jimmy Brown would come along, I will go with them and get Toby Tyler and his monkey, and we will all go to the Rocky Mountains. Emma E.

I wish to notify correspondents that I have no more coins to exchange, but I will exchange ores and minerals of different kinds, petrified wood, curiosities from the Mammoth Cave and from Colorado, Indian arrow-heads, shells, and foreign postage stamps, for all kinds of American coins.

Will B. Snouer,
Cumberland, Md.

We have many ancient artificial mounds in this part of Illinois, which contain pottery, stone pipes, axes, and other things, and the Indians while here used them for burial-places, but always would say they did not know who built them, but that it was not any of their race, but another people. There are persons yet living here who talked with the Indians about the mounds before they went away, fifty years ago. These mounds appear to have been burial-places for both the people who built them and for the Indians. They certainly contain Indian relics, and they also contain many other things, such as stone axes, and oval, concave, convex, and curiously formed stones, which the Indians declare they never

Digitized by Google

used. Most of the bluffs along the Illinois River contain relics, and not long since I saw a skeleton on one of the highest ones, which had become partly exposed. It was of gigantic size.

I will exchange pieces of Indian or Mound-Builders' pottery, and arrow-heads, for sea-shells and ocean curiosities. A. W. TAYLOR,
Mount Sterling, Brown Co., Ill.

I would like to exchange a portion of a genuine Sioux scalp-lock, with a piece of ermine attached, given me by a Crow chief from Montana, for foreign postage stamps, especially those of Ceylon, Africa, and Brazil. W. S. CANFIELD,
1224 Fourteenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

DETROIT, MINNESOTA.

I have received over thirty applications for Swedish coins, and could only answer four. Those who have received no answer will please wait until I secure more coins. JAY H. MALTBY.

I am going away, and can not exchange any longer with the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I would request those correspondents who are still owing me a return exchange to send to me as soon as possible.
ALICE E. THORP,
P. O. Box 618, Newport, R. I.

Annie Wheeler, Danville, Virginia, notifies her correspondents that she has no more foreign stamps to exchange.

I feel very sorry for Eddie S., and some of the other little boys and girls, because they are sick, and can not run about. I wish I could send them something. I am glad they can take YOUNG PEOPLE, for it is such a beautiful paper to read.

I will exchange stamps, postmarks, pressed ferns, sand in bottles, and pretty stones and fossils, for specimens of ore, ocean curiosities, stamps, any interesting curiosity, or pieces of silk for a quilt.
NELLIE REBA BRAGG,
Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Penn.

I am in the same fix as Percy L. McD. I did not have many stamps to start with, and in less than a week they were all gone, and still the letters come faster than I can answer them. I have no more stamps for exchange, but I would like to exchange specimens of wood from Kansas, for wood from the Eastern States or California, or for stamps.

I have three brothers. We have lived in Kansas several years, and we like it very much here. We are surrounded by Indians, but they are peaceful and somewhat civilized. They dress much like white men. Some of them have fields, and hire white men and negroes to work for them. One family has a good piano, and the daughter is well educated, and plays nicely. They have ponies which they trade, or sell very cheap. The ponies are quite small, and very gentle.

The Indian children play ball, and shoot arrows, and race with their ponies. The bats which they play ball with are very curious. Those the big Indians use are about four feet long. They are made of hickory, and at one end the wood is bent around and tied with narrow strips of buck-skin. One throws the ball, and the others all rush to catch it in the bat, and hit a long pole. Whoever hits the pole wins the game. When they play ball they dress in Indian costume, and paint their faces, and stick feathers in their hair. GEORGE LINSCOTT,
Holton, Jackson Co., Kansas.

I would request correspondents to send me scraps at least two inches wide, so that I can cut a diamond of that width.

I wish correspondents would write their name and address, or at least put initials on the outside of packages, for so many letters, postal cards, and packages all come together, that often we can not tell who each particular package is from. We try to compare the handwriting, but can not always succeed. If any one who has sent me a package and received no return will let me know by a postal card, I will answer at once. NIXON G. HAGE,
Lynchburg, Harris Co., Texas.

ROME, ITALY.

I am a subscriber of YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I am a Boston boy, and have been in Europe nearly two years. I am collecting postage stamps, and would like to exchange a Greek, French, or Italian stamp for an African one.
NATTIE L. FRANCIS,
Care of Brown, Shipley, & Co.,
London, E. C., England.

I have an Indian bow which I would like to exchange for a collection of minerals. There are four arrows that go with it. Three are common arrows, and the fourth is an arrow used for shooting fish. The bow is wrapped with sinews, and is a very good shooter. It shoots about one hundred yards.
FRANK REAL,
Hawk Farm, Baden P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

I will exchange eighteen "registered envelope" stamps, formerly used on registered packages and rare, a Japanese "Five Sen" stamp, and 1-cent, 2-cent, 3-cent, and 6-cent stamps of United States Treasury and Post-office departments, for any curiosities except stamps. Correspondents will please inform me by postal card what they are willing to exchange. HORACE N. HAWKINS,
P. O. Box 18, Huntingdon, Carroll Co., Tenn.

Here is a very simple recipe for a beautiful yellow ink. Put a handful of hickory bark into one pint of water, and boil for about an hour. Then strain the liquid, of which there should be about a third of a pint, and add a little alum.

I have sand from the Kansas River at Topeka—the capital of Kansas and the centre of the United States—and some small shells from the Pacific coast, that I will exchange for curiosities suitable for a museum. Minerals and specimens of wood from other countries especially desired.

I will also give fifteen foreign stamps for fifty old United States stamps and envelopes. Correspondents will please mark all specimens plainly.
G. GRIFFIN, JUN.,
Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is just splendid. What a good lesson we boys can learn from "Toby Tyler!" I would not like to go with a circus.

The skeleton of a huge mastodon was found here this winter by some men digging a ditch. Its horns and tusks were nine feet in length. One tooth weighed six pounds, and its lower-jaw measured three feet to the point where it began to curve upward. Our geological professor said the animal measured twenty-six feet in length with the tusks.

I will exchange geological specimens of Illinois for curiosities from any other State or Territory.
PERCY W. HALL,
East Lynn, Vermilion Co., Ill.

INQUISITIVE JOE.—The railroad you inquire about is a narrow gauge. The gauge of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was fixed by George Stephenson at 4 feet 8½ inches. Roads have been built 7 feet, 6 feet, 5 feet 6 inches, 5 feet, 4 feet 9 inches, 3 feet 6 inches, 3 feet 9½ inches, 3 feet, and 2 feet, but the very broad and very narrow gauges are losing favor, and 4 feet 9 inches is the standard, 6 feet being generally known as broad gauge, and 3 feet 6 inches as narrow gauge, though anything over 4 feet 9 inches is broad, and anything under is narrow.

LODESTAR.—The height of the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, is 68 feet 11 inches from base to apex, its volume is 2678 cubic feet, and it weighs about 186 tons. It is about eight feet square at the base, and five feet where it assumes the shape of a little pyramid at the top. The pedestal on which the obelisk stands is 6 feet 10 inches high and about nine feet square.

E. L. H. AND L. L. M.—The United States coins about which you inquire are not rare, as the coinage of the years you specify was very large. On account of their age they are sold by dealers in coins at a small advance on their face value, this advance being more or less, according to the condition of the coin.

L. C. M. S.—Wood-lizards live upon flies, bugs, and small insects of various kinds; they will also eat raw meat cut into very small pieces. They are perfectly harmless, and are quite easily tamed. It would be almost impossible to give any especial directions for taming them; like any wild creature, they can only be domesticated by careful and persistent kindness, gentle treatment, and the slow process of becoming familiar with their owner's presence. They can be kept in a box made with sides of glass or wire netting, and a piece of wire netting over the top. The floor should be covered with dirt and dried grass and leaves. It is well to put a little water in a shallow saucer into the cage, for though the lizard does not drink a great deal, he sometimes takes a bath. Lizards sometimes become very tame, and can be taught to perform many amusing tricks, though of course this depends entirely upon the patience and skill of the teacher.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ENIGMA—(*To Zelotes*).

In sweet-potato, not in vine.
In cheap whiskey, not in wine.
In grinning monkey, not in fool.
In turner's lathe, but not in tool.
In pantry shelf, but not in pie.
In growing corn, but not in rye.
In knight's weapon, not in lance.
The whole two useful garden plants.
BOLTS.

No. 2.

TWO HALF-SQUARES.

1. A fountain. A musical instrument. A characteristic of April. A river in Europe. A denial. A letter from Washington. GOODY TWO-SHOES.

2. A current. An entertainment. To raise. The head of a useful grain. A preposition. A letter.
G. B.

No. 3.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

[Only one vowel is used in forming this puzzle. It occurs twelve times.]

A city in South America. A savory dish. Something often used by boys. A letter from Cuba. An animal. Quadrupeds. Fruit. Centrals read downward—one of the United States. LEON.

No. 4.

GAME DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a tangle, and leave a horse. 2. Behead pleasing, and leave a necessity of life. 3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist. 4. Behead closed, and leave a small dwelling. 5. Behead happy, and leave a boy. NORTH STAR.

6. Behead a stream of water, and leave a bird. 7. Behead a country, and leave another country. 8. Behead a country, and leave distress. 9. Behead a river in South Africa, and leave a kind of stove. 10. Behead a cape of North America, and leave a weapon. 11. Behead a gulf on the coast of Africa, and leave a lair of wild beasts. WARD A. P.

12. Behead a belt, and leave a number. 13. Behead a hard substance, and leave a sound. 14. Behead not fresh, and leave a story. 15. Behead elevation, and leave a number. 16. Behead a mineral, and leave tardy. 17. Behead an elevation, and leave not well. LODESTAR.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first in just, but not in right.
My second in strength, but not in might.
My third in streak, but not in line.
My fourth in yours, but not in mine.
My fifth in present, not in prize.
My sixth in peaches, not in pies.
My seventh in low, but not in high.
My eighth in grieve, but not in sigh.
My ninth in tomb, but not in shrine.
My whole is found in Palestine. MAY E. T.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 74.

No. 1. Cleopatra.

No. 2.

```
B A L T I C
A L O E S
L O A N
T E N
I S
C
```

No. 3.

```
      H          P
    C A P      T I E
  H A V R E  P I A N O
    P R Y      E N D
      E          O

        N
      H A L
    N A T A L
      L A R
        L
```

No. 4. Rabbit-skin (*Baby Bunting's*).

No. 5.

```
P yram I D
L ye E
A loo F
I mag E
N atha N
T oa D
I schl A
F alco N
F ores T
```

Plaintiff, Defendant.

A Personation, on page 352—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. H. Allen, Jno., Jemima Benston, Willie Brainard, C. F. Bishop, Clara B. Bird, Joshua Crane, Jun., A. C. Chapin, A. E. Cressingham, E. A. C., S. Cassin Emsworth, Foran, Gaylhope, Nolan, Mullen, Minon, and Smith, Marcella Street Home, Lena Fox, Fannie Grimes, William Hadley, Basha Hudson, Isabel, *Isobel L. Jacob*, C. L. Kellogg, "Lodestar," *J. McClintock*, Percy McDermott, Minnetta and Rosalee, Phebe O'Reilly, H. H. Romer, H. O. Reedue, Belle T. Smart, Grace Stone, "Stars and Stripes," "Starry Flag," Willie T. Smith, Oliver C. Sheppard, G. P. Salters, F. Voorhees, Charlie W., *Charles Westcott*, Willie F. Woolard.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

COMING TO TERMS.

BY W. T. PETERS.

"Oh, Confectionery Lady, what have you good to-day?"
"All sorts of cakes and candies, my gentle sir, I pray;
We have peppermints and bolivars and luscious jujube bars,
We have lollipops and ginger-nuts and chocolate cigars."

"Oh, Confectionery Lady, you are very, very high,
And you offer me so many goods, I don't know which to buy.
I've a penny and a jackknife and a pair of tangled strings,
And I'm sure I wish to purchase a variety of things."

THE GAME OF ADJECTIVES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

ONE person is sent out of the room, while the remainder of the players select some adjective. Upon his return he asks in turn of each player some question, in reply to which the person addressed must designate the adjective chosen, without mentioning it. This reply must answer the question definitely, and at the same time fully express the nature of the adjective. The adjective chosen must, of course, be of a strongly descriptive character, and the game gives an opportunity for much ingenuity and skill in the answers, which are very amusing, especially when the question happens to be in direct opposition to the usual tone of the adjective. The person who gives the answer by which this adjective is detected is obliged to go out of the room in his turn, while the other players select another for him to guess. When ready, they call him in, and he begins by asking first the player who sat next the last guesser, and thus each one replies in turn, and all have an equal chance.

Wolves in Europe.—There are two kinds of wolves in Europe, the common wolf and the black wolf. The former is found in the wilder parts of France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Italy, but becomes every year more scarce. In almost every Department of France where wolves are found there is a society which offers a reward for every animal killed, varying in the amount according to the age and sex of the creature. Long ago the common wolf infested Great Britain. In the times of the Saxon Kings they were a terrible plague. King Edgar, about the year 972, used to pardon criminals who had committed certain crimes, on condition of their producing a specified number of wolves' tongues. Many of you have read the story of the Welsh Prince Llewellyn and his faithful dog Gelert. Prince Llewellyn had missed his child, and while looking for him, found Gelert covered with blood. He imagined that Gelert had killed the child, and in a moment of wild frenzy killed the dog. Afterward he found the child safe asleep, and a gaunt wolf lying by his side, dead. The faithful hound had killed it to save the child. The remorse of the Prince lasted all his life, and the lovely spot in Wales where Gelert was buried is still called Beddgelert, which means "the grave of Gelert."

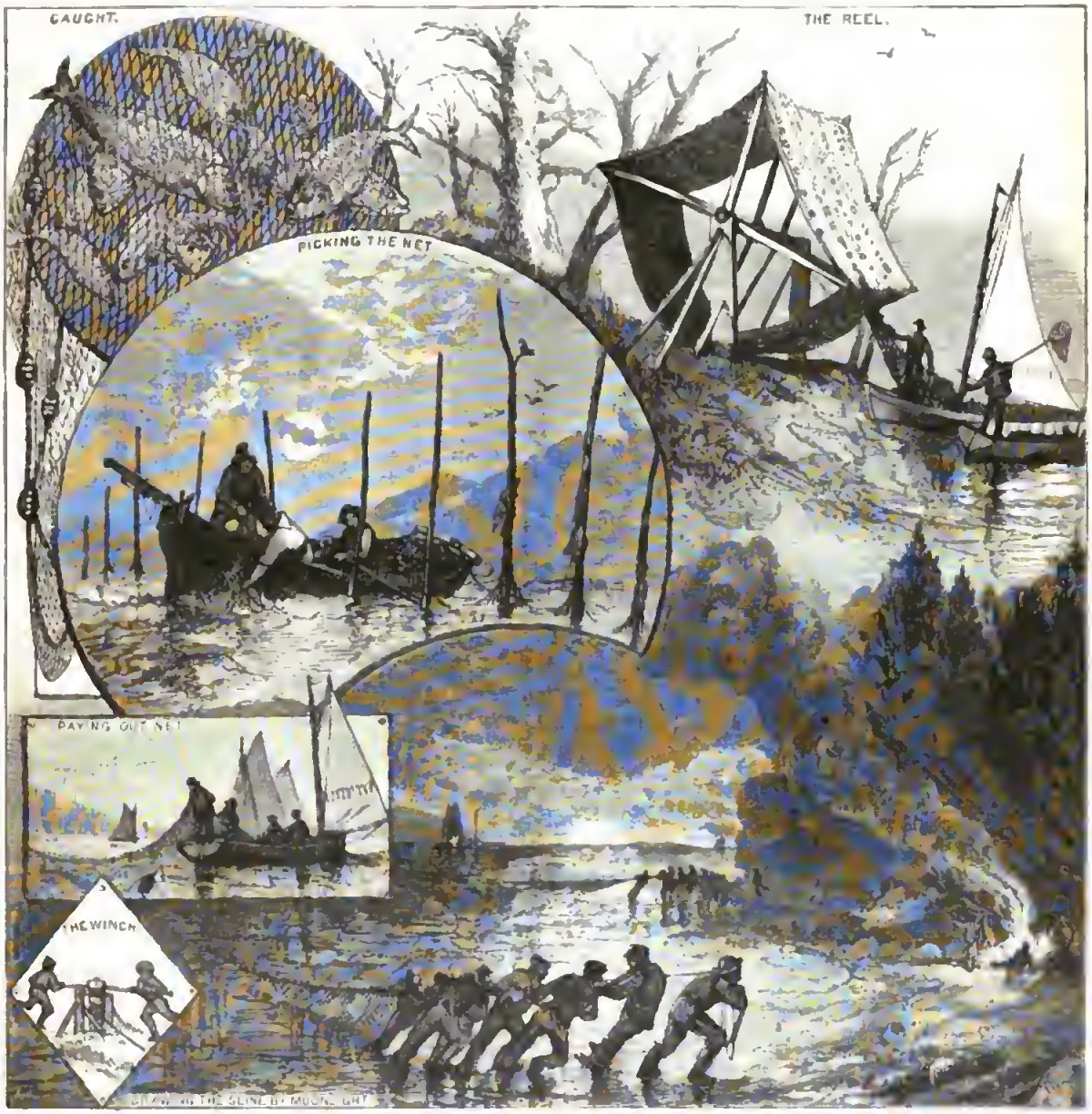
AN EASTER MEDLEY.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 78. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, April 26, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



SHAD-FISHING ON THE HUDSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

HOW THE SEINE NET WAS BROKEN.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

"WHY, Joe, is that you? Where have you been all day?" asked Ralph Hadley, as he met Joe Manson turning into Hillside Lane.

"I've been to see the rabbit-warren at the goat-house up Hook Mountain road," replied Joe.

"Hello! here comes Scott Otis, with his fish-basket. Wonder what he's after now? Can't be going over to the lake this time in the afternoon."

"Where are you going, Scott?" asked the boys.

"Shaddin'," answered Scott.

"Are you going to haul the seine?" inquired Joe.

"Yes, if the wind goes down, about five o'clock or thereabouts."

"Let's go see them!" exclaimed Joe.

"All right, I'm with you," replied Ralph; and the two boys trudged joyfully along beside Scott, asking many questions as they went.

Down through winding lanes they went, over fences and across lots, and emerged on a broad, open space, commanding a fine view of the Tappan Sea, which was dotted here and there by the bright sails of fishing-smacks and schooners, bathed in the warm afternoon sunlight.

"There they are at work already, getting the seine out," called Ralph, pointing down to the shore, where a group of figures were moving about among the boats.

Down at the water-side was a busy scene. The stony beach was covered with figures and boats. Old fishermen in brown oil-skin suits hurried by with coils of rope and oars slung over their shoulders, while others were preparing the boats, and some were watching for shad signs on the river's surface.

A few paces from the shore stood a machine called a reel. It looked like a huge four-spoked wheel, and from some men were unwinding the seine net, and stowing it in two large boats.

Near it, under the willows, two old fishermen were engaged in mending some badly torn nets. The boys wondered how they could with their hard horny hands do such delicate knotting and splicing.

"Why, sister Minnie's crochet-work isn't any finer than this!" exclaimed Ralph, examining some of the strands. "I could never learn to do that."

"Oh yes, my boy," replied one of the fishermen, kindly. "If you had worked at it, like me, for over twenty years, I doubt not you would do it just as well."

"What's the matter now?" inquired Joe, as several men ran past them.

"Shad signs, sah," replied a darky. "There they go after them!" and from a distance up the shore two large boats put off, and rowed slowly out into the river. "And here comes a boat from picking de gill-nets out yonder."

"What are gill-nets?" inquired the boys, determined to know all about it.

"Dey am nets fastened to poles in shallow water, and de shad, swimmin' along, gits deir heads through easy enough, but when dey tries to back out ag'in, find demselves caught wid de mesh behind de gills."

"Let's go up and see them," said Joe.

"Better stay here, sah," advised the darky. "Dey'll land hereabouts, and you'll have all de walk for nuffin. You see, sah, de tide am slack now, but 'twill ebb presently, and by de time dey gets 'em surrounded dey'll drift about to dis p'int, den we'll see 'em come asho'. Now, you see, dey have drapped de nets; dey am outside oh de school; one boat goes round 'em on one side, and de other goes de other way. See! de nets am all drapped, and de big boat am pullin' dis way wid de shore-line."

In a few minutes the boat grounded, and the men, tossing in their oars, jumped ashore, and laying hold of the ropes, commenced "pulling in." The cork floats could be seen extending away out into the river like a great semicircle, the upper end of which was also being dragged ashore by a dozen stalwart fishermen, who slowly moved down the beach, keeping abreast of the tide-driven net, and as the lower party were stationary, the two ends were gradually coming together. The men tugged and pulled, but the net came in but slowly.

"In with her lively now!" shouted Scott, running down the beach. "There's a big school in there."

"You're right; she do pull heavy," said one of the men, straining at the ropes.

"This won't do," cried Scott. "It's not coming in half fast enough. We'll have to use the winch, or the tide will carry it on the rocks. Here, some of you, run the rope up to the winch, and start her."

The winch was a rough wooden machine, with two bars like a ship's capstan. Around the barrel the rope was wound, and two village lads ran rapidly round with it. The extra purchase thus obtained brought in the seine much faster.

Both parties were now within speaking distance, and congratulations and jokes passed between them at the prospect of making a good catch.

The lower ropes were carefully managed by two experienced men, so that no fish should escape underneath, and the disturbed water at the "bag" end of the net indicated that a large school was inclosed. So quietly and smoothly had all been done that the fish had not realized they were caught. But now ensued a great splashing and boiling, particularly at one place.

"Must be sturgeon in there!" cried Scott. "Carefully now, or he'll break away."

The net was coming in beautifully, when suddenly a long black body shot up out of the water, and fell back with a tremendous splash, and commenced rushing back and forth, threatening to destroy everything.

"What is it?" shouted Scott. "Sturgeon don't act that way."

"We don't know," replied one of the men. "It's too dark to see what it is."

"You will have to kill it, or we'll lose the catch," yelled Scott. "He's tearing the net now."

At this several dashed into the water with poles and staves, and a lively and confused conflict ensued with the monster, while the shad and other captive fish darted about in the wildest manner, frightened out of their wits at the terrible uproar; and in the shallow water were hundreds poking their cold noses against the net, trying to get out.

"It's a shark, as sure as I'm alive," shouted one of the men, jumping one side as the monster made a rush.

"It can't be," replied another; "they don't run here."

"Never mind; pull up the net," called Scott; "there come the rollers from the night boat."

But it was too late, for with a low, sullen roar the heavy rollers from the Albany night boat came tumbling in, upsetting and twisting the net, and carrying it on the rocks.

"There he goes!" cried one of the men, and sure enough the big fish had torn the net, and was free, and like a flash hundreds of shad followed through the hole he had made, so that scarcely fifty good fish were left in it to reward the fishermen's labors.

"Isn't it too bad?" said Joe to Scott, as he passed by to a bright drift-wood fire under the rocky headland, where the men were drying themselves. "I'm real sorry you lost them."

"It's fisherman's luck," replied Scott, quietly. "We'll hope for better next time."

"What kind of fish was it?" asked Ralph.

"I hardly know. I never saw one like it, or we would have known how to manage it better."

By the fire-light the remaining fish were soon sorted

Digitized by Google

out, and each of our boys was given a fine fat shad for his share of the work; so although they lost their supper, they had a fine feast for Sunday morning's breakfast.

PLANTING-TIME.

"I've planted a paper of pins in a row;
I wonder when will my pin-trees grow?"
Cried darling Dora, with puzzled eyes,
At aunty's look of complete surprise.

"Planted a paper of pins, my dear?
They'll never come up, though you wait a year—
Yes, you may wait a year and a day,
And down in the ground your pins will stay.

"Roses and lilies and daisies white,
Blossom and flourish in dark and light;
But pins will rust in the planted row,
For out in the garden no pin-trees grow."

"THE TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN."

BY HELEN P. JENKINS.

I AM going to tell you, Young People, something about a once famous body of men called the Janissaries. You may pronounce the word as if spelled Yanissaries.

A few hundred years ago, when the nations of Europe were more given to fighting than they are now (though they seem in this day to like it pretty well), the most celebrated soldiers in the world were the Janissaries. At that time armies were not drilled as thoroughly as they are to-day, but so well disciplined, so fierce, and so successful were the Janissaries that their name became a terror throughout Europe.

Who these soldiers were is a curious and a sad story. They were Turkish troops, but they were not Turks by birth, and that is why the story is a sad one. The Turks came from Asia into Europe about six hundred years ago. They conquered the southeastern part of Europe, which is called Turkey, and little by little, by dreadful fighting, they got possession of Greece, and several states north of it. Finally they took the beautiful city of Constantinople, which the Christians so long and so gallantly defended. The Turks brought with them a religion, a costume, and a government different from any the people in Europe had been accustomed to. They were Mohammedans, while the people of the conquered countries were Christians. You can easily believe that the Christian people did not love the race that had robbed them of their country and their freedom, nor did they submit very willingly to their fate.

Now the Turkish government took a very cunning and cruel way to increase the strength of its own army, and weaken the people they were conquering. It took from the Christian people every year one thousand of their brightest boys to train them for the Turkish army. This is called in history "the tribute of children." Some historians say that all the boys over seven years of age "who promised any excellence in mind or body" were captured by the Turks; but probably the "annual tax of one thousand children" is a more reliable statement. As this "tribute of children" was kept up for over three hundred years, not less than 300,000 noble Christian children were torn from their homes, and their strength turned against their own people. The delicate and deformed and dull were not taken, for the Turkish government wanted to make a body of soldiers the finest in size and strength and courage the world had ever seen; and, besides, the puny and dull boys would never be of much service to the Christians; so it was very safe to leave them with their own people.

Can you think of a meaner way of gaining victories than to kidnap the finest children of a conquered race, so there should be no grand, strong men among them, and then to make these boys, when grown to men, fight against their own flesh and blood? I do not think history records anything more base.

How glad a Christian mother must have been if her boy was pale and puny, or her children were all girls! Do you not believe that parents sometimes hid their boys in the mountains when the Turkish officers were about, or taught them to look sick or silly? I have never read in any books that they did do so, but I do not doubt it myself. Yet it is said that so much care was given to the training of these bright boys, and such honors sometimes conferred upon them by the government, that the very poor people were sometimes willing their sons should go away from them forever to enter the service of the Turks. It seems to me it must have been a dreadful poverty and ignorance that could have made Christian mothers willing to give up their sons to the enemy of their country and their religion.

These boys were taken from their homes so young they soon forgot kindred and country, the religion, and even the language of their fathers. They were usually carried to some portion of Asia Minor, where they were trained severely to abstinence and endurance of all kinds, to fit them for service. Those who proved greatly superior in mind were fitted for places of trust in the government—some were made pages in the Sultan's palace—but those who were strong and large of stature were trained for war. And it was these Christian boys who constituted the celebrated Janissaries, and won such great victories for the Turkish nation for three hundred years, that its influence and power was felt and dreaded throughout the civilized world.

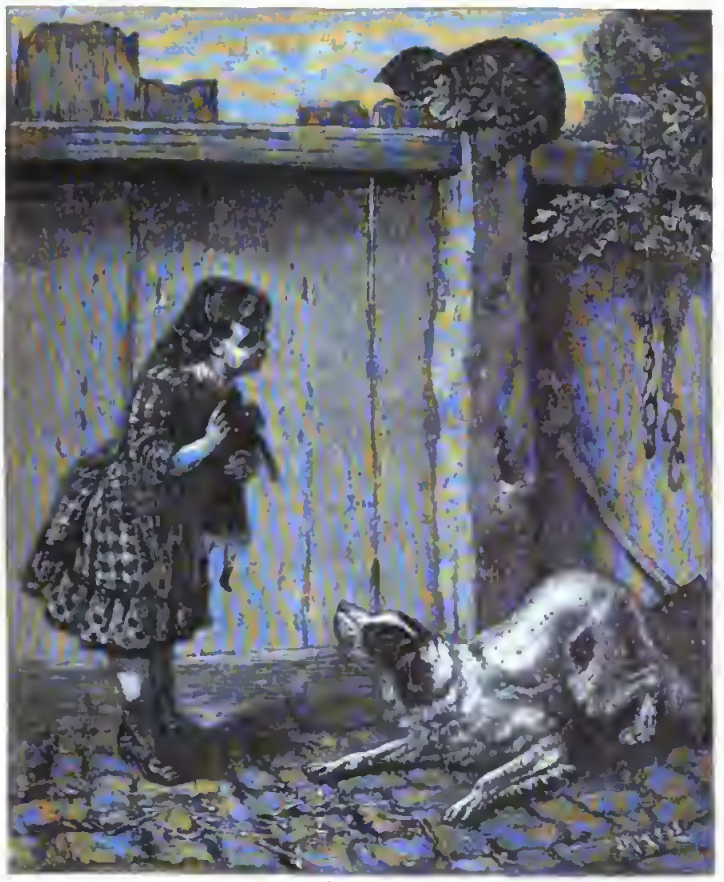
It was the first instance of a "standing army" in Europe. Charles VII. of France is usually considered the originator of the "standing army," perhaps because the Turks were not considered a European nation; but the Janissaries were in existence a century before Charles's time. They were organized in 1329, and Charles was not crowned until 1422.

The Janissaries fought in many important battles and sieges in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They figured in the sieges of the islands of Rhodes and Crete and Malta, and at the famous battle of Lepanto, which you will read about when you are older. They wore, even in fighting, flowing robes and white caps with black plumes, and fought with cimeters. We can believe their flowing robes were somewhat inconvenient in battle, especially at the siege of Malta, where they had to scale high parapets of rocks.

The Janissaries were in the height of their splendid fame during the reign of the Sultan Solyman the Magnificent, in the seventeenth century. After a time this celebrated corps lost its superiority. The "tribute of children" had, after three hundred years, gradually ceased, and the force was kept up by volunteers of any kind. The Janissaries became corrupt and insubordinate, and instead of making conquests for Turkey, they often turned upon their masters, and became more terrible to the Sultans than to the nations around. They deposed Sultans, and murdered Sultans, and made new ones, and Turkey was cursed by the very troops of which she had once been so proud.

Mahmoud II., who was a fierce and daring man, resolved to save his own head, and protect Turkey, by destroying this dreadful soldiery. In 1826 he led the rest of the army against the Janissaries, surprised them, and after a dreadful battle defeated them. Eight thousand were burned in their barracks before they could escape. Fifteen thousand were slaughtered in the struggle to defend themselves. The rest were banished from the country, and became scattered among the armies of Europe. The Janissaries were forever dissolved, and their name lives now only in history.

Digitized by Google



THE REPRIMAND.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I'm s'prised at you, Rover! Pray what does this mean?
You're the naughtiest dog, sir, that ever I've seen,
To be teasing poor Kitty, and vexing her so;
Such conduct won't do, sir, I'd have you to know.

Was Kitty mistaken? You chased her in play?
Is that what your sorrowful eyes try to say?
Then puss shall forgive you; but, Rover, my dear,
Do please be more careful. You're *too* rough, I fear.

[Begun in No. 68 of Harper's Young People, December 7.]

TOBY TYLER;

OR, TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter XX.

HOME AND UNCLE DANIEL.

MEANWHILE the author of all this misery had come upon the scene. He was a young man, whose rifle and well-filled game bag showed that he had been hunting, and his face expressed the liveliest sorrow for what he had so unwittingly done.

"I didn't know I was firing at your pet," he said to Toby, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, and endeavored to make him look up. "I only saw a little patch of fur through the trees, and thinking it was some wild animal, I fired. Forgive me, won't you, and let me put the poor brute out of his misery?"

Toby looked up fiercely at the murderer of his pet, and asked, savagely: "Why don't you go away? Don't you see that you have killed Mr. Stubbs, an' you'll be hung for murder?"

"I wouldn't have done it under any circumstances," said the young man, pitying Toby's grief most sincerely. "Come away, and let me put the poor thing out of its agony."

"How can you do it?" asked Toby, bitterly; "he's dying already."

"I know it, and it will be a favor to him to put a bullet through his head."

If Toby had been large enough, perhaps there might really have been a murder committed; for he looked up at the man who so coolly proposed to kill the poor monkey after he had already received his death-wound that the young man stepped back quickly, as if really afraid that in his desperation the boy might do him some injury.

"Go 'way off," said Toby, passionately, "an' don't ever come here again. You've killed all I ever had in this world of my own to love me, an' I hate you—I hate you."

Then turning again to the monkey, he put his hands each side of his head, and leaning down, kissed the little brown lips as tenderly as a mother would kiss her child.

The monkey was growing more and more feeble, and when Toby had shown this act of affection, he reached up his tiny paws, grasped Toby's finger, raised himself half from the ground, and then, as a more convulsive struggle came, fell back dead, while the tiny fingers slowly relaxed their hold of the boy's hand.

Toby feared that it was death, and yet hoped that he had been mistaken; he looked into the half-open, fast-glazing eyes, put his hand over his heart to see if it was not still beating, and getting no responsive look from the dead eyes, feeling no heart-throbs from under that bloody breast, he knew that his pet was really dead, and he flung himself by his side in all the childish abandon of grief.

He called the monkey by name, implored him to look at him, and finally bewailed that he had ever left the circus, where at least his pet's life was safe, even if his own back received its daily flogging.

The young man, who stood a silent spectator of this painful scene, understood everything from Toby's mourning. He knew that a boy had run away from the circus, for Messrs. Lord and Castle had staid behind one day in the hope of capturing the fugitive, and they had told their own version of Toby's flight.

It was nearly an hour that Toby lay by the dead monkey's side, crying as if his heart would break, and the young man waited until his grief should have somewhat exhausted itself, and then he approached the boy again.

"Won't you believe that I didn't mean to do this cruel thing?" he asked, in a kindly voice; "and won't you believe that I would do anything in my power to bring your pet back to life?"

Toby looked at him a moment earnestly, and then he said, slowly, "Yes, I'll try to."

"Now will you come with me, and let me talk to you, for I know who you are, and why you are here?"

"How do you know that?"

"Two men staid behind after the circus had left, and they hunted everywhere for you."

"I wish they had caught me," moaned Toby; "I wish they had caught me, for then Mr. Stubbs wouldn't be here dead."

And Toby's grief broke out afresh as he again looked at the poor little stiff form of him who had been a source of so much comfort and joy to him.

"Try not to think of that now, but think of yourself, and of what you will do," said the man, soothingly, anx-

Digitized by Google

ious to divert Toby's mind from the monkey's death as much as possible.

"I don't want to think of myself, and I don't care what I'll do," sobbed the boy, passionately.

"But you must; you can't stay here always, and I will try to help you to get home, or wherever it is you want to go, if you will tell me all about it."

It was some time before Toby could be persuaded to speak or think of anything but the death of his pet; but the young man finally succeeded in drawing his story from him, and then he tried to induce him to leave that place, and accompany him to the town.

"I can't leave Mr. Stubbs," said the boy, firmly; "he never left me the night I got thrown out of the wagon, an' he thought I was hurt."

Then came another struggle to induce him to bury his pet, and finally Toby, after realizing the fact that he could not carry a dead monkey anywhere with him, agreed to it; but he would not allow the young man to help him in any way, or even to touch the monkey's body.

He dug a grave under a little fir-tree near by, and lined it with wild flowers and leaves, and even then hesitated to cover the body with the earth. At last he bethought himself of the fanciful costume which the skeleton and his wife had given him, and in this he carefully wrapped his dead pet. Not one regret at leaving the bespangled suit, for it was the best he could command, and surely nothing could be too good for Mr. Stubbs.

Tenderly he laid him in the little grave, and covering the body with flowers, he said, pausing a moment before he covered it over with earth, and while his voice was choked with emotion: "Good-by, Mr. Stubbs, good-by. I wish it had been me instead of you that died, for I'm an awful sorry little boy now that you're dead."

Even after the grave had been filled, and a little mound made over it, the young man had the greatest difficulty to persuade Toby to go with him, and when the boy did consent to go at last, he walked very slowly away, and kept turning his head to look back just so long as the little grave could be seen.

Then, when the trees shut it completely out from sight, the tears commenced to roll again down Toby's cheeks, and he sobbed: "I wish I hadn't left him; oh, why didn't I make him lie down by me, an' then he'd be alive now, an' how glad he'd be to know that we was getting out of the woods at last!"

But the man who had worked Toby this sorrow talked to him about other matters, thus taking his mind from the monkey's death as much as possible, and by the time the boy reached the village, he had told his story exactly as it was, without casting any reproaches on Mr. Lord, and giving himself the full share of censure for leaving his home as he did.

Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle had remained in the town but one day, for they were told that a boy had taken the night train that passed through the town about two hours after Toby had escaped, and they had set off at once to act on that information.

Therefore Toby need have no fears of meeting either of them just then, and he could start on his homeward journey in peace.

The young man who had caused the monkey's death tried first to persuade Toby to remain a day or two with him, and failing in that, he did all he could toward getting the boy home as quickly and safely as possible. He insisted on paying for his ticket on the steamboat, although Toby did all he could to prevent him, and he even accompanied Toby to the next town, where he was to take the steamer.

He had not only paid for Toby's ticket, but he had paid for a state-room for him; and when the boy said that he could sleep anywhere, and that there was no need of such expense, the man replied: "Those men who were hunting for you have gone down the river, and will be very likely to search the boat when they discover that they started on the wrong scent. They will never suspect that you have got a state-room, and if you are careful to remain in it during the trip, you will get through safely."

Then, when the time came for the steamer to go, the young man said to Toby: "Now, my boy, you won't feel hard at me for shooting the monkey, will you? I would have done anything to have brought him to life; but as I could not do that, helping you to get home was the next best thing I could do."

"I know you didn't mean to shoot Mr. Stubbs," said Toby, with moistening eyes as he spoke of his pet, "an' I'm sorry I said what I did to you in the woods."

Before there was time to say any more, the warning whistle was sounded, the plank pulled in, the great wheels commenced to revolve, and Toby was really on his way to Uncle Daniel and Guilford.

It was then but five o'clock in the afternoon, and he could not expect to reach home until two or three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day; but he was in a tremor of excitement as he thought that he should walk through the streets of Guilford once more, see all the boys, and go home to Uncle Daniel.

And yet, whenever he thought of that home, of meeting those boys, of going once more to all those old familiar places, the memory of all that he had planned when he should take the monkey with him would come into his mind, and dampen even his joy, great as it was.

That night he had considerable difficulty in getting to sleep, but he did finally succeed in doing so, and when he

UNCLE DANIEL'S BLESSING.

awoke, the steamer was going up the river whose waters seemed like an old friend, because they had flowed right down past Guilford on their way to the sea.

At each town where a landing was made, Toby looked eagerly out on to the pier, thinking that by some chance some one from his home might be there, and he could see a familiar face again. But all this time he heeded the

Digitized by Google

advice given him, and remained in his room, where he could see and not be seen; and it was well for him that he did so, for at one of the landings he saw both Mr. Lord and Mr. Castle come on board the boat.

Toby's heart beat fast and furious, and he expected every moment to hear them at the door demanding admittance, for it seemed to him that they must know exactly where he was secreted.

But no such misfortune occurred. The men had evidently only boarded the boat to search for the boy, for they landed again before the steamer started, and Toby had the satisfaction of seeing their backs as they walked away from the pier. It was some time before he recovered from the fright which the sight of them gave him; but when he did, his thoughts and hopes far outstripped the steamer, which it seemed was going so slowly, and he longed to see Guilford with an impatience that could hardly be restrained.

At last he could see the spire of the little church on the hill, and when the steamer rounded the point, affording a full view of the town, and sounded her whistle as a signal for those on the shore to come to the pier, Toby could hardly restrain himself from jumping up and down, and shouting in his delight.

He was at the gang-plank ready to land fully five minutes before the steamer was anywhere near the wharf, and when he recognized the first face on the pier, what a happy boy he was!

He was at home! The dream of the past ten weeks was at length realized, and neither Mr. Lord nor Mr. Castle had any terrors for him now.

He ran down the gang-plank before it was ready, and clasped every boy he saw there by the neck, and would have kissed them if they had shown much inclination to let him do so.

Of course he was overwhelmed with questions, but before he would answer any, he asked for Uncle Daniel and the others at home.

Some of the boys ventured to predict that Toby would get a jolly good whipping for running away, and the only reply which the happy Toby made to that was:

"I hope I will, an' then I'll feel as if I had kinder paid for runnin' away. If Uncle Dan'l will only let me stay with him again, he may whip me every mornin', an' I won't open my head."

The boys were impatient to hear the story of Toby's travels, but he refused to tell them, saying.

"I'll go home, an' if Uncle Dan'l forgives me for bein' so wicked, I'll set down this afternoon, an' tell you all you want to know about the circus."

Then, far more rapidly than he had run away from it, Toby ran toward the home which he had called his ever since he could remember, and his heart was full almost to bursting as he thought that perhaps he would be told that he had forfeited all claim to it, and that he could never more call it home again.

When he entered the old familiar sitting-room, Uncle Daniel was seated near the window alone, looking out wistfully, as Toby thought, across the fields of yellow waving grain.

Toby crept softly in, and going up to the old man he knelt down, and said, very humbly, and with his whole soul in the words, "Oh, Uncle Dan'l, if you'll only forgive me for bein' so wicked, an' runnin' away, an' let me stay here again—for it's all the home I ever had—I'll do everything you tell me to, an' never whisper in meetin' or do anything bad."

And then he waited for the words which would seal his fate. They were not long in coming.

"My poor boy," said Uncle Daniel, softly, as he stroked Toby's red, refractory hair, "my love for you was greater than I knew, and when you left me I cried aloud to the Lord as if it had been my own flesh and blood that had gone afar from me. Stay here, Toby, my son, and help to support this poor old body as it goes down into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and then, in the bright light of that glorious future, Uncle Daniel will wait to go with you into the presence of Him who is ever a father to the fatherless."

And in Uncle Daniel's kindly care we may safely leave Toby Tyler.

THE END.

THE FAITH OF THE TWO SHEIKS.

BY LYDIA M. FINKELSTEIN.

THERE is a passage in the Koran that reads, "When God creates a human being, He also creates his inheritance, which is inalienable, and must come into his possession."

In the Orient, prisoners are allowed by the government only a meagre supply of bread and water—so meagre that unless the relatives supply them with food (which they are permitted to do), the unfortunates frequently die of sheer starvation.

It is the custom for the Orientals, at a time of sickness or any other trouble, in view of some business speculation, also when undertaking a journey, to make a vow that if they are delivered from the trouble, meet with success in the transaction, or accomplish the journey in safety, to provide the prisoners with a certain quantity of food, and often for a stated period of time.

In an Oriental city two Sheiks were once confined in prison for debt. The one, Sheik Kassim, was blind; the other, Sheik Ahmed, was lame. They had made a living, such as it was, in the outside world, by reciting passages from the Koran for the dead, usually at the grave, for which they received payment, either in food or money, from the relatives of the deceased. In prison, however, there were but few opportunities for the two Sheiks to earn anything by their profession.

Sheik Kassim was a true believer, and consequently held to the literal interpretation of the above-mentioned passage of the Koran, asserting repeatedly that whatever God had destined for him, He would send him, without any care or exertion on his own part.

Sheik Ahmed, though a sincere Moslem, had a somewhat different opinion, and believed that although whenever God created a human being, He also created for him a special inheritance, yet at the same time God intended the human being to make some exertions to obtain possession of said inheritance.

It so happened that a wealthy merchant of the city had made a vow to supply the prisoners not only with necessary wholesome and sufficient food, but also with some extra dainties, for the term of seven days.

On such occasions a herald passes through the different departments of the prison, proclaiming, "Ho! all ye poor of the earth that hunger and thirst, come and partake of the bounty and the inheritance from God!" The prisoners are then expected to gather in the prison yard, where the supplies are doled out to them.

Sheik Ahmed, on hearing the invitation, prepared to proceed to the yard, offering to lead Sheik Kassim, who sat reciting passages from the Koran and prayers in a corner of his cell, to the same place, to receive a share of the good things provided by the grateful merchant.

"Nay," said Sheik Kassim, "if I have any inheritance in this supply, Allah will send me my portion to this place," and he resumed his prayers, while Sheik Ahmed, finding persuasions and arguments alike vain, hobbled off to the yard to secure his share of the food which was being distributed, and this scene was repeated for six days.

On the seventh day the merchant walked through all the different departments of the prison to make personal inquiries of the prisoners whether they had received the

Digitized by Google

food he had sent as a thank-offering for his mercies. On seeing the blind Sheik he particularly questioned whether his wants received the proper attention. "My lord," replied Sheik Kassim, "if I have any inheritance in this supply, Allah will send me my portion to this place." Hearing this reply, the merchant immediately gave orders for a liberal supply to be brought to the blind man.

Later, Sheik Ahmed approached his friend to endeavor once again to convince him of the necessity for making some exertion in order to receive his share of the good things to which he was entitled, but missed through his own inaction. Triumphantly Sheik Kassim related the circumstance of the merchant sending for his portion, and having it brought to the spot from which the blind man had not considered it necessary to move, so great had been his faith that his inheritance, however great or small it might be, would be sent by Allah sooner or later to him.

"That is all very beautiful and very true," replied Sheik Ahmed, "and Allah is good to all His creatures, even the most undiscernible, if they only trust Him; but remember that while you waited, Allah sent you a portion only once, while I, who made the exertion and went, received a portion from His bountiful hand seven times."

THE BUZZARD'S BALD HEAD.

BY A. L. BASSETT.

"NOW, chillen, git to bed quick, and don't make no fuss, and I'll tell you a story 'bout Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit."

The promise of a *story* was quite sufficient to insure ready obedience; so the little ones were soon tucked warmly into their beds, and their colored nurse, seating herself on the floor beside them, greatly pleased at the eager gaze of the bright eyes fixed upon her face, began her story:

"Mr. Fox and Mr. Rabbit had been off workin' all de week, but Saturday dey come home and cleaned up deir house and yard, and got ready for Sunday.

"When ebenin' come, Mr. Fox dressed heself up and went to de rabbit's house.

"'Mr. Rabbit,' he says, 'I'm goin' fishin'. Won't you go 'long, Mr. Rabbit?'

"'No,' says Mr. Rabbit, 'I won't go. I generally stays at home Saturdays and rests myself, and den eats as many fish as dem as goes fishin'.'

"Mr. Fox didn't know how dat could be, but he didn't say nothin', and went on by heself to de pond, and cotched a nice string of fish, and den started for home.

"Now Mr. Rabbit, as soon as he thought it was time for de fox to come home, he ran down de path and stretched heself out like he was dead.

"Presently de fox come 'long wid his string of fish. He fa'rly jumped when he seed de rabbit, and den he said: 'Well, if here ain't a nice fat rabbit! I'll go home and put my fish down, and den come back and git him, and to-morrow I'll have a big fish fry and a rabbit stew for dinner.'

"So Mr. Fox he went on down de path, and de rabbit he jumps up and runs through de woods and gits ahead of him, and stretches heself out ag'in like he was dead. When de fox come 'long and seed him, he give a bigger jump dan before, and says: 'If here ain't another nice fat rabbit! I'm 'most home now, so I'll lay my string of fish down by dis rabbit, and go back and git de other rabbit, and to-morrow I'll have a big fish fry and *two* rabbit stews.' Mr. Fox laid his fish down by de rabbit, and went back to look for de other rabbit.

"As soon as he was gone, up jumped de rabbit, and took de fish, and ran off as fast as he could go, and went up a hollow tree.

"Presently de fox come back, 'cause he couldn't find no dead rabbit whar he left it, and—dar now! his fish was gone, and Mr. Rabbit was settin' up in de hollow, eatin' fish, and throwin' de fish bones down to him fast as he eat de fish.

"Den de rabbit hollered out, 'I say, Mr. Fox, didn't I tell you I stays at home and rests myself, and den eats as many fish, *if not more*, dan dem dat goes fishin'?'

"De fox was so mad he didn't know what to do wid heself. He danced 'round de tree, and barked at de rabbit, and said, 'I'll pay you for dis, Mr. Rabbit!'

"'Pay me *now*, Mr. Fox.'

"Presently a buzzard came flyin' by, and de fox called him, and told him how de rabbit had stole his fish.

"'Mr. Buzzard, will you stay here and nuss dis hollow till I go to de house and get a chunk of fire to smoke de rabbit out?'

"Mr. Buzzard said, 'Yes'; so he come down and set close to de hollow to nuss it till de fox come back.

"Time de fox was gone, de rabbit peeped out of de hollow, and said, 'Dat you down dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"And de buzzard said, 'Dis is me.'

"'Mr. Buzzard, dey tell me you is got gold eyes. Is dat so, Mr. Buzzard?'

"'I s'pose so, Mr. Rabbit.'

"'Mr. Buzzard, I never seed any gold eyes in my life. Won't you jes' put your eyes up to de hollow so I kin see 'em?'

"Den de buzzard he got up and put his eyes to de hollow, and de rabbit throwed a whole lot of fish bones and trash in his eyes, and fill his eyes *full* of trash and fish bones. So de buzzard had to fly down to de ground and set down wid his back to de tree to pick de trash and fish bones out of his eyes. Den Mr. Rabbit he jumped down, and away he was gone through de woods long 'fore de fox come back wid de fire.

"When Mr. Fox come wid his chunk of fire, he set to smokin' de hollow right nway. 'Is he up dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"'He was up dere de last time I seed him,' said de buzzard; and he kept pickin' de trash and de fish bones out of his eyes.

"De fox smoked and he smoked, but de rabbit didn't fall.

"'Is he up dere, Mr. Buzzard?'

"'He was up dere de last time I seed him;' and de buzzard kept pickin' de fish bones and trash out of his eyes.

"Den de fox he smoked and he smoked, but de rabbit didn't fall, and—den he run to de buzzard, and *scratched all de skin off his head*, and ever since den all de buzzards been bald-headed.

"But de buzzard he didn't tell no lie; de last time he seed de rabbit he was up dere, sure enough. He couldn't see after de rabbit throwed de fish bones and trash in his eyes, and he wa'n't goin' to tell de fox dat he was a fool like *he* was. Now dat's all de story: you go to sleep directly."

"Oh, please tell us some more! tell us some more!" cried the children, as wide awake as ever.

"I never seed sich chillen! You never gits tired. Well, I will tell you one little piece of po'try, and den if you is good, to-morrow night I'll tell 'nother story 'bout de fox and de rabbit."

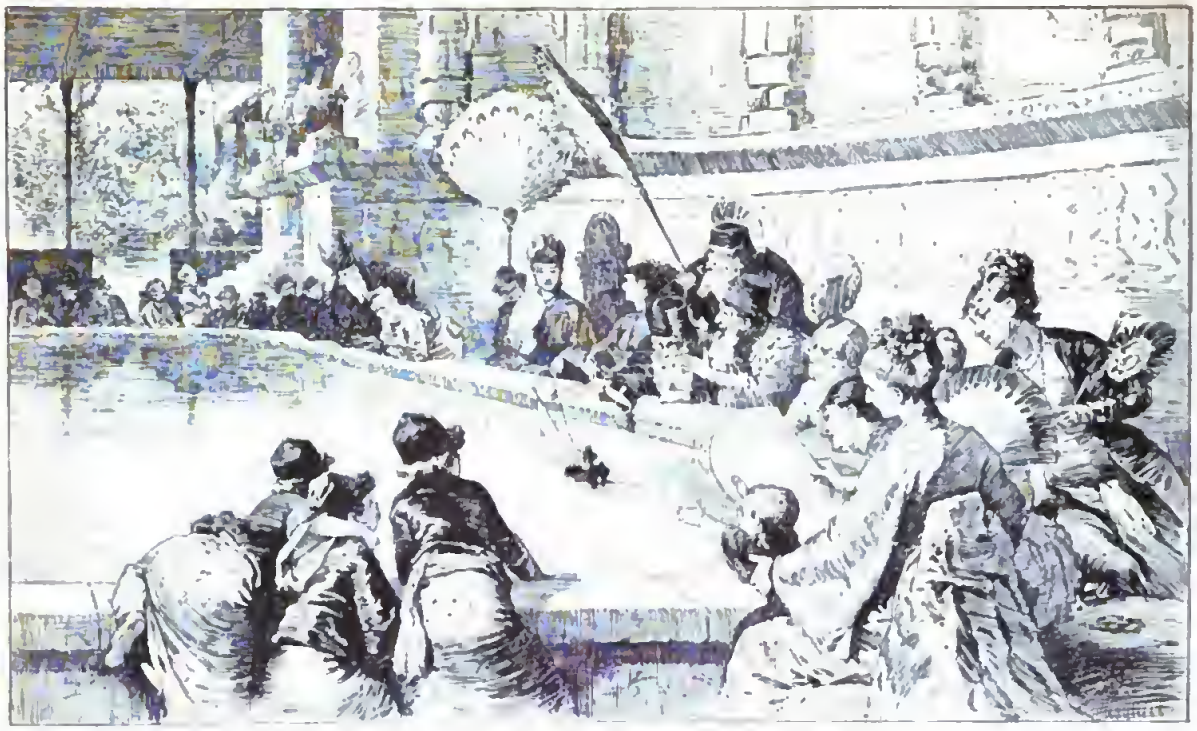
"Tell us the poetry, please do," cried all the children at once. "Don't go before you tell us the poetry."

"Bless me! you won't give me time to draw my breff. I never seed sich chillen. Now listen, and den don't say 'nother word to me dis night, for I's gwine. I ain't gwine to fool here wid you all no longer. Here is de po'try:

'De squirrel he hopped from limb to limb,
De ole bar sot and look at him:
De ole bar say unto heself,
"Dat squirrel don't mind he kill heself."

"Dar now, I's gwine. I ain't gwine to tell you no more nohow."

Digitized by Google



GULLIVER SAILING HIS YACHT FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE COURT.

GULLIVER AMONG THE BROBDINGNAGS.

PROBABLY most of our readers are familiar with Dean Swift's tales of the travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, and will remember that among other wonderful countries, he visited that of the Brobdingnags—a race of giants eighty feet in height. Those who have read of his remarkable adventures in this country will at once recognize the accompanying picture as that of Gulliver sailing his yacht for the amusement of the King of the Brobdingnags and his court. Gulliver is made to tell the history of his yacht as follows:

"The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, 'If I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in.' The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the Queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by the way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I used often to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased."

POLYPOD'S CAT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

HER real name was Mary; but there never was such a family for nicknames as the Dyers. Why they ever called pretty Nelly, the oldest girl, "Norken," instead of her royal name Eleanor, nobody could tell; or sober John, "Jinky," or Alice, the "big little girl," as Mary called her, "Pob" and "Phœbus"; but they did, and there are a great many things in this world one has to take as they are, without rhyme or reason. But she always was called Polypod by all the family; and when a stranger said, "*What* is your little girl's name?" whoever he asked only said, "Mary," and laughed.

Polypod was a dear little soul, as rosy and jolly and loving as a child could be; but sometimes she wanted a playmate. Nelly taught her every day, the school was so far off; and Jinky and Pob always took their dinner when they went, and were too tired or too grown up to play with Polypod when they came home at night; so she racked her brains for amusement. The Dyers lived on a great farm, and back of the house was a hill covered with woods. Polypod had a wild garden, as she called it, under the edge of these woods, where she planted all the pretty wilding flowers, adder's-tongue, squirrel-cups, Dutchman's-breeches, spring-beauty, Quaker-ladies, wet-root, jack-in-the-pulpit, columbine, blue and white violets—everything she could find, except trailing arbutus, which she could not make grow at her pleasure any more than other people can. Then she had a play-place in the big

Digitized by Google

THE YOUNG CONVALESCENT.

wood-shed for rainy days; a house furnished with broken crockery and nutshells, and inhabited by squash dollies and ladies made out of hollyhock petals. She could stay here all summer whenever she was tired of her garden, or it rained; but in winter was the hard time. She had her rag doll Miss Rosalinda Squires, to be sure, but there was no place to play except in the kitchen or the sitting-room, and Grandpa Dyer always sat by the sitting-room stove asleep, or smoking his pipe, or trying to read the newspaper; he did not like little girls; he was too old, and they made such a noise. Then everybody else was in the kitchen, and mother kept it so awfully clean! All Polypod could do was to go under the dinner table with Rosalinda and play they were living in a cavern, or shut up in jail;

Digitized by Google

for when the leaf was down, and the brown cover on, they found it naturally quite dark under that table.

"Oh dear!" she said, one day, "I do wish I had somefing or somebody to p'ay with me."

Nelly came into the room just as she spoke, and heard her. It never had occurred to anybody in that house that Polypod could be lonely before. She was a little thing, and they all loved her, but they didn't stop to think much about her. If she had warm clothes, plenty to eat, and a dolly, why shouldn't she be satisfied?

"Why, child," said Nelly, "haven't you got the doll?"

"Yes, I've got her, an' she sits there an' sits there, Norken; she don't go a 'peck, she don't talk a singal wingal mite, not the very leastest word. I wish somefing would make her mad an' strike, she keeps so still;" and Polypod heaved a deep sigh as she looked at Rosalinda with melancholy disapproval.

"Mother," said Nelly next day, "can't Polypod have a kitten? The child gets lonesome for something to run about and play with her."

Polypod's eyes sparkled under the table where she was just putting Rosalinda to bed with the measles and scarlet fever—maladies she had herself experienced, and knew how to treat.

"I don't know," answered mother, stopping on the door-sill to consider. "She might for 't I know, but I'm afraid 'twould get into the keepin'-room and plague grandpa. I guess 't ain't best to resk it; she can play with Dolly;" so she shut the door behind her, and Nelly went out into the shed.

"Danpa's real mean an' horrid," sobbed Polypod, making a very bad face at the wall behind which he sat, the better to express her hurt feelings. She did not know how tired old folks are, how their bones ache, and their eyes get dim after they have lived and worked so long and so hard; and poor grandpa could not remember how he felt when he was a rosy naughty little boy himself. He did not think of much now but how to keep warm and quiet, and not have anybody push against his chair, or hit his lame foot that lay up on a carpet stool all the time. No wonder he did not like kittens, they jump about so everywhere!

But before spring came grandpa died one day, and there was a funeral. Nobody cried much: grandpa was too old to cry for; they all knew—all the grown-up people—that he must be glad not to ache any more, and he had been pretty cross, poor old man. The day of the funeral Polypod noticed her mother putting some black ribbon on Nelly's felt hat, and trying on to her own head a new black bonnet.

"What is you putting that ugly black bow on to Norken's bonnet for, muvver?" she asked.

"It's mourning, Polypod; people wear black when their folks die."

"What for?" curtly inquired the child.

"Oh, well, I s'pose to show they feel bad."

"I don't feel bad one mite," said Polypod, thoughtfully. Her mother in her busy hurry did not hear this comment, or Polypod would have been reproved, no doubt. But nobody puts black on so small a child for the loss of a grandfather, so Polypod made no more remarks.

The next week Nelly came into the sitting-room where the child had for once established herself in a corner of the old chintz-covered sofa.

"Polypod," she called out, "what do you suppose I've got in my apron?"

Polypod did not stop to guess; she jumped down and peeped in at a corner.

"Oh, Norken, a real live kitty! Oh! oh! oh! My vely own kitty?"

"Yes, you little goose," laughed Nelly; she could not comprehend what a wonderful and delightful treasure the kitten was to her little sister.

Polypod was not lonely any more; she hugged her precious kitty with all the tender passion of her warm little heart, she paddled out to the barn in all weathers to get it new milk, she taught it all sorts of tricks, it slept on her bed at nights, played hide-and-seek with her in the day-time, knocked Rosalinda Squires down from her silent state every time it found that neglected lady anywhere, and made things lively generally in the Dyer house. Even Pob and Jinky, solemn as they were with age and learning, could not help laughing at kit's tricks, and father Dyer, tired, and wet, and hungry as he might be when he came in from doing the chores, owned gruffly that, "That 'ere kitty's the spryest of all the critters I ever *did* see."

This was great praise from father, the most silent of men generally, and so little given to expressing his feelings that Polypod could not remember that he ever kissed her but once, and that was the day grandpa died.

Great was his mistress's joy when kit caught his first mouse; she did not like mice; but oh! how she cried and scolded when he fetched in a young robin panting, quivering, bleeding, its beautiful eyes dark with death. Polypod was almost ready not to love kit any more, but the tender little heart soon forgave her darling on the wistful plea that he was "only a kitty."

When Polypod's treasure was only a year old, one day he was missing; nobody could find him. He had taken to sleeping in the shed under the floor, and Jinky had made a bed there for him, to please his little sister, by taking up a board of the floor, and putting down an armful of hay and a bit of carpet. Kit liked this much; he had become a great hunter, and he could range the woods on moonlit nights after squirrels and winter birds, and then seek his retreat for a morning nap, going in from the outside through a hole in the rough stone foundation of the woodshed. But he always came in for his breakfast; and today when Polypod called, there was no answer. Bobbin, as she had named him, did not come running to the step, his tail high in air, the end curved like a fish-hook, his ears forward, and his yellow eyes shining; nor did he come all day. It had snowed very hard the night before, and perhaps he had gone into a neighbor's barn, they thought; when it cleared up he would come trotting in as usual. But he did not. Day after day went by; somebody asked the neighbors, to no purpose, if they had seen the cat; somebody else trudged over to the lonely barn, two miles away, where they stored the surplus hay, but Bobbin was not there. Polypod cried till her eyes ached.

"Mercy me! don't take on so, child," said mother; "there's cats enough, dear knows. Pa'll fetch ye another kitty the next time he goes to the 'ville."

"Muvver! I want *my* kitty!" Polypod indignantly answered.

In about two weeks from Bobbin's disappearance a heavy rain and thaw set in: drifts disappeared, the earth was brown again, and out from that hole in the stones crept—who but Bobbin! thin as a shingle cat, eyes big as saucers, feeble, staggering, rough: but Bobbin! Now Polypod sobbed for joy; she would not let anybody touch him; she made him a flannel bed, and fed him with a teaspoon till his voice came back, and he purred a faint song of gratitude. Polypod loved him now better than ever; and as his loose skin filled out, and his beautiful dark gray coat, dashed and striped with black, regained its gloss and depth, his attachment to the child seemed to increase; he followed her everywhere, into the woods after the first shy blossoms that laid off their gray furs and smiled up at the sun, down into the swamp edge to pick cowslip greens for dinner, into the lots for wild strawberries, and even up on the ledge for red raspberries; if anybody wanted Polypod, they said, "Where's the cat?" Mother looked on him with much favor now, for he not only rid the house of mice and rats as well as ever Whit-

Digitized by Google

tington's cat could have done it, but he also caught all the little green or striped snakes that lurked in and about the old garden, which mother "could not a-bear!" It was very pretty to see him toss the coiling, squirming creatures high up in air, and then watch them with his handsome head cocked aside, and his paw held up ready for a pat as soon as they moved, or another toss. He never ate them, which pleased Polypod, for she felt as if she never could kiss him again after he had swallowed a snake.

It was in the late autumn that Bobbin most distinguished himself, however. Polypod had been quite ill; a touch of fever, the doctor said. She had been taken out of her tiny bedroom opening from mother's into the spare chamber up stairs, and put into that big old-fashioned bed that had a tester and white dimity curtains at the corners. One night Nelly had given her her medicine, and set down the tallow candle on the light stand, drawing the curtain to keep the light out of Polypod's eyes, when she was called down stairs to see one of the neighbors.

Half an hour after, as she was talking very busily, Bobbin came running into the room and began to walk round her, pull at her dress with his paw, go to the door, come back, rub against her, look up at her with great asking eyes, and at last mewed so impatiently that the neighbor said, "What upon earth ails that cretur? Seems as though he wanted suthin real bad."

"Oh! I guess he wants to get up into Polypod's room," said Nelly; "he sets by her dreadfully; but I was real sure I left him on to the foot of her bed, and I know I shet the door."

"Mebbe you'd better let him go up," suggested the visitor, who found Bobbin's importunity rather distracting to a very important conversation he wanted to begin.

So Nelly opened the door, and Bobbin rushed up the front stairs, and began to mew loudly at the top.

"I did shut the door, certain sure," laughed Nelly, going up to open it, and turning quite pale at the smell of fire, and then at the sight of Polypod calmly asleep in the bed, though the end of one pillow and the dimity curtain next the light stand were blazing and smoking away with a good-will.

Polypod might have burned or smothered to death but that Nelly had left the window over the shed roof open a little way when she went down, the night was so unusually warm; and probably Bobbin, seeing something wrong, had gone out here, jumped off the shed roof, and, making his way into the front door, gone to the first person he found for help. Now this is a true story, or I shouldn't dare to tell it. And thanks to Bobbin, and the visitor, who came tearing up when Nelly screamed, "Oh, George!" and pulled down the curtain very quickly, and stamped on it, there was no great harm done; for Polly's dose of skull-cap tea kept her quiet even when she awoke with the noise.

But nobody ever saw a cat so admired and well treated as Bobbin was after that. Nothing in the Dyer house was too good for him; and when, that same winter, he was chased by a dog of the tin peddler's, and fell into the well, from which he was fished out next day dead and dripping, Polypod's heart was broken. It was small comfort that Jinky dug a neat little grave under the Bell pear-tree, and put up a shingle head-stone, with the tender inscription:

"Here lies Bobbin,
Pretty as a robin,
Smart as a whip.
Why did he slip,
Sad to tell,
And get drowned in the well?"

This was all good, as far as it went, but Polypod cried harder and harder. At last she went to mother.

"Muvver," she piteously sobbed, "ca-can't I have a b-black bonnet to w-w-wear to meetin'?"

"Land alive, child! what under the canopy do you want a black bunnet for?"

"Why, you s-said folks w-wore 'em when any-b-body they loved was d-dead, to show they was s-sorry, and I'm aw-awful sorry 'bout Bobbin; more'n I ever w-was before —ev-ever so much!"

Mother upset the churn, and spilled the buttermilk on the spot. It was a hasty movement did it, but anything was better than to have dear little Polypod see her smile. She compromised for a black bow on the child's hood, on the ground that nobody in meeting was acquainted with Bobbin, and if the bow was noticed it might be thought that some distant relative of the family was dead. Polypod could only sob, "W-well, I don't c-care so vely much. I fe-feel real b-black inside."

Dear Polypod! may she live to grow up in the faith that it is better and truer than any depth of outward mourning to rend the heart, not the garments—in her own quaint phrase, to "feel real black inside!"

THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THEY were a very young couple, and as soon as they were married they tried to find a place where they could begin housekeeping. After looking about for some time, they found a lovely house, sheltered from the north and open to the south. It was a pleasant, airy spot, and quite sunny, so they decided to move in at once. Everything went beautifully in the new house until the third day, when, to their great alarm, they woke early in the morning, and found the sun rising in the south. This was very curious, for they had read in their school-books that "if you stand with your face to the south, the sun will rise on your left hand, and set on your right hand." Yet there was the sun rising as plain as could be in front of the house, and they knew the house faced south. However, the sun came up in the most natural manner in the world, went up to the middle of the sky at noon, and went down among some beautiful clouds at night in the north.

Next morning something still more wonderful happened: the young people slept quite late, for the sun rose behind the house, and they did not know it was morning until he was shining brightly.

"My dear," said the husband, "this is very singular. The sun rose in the north, and I suppose it will set in the south."

So it did, for they both watched it go down in front of the house.

"Never mind," said the wife. "I dare say the sun knows the way, and I'm very sleepy. I think I'll go to bed."

Then for a week the sun rose every day in the north, and set in the south, as if it were quite the proper thing to do. Then came a still more wonderful day: the sun rose in the north; but while the family were at dinner in the front parlor, it gave a jump and went clear round to the south, and set at night in the old-fashioned way.

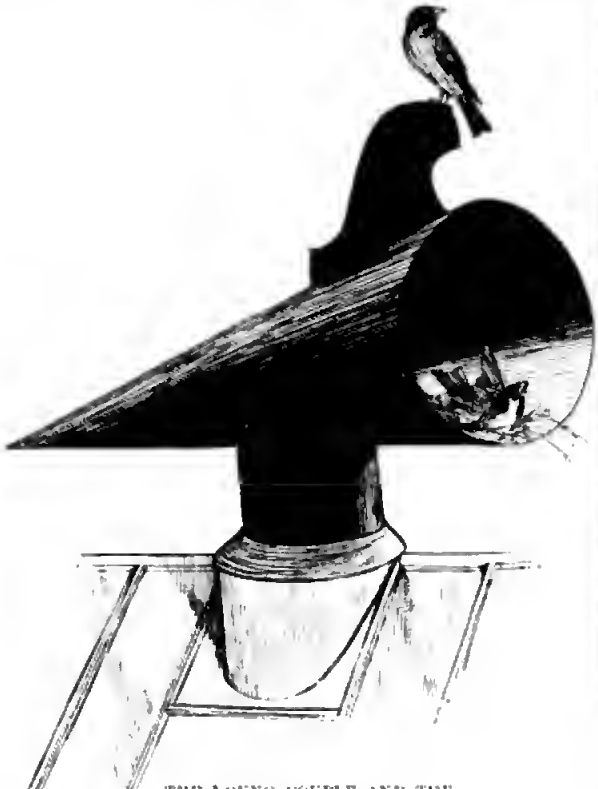
"My love, I think the sun behaves in the most surprising manner. I hope there is nothing wrong with it."

"Oh, I hope not, I'm sure," said she, "for father could not afford to give us a mantel clock for a wedding present, and I have to depend on the sun. It would be very distressing if it should get out of order."

The next morning the sun rose in the west, and before it had been an hour high, it gave a big jump and ran round to the east, and then went calmly in the old way, as if nothing had happened. The young people were, of course, greatly surprised, and were much pleased to see it go down in the west, just as it used to do before it fell into such bad habits.

The next day the little wife went home to see her mother, and told the family all about it. They said it was very strange, but they had not noticed anything wrong

Digitized by Google



THE YOUNG COUPLE AND THE WHIRLIGIG HOUSE.

with the sun. At night her father went home with her, and when he came in sight of the house, he sat on the fence and laughed so heartily that he nearly fell off. When he went home he told all the folks about it, and they had a good laugh over the young people who went to housekeeping in a *ventilator*.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.]

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter XIII.

THE FAIRY'S STORY CONCLUDED.

THE owl replied softly, telling her errand, praising the bravery of the frog, and evidently pleasing the kingfisher with the news of the death of his enemy the nighthawk.

"I will go," he answered. "I do not pretend to be chivalrie; I should prefer to sleep; nevertheless I will go. Rise, follow me. I expected to breakfast at home; now we will get some sea-food."

"He is always thus," whispered the owl, as Arthur and she rose high in the air. "He is a wonderful naturalist, a student of ichthyology, has a vast and profound fund of knowledge, but a great gourmand, always considering what he will eat; but he is reliable; we may trust him."

They sailed now high, now low, over ravines and gulfs, until the continuous murmur which had accompanied them deepened into the steady, solemn roar of the ocean. Great crags, broad sands, and huge waves tossing their white crests now met their eyes.

The soft faint gray of early dawn lit the heavens. The kingfisher perched himself on the top of a rock, and watched the seething waves with a steady and keen outlook. The owl fluttered down to the long line of breakers, and bade Arthur notice the immense quantity of sea-weed fringing the rocks in all directions.

"Now how to carry it back is the question," said Arthur, rather dolorously.

"My friend, have no fear," said the owl. "Go to work bravely, and gather all you can, then we will arrange to transport it. Hasten, however, as much as you can."

Arthur hopped about zealously. He was half deafened with the thunder of the waves, half blinded with the dashing spray, half drowned with the salt-water pouring from every cliff and cranny of the rocks. Still, he tore and clutched at the sea-weed, dragging it in masses larger than his own frog body to where the owl waited for him on the beach in a sort of grotto hollowed out by the waves. There they piled it until they both were assured they had the proper quantity. Then the owl flew to a promontory and hailed the kingfisher. Arthur, quite worn out, fell asleep. When he awoke, he found himself most strangely placed.

So soundly had he slept that the owl and kingfisher, having completed their arrangements for the removal of the sea-weed, had removed Arthur also, and he woke to find himself on the back of an enormous sturgeon, with sea-weed under him, over him, and about him. Tightly about the sturgeon was bound an old rope, which the kingfisher had procured from the remains of a wreck on the rocks, and in which he had entangled the sturgeon; this rope the owl and kingfisher took turns in holding, keeping the sturgeon near the surface of the waves by its check upon his movements, which were very bold and rapid. Thus, by the double force of flying and swimming, Arthur was carried with immense speed into the quiet waters of a bay, from which they had emerged on arriving at the ocean.

From the bay they sailed up into the river, and were coursing rapidly on to its narrower surface, when the sturgeon suddenly gave a great leap, very nearly throwing Arthur and his precious load off his back.

The owl screamed, the kingfisher shouted hoarsely, but tightened his hold upon the rope, while the sturgeon dashed madly on.

Again he made another frantic leap, whereupon the kingfisher gave him a thrust with his beak, to which the sturgeon replied:

"The current is becoming too shallow; I can go no farther. I *must* have air. How can you expect me to go up this trout stream? have you no mercy for such a beast of burden as you have made me?"

"Forward again!" shouted the kingfisher, tightening the rope again.

Arthur felt the sturgeon shiver, and was conscious that his movements were weaker. Another leap, and he burst the rope; but as he jumped, he tossed his load of sea-weed high in the air; it fell, and Arthur with it, on a rock.

The owl gave a long, dismal cry, the kingfisher swept madly away after the sturgeon, and Arthur, bruised and sore, lay panting on the rock. For a long while he could do nothing. The owl went off in search of food, promising to return at night-fall. The day wore on. Arthur, weak with hunger, tried to devour some of the sea-weed. It was too bitter and salt. Leaning over the edge of the rock, he saw a shoal of tiny fishes playing hide-and-seek in the eddies of the stream. He clutched at one of them, and devoured it. Never had he tasted a sweeter morsel. He caught another, and another, until his hunger was fully appeased. Evening came again; the moon shone early; Arthur was awakened from a long nap by the hooting call of the owl, which said,

"Here I am again, my distressed friend."

At the same moment the kingfisher swooped down on

Digitized by Google

MAKING THE STURGEON USEFUL.

them, and stood tilting and flapping his wings on a corner of the rock. "Now," said he, "as I am a bird of my word, and have promised to help you, we will proceed to business. This sea-weed is dry, as you see, and very much lighter. You, Mrs. Owl, can easily carry it, while I will take your young friend Mr. Frog. Let us be off at once, you, madam, directing the flight."

The kingfisher and Arthur then heaped the sea-weed upon the owl, and Arthur, clambering on the rather oily back of the kingfisher, was once again going over the tree-tops.

Before morning they had reached the desired spot, the flat rock under the chestnut-tree, placed the sea-weed upon it, and, hardly waiting for thanks, the kingfisher left them.

Arthur thanked the owl warmly, assuring her of his deep gratitude. To which the owl replied: "You have done me quite as good service, and my thanks are quite as due to you. I return to my empty nest a desolate mother, but never shall I forget your generous sympathy. Possibly I may find consolation, but should I ever raise another brood, it could never equal the beauty of my lost darlings. Alas! we feathered creatures have great trials: we toil diligently for our families, build nests at great cost of time and effort, often to see them swept away by the winds; or, our nests lasting, and unattacked by enemies, many a young bird is thrown to the earth by the violence of storms, and comes to an untimely end through starvation. Sympathy, therefore, we appreciate; it helps us to bear our sorrows with becoming fortitude. Never shall I forget your gallantry, my friend; the thought of it will cheer many a solitary hour when all the world is asleep. I bid you farewell." So saying, the owl flapped her wings, and was gone.

Arthur hopped away from the chestnut-tree to the place where he had lost himself. It was early morning, but he was wearied, and slept in spite of all his anxiety. When he awoke he was no longer a frog, but a very hungry boy. The noonday sun was shining, and at his side hopped a little brown bird. It twittered gladly, as if congratulating him, but not one word could he understand. Before this adventure he would have probably frightened it away, but now he reached out his hand softly and stroked its feathers, then seeking berries, he placed them where the little creature could feast upon them. It peered at him with its bright little eyes, and even perched upon his shoulder. Never again did Arthur idly destroy any living creature of the woods—not the humblest weed or flower, bright-winged insect or speckled egg. Nor did he loiter again when sent upon errands. The elves thereafter left him in peace.

"Good-by, dear Phil; I am off now. This is my last story."

"Where am I? Has the music stopped? Was it my wind harp—my poor little wind harp?"

"Why, Phil, your wind harp is broken. Did you not know that it fell from your window last night?" said Lisa, coming into the dining-room.

"No. I wonder if I shall ever see the wind fairy again?"

"Dreaming again, Phil?" said Lisa.

"You always think I dream, Lisa, whenever I speak of fairies."

"Do I, dear? Well, you must get ready now for Graham; he is coming to take you out on the lake. Miss Schuyler will not be home to dinner, and we three are to have ours on Eagle Island."

Phil went up stairs and gathered together the broken pieces of his wind harp. He folded each piece up carefully in paper, and put them all away. "No more fairy stories," he said to himself. "Well, I suppose I am getting beyond them, and must put up with sober facts; but they are not half so nice," he said, with a sigh—"not half so nice." Then he took out his sketch-book and pencils, and prepared for work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ORPHLING.

MR. KILLCRAW. "Good gracious, children, you must not think of bringing such a forlorn-looking cur as that in the house!"

FANNY. "Oh, but, Papa dear, when he is washed and mended, I think he'll look real nice, and we can exhibit him at the Dog Show."

Digitized by Google

New Haven, Connecticut.

Last summer our big cat caught a rat. It was one of the largest rats I ever saw. The cat did not eat it, but left it on the lawn dead. The next day we noticed the rat did not look nearly as large, and upon going to it, we saw that it was half buried, and was being slowly pulled down by something. On looking closely, we discovered several large black beetles, spotted with yellow, working under the rat; and in thirty-six hours from the time it was left there, they buried it all out of sight except a little bit of its tail. Can any one tell me why the beetles did this?

Hallie A. S.

The beetles which buried the rat belonged to the family of carrion beetles known as *Silphidæ*. They live in the ground, and have feet fitted for digging. They eat all kinds of filth and dead animals, and on this account are sometimes called scavengers. Those whose work relieved your lawn of the dead rat belonged to the branch of the *Silphidæ* family called burying or sexton beetles. The instinct of these bugs is very remarkable. They scent a dead mouse or any small animal from afar, and at once proceed to secure the prize. If the ground where it lies is rocky, and too hard for their little feet to work in, an army of them fasten on the body, and drag it to a softer place. Then they work underneath, as you saw them do, until they sink their prey, and can cover it away from the air and sun, which would soon dry it, and make it unfit for their food. The sexton beetles lay their eggs in the little dead body they have buried, so that when the tiny grubs are hatched, their food is all ready for them. The common carrion beetles have strong teeth, and can eat almost any animal substance, no matter if it is very hard and dry, but the sexton beetles can only eat very soft things, and their little grubs would die had not Nature, who cares for the least of her children, endowed them with this wonderful instinct to provide suitable food and protection for their young.

Dover, New Hampshire.

I have had my first volume of Young People bound, and it makes a very nice book. On page 496 of that volume is a picture of the Indians killing Major Waldron here in Dover. I live just across the river from where his house was, and I can see the place from my windows. We do not have any Indians here now, but I saw some once in a show, and they were savage-looking fellows. Burton T. S.

Raton, New Mexico.

We live in the Raton Mountains. We call our home Glenwood. It is a beautiful place, especially in the summer. It is situated at the mouth of two cañons. We have a great many beautiful wild flowers and ferns here, and we press a great many for winter decoration.

We have two pet calves. Their names are Rose and Graceful. They are very gentle. Rose always comes to the door to wait for her milk, and if she does not get enough, she will go around to another door, and wait until she gets more. We have only to take a pan in our hands, and she will trot after us all over the place.

I think Young People is delightful, and it is very pleasant to think that from the Atlantic to the Pacific thousands of little readers are delighted with the same stories, and welcome the coming of this little paper with the same eagerness. Ella G. R.

Near Richmond, Virginia.

About a week ago my papa came home in the evening and told us that a nice horse had fallen and broken her leg on the Reservoir Drive, and that the owner would have to shoot her. The next morning we saw the poor horse limping up the road on three legs, and the rain was pouring down. We all felt so very sorry, and papa had her brought into our stable and fed. When he looked at her leg, he thought it could be cured. He went to see the owner, who said papa might cure her if he cared to take the trouble. Papa has put her leg in splints, and bound it up with oakum and strong bandages, and it is doing nicely. It will have to be kept in splints for four weeks. I will write and tell Young People when our horse is well. We are going to call her Experiment. I am seven years old. Bessie K. N.

Albany, New York.

Dear Young People,—I write to tell you about my home. It is situated on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, thirty miles from Saratoga; the name of it is Comstock's. It was founded by my great-grandfather in 1849.

There used to be a great many Indians around here, and a number of arrow-heads have been found in a muck bed at the end of our meadow. A woman living on the mountain, about a mile from us, found an arrow-head firmly stuck in a piece of fire-wood which her husband had cut. Near by there is a cave dug in the solid rock, most likely the work of Indians. Near it there is a hole in the solid rock, about two feet deep and nine inches across, where they used to pound corn. Up a creek not far from our house a cannon full of gold coin (so tradition says) was sunk by Burgoyne's army when they went from Skenesboro' (now Whitehall) to Fort Edward, and almost every summer people come to drag for it. Once they hooked on to something very heavy, which, as they had but one horse, they could not pull up. Many people thought it was the cannon. There was a battle fought at Fort Ann, four miles south of Comstock's, in the French and Indian war, and even now people sometimes find old coins there under the stones. George C. B.

Glen Haven, Wisconsin.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and a subscriber to this delightful little paper ever since it was published. I do not know how I would get along without it. I have a little niece with blue eyes. She is seventeen months old. When she comes to our house, she says "Dood-day" to everybody. She always wants to see the pictures in Young People, but she is too little to read. This is my fourth letter to Our Post-office Box. All the others must have gone to the "waste-basket." I do hope this will not go there too. Amy L. O.

Lisbon, Iowa.

After teasing mamma a long time, she has consented to let me write again to Our Post-office Box. She thinks it may be a case of P×P=P (see Young People No. 73), for this is my third letter, and I haven't seen any in print yet. I am almost nine years old. I am very much interested in Toby Tyler. I hope he will get home all right, and that his uncle will give him all he can eat. I read Young People out loud to mamma and grandma. I have a little sister Georgie. Pet W.

Near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

I wrote a long time ago to Our Post-office Box, but my letter wasn't printed; but mamma always says, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." If we lived in some distant place I could write a more interesting letter, although our bills are never without interest.

Three of us children can read "Toby Tyler," and when we saw the picture of him running away with his monkey, we all gave a shout. We hope Mr. Otis will keep on writing about Toby Tyler until he gets to be a man, so we will know all about him. I am glad he got away, because he is not a bad boy; but he might grow up to be one if he staid with the circus. Mary P.

I will exchange some madrone berries, a piece of manzanita wood and bark, and a few cedar-pine nuts, for ocean curiosities.

The manzanita is a shrub. It sometimes grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, but is generally about five feet high. It has small pink and white blossoms, and the berries, when ripe, are very sweet, like sugar. The bark is very thin, and is red. The wood is red when dry.

The madrone is a tree. It has small white blossoms, and in the autumn it has bright red berries. It is an evergreen. Elva C. Wheeler,
Grant's Pass, Jackson Co., Oregon.

I am a little Dutch girl, and an orphan. I live with my grandmother, who is very kind to me. I am a cousin to the little Lockman girls, who wrote to Young People from Muskoka, and who lost their brother last winter. They are here on a visit. They were very glad to come, after living there in the backwoods so long.

I am making a silk quilt, and I would like to exchange pieces with any of the little girls who take Young People. Annie Sipple,
Mohawk, Brant Co., Ontario, Canada.

We wish to tell the readers of Young People about a pet we have in our house, and they must guess what it is. Our pet is quite large. It has four legs, but it can not walk. It affords us a great deal of pleasure, and occupies a great deal of our time, although it sometimes gets badly out of order—so bad that we have to send for a man, who only attends to such patients as our pet, to come and put it right again.

Please, Mr. Editor, don't tell any one, but our pet is our —i—n—.

We will exchange a stone from Iowa, for one from any other State. Iris and Myrtle Brockway,
Concord, Hancock Co., Iowa.

Some time ago I received a letter containing four stamps from a boy who wished gold ore in return. I have lost his address, and wish he would be so kind as to send it to me again. Dwight Marfield,
Circleville, Pickaway Co., Ohio.

So many boys and girls are in trouble on account of losing addresses that we would advise them to procure a small blank-book, and write down names, addresses, and what has been sent by that particular correspondent. This entry should be made as soon as the letter is received. When it is answered, make a little mark against it with a blue pencil, which will show you that it has been duly noticed. A little care of this kind will save you a great deal of trouble, and assist you in forming methodical habits, which will be of service to you when you are men and women, and have more important business to attend to. Here is a letter from another correspondent whose affairs are evidently in confusion:

All children who have written or sent boxes to me, and have received no answer, will please write again.
Dellie Porter, Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Memphis, Tennessee.

I regret to say that sickness has caused me to delay answering many postals for the exchange of curiosities. I am now sending off what I have, and as I will go to Hot Springs again this summer, I will get what I can for my new friends.
W. H. Howland.

As my supply of amethyst is exhausted, I can not make any more exchanges. I have received a little box of stamps, which I will return if the sender will forward me his or her address.
Harlow C. Clarke, Hastings, Minn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Florida moss and Indiana postmarks, for foreign coins or Indian arrow-heads. Charlie Brewer,
P. O. Box 305, Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind.

Twenty-five postmarks, for three foreign stamps.
Frank F. Rutzen,
Watseka, Iroquois Co., Ill.

Five postmarks for every foreign stamp, European excepted. H. D. Batts,
Care of R. B. Bates, Racine, Wis.

An ounce of soil from Indiana, for the same from any other State. Harry D. Baugh,
718 Walnut Street, Evansville, Ind.

Seven New England postmarks (no duplicates), for 2½ p. claret and 4 p. blue Dominica stamps, of the issue of 1880. John R. Blake,
26 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Stamps from England, France, Greece, Denmark, and the Netherlands, for Russian, Chinese, Portuguese, Turkish, or South American stamps. Almanacs over one hundred years old, for ocean curiosities or rare stamps. John L. Benitz,
Uniontown, Fayette Co., Penn.

Coins, boxwood, and shells, for coins and curiosities. Herbert Carr,
P. O. Box 1112, Brockton, Mass.

Pieces of Hell Gate rock blown up by General Newton's little girl, two years of age, shells from Fire Island, and postmarks, for Indian curiosities, specimens of wood, and minerals.
Maud M. Chambers, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Minerals, for minerals, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics. James D. Keyes,
926 Ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Zinc or iron ore, some other minerals, or some South American postage stamps, for curiosities, especially from the ocean. R. B. Kirr,
13 Grant Street, Newark, N. J.

Minerals, coins, stamps, postmarks, and curiosities. Irvin P. Knipe & Bro., P. O. Box 219,
Morristown, Montgomery Co., Penn.

A collection of three hundred stamps from more than fifty different countries, for a good velocipede. Each stamp is on the centre of a white card.
John Lawrence,
40 Washington Square, New York City.

A stone from New York State, for one from any other State except Ohio and Pennsylvania.
C. N. Long, Smithville, Jefferson County, N. Y.

Foreign stamps and coins, for United States Department and Central and South American stamps.
John W. Lennox,
275 Navy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An old issue three-cent stamp for a common fifteen-cent. Eight United States stamps and two foreign, for seven War Department stamps.
J. H. Monroe,
P. O. Box 208, Guilford, New Haven Co., Conn.

Five postmarks, for one foreign stamp. Three postmarks, for one United States stamp, old issue. Two United States internal revenue stamps, for one foreign stamp. A one-cent War Department stamp, for any other official stamp.
Luther and Frank Moser,
Mohrsville, Berks Co., Penn.

Crystals, and hot-house flower cuttings, for sea-shells. Schele De Vere McConnell,
Center, Cherokee Co., Ala.

Digitized by Google

Four different postmarks, for one foreign stamp.
SAMUEL K. SMITH,
Mohrsville, Berks Co., Penn.

Four postmarks for each foreign stamp. Only present issues desired.
J. W. SIDDALL, JUN.,
213 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Postmarks, for stamps. G. R. SIDDALL,
2968 Myrtle Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Five foreign stamps, for one United States Department stamp. Fifty foreign stamps, for a two-dollar or five-dollar State Department. One hundred foreign stamps, for a ten-dollar or twenty-dollar State Department. CHARLIE E. STEARNS,
Marietta, Ohio.

Butterflies. CHARLOTTE WOOD,
Care of J. J. Wood & Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Zinc ore, for foreign postage stamps.
MARY WHITE,
122 East Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

One French or English stamp, for every ten common United States stamps.
JULIE WICKHAM,
338 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

A few War and Treasury Department stamps, for stamps from China, Spain, Egypt, and the Argentine Republic. WILLIE WALKER,
1011 M Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

(*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

ROBERT C. K.—Your specimen is a piece of bark of the white birch.

EVELYN A. AND ELISABETH DE YONGE.—Your pretty wiggles had so very far to travel—one all the way from Oregon, and the other across the sea from Holland—that they arrived too late for insertion. A very graceful lily introducing the wiggle, drawn by Theodora B., a little invalid girl of ten years, was also too late in making its appearance.

NAWTON C.—Directions for the care of rubbits have already been given in YOUNG PEOPLE, in the Post-office Box of Nos. 25, 31, and 54.

ALICE M. AND A. L. D.—Roller skates may be bought or ordered at any hardware store, or at any place where common skates are sold. The price varies according to the finish of the skate, but none of them are expensive. They can only be used on a smooth surface like city pavements, or a well-made floor.

LISS B.—There is no prettier way of celebrating the festival of May-day than the old-fashioned English custom of raising a May-pole covered with wreaths of flowers and green sprays, and choosing a Queen for the day. In ancient times every village in England observed the May-day pageant. A sort of bower or arbor was built on the green where the May-pole was raised, covered all over with flowers, and there the young girl who had been chosen Queen sat in great state, a wreath of flowers for a crown, and looked on while her subjects danced and played. It must have been rather tiresome to sit there and do nothing but look on, while the others were enjoying themselves with pleasant games, but it was thought to be a great honor to be chosen Queen, even for a day, especially as it was always the prettiest girl in the village who was selected.

As we have no Kings or Queens in this country, you might modify the festival, and when your father takes you and the other little girls out for your May-day picnic, you can leave out the Queen. Some of the boys in your party can easily raise a May-pole in some green spot, and you can decorate it with wreaths and flowers, just as the boys and girls of England did in the olden time. It will be a very pretty sight, and you can have your picnic spread around it on the soft grass.

A very pretty effect is sometimes made by tying stout cords to the top of the pole before it is raised, and covering them with vines, wreaths, and flowers. Afterward these cords are stretched out on all sides, and securely fastened to pegs driven into the ground, thus forming a sort of bower.

If you are fond of archery, you can imitate another old English May-day custom by playing the game of Robin Hood. The game is too elaborate to be followed exactly, but you can have bows and arrows and targets, and by dividing into two parties you can have very pleasant sport in trying your skill. In England the best archer represented Robin Hood, and the second best Will Stokely, both renowned men in the old ballads for their skill in the use of the bow. Then there was Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, and other characters, about whom you have read in the Robin Hood legends, who took part in the game; but it would take too much space to describe them all here, and you can get along just as well without them.

All May-day sports of the olden time were celebrated out-of-doors, and all had the same general character. Grown people as well as the young joined in the merry-making, and the whole day was given up to rejoicing that the reign of winter was over, and the season of soft airs and beautiful flowers had come again.

We have received a large number of puzzles on topics suited to the Easter holiday, some of which were excellent, but they all, without exception, arrived too late for insertion at the proper season. We accordingly acknowledge them with thanks, and with regrets that we can not print them.

Z. G. S.—Your stamps of different colors are different issues, the rose being that of 1868, and the blue of some years previous. If your stamp-book is large, and allows spaces for these different issues, it is interesting to keep both.

E. M. W.—Try the recipe for mucilage given in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 68. Spread it first on your stamp, and allow it to dry; then wet it slightly, and paste the stamp in your book. The leaves wrinkle because you use too much paste, and wet the paper more than is necessary.

MURRAY R. U.—Any change you desire will be made, but you must send your old as well as your new address, and both must be very distinctly written.

JESSIE A.—Read the answer to Adele M. in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 56, Vol. I.

ALICE C.—The little foreign girl you inquire about would, we are sure, prefer leaves pressed and varnished, so as to preserve their color.

E. B. A.—Many thanks for your favor, but as it is not new, we can not print it.

MAY AND JUNE.—1 and 2, French Republic; 3, German; 4, Sandwich Islands; 5, German (Bavarian). These stamps are all very common, and can be bought in New York city for a few cents.

NED NEMO.—The address of the editor of the little paper has been changed, and we do not know the new one.

BELLA AND CARRIE N.—There are so many dialogues and charades that it is difficult to select for you. It would be good practice for you to follow the example of Ida B. D., whose letter you will find in the Post-office Box of No. 63; that is, choose some story you all like, and arrange your own dialogue. If you have any brothers who could take part, a very pretty play might be made of "Mildred's Bargain."

A CONSTANT READER, TENNESSEE.—1. Music copied by hand pays letter postage. 2. Interesting as a curiosity; we do not know its market value. 3. Yes, if genuine. 4. No.

WILLIE F. C., ANNIE L. W., AND OTHERS.—You will find by referring to *The Life and Career of Major John André*, by Winthrop Sargent (published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston), that on page 312 it is stated that on the day preceding André's capture "seven young men, including Paulding, had agreed to waylay the road in quest of spoil, three of whom—Isaac Van Wart, David Williams, and John Paulding—kept the ambush, while four watched from a hill-top lest the light-horse should come on them unawares." Then, if you turn to page 315, you will find that when André prayed them to lead him to an American post, they set forth toward their comrades on the hill, Paulding leading the horse on which the captive was mounted. As the parties drew together, the guide informed Yerks, the chief man of the remaining four, of their capture.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Claude S. Burr, Bessie Bolton, Maud M. Chambers, Clara E. Commons, J. I. Crane, R. O. Chester, Alice C. Hammond, Charles W. Hanner, L. A. Jones, Howard B. Lent, Beth D. L., "L. U. Stral," Percy McDermott, G. Massa, George M. McClure, Bessie H. Moore, C. H. Nichols, "Pepper," Torrance Parker, C. A. Q., Percy Ryan, Herbert M. Rogers, "Sir Finly," Gilbert P. Salters, John and Alice S., "Starry Flag," John W. Stout, W. I. Trotter, "Willie Mette."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

First in meat, not in bone.
Second in pebble, not in stone.
Third in meal, not in corn.
Fourth in stem, not in thorn.
Fifth in girl, not in boy.
Sixth in hoop, not in toy.
Seventh in paper, not in book.
Eighth in torn, not in crook.
Ninth in youth, not in change.
The whole a noted mountain range.
EUGENE S.

No. 2.

PYRAMID.

Across.—Fifty. A wager. Kindness. A sailor. Down.—One thousand. A note in music. An obstruction. A boy's name. A weight. A note in music. A letter. PEPPER.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a familiar proverb composed of 20 letters.
My 10, 6, 8, 11 is a bird.
My 1, 19, 6, 7, 20 is a man's name.
My 2, 19, 4 is not old.
My 9, 8, 5 is an unruly crowd.
My 10, 17, 13, 3, 14 is refreshing.
My 11, 1, 15, 14 is an insect.
My 12 is a vowel. G. D. L.

2. I am composed of 13 letters, and am an ancient British Prince who bravely opposed the Romans for nine years, but was at last defeated, and carried captive to Rome.
My 1, 2, 3 is a vehicle.
My 4 is a vowel.
My 5, 7, 8, 6, 2, 10 is a plant. F. B. W.

3. I am composed of 7 letters, and I once caused the death of a celebrated Greek.
My 1, 2, 9 is to confine.
My 4, 5, 6, 7 is to fasten. ANNIE B.

4. I am a city in Europe composed of 10 letters.
My 5, 2, 9 is a dance.
My 1, 7, 10 is a tin vessel.
My 3, 4, 5 is in every farm-yard.
My 8, 9, 8 is often used by shoemakers.
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 75.

No. 1. Across.—1. Nail. 2. Nest. 3. Yawn. 4. Love. 5. Lone. 6. Ague. 7. Lane. 8. Sate. 9. Many. 10. Lord. Zigzags.—New England.

No. 2.

O N T A R I O
N O I S E S
T I M I D
A S I A
R E D
I S
O

No. 3.

Z U N I
U R E S
N E V A
I S A R

No. 4.

E centri C
M ement O
E ntertai N
R betori C
S tuce O
O sea R
N ela D
Emerson, Concord.

No. 5. Panther.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

MIRTHFUL MAGIC.

BY O. B. BARTLETT.

MIND-READING.

THIS curious trick, like most good ones, is very simple in plan, although some skill is required to perform it well. After a few learned remarks on the occult science of mind-reading, the performer requests each person in the room to write a word or short sentence on a slip of paper, and to place it in a hat which stands on the table. He then takes his seat behind the hat, and draws out one of the papers, and presses it against his forehead, covering it from view with the fingers of each hand, which touch each other. After anxious thought, he reads it, and proceeds to draw and read aloud each slip in turn, laying each one on the table behind the hat, until all have been taken out, when they are handed together to the company for examination.

This trick, when well performed, causes the greatest surprise and astonishment, and its manner of performance was for a long time kept secret. It consists in inventing a word for the first slip, and glancing at its true contents when laid on the table behind the hat. The words on the first paper are read for the second, which is glanced at also, and its contents read for the third, and so on until the last one has been placed on the forehead, in removing which it is concealed in the hand and dropped into a side pocket, or mixed with the rest, which are seldom examined carefully enough to discover its absence or that of the contents of the first slip.

This very easy and effective trick may be of use in showing the young how easy it is for seeming impossibilities to be performed, and thus to put them on their guard against being too easily deceived by the evidence of their own senses, or trusting too much to the skill of pretenders who promise to foretell future events, of which neither they nor their hearers can have the least knowledge.

MAKING WILLOW WHISTLES.

IS HE ON THE STREET OR IN A SKATING RINK?

THAT IS WHAT THIS OLD GENTLEMAN WILL WANT TO KNOW IN ANOTHER SECOND.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 79. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.

Tuesday, May 3, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

Three Sisters.

A May-Day Story for Girls.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

"'ACROSS the little covered bridge, and then along the village street about a quarter of a mile.' Do go on, mother."

Pidgie Mullen looked up at her pale mother with a sweet, flushed eagerness, which brought her a trembling kiss, as Mrs. Mullen answered, "You know the story better than I do now, dear."

GATHERING THE MAY-FLOWERS.

Digitized by Google

"Yes," said little invalid Belle from her pillow on the lounge, "and then you turned up the narrow north road—a very, very shady, cold road—and went up hill, and up hill, and up hill. Oh, you tell it, mother, you make it so much nicer!"

So the tired little mother, working hard from day to day for her fatherless young brood, waited a few moments before lighting the evening lamp for her sewing, and told the girls for the five-hundredth time the lovely story of how she used to go "May-flowering" when she was a little girl. Just as she was closing, a light step was heard on the stairs, and in came Cherry. Cherry was fifteen, and she took care every day—coming home at night—of the children of Mrs. Lester, in the big house around the corner.

"I heard you before I opened the door," she began, laughing, and kissing her mother. "I knew it was the same old story, and that you had just about got to the place where you fell into the brook, and the arbutus went sailing off down stream. I declare I'd enjoy hearing it over again myself."

"Not to-night," said her mother, smiling. "I must go to work now, and you will have to rub Belle, and give her her medicine, and put her to bed."

The short hour of rest was over, and Mrs. Mullen turned wearily again to her sewing. Pidgie took up her books and began to study, and Cherry and Belle went into the little bedroom close by, where Cherry gently undressed her feeble little sister.

"Oh, Cherry," said Belle, who, though only two years younger than Cherry, was no taller than ten-year-old Pidgie, and not nearly so heavy—"oh, Cherry, it seems as though if I could only go up to that dear little village where mother used to live, and get some May-flowers, and smell them, and the fresh earth! Oh, Cherry!"—the tears streamed down the child's thin cheeks—"I wouldn't tell mother for the world, for I know she would feel so badly; but I'm so very, very tired of the city, and I seem to grow sicker and sicker."

"It isn't very nice up in the country in this April weather," said Cherry, cheerfully. "The roads are muddy, and there's lots of rain and snow. Mother says it's often horrid."

"Only," interrupted Belle, "when there *is* a pleasant day, it is perfectly splendid."

"Yes," said Cherry, doubtfully, "but I fancy they don't come more than once a week or so."

"Oh yes," cried Belle, deprecatingly, "oftener than that."

"It costs nearly four dollars a ticket to go up there, too," continued Cherry.

"Yes, I know"—Belle spoke a trifle crossly and impatiently, she was so tired, and so weak, and so seldom "had anything"—"I know I can't go, but it must smell very sweet up there; and oh! I'd love to go."

"Dear little sister," said Cherry, tucking her in tenderly, and setting a tumbler of water and a call-bell and the camphor bottle on the little stand by the bedside, "maybe we'll have things some time." She kissed Belle softly, and then went back to sit by her mother. Soon her needle was flying fast too. Cherry was a good girl, and they all depended a great deal upon her.

"Your story reminds me, mother," said Cherry, as she sewed, "that I saw some bunches of May-flowers for sale when I was out walking with the children to-day."

"Did you?" said Mrs. Mullen, in some surprise. "They are very early this year."

"Yes," said Cherry, absently. "I asked the woman how much they cost, and she said twenty-five cents, but that they would be ten by a week more."

"I wish that we could pick a few bushels from the great banks of them that stretch along by the brook that I have told you about."

"Are there so many as that?" Cherry's voice was full of astonishment, and Pidgie looked up from her book, and began to grow interested.

"Oh yes," said her mother, "and back on the hill there are banks more that open later."

Cherry thought hard that night until she fell asleep. The next day she had a long conversation with Mrs. Lester, and at night she had another one with her mother.

"Dear Cherry," Mrs. Mullen said, as Cherry rose at last to cover the fire and go to bed, "if you can get the money, and if you feel sure that you can take the whole charge of Belle and all, why, I'll write up to my old schoolmate, Mrs. Rogers—how I'd love to see her again!—and I'm sure that she would keep you; but I don't see how you'll ever do it."

But in less than a week after this conversation, such was Cherry's business-like promptness, a hack came to the door and bore Cherry and pale little Belle, in whose tired eyes a new light was shining, to the railroad station; and late in the afternoon they alighted at the door of the big, old-fashioned mansion in Clearpond, where Mrs. Rogers lived, and where they were very near the house in which Mrs. Mullen had lived twenty years before. Alas! the dear grandfather and grandmother and the uncles and aunts were all dead or scattered now!

Belle had borne the journey wonderfully well. It is amazing how much happiness will help us to bear!

The secret of all this was that Cherry, as you must have already suspected, had determined in her own quick, brave little mind, to take Belle and come up into the country to pick May-flowers!

Early the next morning, having fixed Belle up as well as she could, and promising to bring her some May-flowers by noon, Cherry set off to see what she could see.

"Across the little covered bridge," just as her mother had said, "about a quarter of a mile through the village street, then a sharp turn to the right, then up the narrow, cold north road."

A steep tug for half a mile. Then into the pastures. Ah! how lovely it was! Cherry looked off, and saw the river below, and beyond it the mountain that her mother had so often told her about. The day was one of those rare sunny ones that Belle had hoped for. The sunlight seemed to sift through the air in even, kindly measure upon everything. Cherry sat down upon a big stone, and warmed and rested herself after her long, cold journey up "the very, very shady road." Then she fell to work. Alas! alas! she found the green leaves of the arbutus, which she knew very well, all about—by poking for them under the brown covering of last year's twigs and foliage—but though there were green buds in profusion, she found only half a dozen tiny half-opened fragrant blossoms.

"Well," thought Cherry, bravely, but, after all, with a sinking at heart, for she feared that the flowers wouldn't open for a week, "it's better to be too early than too late, and Mrs. Lester has said that I might stay a month—but I do wish that they were open now."

As she walked down the quiet road she felt very lonesome.

"How nice it would be," she wished, "if Belle would only get well enough to climb the hill with me!" But Cherry sighed. She feared that dear little Belle would never get well enough to climb such a hill as that. Altogether Cherry felt a bit blue. As she neared the pretty village, however, she remembered the myriads of buds that she had left behind her, and how happy Belle was, and before she had taken her hat off, these thoughts, and the sunshine, and the sweet spring smells that were blowing all about her on the soft spring breezes, had brought a color to her face and a gayety to her manner that quite overcame little Belle, waiting with almost pathetic eagerness at the window to welcome her return.

Digitized by Google

"I tried to lie down—I really did, Cherry," she said; "but I thought I'd walk out into Aunty Rogers's garden—she says always call her *Aunty* Rogers—and see her daffodils, and I did."

"You did!" cried Cherry, her cup of delight overflowing. "What! after that journey, and everything? Why, it's splendid! But I'm afraid you've overdone."

"Oh no." Belle's happy voice did not sound at all alarming.

"See here," said Cherry, drawing out a spray of arbutus from her basket. "*Almost* May-flowers, Belle. Just smell of them." The half-opened little buds were indeed as fragrant as though they were in their prime.

The sick girl's face flushed. She ran to the lounge, and hid her face in the pillow.

"Oh, Cherry," she cried, looking up a moment later, tearful but smiling, "if mamma were only here, I should be perfectly happy!"

Just then Aunty Rogers came in to call them to supper.

"Well, well," she said, pleasantly, "I can't see what folks dew think so much o' them little May-flowers for. I'm sure my daffies is a great deal handsomer. But then they be sweet-scented, May-flowers be, and I'm glad they're here, seeing you like 'em."

That night the little spray was placed in a vase by Belle's camphor bottle on the table.

"I don't believe I'll want the camphor to-night, Cherry," she said; "the May-flowers 'll be all I'll want. If I wake up in the night, I'll smell of them." And, at the risk of anticipating my story a little, I must tell you that the camphor bottle was never put back again.

The next day was a warm and showery one, a hot sun blazing out between the quiet little rains. Cherry did not go up on the hill at all. In fact, young and strong as she was, and soundly as she had slept on Aunty Rogers's plump feather-bed, she was a trifle lame after her unaccustomed exertions of the day before.

"If it's May-flowers you want," said Aunty Rogers, as she looked out at the April weather, "this 'll fetch 'em quicker'n anything else, an' there'll be more'n a fortnit of 'em, countin' in them that's back on the hill. They're dretful late."

It was only five o'clock the next morning when Cherry Mullen stepped briskly up the "cold north road." She carried with her two big market-baskets. Aunty Rogers had assured her that if she only looked "longside o' them clumps o' laurels that's scattered on the west side, across from the old Thayer place," she would find plenty of arbutus after such a day as the one before. So Cherry felt very comfortable in the bright morning, as she marched along, munching a big slice of bread and butter with great zeal.

She went home at ten, and though she had to take one market-basket empty—for she was still a little hasty in her expectations—the other was quite full of such delicate, fragrant, rose-tinted arbutus as grows only, I believe, in Clearpond.

Once home, you would have thought that Cherry would have thrown herself on the lounge to rest, for she was pretty tired; but she did no such thing. On the contrary, she sat down with a pair of scissors, beside the mass of pink fragrant blossoms, and industriously culled and clustered the brightest among them, under the delighted supervision of dear little Belle, into dozens of sweet little bouquets, each with its sprig of "running pine," and its bright furbishing of partridge or checker berries. These she sprinkled, and bringing out from her trunk a mysterious roll, which Belle had inquired about several times, she cut off a generous allowance of cotton batting, dampened it, and carefully surrounding her precious little nosegays with it, she put them into a box, tied it up, and sent it by the noon train to "Miss Pidgie Mullen."

The train reached the city at four o'clock, and a bright, modest little girl was at the station to welcome it, and to bear away the box as soon as the express agent could hand it to her. Cherry had told her just how to do it.

Then catching a car, she was soon at a certain prominent street, where she got off. The gentlemen and ladies who were sauntering along this street presently saw such an array of fresh spring blossoms before them that very few of them felt that they could resist buying, for ten cents, a bunch of the lovely things, and by a little after six Pidgie's boxful was entirely gone.

Then she ran home, and up the narrow, creaking stairs her light step passed more lightly and joyously than ever.

"I meant to save one for you, mamma," she cried, excitedly; "but a gentleman came along just as I was starting for home, and he said, 'None left?' 'Only one.' I told him I was going to take that to my mother. 'Won't this do just as well?' he said, and he held up a silver quarter. 'Oh, it's only ten cents,' I told him. 'But if I take your mother's,' he said, 'of course I ought to pay more,' and he took the bunch—it was such a sweet bunch, mamma!—and tossed me the quarter. And just look here!" and Pidgie emptied her porte-monnaie, full of shining silver pieces, into her mother's lap.

This kind of life was continued by the Mullens for nearly a month. The grand event of that month up in the country was the celebration of the 1st of May, a week after Cherry and Belle had arrived there. This consisted—as the 1st of May was one of the very sunniest and most delightful that ever was seen—of a kind of picnic, in which Aunty Rogers and her husband participated, and which was actually attended by Belle. She was carried up to the pasture in Mr. Rogers's wagon, scrambled out to the arbutus beds on her own little feet, with Cherry's help, and finding a seat on a big warm rock beside the little brook, ate some of Aunty Rogers's nice sandwiches there with a relish which a week before was quite unknown to her.

Then there was a surprise. Mr. Rogers had built a fire, hung a kettle over it between some crotched sticks, and was soon stirring with a long stick a mass of golden-colored liquid, which gave out an odor that Cherry declared was almost as good as that of her beautiful flowers. Before long Mr. Rogers conducted her and Belle to a cool, shady place, just on the edge of the woods, where the sun had spared, as in several other similar spots, a great solid snow-drift. From this the top was scraped smoothly away, leaving a shining hard white surface, on which Aunty Rogers dropped spoonful after spoonful of the clear, fragrant syrup, which hardened as it touched the snow into delicious maple wax. The girls had never eaten anything so nice before, and they thought that they never had enjoyed themselves quite so well as in the sunshine of that exquisite May-day, picking sweet flowers, watching the swift, sparkling little brook, and eating the delicious sugar that had been made only the March before from Mr. Rogers's own maple-trees. Belle said that she gained a whole pound of flesh that day, and indeed perhaps she did. She certainly gained several pounds before the time came for them to go back to the city again.

For that time did really come, just before the May glided into June. Nearly every day during the delightful four weeks of their happy visit Cherry had trudged early up to the pasture with her baskets, coming back in time to make up her sweet bouquets for the noon train, and resting through the long pleasant afternoons; and every day in the city, when school was done, a merry, tidy little girl hurried down to the express office, and back to the busy streets laden with the fresh pink nosegays, for which the frequenters of those streets soon learned to watch with interest, and which they bought generously. Indeed, Pidgie's demands, like Oliver Twist's, for "more,"

Digitized by Google

grew so urgent, and her reports of her profits were so encouraging, that Cherry had to employ one of the neighbors' boys to go up in the pastures with her every morning during the last ten days of her stay. But she did not have to get any one to help her "make them up," for Belle, under the longed-for country air and sights and sounds, grew able to help her herself, and before she went home she could do quite the lion's share of that work.

BITS OF ADVICE.

HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE TABLE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

"I WISH my mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank at once added,

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you when I said that; I meant strangers, like ministers, and gentlemen from out West, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you can not take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and so at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal without making a proper toilet beforehand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. Of course you know that you are not to eat with your knife. Fifty years ago people frequently ate with their knives, and it is quite possible that now and then you may see some old-fashioned person doing so; but it is not customary now, nor is it safe or convenient. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, you should leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

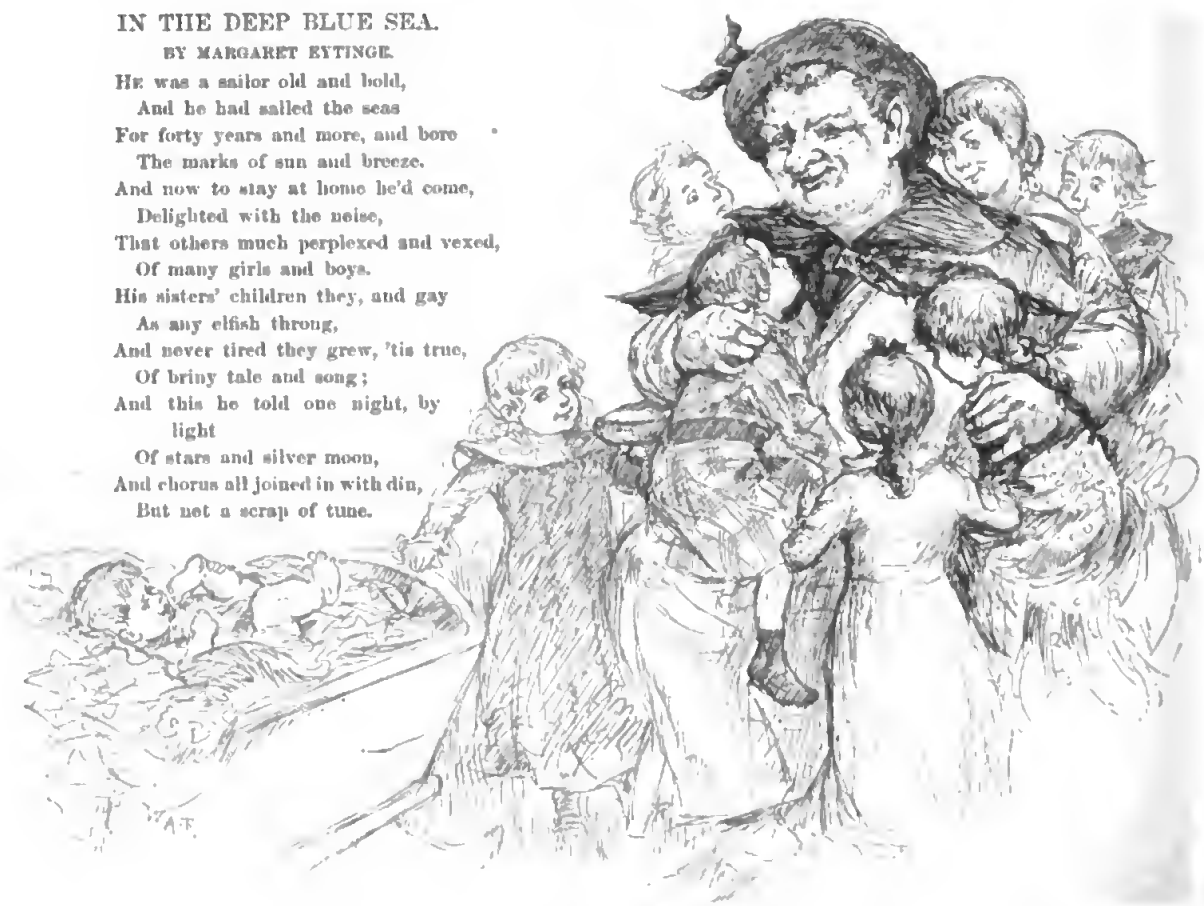
It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table-cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the very last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly, and not hastily. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. Poor Frank's unhappy state of mind was caused by his thinking too much about himself, as well as by a little uncertainty as to what were precisely the right things to be done.

IN THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

He was a sailor old and bold,
  And he had sailed the seas
For forty years and more, and bore
  The marks of sun and breeze.
And now to stay at home he'd come,
  Delighted with the noise,
That others much perplexed and vexed,
  Of many girls and boys.
His sisters' children they, and gay
  As any elfish throng,
And never tired they grew, 'tis true,
  Of briny tale and song;
And this he told one night, by light
  Of stars and silver moon,
And chorus all joined in with din,
  But not a scrap of tune.



Digitized by Google

Oh! it was a party in the deep blue sea—
  Fishing-Frog and the Whale were the givers—
One bright summer eve, and their funny finny friends
  Came in shoals from the oceans and rivers.
The Skate and his wife skated gayly along,
  Making all kinds of comical faces,
And the Drum-fish he drummed, and the Skipper he skipped,
  And the Porgy and the Shad swam races.
Sing ri-toodle-dum and ri-toodle-dee
For the jolly old party in the deep blue sea,
  Ahoy!

The Pipe-Fish invited the company to smoke,
  The Lobster threw somersaults by dozens,
The Pilot-Fish escorted the Prawns and the Shrimps,
  And the Crab clan, their queer-looking cousins;
The Saw-Fish and Sword-Fish of saws and swords bragged,
  The Flat-Fish and Gudgeons round them flocking,
And Torpedo and the Eel (the electric) behaved
  In a way that was really most shocking.

Sing ri-toodle-dum and ri-toodle-dee
For the merry old party in the deep blue sea,
  Ahoy!

And they splashed, and they dashed, and they spouted and jumped,
  And the Flying-Fish flew—such a wonder!
And the Walking-Fish walked with his climbing friend Perch,
  And the Sea-Lion roared like young thunder.
But at last, near the morn, the Whale gave a yawn,
  An example the Fishing-Frog followed,
And the party was quite over when their mouths closed again,
  For the guests, every one had been swallowed.
Sing ri-toodle-dum and ri-toodle-dee
For the jolly old party in the deep blue sea,
  Ahoy!

Digitized by Google

BOUND FOR AMERICA.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

THE clock in the castle had just sounded forth the hour of noon. It was in the little German town of Hausewitz, and the narrow, roughly paved street that ran in front of the High School was soon filled with students, all wearing tiny green caps set jauntily on the side of the head, and seemingly stuck there with mucilage.

"Yes, Albert," one of a pair was saying, as the two strolled off homeward together, "the time has come to carry out our plan."

"It has," solemnly responded the other, who was rather a delicate-looking youth with blue eyes and yellow hair. "Now or never; but which way shall we go?"

"Oh, I'll attend to that later, if you'll only say you're ready whenever I am;" and Rudolph Schweizer looked down upon his companion (who was a few inches shorter than himself) with a sort of majestic air that he no doubt thought eminently befitting the only son of one of the first lawyers in Hausewitz.

Before Albert could reply, some friends joined them, and the subject was dropped.

Now the project about which there was this touch of mystery was no less a one than that of emigrating to America, in order to escape serving in the army. The lads had selected the United States as their destination, because they imagined that there everybody speedily became possessed of fabulous wealth, as all the tourists from that country who put up for a night or two at the Golden Grape-vine Hotel seemed to be blessed with an unlimited supply of money.

They had been cherishing the scheme for months, and from having talked it over so often it had come to assume to them the proportions of an event that had almost grown into an actuality.

"Come around this afternoon after school, Albert," called out Rudolph, as the friends separated at the market-place. And thus, quarter past four found the two in young Schweizer's room in earnest consultation.

They agreed that the whole enterprise was to be conditional, and that no risks were to be run; that is, if the boys could find no opening at Hamburg for them to work their passage on some vessel to New York, they would return to Hausewitz again, and confess to only going as far as the sea-port, saying nothing about the grander scheme they had had in view.

"You see," explained Rudolph, "we'll divide our plan into air-tight compartments, so to speak, such as they have on the steamers: the first one from here to Hamburg, and the second from there to New York; for if within two weeks, say, after our arrival out there we are not on a straight road to making our fortunes, we can close up the other compartment, and work our way back again. We'll do the thing on first-class business principles, and not in the old-fashioned runaway-boy style. Now how much can you give toward the expenses of our journey to Hamburg? We'd better reckon in dollars, so as to be sure of how much we'll have left when we get to America. The fare from here, second class—"

"But why can't we go third class?" interrupted Albert. "We don't expect to meet any of our friends on the way—or at least it is to be hoped we sha'n't—and then we'd have so much more to help us along in New York."

"All right, then, we'll reckon on third," replied Rudolph, rather impressed by the stern common-sense displayed in the other's reasoning. "But you haven't told me yet how much you have."

After a short calculation, Albert announced as the result that he had saved up about fifteen dollars.

"Good! and I have twenty," exclaimed his friend. "The fare's only five apiece, so we'll have twenty-five left over when we go aboard."

"But we've got to get something to eat, and we must sleep somewhere," put in Albert.

"Oh! it won't take much for two or three meals; and as for sleeping, why, we're sure to find a ship before night, so all we'll have to do will be to tumble into our bunks. Don't you see how nicely it all comes out?" cried Rudolph, enthusiastically. "I can almost imagine myself already walking about the New York streets, with my hands in two pockets full of money, and taking first-cabin passage back again."

"But what do you suppose the folks 'll say at home here?" again interposed Albert, who, notwithstanding his readiness to fall in with all his schoolmate's propositions, now and then allowed his own private scruples to come to the surface. "Besides, I don't believe we can come back after running away from the army."

"Don't call it 'running away,'" objected Rudolph. "We're simply going to seek our fortunes like the knights of the olden time, and we prefer to do it in a free country, that's all. Now, then, to details," and during the remainder of the afternoon the two boys were busily employed in making out a list of the articles they should select from among their possessions to stow away in the moderate-sized bag, the capacity of which was to be divided between them.

Now both these lads had kind parents, besides brothers and sisters, and in a manner of their own they were each attached to their respective families; but such considerations as "domestic affections," which was what Rudolph styled his sentimental feelings on the subject, they thought should have no weight where the matter of fortune was concerned.

The all-important day of departure at length arrived, and having succeeded in smuggling the satchel safely out of the house, the two young adventurers hurried through back streets to the station, intending to set out on the 5 P.M. train for Hamburg. On reaching the passengers' waiting-room, they shoved the tell-tale bag under one of the seats, and then went outside to walk up and down in as unconcerned a manner as they could assume.

Suddenly Albert clutched his friend by the arm, and exclaimed, "Look, Rudolph! I'm perfectly sure that fellow's an American"—indicating a youth of about their own age, who was coming from the other end of the platform toward them. "I can tell by the cut of his clothes; and, yes, there's the red guide-book they all carry, under his arm. I wonder if he's on his way back to New York?"

But before very long both boys were too much absorbed in wondering why their train did not come, to bestow a second thought on anything else.

"What can be the matter?" cried Rudolph, anxiously, fearful lest they should not get off until supper-time, when they would be sure to be missed at home.

The American lad too seemed annoyed; and when the three were next brought face to face in their walk, he stopped in front of Albert, and in passable German inquired of the latter if he knew what had delayed the cars. Then they all went to the ticket office, and ascertained from the agent that an accident to an engine ahead had obstructed the track, and in consequence the Hanover and Hamburg train would not arrive at Hausewitz for a half-hour or more.

This information was rather startling to the two runaways, and Albert had made up his mind to confide in their new acquaintance, when Rudolph opened the subject by remarking that they thought of going to America shortly. One question brought on another, and by half past five, in a mixture of German and English, the whole plan of the expedition, together with its wonderful air-tight compartment system, had been poured into the attentive ear of the young American.

"Oh my! how funny!" he exclaimed in English, when he had heard all, and then he fell to laughing so long

Digitized by Google

and heartily that the two German lads began to grow rather red in the face. On observing this the other restrained his merriment, and finding that his new friends were better acquainted with English than he was with German, asked if they would listen to a bit of advice, which they hastened to assure him they would be only too glad to do. "Well, then, to begin with," said the youthful republican, "my name is Edward Sharring, of New York, and I'm travelling in Europe with my father and the family, who are now in Hanover. I've been about a good deal in Germany, and have come to the conclusion that I'd rather be a Prussian officer than anything else."

Edward continued: "Why, boys, do you know what you are undertaking? Work your way on shipboard? In the first place, you'd probably have to hunt a week or two before you could find a ship that would take you; and then, oh my! the rough treatment you'd get from the mates!"

"But we're ready for all that," Rudolph ventured to interpose. "We don't expect to make our fortunes without working for them."

"Well, I must say I admire your pluck," returned the other; "but wait till you hear more. When you arrive in New York, in the course of a month or so after leaving Hamburg, what are you going to do then?"

"Go to work," promptly responded Albert.

"But at what?"

At this question both boys hesitated, and their friend suggested hod-carrying, brick-laying, loading ships, or car-driving.

Now this list was not a very attractive one, nor were these the sort of accomplishments on which the ambitious youths had reckoned. Where should they board, who would befriend them in a strange land, or what were they to do when their clothes wore out and they had no money with which to buy new?

These were pointed questions, and so sharply did the lads' foreign counsellor apply them, that at ten minutes to six Albert drew forth the satchel from its place of concealment, and Rudolph expressed his determination of becoming an officer in the German army.

Five minutes later the train came along, and after a hearty grasp of the hand to each of them, Edward Sharring stepped into a second-class carriage, and was soon whirling off to Hanover.

Luckily the would-be runaways had decided to delay purchasing their tickets until after they had left the town, so there was nothing lost by their honorable "backing out."

"You didn't count the Hausewitz station as one of the air-tight compartments, did you, Rudolph?" said Albert, as the two wended their way home to supper.

"I didn't think we'd need one so soon," replied his friend. "What a nice sort of a chap that New York fellow was, though! and to think he can't be a German officer when he wants to, and I can!"

"So can I, and will, too," added Albert; and thus it came to pass that the army of the Empire was enriched by two recruits, gained for it by a young republican from America.

BEATING THE PARISH BOUNDS.

THIS is a very ancient custom in England, and one that is particularly interesting to boys, as they have generally taken a very prominent part in it. First, it must be understood that all England is divided into parishes—a division recognized by the civil as well as the ecclesiastical law of the land. A parish is that circuit of ground, whether in the city or country, which is committed to the spiritual care of one clergyman. Now the boundaries of these parishes are very rarely defined by any law, except that of custom; and hence in most places it was and is customary once a year to make a solemn procession around the bounds of the parish.

The time appointed by the Church for this procession is one of the three days before Holy Thursday, or Ascension-day, and it had two acknowledged motives: one, to supplicate the blessing of God on the coming harvest; the other, to preserve a correct knowledge of the parish bounds and rights from one generation to another.

Before the Reformation, these processions were conducted with great pomp. The lord of the manor, carrying a large banner, and the priests, carrying crosses, led the procession, "saying or singing gospels to the growing corn." The principal men and all the boys of the village followed them, and the day ended in feasts and games, with "drinking and good cheer." After the Reformation, Queen Elizabeth ordered the custom to be continued. The curate or minister of the parish was required, at certain places, to stop and give thanks to God, and pray for His blessing on the coming harvest; and when the parish bounds had been clearly defined, the procession was to return with singing to the parish church and listen to the 104th Psalm, and such sentences as "Cursed be he which translateth (altereth) the bounds and doles of his neighbor." Izaak Walton says the great and good Bishop Hooker never by any means omitted this custom, and that during the walk he "would always drop some facetious and loving observations to the boys and young people, still inclining them to mutual kindness and love, because love thinks no evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities."

These processions were justified by the civil law in maintaining the ancient parish bounds, even if they were opposed by the owners of the property over which they beat or walked; and this necessity to keep the old track often caused curious incidents. If a canal had been cut through the bounds, or a river formed part of the line, some one must pass over it; and the lads of the parish were all so ambitious of the honor that it was usually settled by lot. If a house had been erected on the bounds, they claimed and took the right of passing through it. In a house in Buckinghamshire, still standing, the oven only is on the boundary line, and a boy is put into the recess in order to preserve its integrity. A still more comical scene occurred in London about seventy years ago, as the procession of church-wardens and an immense concourse of boys were "beating the bounds" of the famous parish of St. George, Hanover Square. The march was stopped by a nobleman's carriage standing fairly across the boundary line. The carriage was empty, waiting for its owner, who was in the opposite house. The principal church-warden, therefore—who was also a nobleman—desired the coachman to drive out of the way. "I won't," he answered; "my lord told me to wait here, and here I'll wait till his lordship tells me to move." Upon which the church-warden coolly opened the carriage door, entered it, passed out through the opposite door, and was followed by the whole procession, cads, sweeps, and scavengers.

At this time the religious character of the ceremony had been quite lost, and "beating the bounds" had become an excuse for a great deal of rudeness and excess; so that for half a century the custom fell into very general contempt and disuse. However, within the last few years it has been restored in many parishes, and with all those pleasant solemnities that made the good Bishop Hooker regard it so favorably. The clergyman in full canonicals, and the boy choristers in their white robes, singing, lead the procession, which includes now, as it has always done, every lad who can by any means procure a holiday from school or work to follow it.

And surely it is a beautiful custom. How sweet must be the voices of the young choristers singing psalms among the growing corn to Him who maketh the "sun to shine and the rains to descend upon the earth, so that it may bring forth its fruit in due season!"

Digitized by Google

BEATING THE PARISH BOUNDS.—SEE PAGE 423.

Digitized by Google

TOWED BY A WHALE.—DRAWN BY J. W. TAMES.—(SEE PAGE 426.)

Digitized by Google

A WILD OCEAN RIDE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

ONE of the most exciting scenes with a whale which I ever witnessed occurred while I belonged to the ship *Luminary*, upon a cruise in the Arctic Ocean.

The noble game had at that period become very wild. Chased successively from the North Pacific, from the Okhotsk, and from the Sea of Kamtschatka, they had finally taken refuge above Behring Strait; and thither the fleet of eager "blubber-hunters" had followed them, like Nelson in pursuit of the French.

The stately old *Luminary*, with all her royals set, and her trim, handsome boats upon the cranes, had stood gallantly to the northward, braving, with her many expectant consorts, the keen breezes from the pole. The Arctic was to be our Trafalgar, where the fleeing enemy, at last driven to bay, must yield to a general attack.

It should be borne in mind that the right-whale, the species of which we were in pursuit, grows to a much larger size than the sperm. Some which we captured "stowed down" more than two hundred barrels each, and we heard of others of still greater bulk.

They were dangerous old fellows too, although, unlike the sperm-whale, they acted solely on the defensive, and never came at us head on.

After a time there was circulated through the fleet a rumor of a certain great whale that everybody wanted, and nobody could get. Captain Burdick, of the *Canova*, had seen and ventured upon him.

"He kicked like a mustang," said the Captain; "stove two of my boats, and threw me twenty feet high, so that if I hadn't seen where I was going to fall, and *turned myself in the air*, I should have come down among all those harpoons and lances and splinters. There's three hundred and fifty barrels under that old black hide if there's a gallon."

But Captain Burdick would *lie*—he was proverbial for it—and the men said, "Oh, that's only one of Burdick's yarns." He was blown up once in a steamer loaded with carpenters' tools, and told how he dodged the augers that whizzed about his head.

We soon found, however, that Captain Burdick and the *Canova* were not the only master and ship that had encountered the great whale. Captain Atwell, of the *Atlantic*, had seen him; Captain Soule, of the *South America*, had seen him; Captain Robbins, of the *Tartar*, had seen him; and they all told us that he had more irons in his back than a porcupine had quills.

The boats of the *Dolphin* had "cut from him," because, after a long run to windward, he "sounded," taking out three lengths of line, and coming near carrying all hands to the bottom.

The *Rorqual's* boats had met with worse luck than this, for three of them had been knocked into splinters, and several of their men killed and wounded by the sweep of those terrible "flukes." We found the crew of this ship sober enough as they related their experience.

Such accidents are very common among whalemen; but when a number of them are successively caused by the efforts of a single well-known individual, the animal becomes famous throughout the fleet—as if he were a leviathan Bruce, or Tell, or Hereward, gallantly defending the invaded rights of his race.

How many of the big, shy fellows we chased to no purpose! for, as our boats were paddled cautiously upon a school, some one of the wary creatures would turn a small black eye upon us, then put himself leisurely in motion, like a steamboat gliding from a pier-head, increasing his speed as he went, and all the others would depart with him, leaving only the vacant water and their long white wakes behind.

The *Canova* and the *Luminary* were much in company, and often we could hear the cheery voice of old Burdick from his quarter-deck.

At length the way of the two ships became much impeded by ice. All about us were floating masses, which in the slant polar sunbeams took on hues of exceeding beauty. Some of these moving islands were very high, and reminded us of immense cathedrals with hundreds of glittering windows; others were low and far-reaching, like treeless plains. But in all the open channels the spouts of great right-whales went up like crystal fountains. We could see them close at hand, and away off on the horizon. A spectacle so inspiring I had never looked upon before, nor have I since.

Back to the mast went the maintopsail of each ship, and down splashed her four boats. Captain Wayne, of the *Luminary*, looked nervously in the direction of his old acquaintance Burdick, and called upon us to give way in earnest.

What a chase it was! around points of the ice, through narrow channels, up temporary lagoons, and anon in the broad, open sea.

The game avoided us. Pull as silently as we would, the great leviathans would still glide away at the very moment we seemed about to close with them.

In one of the ice-formed lagoons, round as the "round table" of the famous knights, and perhaps a mile in diameter, there were at least a dozen of the animals, "blowing," "breaching," and "turning flukes." This place we finally entered for a dash at the school.

But it was like entering a corral of bison, where heels and tails are all in the air at once. One of our boats was stove forthwith, and one of Captain Burdick's. The jovial commander himself got fast, but was obliged to cut from his whale to avoid being taken under the ice.

My own place was with our third mate, a young, athletic man, who, although an excellent whaleman, had of late, through no fault of his own, been so unfortunate that Captain Wayne, in an unreasoning fit of temper, had threatened to "break" him, and send him before the mast. But he had the sympathy and respect of his boat's crew, who knew the circumstances.

We all hoped, on Mr. Brewer's account even more than our own, that our boat would this day get a whale.

Bob Rivers, a brawny, powerful fellow, was our boat-steerer. But the boat-steerer has nothing to do with steering until he has struck the whale, when he exchanges places with his superior, and goes from the bow to the stern.

In spite of our hopes, however, it seemed as if we must at last return to the ship without a single laurel from this stirring field. We had only the poor consolation of beholding others as little fortunate as ourselves.

But the moment of triumph was at hand, when all our disappointments were to be well repaid.

We were at the farther side of the lagoon, all the other boats being dispersed here and there, and a whale, which Bob Rivers had thought to strike, was just moving out of our reach, when suddenly, a little off our starboard bow, there rushed to the surface, and shot high above it, a monster much larger than any of the others.

With a loud noise, his great frame fell upon the water, which rolled away from his sides in long wide swells. And then, catching sight of us, he started swiftly off, crossing the head of our boat at a distance which would have seemed hopeless to an ordinary harpooner; yet I felt the quick motion of Bob Rivers as he gathered himself for the dart.

Once, twice, the boat shook from end to end under his feet; and both his good irons were sped. One missed, but the other reached the mark.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Brewer; "you're fast! you're fast! —and clear up to the hitch! It was a noble throw, Bob. I was afraid you couldn't hit him."

Digitized by Google

Bob and the third mate now changed places, the former taking the steering oar, and the latter, lance in hand, planting himself at the bow. The whale started off with astonishing velocity; and, shipping our oars, we turned with our faces to the bow, alert for the least sign of mishap, and ready with knife or hatchet to sever the line at an instant's notice.

My hat went off my head, but I did not know it. The water boiled higher than the boat's sides; and the harpoon line looked like a rod of iron. Old Bob Rivers clung to his steering oar with both hands, seeming, with all his strength, hardly more than a pigmy in that tremendous commotion.

The other boats were passed in a moment. Captain Wayne looked on with inexpressible interest. Captain Burdick stood up and shouted. We could distinguish only a few words:

"You've got him! you've got him! You'll find half a dozen of my irons in his back. But look out for him—he'll stave you yet."

But he did not stave us. He headed out of the lagoon, and ran for a long distance beyond it. At length he sounded, taking out such a quantity of line that we lost almost all hope of saving him. Then, to our great relief, he began coming up. Up, up, up he came, and we gathered in the slack as he rose.

When he had reached the surface, the boat was hauled quietly to the right position, and Mr. Brewer, standing upon the bow, gave him the lance with a true and powerful stroke.

We then instantly "sterned off," although not until the broad flukes had gone over our heads, fearfully close to us; and the whale at once commenced spouting thick blood—a sign that all was over with him.

The *Luminary* ran down to us, and the huge prize was towed alongside of her. We found in his back a number of harpoons, one of which, sure enough, was Captain Burdick's; and from this circumstance, together with the fact of his unusual size, there remained no doubt that the animal was the same which had so excited the curiosity of the fleet.

He yielded the very large amount of two hundred and ninety-six barrels.

"Old Burdick," remarked Mr. Brewer—whom this adventure made the lion of the fleet—"wasn't so far out of the way, after all. He came within fifty-four barrelfuls of the truth—didn't he?"

OUR BABY AGAIN.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

AFTER this, don't say anything more to me about babies. There's nothing more spiteful and militions than a baby. Our baby got me into an awful scrape once—the time I blacked it. But I didn't blame it so much that time, because, after all, it was partly my fault; but now it has gone and done one of the meanest things a baby ever did, and came very near ruining me.

It has been a long time since mother and Sue said they would never trust me to take care of the baby again, but the other day they wanted awfully to go to a funeral. It was a funeral of one of their best friends, and there was to be lots of flowers, and they expected to see lots of people, and they said they would try me once more. They were going to be gone about two hours, and I was to take care of the baby till they came home again. Of course I said I would do my best, and so I did; only when a boy does try to do his best, he is sure to get himself into trouble. How many a time and oft have I found this to be true! Ah! this is indeed a hard and hollow world. The last thing Sue said when she went out of the door was, "Now be a good boy if you play any of your tricks I'll let you know." I wish Mr. Travers would marry her, and take her to China. I don't believe in sisters, anyway.

They hadn't been gone ten minutes when the baby woke up and cried, and I knew it did it on purpose. Now I had once read in an old magazine that if you put molasses on a baby's fingers, and give it a feather to play with, it will try to pick that feather off, and amuse itself, and keep quiet for ever so long. I resolved to try it; so I went straight down stairs and brought up the big molasses jug out of the cellar. Then I made a little hole in one of mother's pillows, and pulled out a good handful of feathers. The baby stopped crying as soon as it saw what I was at, and so led me on, just on purpose to get me into trouble.

Well, I put a little molasses on the baby's hands, and put the feathers in its lap, and told it to be good and play real pretty. The baby began to play with the feathers, just as the magazine said it would, so I thought I would let it enjoy itself while I went up to my room to read a little while.

That baby never made a sound for ever so long, and I was thinking how pleased mother and Sue would be to find out a new plan for keeping it quiet. I just let it enjoy itself till about ten minutes before the time when they were to get back from the funeral, and then I went down to mother's room to look after the "little innocent," as Sue calls it. Much innocence there is about that baby!

I never saw such a awful spectacle. The baby had got hold of the molasses jug, which held mornagallon, and had upset it and rolled all over in it. The feathers had stuck to it so close that you couldn't hardly see its face, and its head looked just like a chicken's head. You wouldn't believe how that molasses had spread over the carpet. It seemed as if about half the room was covered with it. And there sat that wretched "little innocent" laughing to think how I'd catch it when the folks came home.

Now wasn't it my duty to wash that baby, and get the feathers and molasses off it? Any sensible person would say that it was. I tried to wash it in the wash-basin, but the feathers kept sticking on again as fast as I got them off. So I took it to the bath-tub and turned the water on, and held the baby right under the stream. The feathers were gradually getting rinsed away, and the molasses was coming off beautifully, when something happened.

The water made a good deal of noise, and I was standing with my back to the bath-room door, so that I did not hear anybody come in. The first thing I knew Sue snatched the baby away, and gave me such a box over the ear. Then she screamed out, "Ma! come here this wicked boy is drowning the baby O you little wretch won't you catch it for this." Mother came running up stairs, and they carried the baby into mother's room to dry it.

You should have heard what they said when Sue slipped and sat down in the middle of the molasses, and cried out that her best dress was ruined, and mother saw what a state the carpet was in! I wouldn't repeat their language for worlds. It was personal, that's what it was, and I've been told fifty times never to make personal remarks. I should not have condescended to notice it if mother hadn't begun to cry; and of course I went and said I was awfully sorry, and that I meant it all for the best, and wouldn't have hurt the baby for anything, and begged her to forgive me and not cry any more.

When father came home they told him all about it. I knew very well they would, and I just lined myself with shingles so as to be good and ready. But he only said, "My son, I have decided to try milder measures with you. I think you are punished enough when you reflect that you have made your mother cry."

That was all, and I tell you I'd rather a hundred times have had him say, "My son, come up stairs with me." And now if you don't admit that nothing could be meaner than the way that baby acted, I shall really be surprised and shocked.

Digitized by Google

(Begun in Harper's Young People No. 66, February 1.)

PHIL'S FAIRIES.

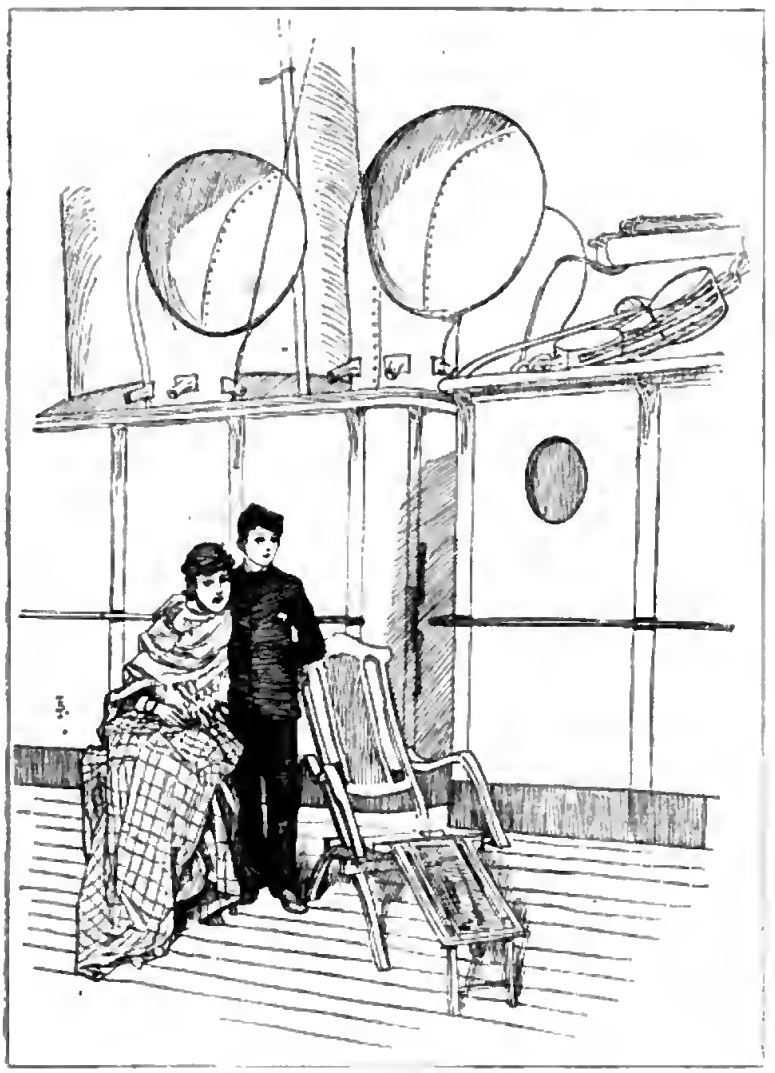
BY MRS. W. J. HAYS,

Author of "Princess Idleways," etc.

Chapter XIV.

PLANS FOR THE WINTER.

SUMMER had gone. Visitors had gone. Graham had gone to school. The banks of the lake were red and yellow, brown and purple, with autumnal foliage. Aunt Rachel was superintending the making of preserves. Lisa was at work on the piazza. Phil was sketching.



ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP—GOOD-BY TO NEW YORK.

Slowly up the garden path came old Joe. He took off his hat and stood still a moment waiting for Phil to speak.

"Well, Joe, what is it?" said Phil, hardly looking up, he was so busy.

"This is just as fine as ever the garden of Eden was, but old Adam had to go, you know, Massa Phil." He had lately, of his own accord, put the Massa before Phil's name.

"What are you driving at, Joe?" asked Phil, absently.

"I mean I's a-gwine home, Massa Phil."

"To the city?" said Phil, surprised into attention.

"Yes, back to New York. I wants to go to work."

"Have you not enough to do here?"

"No," said Joe, with a chuckle. "It's all play here—no real hard work sich as I's 'customed to."

"It is time you took it easy, Joe," said Phil.

"True nuff, but I's not one of the easy sort. Besides, who knows, Massa Phil, but there may be other chillen—poor sick chillen—waitin' for to hear my fiddle an' be comforted?"

Phil looked up hastily; a bright look of gratitude and love came into his eyes.

Just then Miss Schuyler appeared, with a glass jar of jelly in her hand; the maid was following with a tray full.

"Joe wants to go to the city, Aunt Rachel," said Phil.

"I dare say," was the ready response. "He wants a little gossip over the kitchen fires, and he wants this nice jar of jelly for his bread and butter when he has company to tea; and as we all are going home next week, he may as well wait for the rest of us."

"Aunt Rachel!" said Phil, in dismay. Going home to the city seemed like going back to poverty, and illness, and the garret room he so well remembered.

Aunt Rachel divined it all. "You belong to me now, Phil. Lisa and I are partners henceforth; and while you and I travel in search of health, study, and improvement, Lisa is going to keep house for us in her own nice quiet way."

"Travel!—where?—when?" said Phil, eagerly.

"The doctors suggest our going abroad—to a warm climate for the winter, where we please; in summer, to the German baths."

"Oh, Aunt Rachel!"

This was enough for Phil to think of and wonder about all the rest of the happy days at the lake. He could walk now with comparative ease, not of course without crutches, and the gold and scarlet glory of the autumn leaves was a perpetual delight to him. He gathered them for wreaths and bouquets, he pressed them, and ironed them, and varnished them, and tried every method suggested to him for keeping them; and when it came packing time it was found necessary to get an extra trunk to contain all the woodland treasures.

The happy summer had ended, and not without a lingering look of regret that it could not last longer was the farewell said to house, and lake, and every pretty graceful tree or plant that adorned them.

They found the city house all in nice order for them, for Aunt Rachel was always wise in her forethought and provision for future comfort.

Phil's little room near her own had been especially attended to, and he found it in all its arrangements as complete and satisfactory as the lovely summer nook he had vacated.

In three weeks' time they were to start for Europe. The days were spent in preparation. Phil must have a steamer chair, plenty of clothes, wraps, and contrivances. All Aunt Rachel's thoughts were for Phil's comfort; but it did not spoil him nor make him selfish; he had the happy faculty of receiving kindness gracefully, as if glad to be the means of making others happy by his gratitude, not as

Digitized by Google

SPRING CLEANING.—DRAWN BY W. T. YEAGER.

if it were his due in any way. And in his turn he was thoughtful and considerate for others, in trifles light as air, but nevertheless showing by the gentle, tender manner that he meant them as evidences of his affection. He knew Lisa dreaded parting from him, so before her he was quite silent as to his expected pleasures, although his imagination was constantly picturing the details of an ocean voyage. His sketch-book was getting full of yachts and craft of all sorts and sizes—some that would have astonished a sailor very much. Whenever he met Lisa he kissed her, whether with hat on she was hurrying out on some errand for Miss Schuyler, or on her return, with arms full of bundles, she was hastening through the hall.

He was necessarily left much alone, and thus had the chance to draw a charming little picture for Lisa, and frame it with acorns, lichen, and red maple leaves. He hung it in her room one day when she was out, and, to his surprise, the next day it was missing. He had expected some recognition of it, but none coming, he kept still, wondering what Lisa had done with it. The secret came out in due time.

A day or two before their departure, Lisa came to him with tears in her eyes, and a little package in her hand.

"Open it, dear; it is for you."

It was a tiny leather purse, with four dollars in it.

"Lisa, you must not give me all this."

"Yes, it is yours—your own earnings. I sold your little picture, and bought this purse with part of the money, so that you might have something to spend just as you pleased."

"Oh, Lisa!" was all Phil could say, for though grateful, he was yet disappointed that Lisa had not kept his picture.

"Now, dear," she said, "you can buy some little trifle for Joe, and any one else you want to make a present to."

"Thank you, Lisa; yes, I will. It is a very nice purse," he replied; but as soon as he could find Miss Schuyler, he unburdened his heart. "After all the pains I took with that little picture, Aunt Rachel, to think of Lisa's selling it! Oh, how could she?"

"Hush, dear Phil; Lisa is the most unselfish creature in the world. Has she not given you up to me? And for the pleasure she supposed it would give you to have money of your own earning, she was willing to part with even a thing so precious as a picture painted by you for her. Do not question her motive for a moment. Take the money, and buy her something useful. Come, we will go get a pretty work-basket; she will find it even more to her taste than a picture."

So they went out and bought a light, nicely shaped basket, with little pockets all around it, and Aunt Rachel made it complete with a silver thimble, a strawberry emery cushion, a morocco needle-book, and an ample supply of silk, thread, needles, pins, and buttons.

Lisa was delighted; but Phil could not be satisfied until he had painted another little picture, and made Lisa promise that no one else should ever have it.

Joe was made happy with some new bandana handkerchiefs in brilliant yellows and red, a pipe, some tobacco, and a suit of clothes from Miss Schuyler.

It was a tranquil, lovely day in the fall when the steam-ship sailed with Aunt Rachel and Phil on board. All the bay sparkled in the sunshine, and boats of every shape and size danced upon the blue water. After the bustle and confusion of getting off, the leave-takings, the cries and shouts of sailors, the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, they sat quietly down to watch the receding shores, and look out upon the glittering water.

"Aunt Rachel," said Phil, "it all seems like another fairy story to me, and we are sailing in a nautilus to the island of Heart's Ease."

"Yes, dear child, so it does. And let us hope that we shall find that beautiful island, and never wish to leave it."

THE END.

PATERFAMILIAS. "Come, Children, your Mother and I have decided to emigrate. I overheard Mrs. Housekeeper say last night that she had engaged Chinese help, and we have concluded that it is hardly safe for us to stay any longer."

Digitized by Google

IN answer to repeated inquiries, we would again state that there is no charge for printing exchanges or any other matter in the Post-office Box. Whatever is suitable and interesting is printed if space can be made for it. To make that space is a constant and never-ending problem, the solution of which is that hundreds and hundreds of pretty letters never appear at all. They lie week after week on the editor's table, and their turn never comes, for the simple reason that five hundred lines can not be crowded into a column that only holds half—a great deal less than half—of that number.

The editor's heart aches every week over the heaps of letters from the dear little folks who are doomed to disappointment. It is not one bit pleasant to think that the bright little eyes will watch in vain for the carefully written letter which was intended to "surprise mamma," or "please grandpa, who gives me my paper," but there is no help for it. There are so many of you that to let you all speak in print would keep an army of printers busy day and night.

Perhaps if you could peep for a moment at the editor's Post-office Department, you would be comforted to find yourselves in such a crowd of other little folks. There is no big waste-basket, such as you all appear to dread so much, but there are some very big pigeon-holes, and a great many of them; and there you all are, packed snugly away, thousands and thousands of you, talking of your pretty living pets, shedding quiet tears over the "kittles that died," playing with your baby brother or sister, "the dearest pet in the world," or offering unlimited sympathy to Toby Tyler. Here are fifty or sixty boys every one of whom wishes Toby Tyler would come and live with him, "and my mamma will be so good to him, and always give him enough to eat!" There are plenty of homes offered to Mr. Stubbs too, but the poor old monkey does not need them now. We do not believe any monkey was ever honored by such a large circle of mourners. His name has been bestowed upon great numbers of pet dogs and cats, and it will be many years before he will be forgotten.

Now when you feel badly because you can not find your letter or even your name in the Post-office Box, just remember that your pretty message to YOUNG PEOPLE is not thrown away or neglected, but that it is all safe, and in the company of a whole crowd of little companions from all parts of the world.

PLEASANT GROVE, NEW JERSEY.

I am nine years old, and I enjoy reading YOUNG PEOPLE, as we all do, even papa and mamma. When the paper comes, all make a rush for it, to see how poor Toby Tyler is getting along. He attracts as much attention among the big folks as with us children. Mamma says his story teaches us all a good lesson.

All of us are obliged to stay from school now on account of scarlet fever. I feel very sorry, for I love to go to school, and I was trying very hard for a prize. I can not get it now. This is my first attempt at writing a letter. LAURA A. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

I am seven years old, and I feel awful sorry for Toby Tyler. If Uncle Daniel won't have Toby, he can come and live with us. My mamma says so. Grandma says we can't have Mr. Stubbs; but she likes to have a good time herself, and I know she will laugh at his tricks when she gets used to him. Toby and Mr. Stubbs can sleep with me, for I have no brother or sister. And Toby can have half of my marbles, and play on my drum, and he shall have all he wants to eat. Tell him to come, and not go back to the circus. WILLIE F.

This cordial invitation was written before the sad end of Mr. Stubbs, and the arrival of Toby at his home, and in their name we thank Master Willie for his generous intentions.

The following information in reference to the meaning of the word Toronto has been sent to the Post-office Box by a gentleman in Detroit for the benefit of Henry M. R.:

Toronto is an Indian word (Iroquois, if I remember right), signifying "oak-trees growing up or rising from the lake." This I learned from one of my old school-books when a boy in Canada, nearly fifty years ago. J. R.

PALO ALTO PLANTATION, MISSISSIPPI.

We are little boys of the same age, ten years. We live on a cotton plantation. There are no little boys near on the same side of the river as we are. The farms are large, so we have to go a great distance to see any one. There are two thousand acres in cultivation, and there are miles and miles of woods all around. As soon as we leave our yard we are in the woods. We can go hunting for rabbits, or squirrels, or partridges. We have the largest pecans growing here that I ever saw. They measure two inches round, and are an inch and a half long. We have a plantation of magnolias, walnut-trees, pears, figs, and pomegranates, besides peaches and apples.

We each have a bay colt, which we must get up early in the morning and groom. Our father says we are to know all about a farm. He often sends us three or four miles alone to see how the log heaps are burning, or how the corn or cotton is being planted. He makes us row ourselves over the river in a little boat we have.

We have a governess who wants to make us very elegant, but we do not like to brush our teeth and nails so often, and go to the table to such prime order. But she reads YOUNG PEOPLE to us, and we would do almost anything to hear the paper read better than we can read it for ourselves.

If any little boy would like to know more about this country, we will write again to YOUNG PEOPLE, and tell all we know. RICHARD and KENNON T.

CHARLESTON, KANTUCKY.

I want to tell you how I get YOUNG PEOPLE. Our teacher takes it for the school, and all that stand perfect in the lessons draw for it. This is jolly. I think it is the best paper in the world.

I live near the great Mammoth Cave, one of the largest caves in the world, and also near the Green River, which is one of the deepest rivers.

I went the other day to see *Uncle Tom's Cabin* played, and thought it was splendid. RUTH G.

BARDOLPH, ILLINOIS.

I am a very little girl. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think Jimmy Brown is a very funny boy. My little nephew, named Horace, is so much like him! My sister has to tie him to the bed-post when she goes out-of-doors. Once he broke loose, and when she came back she found him working over her bread, which she had left by the stove to rise. He is only nineteen months old, and sister thinks he will grow up just like Jimmy Brown. I am saving all my YOUNG PEOPLE for him to read when he gets big. LIZZIE P.

GRANBY, CONNECTICUT.

I send the inscription on the inside of the cover of a snuff-box that we have, as I thought the other children might like to read it. Here it is:

"Respect me for what I have been. From a sprightly plant I was advanced to the sovereignty of the forest; the birds of the air were happy under my shadow, and afforded me their sweetest notes for my protection. After filling a respectable situation, and living to a good old age, I was cut down, stripped of nature's robes, and became a pillar in the church, where I screened alike the sinner and the saint from the stormy blast; and after a faithful servitude of seven hundred and one years, I have become in every convivial circle a ready token of friendship—part of my remains make a snuff-box; and except when carried away by wicked hands, regularly attend the sanctuary. One thousand eight hundred and twenty-four."

On the outside of the cover is the picture of a church, with the inscription, "Glasgow Cathedral. Founded 1123." WILLIAM S.

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN.

I am six years old, and mamma is going to write just every word I say to YOUNG PEOPLE. We have "tooken" it ever since it began. Georgie likes "Biddy O'Bolan" and "Toby Tyler" the best. I do like "Philip Fairies," because he is a poor little sick boy.

I have a little sister Prill. She is 'most three years old. She tries to say, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and runs to the window, and tries to see the stars. We love her a thousand million dollars.

I have two dollies. Winnie was a year old when I was six, and Mabel came that day. I named Winnie my own self for the dollie in "Trouble in the Play-Room," in YOUNG PEOPLE, and Mabel after "rosy-cheeked Mabel" in "Wingy Wing Foo," which I can recite.

Georgie and I went with papa to grandpa's when he was sixty years old. We had to go a hundred miles. At the depot a man asked me where I was going, and I said, "To grandpa's birthday party; he is sixty years old this afternoon," and all the people laughed.

We live on the St. Clair River, and can see all the boats that go to Lake Superior and Chicago. The Indians live across the river. We can see their log-houses. They come across in boats, and sell baskets. Sometimes their pappooses are tied on their backs. I can write my own name. ETHEL A. V.

I am four years old. Ethel is my sister.

We had a bran pudding Christmas morning, after we had our oatmeal. We liked it.

Bill and Kit are my horses. They are wooden. GEORGE B. V.

ROCKAWAY, NEW JERSEY.

I hope the little boys and girls who read this letter will not laugh when I tell them I am going to write about cats. My dear old Shippie dog was poisoned, so I can't write about him, and our kittie is not just a common kind of a cat, for she has seven toes on each of her fore-paws, and she can catch more rats and mice than any other three cats I ever saw. She came in the other day with an awfully big rat, and when I went to pat her a little, the rat bit me. She is striped just like a tiger.

Mamma told us such a funny story about a kittie she had when she was a little girl. One day she went up an apple-tree near the house after some dear little birds. Mamma ran after her, but was too late to save even one little bird. She was so provoked with her kittie that she ran up stairs, and tore a big piece out of a dress, and made a bag. Then she put poor kittie in it, with a big stone for a pillow, and ran as fast as she could to a big pond over past the corn field, and threw poor kittie in. When mamma got back to the house, the first thing she saw was that same little kittie sitting beside the door, washing herself off, and looking so sorry and pitiful that mamma took her in her arms, and dried her with her apron. Then she carried her into the house, and pat her in the oven to get warm. She thought she would not let grandpa and grandma know about it, for fear they would laugh at her, but the colored driver was there, and saw it all, and he told them when they came home. They laugh at mamma about it yet.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is just the nicest, jolliest paper in all the world.

We are making up a barrel of things to send to the poor little boys and girls at the Howard Mission, in New York. FRANK J. T.

GOLDEN, COLORADO.

I live in the far West. It is a very nice place. Our schools are just splendid. They are graded, and we have the best of teachers.

Sometimes the Ute Indians come here. They are awful dirty and lazy, and very mean. They steal and beg all the time, and we are glad to see them go away. Once in a while we have a visit from gypsies. I am twelve years old. TILLIE K.

PETTON BOX, PENNSYLVANIA.

I must tell you about a funny mistake I made the other day at the breakfast table. I was talking about Toby Tyler calling his monkey Mr. Stubbs because he looked like a man he knew by that name, and I said I did not think the man would feel very much *complicated*. Papa and mamma and my two big brothers all laughed very much. At first I did not know why, and was feeling very uncomfortable, when mamma explained to me that I should have said *complimented*, and told me the difference in the meaning of the words. Then I laughed as much as any of them. I am eight years old. JACK M.

I wish to inform my correspondents that I have received so many applications for my minerals and other curiosities that they are all gone. I will try to get some more, but I will now exchange stamps with those correspondents who are not willing to wait. I would like some South American postage stamps (no duplicates). W. A. COURTNEY,
P. O. Box 151, Palmyra, Marion Co., Mo.

MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

My supply of stamps is exhausted, and I can not exchange any more. I will return the stamps I have received for which I can give no exchange. JESSIE R. BENTLEY.

I do not wish any more exchanges of soil. I will now exchange Florida moss, for postage stamps.
HARRY LAUMBACH,
Lock Box 6, Greenville, Darke Co., Ohio.

Johnny P. Crozier, of Carlyle, Kansas, who offered exchange in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 75, is in trouble. He has no more Indian arrow-heads nor rattlesnake rattles, and packages of curiosities are still reaching him by every mail. He begs correspondents to send him nothing more, for he will be compelled to return all these things, or wait until a new crop of rattlesnakes comes in.

It would always be well if those wishing to exchange would write before sending a package, in order to find out if the exchange can be made.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Minerals and stamps, for Indian arrow-heads, stamps, or minerals. JAMES S. BEAUMONT,
P. O. Box F, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

Prince Edward Island stamps and some others of foreign countries, for rare stamps. Mexican especially desired. THOMAS HARE,
Care of Rev. George Hodgson,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

Two German, one French, and one English stamp, for four other foreign stamps.
EDWIN B. BRIGNAP,
Care of E. Belknap, Yonkers, N. Y.

Foreign stamps, for curiosities.
BERTHA A. BATTAGLIA, Sammerdale, N. Y.

One twenty-five cent internal revenue stamp, for a Chinese stamp. CLARENCE D. CHIPMAN,
Kankakee, Kankakee Co., Ill.

Digitized by Google

Postage and revenue stamps and postmarks. Postmarks from the Eastern States especially desired.
J. C., P. O. Box 3, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

East Indian, Japanese, French, Canadian, German, and United States stamps, for other foreign and United States stamps. Those from Central and South America especially desired.
ARTHUR COLEMAN,
11 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Rare foreign stamps, for stamps from Turkey, Egypt, Straits Settlements, or for other stamps of value. R. K. FORSYTH,
224 Ridge Avenue, Allegheny City, Penn.

Stamps and postmarks, for stamps or any curiosity, except minerals and postmarks.
JOHN FAGLON,
25 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Postmarks, for good specimens of insects, especially a death's-head moth. W. C. FOSTER,
375 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Copper or iron ore, for curiosities.
AMELIA FRINK, Marshall, Calhoun Co., Mich.

Thirty-five postmarks (no duplicates), for a cent of any date earlier than 1840. Or forty postmarks for a half-cent of any date earlier than 1857.
ROLAND GODFREY,
Center P. O., Gardner, Worcester Co., Mass.

One hundred foreign stamps (no duplicates), for an Indian bow and arrow; or seventy-five foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a tomahawk or pipe. Will also exchange foreign stamps on most liberal terms for Indian or other good curiosities.
Correspondents will please write and state what they have for exchange before sending.
FRED P. HALL,
238 Warren Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Foreign postage stamps. G. GARNER,
510 Grand Street, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Foreign stamps. Those from Iceland, Asia, South America, or Cape of Good Hope desired to exchange.
HAYWOOD GRIDDEY,
Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Fifteen revenue stamps (no duplicates), for every set of six different kinds of woods from any State except Massachusetts. Or Massachusetts woods, for the same from other States. Specimens must be two inches long, and labelled. Also sea-shells from the Atlantic coast, for Indian relics.
H. M. and M. N. H.,
Hull Street, Newtonville, Middlesex Co., Mass.

Soil from Iowa, for soil from Switzerland.
FRED HEATOON, Stuart, Iowa.

Twenty-five stamps and fifteen postmarks, for the set of Egyptian stamps of 1866, containing seven stamps. FRED HORSTON,
9 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Easels, picture-frames, small brackets, match safes, or autumn leaves, for sea-shells, ocean curiosities, minerals, or anything suitable for a museum. Correspondents will please state which articles they prefer in exchange. ALICE C. HAMMOND,
Milton, Chittenden Co., Vt.

Indian arrow-heads, for any ocean curiosities except a sea-urchin and a horseshoe crab. Correspondents will please pack specimens carefully, that they may not get broken.
ISORIL L. JACOB,
Darlington Heights, Prince Edward Co., Va.

Stamps from the United States of Colombia, Germany, France, Great Britain, and some other foreign countries, for other foreign or United States Department stamps. WILLIAM B. JACKSON,
145 London Street, East Boston, Mass.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, or a good-sized piece of petrified moss, for five South American stamps.
H. L. J.,
Lock Box 721, Granville, Licking Co., Ohio.

Twenty-five United States postmarks, for eight foreign postmarks or stamps.
WILLIE JOHNSON,
Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Twenty foreign stamps, for an eight-cent Canada register stamp and a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope. HERBERT JOHNSTON,
4065 Aspen Street (Room G),
West Philadelphia, Penn.

Stamps, autographs of renowned men, coins, pieces of silk, and postmarks, for shells.
P. O. Box 1221, Plainfield, Union Co., N. J.

Foreign postage stamps, for other stamps.
HARRY WILSON, Rutherford, N. J.

Southern birds' feathers, crystallized salt, or iron, for forest and ocean curiosities, scraps of silk, moss, pressed flowers, or other pretty things.
HATTIE WINCHESTER,
327 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Stamps, coins, minerals, and postmarks, for rare foreign postage, or United States Department stamps.
SIDNEY NEW,
181 East Ninety-fifth Street, New York City.

Fifty-five postmarks, for twenty-four United States old issues, or department stamps, or foreign stamps.
DAISY NORTON, 56 Henry Street, Detroit, Mich.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

S. AND F.—You can buy pongee, Surah, or some other kind of soft cream-colored or dull yellow silk, at almost any large dry-goods store in New York city. You can vary the color of the background and the outline of the flowers according to your taste, but it is prettier always to outline the stems and leaves with green. If you put your work in a frame, you will find it difficult to do the darning stitch of the background.

R. A. E., AND HARRY G.—We shall be glad to receive an occasional letter from you describing any interesting experience you may have during your contemplated excursions. Letters from all boys and girls who, during their summer vacation, see anything new and worth writing about, will also be welcome. Write your communications on one side of the paper only, and try to tell only those things which are of interest to other boys and girls.

H. H.—You can make very good molasses candy by boiling together half a pound of brown sugar and one quart of molasses. Drop a little in a cup of cold water, and if it hardens, it is ready for cooling. When it is sufficiently boiled, put in a small piece of butter and a little essence of wintergreen. Cool in a flat, buttered pan. If you wish to make it white, flour your hands and pull it as soon as it is cool enough to handle. Then make it into small twisted sticks.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Maude P. A., Ray B., Annie Brayton, Gertrude Hall, Archie and Hugh Burns, Maude M. Chambers, Amelia Frink, David Griggs, Willie E. Green, Rachel Haviland, Alice C. Hammond, William Hadley, Grace R. Holden, Laura A. Ivins, Jennie E. Jagner, Jenny Kempton, H. Keppel, E. K. Knapp, Henry King, "Lone Star," "Lansing, Iowa," Bessie H. Moore, Percy McDermott, Augusta Lou Parke, "*Pepper*," C. A. Qoin, M. May Robinson, A. E. S., "Stars and Stripes," "Sir Pinley," "Starry Flag," Adda Thomson, W. L. Trotter, *George Tolckhausen*, Nellie Walton, Willie F. Woolard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In pike, not in fish.
In stove, not in dish.
In yard, not in mile.
In chisel, not in file.
In poem, not in rhyme.
In clock, not in time.
In kite, not in owl.
My whole a handsome fowl.

C. R. B.

No. 2.

EASY CHARADES.

1. My first is a volume. My second is a reptile. My whole is a student. ED.

2. My first is to study. My second is a banner. My third is daily food. My whole is a great fire.
LYMAN.

No. 3.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A bundle. 2. A sea in Asia. 3. An animal. 4. A river in Europe. MAUDE.

2.—1. A boy's name. 2. Proportion. 3. A famous mountain. 4. Costly. FRANK.

3.—1. A tropical tree. 2. At a distance. 3. Latest. 4. A fable.

4.—1. A boy's name. 2. Not handsome. 3. Sullen. 4. A song of praise. G. A. K.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In dog, but not in cat.
In fly, but not in bat.
In man, but not in boy.
In weapon, not in toy.
In meat, but not in bone.
In white, but not in roan.
In sleet, but not in rain.
In dye, but not in stain.
My whole is stronger than a chain.
C. W.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am a pretty proverb composed of 27 letters.
My 12, 1, 4, 16, 25, 11 is a small fish.
My 10, 19, 14, 5, 20 is never late.
My 13, 15, 6, 23, 16 is an animal.
My 26, 10, 21, 8, 9, 18 is to improve.
My 1, 27, 2 is a poisonous reptile.
My 17, 22, 8, 24, 9, 23, 8, 18 is a curious insect.
GOODY TWO-SHOES.

2 (*To Oliver Twist*). I am composed of 8 letters, and am a character familiar to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE.
My 4, 5, 7, 8 are found in every kitchen.
My 6, 5, 2, 3, 4 is to break open.
My 1, 2 is an abbreviation. NELLIE WALTON.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 76.

No. 1. Giraffe.

No. 2.

H	A	I	N
A	N	N	E
I	N	C	A
N	E	A	R

L	E	A	D
E	L	L	A
A	L	U	M
D	A	M	P

No. 3. 1. Scandinavia. 2. Toby Tyler. 3. Mammoth Cave.

No. 4.

```
      I       C
      N       H
T R A M O N T A N E
      U       L
      G       Y
      U       B
      H       E
F L A G E L L A T E
      T       T
      E       R
```

No. 5. Diana, Venus, Vesta.

Charade, on page 384—Island.

WIGGLES.

As some of our new subscribers do not understand what "Wiggles" are, we will repeat our explanation. The drawing marked NEW WIGGLE, No. 19, on page 432, forms a portion of the *outline* of a picture. The endeavor of a wiggle contributor is to furnish a sketch which will resemble our artist's idea.

TWO NEW SERIALS.

Two Serial Stories will begin in the next Number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, entitled respectively

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST,"
BY W. L. ALDEN,
AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES,"
and
SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION;
OR, THE STORY OF A MAY PARTY,
BY KATE R. MCDOWELL.

Two New Serials, "THE CRUISE OF THE GHOST" and "SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION," are commenced in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued May 10. The former is by W. L. ALDEN, author of "The Moral Pirates," and relates the cruise of four boys in a small yacht along the south shore of Long Island. During a dense fog they drift out to sea, and meet with many adventures. The youthful reader will find the story intensely interesting as well as instructive. The Illustrations are drawn by W. A. ROGERS and J. O. DAVIDSON.

"SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION" is the story of a May Party, written for girls by KATE R. MCDOWELL, and is fresh, breezy, and full of interest. It is illustrated by Mrs. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

NOTICE.

The publishers will furnish HARPER'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume LXIII.), and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first installments of the new serials)—the two periodicals together for one year—on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 18, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 19.

Digitized by Google

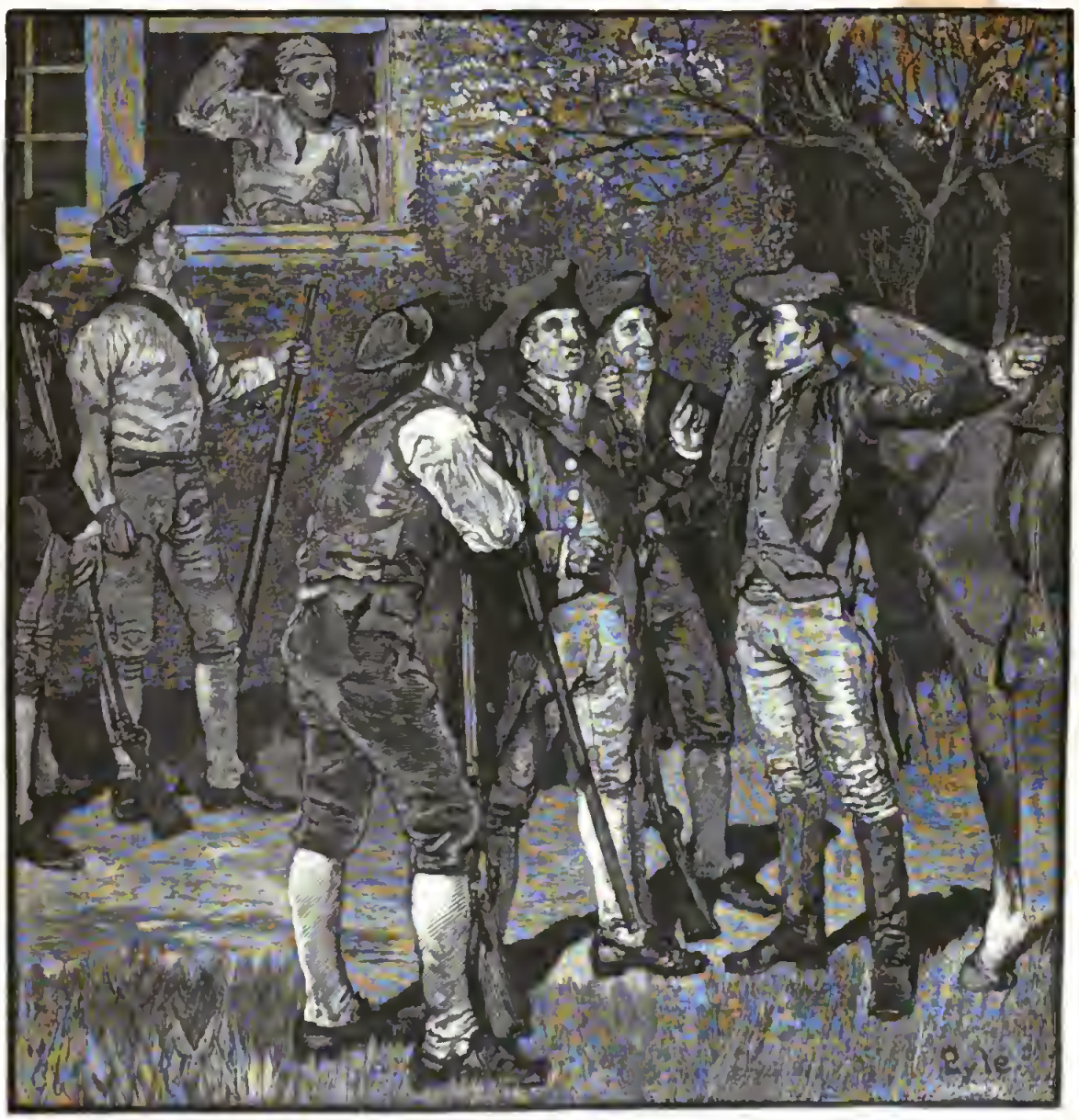
HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. II.—No. 80. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, May 10, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



PAUL REVERE AT LEXINGTON.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

HOURS WITH THE OCTOGENARIANS.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago I went on a pilgrimage to places hallowed by events of the great and successful struggle of Americans for freedom and independence.

I there found many things and persons remaining as mementos of that contest. All were hoary with age, and some were crumbling and tottering ruins. All were rapidly passing within the veil of human forgetfulness, for houses, fortifications, battle-fields, and men and women would soon become only pictures on Memory's wall.

From the lips of the venerable men and women whom I saw I heard thrilling narratives of their experience in those days of strife. In hidden recesses of memory and in written notes I preserved those narratives for the entertainment and instruction of the youth of this generation, hoping to be with them to tell the tales myself. Here I am, and I propose to relate to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE some of the stories I then received from living lips. I will begin with the story of

THE FIFER OF LEXINGTON.

Lexington! Concord! What American boy or girl has not heard of these two little villages in Massachusetts, where the first blow was struck for independence, and where the hot flames of the Revolution first burst out, on the 19th of April, 1775? One of my first pilgrimages was to these villages.

It was a bright, sunny morning in October, 1848, when I travelled by railway from Boston to Concord—a distance of seventeen miles northwest of the New England capital. There I spent an hour with Major Barrett and his wife, who "saw the British scamper," and had lived together almost sixty years. The Major was hale at eighty-seven, and his wife, almost as old, seemed as nimble of foot as a matron in middle life. She was a vivacious little woman, well-formed, and retained traces of the beauty of her girlhood.

After visiting the place of the skirmish at Concord, I rode in a private vehicle to Lexington, six miles eastward, through a picturesque and fertile country, and entered the famous village at the Green whereon that skirmish occurred, and where a commemorative monument now stands. After a brief interview with two or three aged persons there, we drove to the house of Jonathan Harrington, in East Lexington, who, a lad seventeen years old, had opened the ball of the Revolution on the memorable April morning with the war-notes of the shrill fife.

As we halted before the house of Mr. Harrington, at a little past noon, we saw an old man wielding an axe vigorously in splitting fire-wood in his yard. I entered the gate, and introduced myself and my errand. The old man was the venerable fifer.

"Come in and rest yourself," he said, kindly, as he led the way into the house.

Although he was then past ninety years of age, he appeared no older than many men do at seventy. His form was nearly erect, his voice was firm, his complexion was fair, his placid face was lighted by mild blue eyes, and had but few deep wrinkles, and his hair, not all white, was very abundant. I took a seat on a chintz-covered lounge, and he sat in a Boston rocking-chair.

"I have come," I said, "to make some inquiries about the battle of Lexington."

"It wasn't a battle," he answered; "only a skirmish."

"It was a sharp one," I said.

"Yes, pretty sharp, pretty sharp," he replied, thoughtfully. "Eight fine young men out of a hundred were killed; two of them my blood-relations."

"I understand you played the fife on that morning," I said.

"As well as I could," he replied. "I taught myself to play the year before, when the minute-men were training; and I was the only person in Lexington who knew how to fife. That ain't saying much, though, for then there were only eight or ten houses in the village besides the meeting-house."

"Did you belong to the minute-men?" I asked.

"I was a minute-*boy*. They asked me to fife, to help Joe Burton make music with his drum for Captain Parker's company. Poor Joe! His drum-head was smashed, and he lost a little finger in the fight. Captain Parker's company was drilled the night before the fight, for Sol Brown, our nearest neighbor, came from Boston at sunset, and said he had seen nine British soldiers in overcoats walking toward Lexington. Sam Adams and John Hancock were at Parson Clark's house, where Dorothy Quincy, Hancock's sweetheart, was staying. Gage wanted to catch and hang 'em, and it was believed the soldiers Sol had seen had been sent out to seize 'em that night. A guard of eight men under Sergeant Munroe (who kept a tavern here) was stationed around Parson Clark's house. A little past midnight Paul Revere—you've heard of Revere—came riding like mad from Cambridge, his horse all afoam, for the weather was uncommonly warm. He told Munroe he wanted to see Hancock. 'He didn't want to be disturbed by noise,' said the Sergeant. 'Noise!' said Revere; 'you'll have noise enough soon, for the regulars are coming!' Hancock heard him, and opening a window, called out, 'Revere, I know you; come in.' He went into the house a moment, then came out, mounted his horse, and started on a gallop toward Concord. Very soon everybody in Lexington was astir."

"Were you on duty then?" I inquired.

"No," he said. "I went to bed at eleven o'clock, and, as all boys should do, slept soundly. My mother (who was a Dunster, and one of the most patriotic women of the time) called out to me at three o'clock: 'Jonathan! Jonathan! get up. The regulars are coming, and something must be done.' I dressed quickly, slung my light gun over my shoulder, took my fife from a chair, and hurried to the parade near the meeting-house, where about fifty men had gathered, and others were arriving every minute. By four o'clock a hundred men were there. We did not wait long wondering whether the regulars were really coming, for a man dashed up to Captain Parker and told him they were close by. The Captain immediately ordered Joe to beat the drum, and I fifed with all my might. Alarm-guns were instantly fired to call distant minute-men to duty. Lights were now seen moving in all the houses. Daylight came at half past four o'clock. Just then the regulars, who had heard the drum-beat, rushed toward us, and their leader shouted, 'Disperse, you rebels!' We stood still. He repeated the order with an oath, fired his pistol, and ordered his men to shoot. Only a few obeyed. Nobody was hurt, and we supposed their guns were loaded only with powder. We had been ordered not to fire first, and so we stood still. The angry leader of the regulars then gave another order for them to fire, when a volley killed or wounded several of our company. Seeing the regulars endeavoring to surround us, Captain Parker ordered us to retreat. As we fled, some shots were sent back. Joe and I climbed a fence near Parson Clark's house, and took to the woods near by. Climbing over, Joe fell upon a heap of stones, and crushed in his drum-head. His hand was bleeding badly, and he found a bullet had carried off a part of his little finger. Eight of our men had lost their lives."

"Where were Adams and Hancock all this time?" I inquired.

"Not far off," he replied. "When the first shots were heard, they were advised to fly to a place of safety, for

Digitized by Google

their lives were too valuable to the public to be lost. At first they refused to go, but were finally persuaded, and retired to a thick wooded hill not far off. Dorothy Quincy went with her lover. They were married in the fall. It is said Sam Adams, hearing the firing on the Green, exclaimed, 'What a glorious morning for America is this!' I have no doubt he said so, for it was just like him."

"You said two of your blood-relations perished in that fight," I observed.

"Yes," he replied; "they were Jonathan and Caleb Harrington. Caleb, and Joe Comer, who lived a mile from Lexington, had gone into the meeting-house to get some powder stored in the loft. They had taken it to the gallery when the British reached the meeting-house. They flew to the door, and started on a run for the company. Caleb was shot dead at the west end of the meeting-house, but Joe, though wounded, escaped. Jonathan had stood his ground with the rest. His house was near the meeting-house. He was in front of his own house when the regulars fired the third time. He was shot in the breast, and fell. His wife, Ruth, stood looking out of the window, with their only child, nine years old, by her side. She saw her husband fall, and ran out to help him. He raised up, stretched his arms toward her, fell again, and was dead before she could get to him. Oh, it was too cruel, too cruel!"

"There were brave men in that little band of patriots," I remarked.

"Brave men!" said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with unusual lustre, "braver men never lived. Not one of them left his post until Captain Parker, seeing it was useless to fight against so many regulars, told them to disperse. There was one man who wouldn't go even then. It was Jonas Parker of this town. He lived near Parson Clark's. He had said he would never run from an enemy, and he didn't. He had loaded his musket, put his hat, containing powder, wadding, and bullets, between his feet, and so faced the regulars. At the second fire he was wounded, and fell on his knees. Then he fired his gun; and, though he was dying, he reached for another charge in his hat, when a big red-coat killed him with a bayonet on the very spot where Jonas first stood. Wasn't that pluck?"

"Rare pluck," I answered. "The names of such men should never be forgotten."

"They never will be," replied the old patriot, excitedly. "Their names are all cut deep in marble on the little monument down yonder on the Green—Robert Munroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jun., Isaac Muzzy, Caleb Harrington, John Brown, and Asahel Porter. Should the marble perish, their names are cut deeper in the memory of Americans."

"You said it was a warm night when Paul Revere rode from Cambridge to Lexington," I said.

"Yes," he replied; "it was a very early spring. Young leaves appeared on the 1st of April. The grass on the village green was so tall on the morning of the 19th that it waved in the light wind that was blowing. At noon that day, when the British were driven from Concord, the quicksilver was eighty-five degrees in the shade, and the door-yards were bright with dandelions. The minute-men made it hotter than that—full a hundred in the shade—for the British before they got back to Cambridge that evening."

"Did you serve in the army afterward?" I inquired.

"No," he said; "father went to the war, and I staid at home to help mother take care of things, for I was the oldest boy. I played the fife sometimes after that when the young men in the neighborhood were training for the fight."

By permission of Mr. Harrington I drew a likeness of him sitting in his rocking-chair; and under it he wrote, with a trembling hand—which he attributed to the use of the axe that morning—

JONATHAN HARRINGTON,
Aged 90, the 8th July, 1848.

His brother Charles, two years younger than he, came in before I had finished the sketch. I could not but look with wonder and reverence upon these strong old men—children of one mother, who had borne five sons and three daughters—who were nearly grown to manhood when the old war for independence broke out. I bade them farewell, received from the old fifer the benediction "God bless you!" went back to the village green, sketched the monument, and called upon their kinsman, Abijah Harrington, who was a lad fourteen years of age at the time of the skirmish. He saw nearly all of the fight. He had two brothers in it, and had been sent by his mother, trembling on account of her sons, to watch the fray at a safe distance, and obtain for her information concerning her brave boys. They escaped unhurt.

From Mr. Harrington's I went to the house of Parson Clark, where I found Mrs. Margaret Chandler, a remarkably intelligent old lady, then eighty-three years of age. She had lived in that house ever since the Revolution, had a clear recollection of events at Lexington on the memorable April morning, and gave me a version of the escape of Adams and Hancock somewhat different from that given me by the venerable fifer. A few more words about the latter.

On the seventy-fifth anniversary of the affair at Lexington and Concord (1850), Jonathan Harrington was invited to participate with his fellow-citizens in the proceedings of the day. In the procession was a carriage containing Jonathan, aged ninety-two, his brother Charles, aged ninety, Amos Baker, aged ninety-four, Thomas Hill, aged ninety-two, and Dr. Preston, aged eighty-four. Jonathan gave as a toast at dinner: "*The 19th of April, 1775. All who remember that day will support the Constitution of the United States.*"

The Hon. Edward Everett made a speech on that occasion, in which he remarked that "it pleased his heart to see these venerable men beside him, and he was very much pleased to assist Mr. Jonathan Harrington to put on his top-coat a few minutes ago. In doing so, he was ready to say, with David, 'Very pleasant art thou to me, my brother Jonathan!'"

Late in March, 1854, when he was almost ninety-six years of age, Jonathan Harrington died, and was buried with public honors. In the funeral procession was a large body of military as an escort, and the hearse was followed by the committee of arrangements, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and a vast multitude of citizens gathered from the neighboring towns. After impressive religious services in the church at Lexington, his remains were deposited in the family tomb.

Sacred be the memory of the FIFER OF LEXINGTON!

CANARIES AND OTHER CAGE-BIRDS.

I CAN not remember the time when we had not a canary or a pet bird of some kind. My brother Ned, when he was a boy at home, had a great fancy for canaries and bullfinches, and he had one of the latter which he taught to whistle very beautifully the tune of "Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon." The bullfinch's cage hung side by side with that of a canary, and after a time the canary caught the trick of whistling too, and although he could not do it so well as the bullfinch, yet he managed one or two lines very well. When the bullfinch died, the canary gradually forgot the art he had learned, and by-and-by he gave up whistling altogether, though he never forgot how to sing. There are many

Digitized by Google

varieties of canaries, some of them very odd-looking birds indeed. There are bright yellow ones and orange-colored ones, and one family, called Lizards, are of a beautiful green color. Then there are canaries with tufts of feathers on their heads just like little caps; these are called Norwich canaries.

The Belgian canary is a tall bird, with very high shoulders, and its head, instead of standing erect, bends down and hangs forward a long way below its shoulders. It is one of the most interesting things I know to rear a brood of young birds. Mrs. Canary takes charge of the eggs, and sits upon them patiently day by day, whilst Mr. Canary looks after the food for madame, and then sits down by her side, and sings his loudest, sweetest songs to cheer her in her trying, wearying task. By-and-by the time arrives for the young canaries to appear, and then there is a pretty fluster in the nest, I assure you. The cock looks as important as an alderman, and the hen can hardly be persuaded to leave the nest, even for her food. At last the young birds break through the shells, and the first thing they do is to open their big mouths for something to eat. This the happy parents readily and promptly supply, and if all goes well the youngsters soon grow out of their babyhood, and learn to feed themselves.

But things do not always go well, especially if you happen to have a cat or a dog in the house, or, as happened to me on one occasion, both. I had a splendid Norwich canary, with a top-knot, which was the admired of all admirers. He used to sing all day long in my room; but one day, the servant having moved the cage into another room, Carlo and Tom got at it, and frightened my poor pet to death.

Carlo was ashamed of himself as soon as he had knocked over the cage, but Tom was a fierce old cat, and made such efforts to get at the canary that the poor little thing died from sheer fright. I do not like to see birds confined to very small cages, especially where more than one is kept. It is best to give them plenty of air, and room to fly about in.

The best of all is an aviary where they can move as freely as if they were out-of-doors. I know a gentleman who has by kindness got quite a collection of birds to come into his garden and make their homes there without living in confinement at all.

JAMES T. FIELDS'S LIBRARY.

JAMES T. FIELDS'S LAST POEM.

THE following poem was written by Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, only a few days before his death, which took place on the 25th of April. It is the last poem that he wrote, and will therefore have an interest for our readers apart from its merit. Mr. Fields was for many years a partner in the publishing house of Ticknor & Fields, afterward, on the death of Mr. Ticknor, changed to that of Fields, Osgood, & Co. On retiring from business, several years ago, Mr. Fields devoted himself to literature, and published several popular books. He was a kind-hearted man, and helped many young men and women, who never went to him in vain for encouragement and assistance. Like the English poet Wordsworth, he believed that men should never mix

> "their pleasure or their pride
> With suffering to the meanest thing that feels,"

and his last poem shows how strongly he could plead for a poor brute creature in distress.

ROVER'S PETITION.

"Kind traveller, do not pass me by,
  And thus a poor old dog forsake;
But stop a moment on your way,
  And hear my woe, for pity's sake!

"My name is Rover; yonder house
  Was once my home for many a year;
My master loved me; every hand
  Caressed young Rover, far and near.

"The children rode upon my back,
  And I could hear my praises sung;
With joy I licked their pretty feet,
  As round my shaggy sides they clung.

"I watched them while they played or slept;
  I gave them all I had to give;
My strength was theirs from morn till night;
  For only them I cared to live.

"Now I am old, and blind, and lame,
  They've turned me out to die alone,
Without a shelter for my head,
  Without a scrap of bread or bone.

"This morning I can hardly crawl,
  While shivering in the snow and hail;
My teeth are dropping one by one;
  I scarce have strength to wag my tail.

"I'm palsied grown with mortal pains,
  My withered limbs are useless now;
My voice is almost gone, you see,
  And I can hardly make my bow.

"Perhaps you'll lead me to a shed
  Where I may find some friendly straw
On which to lay my aching limbs,
  And rest my helpless broken paw.

"Stranger, excuse this story long,
  And pardon, pray, my last appeal:
You've owned a dog yourself, perhaps,
  And learned that dogs, like men, can *feel*."

Yes, poor old Rover, come with me;
  Food, with warm shelter, I'll supply—
And Heaven forgive the cruel souls
  Who drove you forth to starve and die!

Digitized by Google

"I DON'T LIKE HER AT ALL."

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE boys had talked all winter of the cruise which they hoped to take in a sail-boat during the coming summer, and they spent a great many Saturday afternoons at boat yards and places in New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn, where sail-boats are laid up for the winter. They found several cat-boats that suited them very well, and that could be bought at a low price; but they did not find it so easy to convince Uncle John that a sail-boat cruise would be a safe enterprise for boys so young as Tom Schuyler, Jim and Joe Sharpe, and Harry Wilson. They did not say much about it to Mr. Schuyler, Mr. Sharpe, or Harry's father, for, as Joe pointed out, when Uncle John Wilson gave his consent, it would be time enough to speak to them. "If I go now," he said, "and ask father if I can go cruising in a cat-boat, he'll say, 'Most certainly not, my son; boys have no business with sail-boats.' But if Uncle John goes to him, and tells him all about it, he'll be perfectly satisfied, and say, 'My son, I think you had better do as Mr. Wilson suggests.'" Joe was quite right, for Mr. Sharpe, while he knew nothing about boats, had entire confidence in Mr. John Wilson's prudence and judgment; and though he would have been very apt to refuse to give his sons permission to go sailing—on any ordinary occasion—he would have consented to any plan proposed by so careful and trustworthy a man as Uncle John was known to be.

When the sail-boat cruise was first proposed to Uncle John, he was not inclined to think well of it. "You've been Moral Pirates in a row-boat," said he, "and now you want to try Moral Piracy in a sail-boat. To tell you the truth, boys, I don't half like the idea. To manage a sail-boat requires more coolness and judgment than boys generally have, so I don't think the Department will be able to put a sail-boat in commission this year."

It was not until Uncle John found that the water in the bays on the south side of Long Island, where Tom Schuyler wanted to cruise, was in nearly all places too shallow for drowning purposes, that he consented to say that he would "think about" the sail-boat plan. He thought about it for some time without seeing any good reason to approve of it. He told Tom that while it was true that the water in the bay was deep only in certain narrow steamboat channels, a sail-boat might capsize in one of these very channels. Besides, if one of the boys were to fall overboard, the sail-boat could not pick him up as quickly as he could be picked up were he to fall out of a row-boat. "After all," he added, "the real difficulty is that not one of you is accustomed to manage a sail-boat, and that is a difficulty which we can't get over."

The boys still continued to talk among themselves about their desired cruise, without giving up the hope that Uncle John would change his mind, and when spring came something happened that did make him change it. Tom received a letter from his friend Charley Smith, who was in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, saying that he would come and spend the months of July and August with him. Now Charley was a very fine fellow, nearly a year older than Tom. He had been two years at the Academy, and was already a good sailor. Tom immediately wrote to him and asked him how he would like to be captain of a sail-boat, and go on a cruise through the south bays. Charley was delighted with the plan, and wrote to his guardian—for he had no father nor mother—and easily obtained his consent.

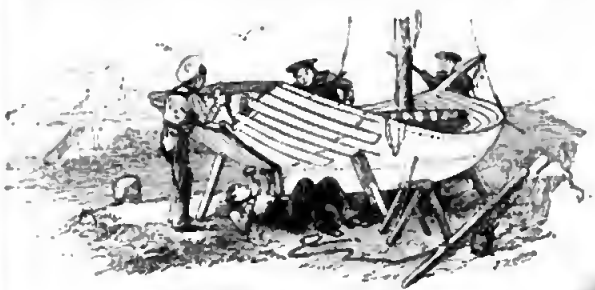
Now Uncle John knew Charley Smith well, and thought very highly of him, and when Tom came to him and showed him Charley's letter, he said at once that the Department of Moral Piracy would be glad to put Captain Charles Smith in command of a cat-boat.

"My dear boy," he continued, "I hated to say no when you proposed your plan, and I am as pleased as you are now that I can conscientiously approve of it. Charley is perfectly competent to manage a sail-boat, and if he will take charge of the boat, and you and the other boys will obey his orders, you shall have your cruise if I can bring it about."

And he did bring it about, as Joe said he would. Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Schuyler, and Harry's father all gave their consent when Uncle John explained the matter to them; and when this important business was settled, Uncle John went with the boys to select a boat.

They found one at Gowanus which they all agreed was just the boat they wanted. She was twenty feet long, with plenty of beam, and with room under her forward deck to carry a good deal of cargo. She was only two or three years old, and was perfectly sound and very strong. There was a good copper pump fastened to the after-end of the centre-board trunk, and all she seemed to need to fit her for immediate use was a good coat of paint. The boatman from whom she was bought was ordered to deliver her at Harlem, and the boys went home delighted.

For the next few weeks the boys went to look at the



BUILDING THE "OVERHANG."

Digitized by Google

boat at least twice a week, and devoted most of their spare time in drawing up lists of things to be taken with them on the cruise, and to studying the Coast Survey charts of the south shore of Long Island. Tom contrived a plan for making a cabin to be used at night. He had small iron sockets placed at each end of the cockpit so as to hold two upright sticks. Across these an oar was laid for a ridge-pole, and over the ridge-pole was stretched a piece of canvas, the sides of which were tied to rings fastened on the outside of the washboard. In this way the cockpit was entirely covered, and in the cabin thus formed the boys could lie or sit on the bottom of the boat and keep perfectly dry in the heaviest shower. Of course this cabin, or tent, could be used only when the sail was furled, and the boom hoisted a foot, so as to be out of the way, but it was not intended to use it except at night, when the boat would be at anchor or moored to the shore.

The various lists of stores drawn up by the boys showed that their cruise in the *Whitewing* had taught them what things were necessary and what things were unnecessary for a long boating expedition. Uncle John had cushions made for the seats, not, as he told the boys, because they needed cushions to sit on, but because these cushions could be laid on the bottom of the boat at night and used as mattresses. This particularly pleased Joe Sharpe, who had put down on his list, "Thirty pounds of tenpenny nails for a bed." He said, in explanation of this:

"I'm tired of sleeping on coffee-pots and tin cups, as I used to when we slept in the *Whitewing*, and I thought some good big nails would be a good deal more comfortable. However, if Uncle John supplies mattresses, I'll cross off the nails, for I don't think they would be quite as comfortable as a mattress."

As on their former cruise, the boys decided to wear only blue flannel shirts and trousers, and to take neither coats nor waistcoats. Of course each one had a change of clothes, besides a blanket and a rubber blanket, but Harry's proposal that they should take rubber overcoats with them was voted down. When Uncle John came to look over their lists, he found scarcely a single article which could be spared, with the exception of Tom's cannon. This was an iron cannon about a foot long, and with an inch bore, and the boys were so anxious to take it with them that Uncle John consented, telling them that it might prove useful in the way of ballast should any of their sand-bags be lost overboard.

It was decided not to paint the boat or to name her until Charley Smith should see her. On the 1st of July he arrived in town, and was met by the boys, who instantly carried him to Harlem to show him the boat. They expected that he would be delighted with her; but what was their dismay when, after looking at her for a few minutes in silence, he answered Tom's question, "How do you like her?" by saying, gravely, "I don't like her at all."

"Why, what in the world is the matter with her?" demanded Tom, while the others looked wonderingly at the young sailor who did not like their beautiful boat.

"Nothing that can't be cured," answered Charley. "The trouble with her is that she's a cat-boat, and a cat-boat is just the meanest kind of boat in the world."

"Can't we turn her into a dog-boat or a horse-boat?" asked Joe. "To tell the truth, boys, I don't believe a cat-boat can be good for much if she is anything like a cat. I wonder if cat-boats can climb back fences and howl?"

"I always thought that a cat-boat was the best kind of sail-boat anybody could have," said Tom. "There's only one sail and three ropes to handle."

"There are two reasons why a cat-boat isn't fit for a cruise where you are liable to meet all kinds of weather," replied Charley. "One is that you can't run before a gale with her. You've no sail except the mainsail, and even if you close reef it and drop the peak, you will sometimes have more sail than the boat ought to carry. Then, when you're scudding, the boom is apt to roll under, and if this happens when it is blowing hard, and there's a good deal of sea on, you'll capsize so quick that you won't have time to put on your overshoes."

"But what good would overshoes do you in deep water?" asked Tom.

Charley smiled, but did not answer him. "The other reason why I don't like a cat-boat is that she won't work to windward with her peak dropped. If you are sailing in a wind, no matter how hard it blows, you must keep the peak up, or you can't keep the boat from falling off. I don't care how many rows of reef-points the sailmaker may have put on the sail, you can't reduce it to more than half its original size if you expect the boat to beat to windward. If a cat-boat is caught in a heavy gale blowing directly off shore, she can't carry sail enough to work into the lee of the land, and she is liable to be blown a hundred miles out to sea."

"What kind of a boat ought we to have, then?" inquired Tom, who did not understand everything that Charley said, but who knew that he must be right.

"A jib-and-mainsail boat, of course," replied Charley. "If you have to scud, you can scud all day under your jib, and keep as dry as a bone, and you can work her to windward with the mainsail close reefed. If you have your jib sheets led aft, the boat can be handled by one man just as easy as a cat-boat. The only thing a cat-boat is good for is sailing in a dead calm on a mud-bank."

"But how can you sail if there's a dead calm?" asked Tom.

"What we ought to do with that boat," Charley continued, "is to step her mast about eighteen inches aft of where it is stepped now. Then we can rig out a bowsprit and put a jib on her. She ought to be lengthened at the stern too, so that we could reach the end of the boom and put in a reef without going ashore to do it."

"We might make the bowsprit ourselves," said Tom; "but we couldn't lengthen her ourselves, and it would cost a good deal to get it done."

"I'll undertake to lengthen her myself," said Charley. "It won't cost us anything but the price of a few nails and some pieces of wood."

"How on earth would you go to work?" cried Jim. "Do you mean to saw her in two, put a piece in, and nail her together again?"

"Perhaps," said Joe, "he means to steam her, and then stretch her. If you can bend wood by steaming it, you ought to be able to stretch it."

"I'll show you what I mean if you fellows will only pay attention," replied Charley. "Now here's her transom, this flat board at her stern, where her name ought to be painted. You see it's all above water, and that the end of every plank is nailed to it. Now the first thing to do is to take four pieces of joist—I believe that's what carpenters call it—about four inches square, and bolt them to the transom. You want to put them about six inches apart, and they must be just as long as the transom is deep."

"I don't quite understand," said Tom, "what you mean by saying they must be as long as the transom is deep."

"I mean that each piece that you bolt on must reach from the level of the deck, that is, from the top of the transom, to the lower edge of the transom."

"Oh, now I understand," exclaimed Tom.

"Very well. Now you want to take four pieces of inch plank, two feet eleven inches long, and fasten them with screw-bolts to the side of each piece of joist, so that they will extend in a straight line from the stern. To the ends of these planks you must nail a new transom, which will have to be smaller in every way than the old one, because

Digitized by Google

the lines of the boat, when carried out three feet, will approach each other. After you have put braces between the pieces of plank, so as to keep them firm, you must carry out your planking and your deck to the new transom, and there you have your boat lengthened three feet. The lengthened part will be all 'overhang,' but the boat will be all the prettier for it."

"Won't she be very weak?" asked Tom.

"Not if you do the work carefully. The new planking mustn't all begin at the old transom, or she wouldn't hold together; but if you cut every other one of the old planks off at the first timber (rib, I suppose you'd call it) forward of the transom, and fasten the end of the new plank to this timber, and follow the same plan in carrying out the deck planks, she'll be strong enough. We'll leave a hole in the deck for the rudder head to come through, and will have to move the iron rod that the sheet-block travels on a couple of feet further aft. I'd like no better fun than to lengthen her, if you fellows would like to have me do it, and we can get the tools."

The boys were greatly pleased with Charley's proposal. The boat, when lengthened, and sloop-rigged, would, they thought, be a real yacht, and altogether a much more imposing craft than a cat-boat. The matter was laid before Uncle John that night, and he willingly agreed to pay the cost of carrying out Charley's plans. "He is right," said Uncle John, "about the rig, and I suppose he is right about lengthening the boat. He shall have whatever he needs; but I hope you'll all remember that if the Department spends all its money in fitting out this boat, you'll have to turn round and keep the Department in food and clothes for the rest of its days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DRAGON-KILLER.*

A STORY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

BY DAVID KER.

MANY, many years ago, when the isle of Rhodes was still unconquered by the Turks, and belonged to the Christian Knights of St. John, a great crowd was gathered one morning in the streets of its capital, before the fortress where the knights and their Grand Master lived. A grave-looking man in the uniform of the Order (a long white frock, with a scarlet cross on the breast) had just issued from one of the gates, side by side with a herald bearing a trumpet. The herald blew three long blasts, and the grave man cried aloud, "Thus saith Helion de Villeneuve, the most noble Grand Master of the Order of St. John: Forasmuch as five knights of the Order have fallen in combat with the dragon [serpent] that dwelleth by the Mount of St. George, this adventure is henceforth forbidden to all who wear the red cross, and he who shall presume to disobey this command shall be disgraced and banished as a rebel."

The faces of the crowd grew blank with dismay as they listened; for this serpent was the pest of the whole island, and had already destroyed many of them. Their only hope lay in the Knights of St. John; and when they heard that even these famous warriors were forbidden to fight for them, they gave themselves up for lost, and went sadly home to tell the bad news to their wives and children.

Amid the throng there were not a few of the knights themselves who seemed quite as ill pleased as the rest, for these dangerous adventures were just what they delighted in, and every man of them secretly hoped to have the glory of delivering the island from the monster that was laying it waste. But the Grand Master's commands were positive, and what could they do? Biting their lips in stifled rage, the brave men turned slowly away—all but one.

That one was a tall, noble-looking knight from Sicily, Dieudonné* de Gozon by name. He had proved his courage in many a hard battle with the Turks, and was held to be one of the bravest of the Order; and one might see by his set lips and stern eyes that *he* had no thought of giving up the dragon adventure even now.

Long after all the rest had gone he stood motionless in the midst of the empty market-place, with his arms folded upon his broad breast, buried in thought. At length a sudden light broke over his downcast face, and he moved away with a brisk step, as if he saw his way through the difficulty at last.

The next morning De Gozon was nowhere to be found, and some of his comrades said that he had got leave from the Grand Master to go home to Sicily for a while, and no one thought any more about him.

But had they seen what he was doing in the mean time, it would have puzzled them a good deal. The first thing he did on getting home was to make a complete figure of the dragon-serpent with wood and canvas, and to paint it as life-like as he could—scales, forked tongue, fiery eyes, and all. Not much to be done *that* way, you will say, toward killing the monster; but wait a little.

The next thing was to buy two fierce hounds, for whom the killing of a wolf or the pulling down of a full-grown deer (or of an armed man for that matter) was a mere joke. Then he mounted his war-horse, called his dogs, and went right up to the pictured figure of the monster. But at the first glimpse of this hideous creature, uglier and stranger than anything they had ever seen before, the hounds ran yelling away, and the good steed reared so that he all but threw his rider.

This, however, was just what De Gozon expected, and he was not a whit disheartened. He tried again and again, and yet again, until horse and hounds were able to face the horrible figure without flinching. Then he trained his dogs to throw themselves under it, and fasten their teeth in its sides, where the flesh was soft and unprotected by scales; and the dogs learned their lesson readily enough—so readily, indeed, that once or twice they all but tore the figure to pieces. Then the knight thought it time to begin his work, and sailed back to Rhodes again.

The moment he landed, off he set for the Mount of St. George, accompanied only by the two esquires who served him. As he neared the fatal spot, the hills around seemed to grow darker and steeper, and a cloud came over the sun, and the gloomy gorge through which his path began to wind looked blacker and drearier than ever. It was as if he were going down alive into the grave. No sight, no sound, of life; the whole place seemed smitten with a curse. Now, too, he began to see fearful tokens of the monster's presence: here the skull of a horse, there the half-devoured skeleton of a bullock, yonder a heap of rusty armor, mingled with the crushed bones of some good knight who had gone forth upon the same quest as himself, and never come back. Suddenly he turned a sharp corner, and right before him yawned the black mouth of the dismal cavern in which the destroyer had made its den.

Just across the valley, under an overhanging rock, stood a little chapel, now silent and deserted, for those who used to pray there had fled in terror, and the poor old priest who tended it had been devoured by the serpent long ago. Kneeling before the moss-grown altar, the brave man prayed to God to strengthen him in the battle, and help him to destroy the enemy of the land.

Just then his horse started, and sent forth a neigh like a trumpet blast. Out of the darkness of the cavern a huge flat head was rearing itself, with its forked tongue

* The name of dragon is often applied to large serpents by the old chroniclers. The knight's exploit, which was performed in 1342, may perhaps have given rise to our modern legend of St. George and the Dragon.—D. K.

* God-given.

Digitized by Google

quivering, and its sunken eyes glittering fiercely at the sight of prey.

"Now, my friends," said De Gozon to his esquires, "draw back, and let me try this fight alone. If it be God's will that I should conquer, He can strengthen my single arm to do the work; if I am to die, better that one life be lost than three."

There were tears in the eyes of the strong men as they listened, but they knew better than to dispute their leader's will. They bowed in silence, and drew back, while the knight, couching his lance, charged furiously upon his terrible foe. But the spear slid harmlessly over the slippery scales, and the monster's hot, foul breath and hideous aspect proved too much for the good war-horse. He started back, and neither spur nor call could urge him forward again.

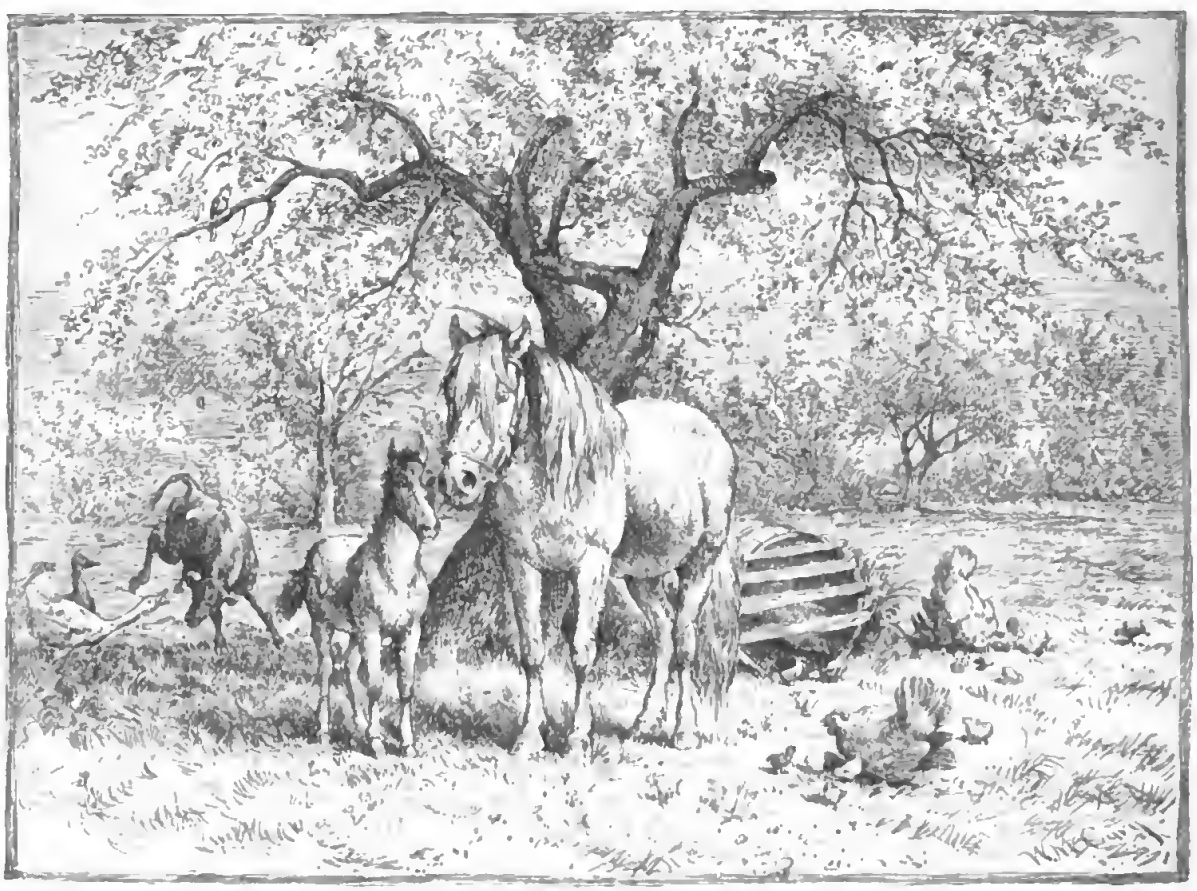
There was but one thing to do, and De Gozon did it. Leaping to the ground, he drew his sword, and renewed the attack on foot. A blow fell—another—yet another. But the good blade which had cloven helmet and turban like pasteboard fell vainly upon the tough, slimy body of the reptile. One lash of that mighty tail, and down went De Gozon, stunned and bleeding, with the terrible jaws gaping over him like the mouth of the grave. The knight commended his soul to God, and thought all was over.

But just then a fierce yell was heard, and in sprang the dogs, fixing their teeth in the monster's undefended flesh with a gripe that all its struggles could not shake off. The pain paralyzed it for a moment, and that moment was enough for the fallen knight to raise himself on his elbow and plunge his sword hilt-deep in the snake's exposed side. One mighty quiver ran through every coil of the huge body, and the terror of the island lay dead upon the trampled grass, overwhelming its conqueror in its fall.

Meanwhile the news that another champion had gone forth to meet the dragon had run abroad like wild-fire, and when the fight began, hundreds of trembling lookers-on were watching it from the surrounding hill-tops. There was a groan of dismay when the knight's war-horse failed him, and he had to face the monster on foot. When he was struck to the ground, and the huge jaws were seen gaping over him, the in-drawn breath of the terrified crowd sounded like a hiss amid the dead silence; but when the battle ended, and they saw their terrible enemy lying dead before them, up went a shout that seemed to rend the very sky. Strangers embraced each other like brothers; children clapped their hands, and shouted for joy; women hid their faces, and wept aloud; and the whole throng poured downward like a wave into the gloomy valley which they had so long avoided like a plague-spot.

When De Gozon opened his eyes again, he found himself in the midst of thousands of people, who were shouting his name, and blessing him as their deliverer. His ride back to the town, with the dead monster in a wagon behind him, was like a triumphal procession. Every one struggled for a sight of him. Flowers and laurel leaves were showered upon him from the windows. Even the stately Knights of St. John lent their voices to swell the cheering; and so the great procession swept on to the hall of the Order, and into the court where the Grand Master was sitting in his chair of state, with his chosen knights around him.

As soon as the uproar lulled a little, De Gozon told his story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way which showed that *he* had no wish to make much of what he had done. Every one expected to see the Grand Master start up and embrace him; but the old knight sat firm as a rock, and his face was very grim.



A MAY PARTY.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.

Digitized by Google

THE KNITTING BEE.—ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY, FROM A PAINTING BY G. H. STORY

"Thou hast done a great deed," said he at last; "but tell me, what is the *first* duty of every true knight?"

"To obey," answered the dragon-slayer, with a faint flush on his sun-browned cheek.

"And how hast *thou* obeyed?" asked the Grand Master, sternly. "Is it not written in our laws that no knight of the Order shall undertake any adventure without the bidding of his chief? *Thou* hast acted not only without my bidding, but against it; and in the ranks of our Order there is no place for one who sets his own will before his vow of obedience. Loose that cross from thy breast, and begone!"

The crowd stood aghast at hearing this terrible rebuke given to their hero, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. For a moment he stood like one thunder-struck; then, without a word, he took the scarlet cross from his breast, laid it meekly at the Grand Master's feet, and turned to depart.

Then the old man's iron face yielded suddenly, as ice yields at the coming of spring. He leaped from his chair, and rushing after the banished man, threw his arms round him like a father embracing his child.

"Come back, my son," he cried, "and take up again that cross which none is worthier to wear. He who in his hour of triumph could bear without a murmur such a reproof as mine, deserves to be not only a knight of our

Digitized by Google

Order, but its head; and when it shall please God to call me, I shall be well content to have *thee* my successor."

And a very few years later De Gozon did succeed the old warrior as Grand Master of the Order, and is still remembered as the best and kindliest chief who ever ruled it. If you ever go to Rhodes (as I did a few years ago), you will see there, unless the Turks have destroyed it, an old tomb, quaintly carved, bearing this inscription, "Here lies Dieudonné de Gozon, the Dragon-killer."

BOB PERKINS'S PARCEL.

A STORY FROM CHICAGO.

BY A. A. HAYES, JUN.

A GOOD many boys who read this story may live in Chicago, or have made a visit to that great Western city, but those who have never been there must hope to see it some day. It lies on one of the great lakes, so much like the ocean that one can hardly believe that he has not been transported, on the back of the Enchanted Horse, over a thousand miles of land, and is looking at the broad Atlantic. Certainly that is what young Bob Perkins thought as he entered the city one pleasant morning about ten years ago. He had come from New York with his father, who had business in Chicago which would probably detain him for a year or more, and had therefore taken his family with him to reside there. They left New York at night, and Bob saw Niagara Falls for the first time as the train crossed the famed Suspension-Bridge the next day. In the morning he had seen the Falls of the Genesee at Rochester, and been told of the useless feat in which Sam Patch lost his life, saying that "some things could be done as well as others," and then leaping to his death. He was thus better prepared to appreciate the splendid achievement of which his father told him as the train, weighing many, many tons, rolled slowly across the bridge hung by wire cables over the roaring and foaming rapids. It seems that when Mr. Roebling, the engineer, made known his plans, people declared that they were foolish and dangerous, and that such a bridge could not be made safe enough to support carriages, much less a train. He did not argue with them, but he did something which, while quite convincing to the public, showed a rare faith in his own skill and care. When he had stretched one wire across, he suspended a basket on it, and in this basket he, his wife, and his child were drawn from bank to bank.

Next morning, when Bob had dressed himself and looked out of the window of the sleeping-car, he saw the waves dashing up from Lake Michigan high enough to wet the wheels of the train as it ran swiftly along the shore. A few minutes more saw him in the station, and with that day his life in Chicago began.

The city seemed even busier to him than New York. The people moved faster through the streets, and were apparently more absorbed in the pursuit of their various occupations. It was early autumn, and very dry, as the summer had been. Bob heard his father say that the farmers were complaining greatly of the want of rain, and when he rode out on the prairie, everything looked yellow and parched. He preferred to walk along the shore of the lake, and out to the mouth of the river, where he could see the lumber vessels coming in from Wisconsin and Michigan, and enjoy the cool breezes.

One Sunday evening, while reading, he heard the bells ring, and, like almost all boys, wanted to run to the fire. His father told him that he himself would like a walk, and that they might go a certain distance, but would probably find that the fire was extinguished. Bob remembered, however, that the wind was blowing hard when they were coming home from church, and then it suddenly occurred to him that in that absence of rain of which he had heard, the wooden buildings so common in the city must be as dry as tinder. When they turned the corner of the street, both uttered a cry of surprise. The sky was all aflame, and dense clouds of smoke, in which cinders were thickly mingled, were driven by the wind over their heads.

"I do not think that it is near my office, Bob," said his father; "but it seems a great conflagration, and we had better find out if it is likely to spread."

They walked rapidly toward one of the bridges over the Chicago River, and crossed it. As they passed on they met a gradually increasing throng, apparently fleeing from the fire and seeking a place of safety. The smoke and cinders grew more plentiful, and the sky was now lit from horizon to horizon. At last they reached the office, and Mr. Perkins opened it with his key. Everything inside was quiet and undisturbed; but he felt a strange degree of alarm, none the less acute because somewhat vague. He almost mechanically opened his safe, and stood looking at its contents, and mentally wondering whether it would preserve them in case of the advent of the flames. Even while he was thus engaged, the noise outside grew louder and louder. Crowds were heard hurrying through the street, and many were crying and shouting. Bob went to the door and opened it, only to shrink back almost in terror. The burning cinders had been blown over to the street where the office was, and the block had taken fire.

Mr. Perkins saw in a moment that his office must be destroyed, and that he had not even time to save all the contents of his safe. He hurriedly selected a few documents, wrapped them up in a paper, and gave them to Bob, telling him to carry them in his hand, and be sure not to let them pass from his possession. Then, with a caution to keep close to him, and hurriedly closing the safe, he started again for his house. They were compelled to go a long distance around, and even then reached their destination with much difficulty. Mr. Perkins, as they passed along, had carefully observed the course of the flames, and made up his mind that they would reach his house, as they had already reached his office. He proceeded at once, therefore, to send his family to the residence of some friends in the country, again cautioning Bob about the parcel of papers. Then he called some men to his aid, took as much furniture as possible out of his house, and sent it in carts to one of the parks. As the last cart started, the flames caught the eaves, and he looked back to see them enveloping what had been a pleasant home. There was no time for regrets; he only hurried his driver along, hoping that he would reach a place where his effects would be secure. All in vain: he saw them consumed in their turn, and he was finally compelled to seek protection himself under a bridge, where he passed the rest of that terrible night. In the morning he joined his family at the house whither they had gone. The calamity which had happened was so great that none of them quite realized it. In a few hours not only had their beautiful city been laid in ashes, but their pretty home, Mr. Perkins's place of business, and much of their property had been likewise destroyed.

"Well," at last remarked Mr. Perkins, "I am glad of *one* thing. I secured a good many valuable mortgages, railroad bonds, and notes of hand, and wrapped them in a package, and gave them to my careful Bob to keep, and I know that he has them now."

"Yes, papa," cried Bob, with a glowing face. "The parcel never left my hands except for a few minutes, when I laid it on the piano while I was helping mamma put her jewels in a bag. Here it is;" and he handed his father a paper parcel. Mr. Perkins opened it, and took out—half a dozen sandwiches!* To such a state of excitement had

* Fact.

Digitized by Google

the terrible events of the night brought every one that poor Bob never knew when he exchanged the precious bundle of documents for the parcel of provisions which his thoughtful mother had put up.

Bob staid in Chicago, which, as every one knows, has been rebuilt, and is handsomer than ever. Perhaps his name can be found in the directory; but if any one should meet him who has read this story, it would be well not to allude to either parcels or sandwiches.

MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS was one of the oldest of the world's great cities. It was built on the banks of the Nile when all Europe was a savage wilderness, and its inhabitants barbarians living in huts and caves. The great city grew up under the rule of the Pharaohs to be a scene of busy trade, almost as thickly peopled as London or New York. To-day its site can scarcely be traced. But four thousand years ago Memphis was a city of palaces and temples. Pharaoh was lodged more splendidly than Louis XIV., and Cheops provided himself with the most magnificent of tombs. One of the Memphian temples is thus described: "He seemed to be in Memphis, his native city; and entering the temple of Isis, saw it shining with the splendor of a thousand lighted lamps; all the avenues of the temple were crowded with people, and resounded with the noise of the passing throngs." The inner shrine was supposed to be the residence of the goddess. To Memphis, perhaps, came Joseph, the gentle Jew, to become the ruler of the land. There came his brethren and the Israelites to buy corn. Here the Jews passed their four centuries of captivity; from its palaces they bore off the jewels and gold of the Egyptians; from its memorable shore they set out on their march; from the gates of Memphis the furious Pharaoh followed with chariot and horse, to perish in the treacherous sea.

Nowhere can be found more striking incidents than are connected with this desolate narrow part of the shore of the Nile. Moses, perhaps, floated in his basket near by, and won his life with the smile of infancy, always irresistible. It was the scene of the plagues, of the terrible darkness, of the years of plenty and the years of want. It flourished in splendor and wealth for a period that makes the age of most cities seem trivial. New York is more than two hundred and fifty years old, London about nineteen hundred: Memphis flourished for more than three thousand years. It has passed away, but one of its labors can never apparently perish. Cheops, one of the Memphian Kings, built the largest of the Pyramids, and near it are several others not much less in size. A Pyramid was no doubt a royal tomb. Various explanations have been given of the origin and purpose of these wonderful buildings. Some suppose them intended for astronomical purposes; others suggest that they were designed to mark the dimensions of an inch, and fix the system of computing distances. But history and tradition assert that they were the tombs of the Memphian Kings.

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"I'M getting to quite like papa's present," said Susie Kingman, as she thoughtfully turned over a leaf of her *Silent Comforter*, "though I *did* want a ring awfully, and expected one as much as could be; but then this is much better, for it teaches me something. I've learned ever so many verses already, for it's the first thing my eyes open upon in the morning, and every time I come into the room I unconsciously read over the text for the day. Let me see—yes, to-day is the 20th." And having put back the leaf numbered nineteen, she read, "'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.' 'In honor preferring one another,'" she repeated, musingly—"'in honor preferring one another.' I don't exactly see what that means. I believe I'll look in the Commentary before I go to breakfast, for if it's to be my verse for the day, I ought to understand it at the beginning."

The breakfast bell rang as Susie descended the stairs, so she hastened into her father's study, and taking from the book-case the volume she wanted, turned over the leaves until Romans, xii. 10, was reached.

"Yes, here is an explanation of the very words, 'In honor preferring one another.'" And she read, half aloud: "'The meaning appears to be this: consider all your brethren as more worthy than yourself, and let neither grief nor envy affect your mind at seeing another honored and yourself neglected. This is a hard lesson, and very few persons learn it thoroughly.'"

Susie paused with her finger on the words, saying: "I hope I shall be one of the few that learn it. I just wish I had a chance to show that I felt glad to have some one honored; but"—less confidently—"I don't know as I would care to be *neglected*. No, that would be a great deal harder." Then exclaiming, as she read on, "Why, this writer says the very same thing: 'If we wish to see our brethren honored, still it is with the secret condition in our own minds that we be honored *more* than they.'" Susie slowly closed the book, saying, "It's perfectly clear to me now"; then as baby's voice heralding the approach of the others was heard on the stairs, she hastily replaced the book and joined them.

An hour later she might have been seen on her way to school, taking a last look at one of her lessons as she walked along, and so occupied with her book as not to notice a group on the school steps waving handkerchiefs and beckoning her to hasten. At last, as she still read on, the eager girls, too impatient to wait until she reached them, with one accord darted down the street to meet her.

Josie Thorp playfully snatched away her book, exclaiming, "No more studying for *you* until you've heard the news!"

"How can you speak so disrespectfully to her Majesty?" laughed another; at which the rest, following the last speaker's example, made low courtesies to the bewildered Susie, who a moment before had been deep in the grammar rules.

"What do you mean, girls?" she wonderingly stammered, looking at Sadie Folger, who was kissing her hand in mock solemnity, and then at the others, still courtesying and saying, "Your Majesty." "Seems to me you're in fine spirits for Friday. I believe you've all got excused from composition class. Tell me. What is it? Has Mr. Gorham given us a holiday?"

"Better than that!" they exclaimed, in one voice.

"Don't keep me in suspense," pleaded Susie.

"It's too good to keep," said Sadie; "but still, girls, we must tell it by degrees." Then, to Susie, "Well, we're going to have a May party!"

"A May party! Splendid! Who—"

"And," broke in one of the others, wondering if Susie's face *could* look any brighter, "*you* are to be our Queen."

"Your Queen! Are you in earnest!" she cried, her eyes dancing with delight. "Whose party is it, and how do you know I'm to be Queen?"

"Because we're all going to vote for you," they answered, ignoring the first part of the question. So Susie repeated,

"But whose party is it? who is getting it up?"

Digitized by Google

"All the teachers. We left Mr. Gorham talking to Miss Page and the rest. They had a meeting at half past eight, and we five happened to be here early; so after they had decided the matter, they told us one or two things, and before recess Mr. Gorham will tell the whole school."

"But," said Susie, a trifle doubtfully, "then it's not certain I'm to be Queen?"

"Just as good as certain," said Stella Morris; "for the choice is between Florence Tracy and yourself. Mr. Gorham says you stand exactly the same—three marks against each—and that the way to decide it will be by vote this afternoon."

"I am sure you'll have every vote," said Josie, confidently, "for we scarcely know Florence Tracy. She's *so* quiet, and doesn't seem to care for anything but study. Not that I dislike her at all, for she's always pleasant enough; but still—*she isn't like you*," and she took Susie's arm in undisguised admiration.

"I AM SURE YOU'LL HAVE EVERY VOTE."

Susie was an acknowledged favorite, and it is needless to say she enjoyed this school-girl homage. Others had joined the group since they commenced talking, and each in turn had said, "You are sure of *my* vote, Sue."

"Thank you all," she answered, looking around gratefully. "I'm half in a dream. It seems too good to be true."

"I've just been having another talk with Miss Page," called Sadie, bounding down the walk. "She knows more about it than any of the others, I guess, for she saw a May-day celebration at some place on the Hudson last summer. Every one in the school is to take part. The primary class are to dance round a May-pole; and then there are to be garland-bearers and maids of honor, so we'll all be something; but of course Susie will have the highest honor."

Susie's happy look of a moment before was gone. That word *honor* had set her to thinking.

"What is the matter?" asked Sadie, mistaking the cause of her changed expression. "Don't you want us to be in it?"

"Want you to be in it! Of course I do," cried Susie. "You must think me a monster of selfishness. I only wish you could all be queens."

"We are satisfied to be your subjects," said Sadie, putting her arm around Susie, as they all started by twos and threes for the school, as the bell was ringing.

"I wish I'd never seen that verse," thought Susie, not heeding Sadie's chatter, as they went up the walk. "It's just going to spoil the whole thing."

"Here comes Florence Tracy," remarked Sadie, as a carriage stopped at the foot of the walk, and a young girl alighted. "Do you know, Susie, I don't believe she has a good time at all, if she does drive to school, and live in the handsomest house in town. I fancy her uncle isn't very kind to her, for she never seems very happy. Just look: don't you think she has a sad face?"

"I don't know," answered Susie, anxious to change the subject. "Isn't the parsing hard for to-day? Miss Page gives such long lessons."

But Sadie was far too interested in Squire Tracy's spirited horses, with their gilded harness, to turn her thoughts to discussing the length or difficulty of any lesson.

"Wouldn't I like to jump in!" she exclaimed. "It's just the morning for a drive." Then, in a lower tone: "Strange that Florence never asks any of the girls. There's room for four, yet every afternoon she goes for hours all alone."

"Hush!" cautioned Susie; "she's right behind us."

Florence joined them with a good-morning, and the three went up the steps together, Susie and Florence stopping a moment on the porch to talk over a troublesome sentence in the parsing.

"I know she didn't hear you," said Susie, in answer to Sadie's anxious question as she passed her seat, "for she is as pleasant as can be."

"Perhaps she *would* invite us," said Sadie, striving to make amends for her hasty speech, "if the Squire would let her. Poor girl! I really pity her."

Susie took her seat, and glanced across to Florence's. "She *does* look sad," she was forced to acknowledge; "but then deep mourning makes almost every one look so. Sadie is always getting up things to make one uncomfortable;" and she tried to busy herself in arranging her desk, and so forget the sad face opposite. "I'm sure she has everything money can buy." Here Conscience asked, "But are you not really far richer, with a loving father and mother, and a bright happy home?"

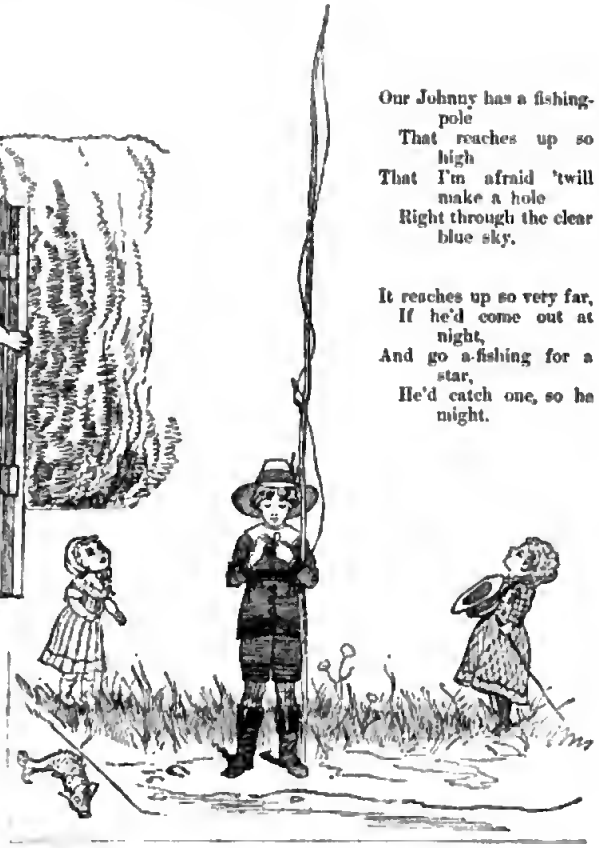
"Yes," thought Susie. "I wouldn't exchange places with her for all her pretty things, though I did think yesterday I'd give anything for that watch she wore. But then think of baby! How cunning she was this morning!—worth more than all the watches in the world!" and Susie almost felt the little arms about her neck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—*(Continued.)*

I'm glad to see you all so gay
On little Trottie's third birthday;
She's happy as a little queen,
And wants her presents to be seen;
She's got a doll that laughs and cries,
Opens her mouth, and winks her eyes;
A silver bird with painted wings,
And lots of other pretty things.
And all of us are very gay,
Because we have a holiday.



Our Johnny has a fishing-pole
That reaches up so high
That I'm afraid 'twill make a hole
Right through the clear blue sky.

It reaches up so very far,
If he'd come out at night,
And go a-fishing for a star,
He'd catch one, so he might.

Through the sparkling, dewy grass
To the water's run,
See my downy duckies run
For a merry swim.
Mother duck, as well as I,
Knows they can not drown,
And the water will not even
Wet their yellow down.

They sat in the circus, all six in a row,
And thought that they never had seen such a show;
They laughed at the clowns and their comical tricks,
And all went home a-laughing, that party of six.

Digitized by Google

WE offer a few suggestions to our young exchangers, which we hope they will read and remember. In the first place, be very careful to prepay postage on letters and packages, otherwise they will be sent to the Dead-letter Office. The correspondent to whom they are directed will be notified, but he is not obliged to send for them unless he wishes to do so. If he does not, you will blame him for not answering you, when the fault is wholly your own. Many of our correspondents find this matter of sending to the Dead-letter Office for unpaid packages very burdensome, and we see no reason why they should do it. As it is through the carelessness of the sender that the postage is not paid, the loss and the trouble should fall on him.

When you send specimens of minerals, pressed flowers, or any other natural curiosity, mark each distinctly, stating the name, if you know it, and the locality where it was found.

Always be sure to give your full address, distinctly written; and do not neglect to pay attention to the suggestion to note down the letters you receive, which we gave you in the Post-office Box of No. 78.

If you have only a very few specimens to exchange—perhaps only one arrow-head—we would advise you not to ask for an exchange through YOUNG PEOPLE, for you will receive a large quantity of letters, and as you have but one thing to dispose of, you will be in trouble, and very sadly out of your spending money, which will all go for postage, because if boys and girls send you things you have asked for, you must return them unless you can send a fair equivalent.

This matter of postage you must also consider before you enroll your name among our exchangers. A good many boys and girls have been compelled to withdraw their names because their allowance of pocket-money would not begin to cover the postage on the answers they had to write.

What you can do is this: If you have one arrow-head, or a very few stamps, or pressed flowers, which you wish to exchange, watch in the Post-office Box until you find the name of some boy or girl who offers just what you wish, for just what you have to give. Then you can write to the correspondent and arrange a pleasant exchange without any trouble, and without subjecting yourself to big postage bills, or to the task of writing to scores of applicants that your stock is exhausted.

WAKEFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

The canoes we have built here after the directions given in YOUNG PEOPLE for April 27, 1880, have, without exception, been successes. They all weigh somewhere in the vicinity of fifty-five pounds, and are exceedingly graceful in shape. Within three weeks after the publication of the directions in YOUNG PEOPLE two canoes were in preparation in our town, and in three months a fleet of seven canoes was fully equipped and prepared. These canoes can be made inside of seven dollars.

At first we obtained spruce, and laid our keelson, which any boy can make in one afternoon with a good splitting saw. Of the ribs, nine were of soft wood, and three of hard. For slats to stretch over the frame-work, we used the strips of wood which come around hay bales. These we soaked and planed. After fastening these to the bow and stern, also to the ribs, and having made the frame-work for the deck, we were ready for the canvas. This having been carefully tacked to the keelson and gunwale, was oiled, and then painted. Then, having finished the well, we fastened the keel over the canvas along the keelson and the bow and stern, and added another coat of paint.

While this was drying, the paddle was made, and then we were ready for our trial trip. It was with fear and trembling that we carefully lowered our canoes into the water, and then, with still greater anxiety, stepped into them. Imagine our delight when, instead of keeling over, as we had feared, our boats sat as evenly and nicely as any we had ever seen. That day was a joyous one, and I can tell you we didn't lose the opportunity of being on the lake whenever we could. Two of us enjoyed a long trip, and a greater number are planning one for this coming summer.

I think almost any boy, with the proper tools and plenty of care, could make a canoe inside of a month. I hope this account of our success will stimulate some to make the attempt. S. A.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VERMONT.

I am a little boy of six years. I have no brother, and only one sister. She is teaching lots of little girls and boys in Iowa. I want to see her very much. I print letters to her, and she writes to me, and sends me lots of pretty things.

I wish the children that write letters for the Post-office Box would come and play with me. I am sorry for the sick ones, and for the one whose brother perished in the snow last winter while he was hunting in Canada.

I have good times making and eating maple sugar.

I have five sheep and two lambs of my own, and we have ten pretty calves. I get the eggs every night, and I shut up the turkeys.

The school-house is very near, and when school commences I shall have some boys to play with me. I am going to carry my YOUNG PEOPLE to school, so as to let the scholars see it. LEON D. L.

MOUNTAIN HOUSE, CALIFORNIA.

My home is a large public-house, and our nearest neighbor lives a mile away. We have beautiful scenery here in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and now the snow has gone, the wild flowers are coming up everywhere.

There are mines very near our house, and my grandpa has a saw-mill.

We have a governess with us all the time. I am nine years old, and I have a sister eleven, and a little brother. We have a post-office and a telegraph office. I can telegraph some, and my sister can send and receive messages.

Not only my sister and I read YOUNG PEOPLE, but also all the big folks here, and they thought "Toby Tyler" was just splendid. IDA C.

LAKEVILLE, NEW YORK.

I am the oldest of three boys. I have a little sister, who looks at my YOUNG PEOPLE, and reads it in her baby way, and kisses all the pretty pictures.

I live at the foot of Lake Conesus. It was named by the Indians, and the word in their language means "beautiful waters." There are three steamers and two sailing yachts on the lake.

My papa has moved to his farm this spring. He has just bought a span of fine young horses, and if any of Harper's Young People will come to see me, I will give them a ride. HARRY F. W.

BEAR HOUSE, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl seven years old, and I want to write to YOUNG PEOPLE.

It has been such a long winter! We think it is time for spring. The snow-banks are thawing today (April 10), and this morning the birds were singing, and a prairie-chicken went boo-o-o-o.

I live on a farm, and when my uncle William goes into the woods, I go with him, and ride back on a load of wood, and I see squirrels, and acorns, and moss, and hawks' nests in the tops of the trees.

I have a little sister in Scotland. She is eleven years old. She writes me nice letters. She has seen London and the Queen's palace. Santa Claus brought her a doll, and she has named it Grace Anastasia. DUDIE A. C.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

I like "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies" best of all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE.

I am twelve years old. My mamma died five weeks ago, and left me with my sister and papa. I have been an invalid all my life until now, when I can run as fast as any little girl.

The flowers are all to bloom (April 14), and everything is so green and lovely! LAURA B.

DOWNIEVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

We have had a warm, pleasant winter here. I found the first buttercup on the 8th of January, and now (April 10) there are quantities of buttercups and wild pansies, and a few days ago I found two wild larkspurs. This time last year the snow was between four and six feet deep.

I have a dear little kitten named Frisky, and she deserves her name, for a more playful little thing I never saw. She loves to play with a ball of yarn. Sometimes she will get angry with it and kick it, then she will hug it, then she will bite and kick it again. We have another kitten named Beauty. He is not so playful as Frisky, but sometimes she will coax him to play, and if you could only hear the noise they make when they chase each other across the floor, you would think they were two little mules instead of two little cats. I often call Beauty "Professor," because he is such a serious kitten. He will sit still and stare at a thing so long, and he has such very big round eyes! MARY A. R.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I am nine years old. I go to Lincoln School. I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about our temperance meeting we have every Wednesday afternoon. We call ourselves the Band of Hope, because our teacher says we are the hope of the nation. She reads to us how alcohol hurts the brain and the health, and does not allow one in be a strong man. Then we have singing, and say the Lord's Prayer. Before we go home the young ladies give us papers. From sixty to seventy boys meet every week. We are going to try to have a reading-room for the bigger boys.

I hope all the children will read this letter, and I want lots of boys to have temperance meetings, as we do. JAMES McD.

WATERBURY, VERMONT.

In YOUNG PEOPLE No. 77, G. H. inquired how much sap it takes to make a pound of maple sugar. My papa has a sugar orchard of three hundred trees, and has made seventeen hundred pounds of sugar this year. He says it takes from fourteen to twenty quarts of sap to make a pound of sugar. M. H. M.

CROW STATION, NEW YORK.

I want to tell the boy in Ohio that I had ten chickens hatched on the 11th of March, seventeen days earlier than his. FRED D. M.

We acknowledge a package of letters from the scholars of the Marcella Street Home, Boston Highlands. These little fellows who write to us are from seven to twelve years old. We are very glad to hear from them, and gratified to see from their neat and correctly written letters that they are profiting by the kind attention of their teachers. We thank them for their expressions of pleasure in YOUNG PEOPLE, and like to know that they spend so many happy hours reading its stories, working out the puzzles, and learning pieces from it to speak in school. We print two of the letters, and are sorry we have not space to print them all.

MARCELLA STREET HOME, BOSTON, MASS.

I am a little boy eleven years old. All the boys here have been very much interested in the story of Toby Tyler. I think his lot is something like ours, for we are all poor boys without homes; but there are many things to make it a happy home for us here.

We have four beautiful school-rooms, pleasant teachers and officers, and a kind Superintendent.

At noon we leave our school-rooms, and fall in line to march into the dining-hall, and afterward we go to a large play-room, where we play.

In the evening we come again to the school-rooms for half an hour. We have silent prayer, and take off our shoes, and march out into the dormitories for the night.

I like holidays, for then the boys have a good time and a big dinner. GEORGE JOHNSTON.

I am a very small boy. I am eight years old, and I have been at the Marcella Street Home four years. We have just moved into our new school-room, and it is so very pleasant and so sunny! There are nine windows in it, seven blackboards, with nine drawings on them made by us boys, and two gas jets with Easter-eggs on them, and seven plants. Don't you think it must be nice?

We have sixty-four boys in our school, and all have new desks. How good our Superintendent is to us! We have two radiators, two numeral frames, and three spelling frames, and lots of blocks that the babies play with.

I like the story of Toby Tyler, and think he is smart. I hope he will never run away again. I like the puzzles too. My teacher told us that smart boys answer your puzzles, so we try, if we are in the lowest room. JOSEPH MINOR.

We have received many correct answers to puzzles from these ambitious little students, and hope we shall hear from them again and often.

SOLDIERS' ORPHAN HOME, KNIGHTSTOWN, INDIANA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My father and mother are both dead. I have been here at the Home nearly four years. I was here when it burned down; but it has been rebuilt more beautiful than ever. My teacher and governess are very kind to the children. We have three ranks of boys, and one rank of girls. There are four little boys here who wear dresses yet. We have a dog that has been here twelve years. We are all happy, and I shall be lonesome when the time comes for me to leave. HATTIE E. R.

I live on a farm three miles from the post-office. I went on horseback for the mail yesterday. I had a nice ride. A short distance from our house is a high hill, and from its summit is one of the grandest views in Northern New York State.

Right at the base of the hill live some little friends of mine. They are getting a collection of minerals and insects, and I am making a collection of woods. I have one hundred and twenty-five different kinds. I would like to exchange elm, base-wood, maple, and ash, for black walnut or cottonwood. Please label specimens. CLAIR W. AUSTIN,
Copenhagen, Lewis Co., N. Y.

I wish to exchange foreign stamps, fossils, minerals, and other specimens, for minerals, fossils, shells, sea plants, corals, or other ocean curiosities, arrow-heads, spear-heads, and other genuine Indian relics, or any good curiosities. Correspondents will please label every specimen distinctly, and state the locality where it was found.

I wish to give notice to those who are exchanging with me that my address is changed.
LORIN D. GRANGER,
1206 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Edna Wheeler, Williamsville, Vermont, wishes to notify correspondents that she can not exchange any more maple sugar for shells and mosses.

Robert T. Parke, Downinglown, Pennsylvania, desires to withdraw his name from our exchange list, as his stock of coins and other articles for exchange is exhausted.

Digitized by Google

If the correspondent who sent me stamps in an unsealed letter, and wished arrow-heads in return, will favor me with his address, I will answer him. I also request the addresses of others who have sent me things and have received no answer.

RUSSELL S. JANNEY,
Rainbow Box, Marietta, Washington Co., Ohio.

I wish to say to correspondents that my stock of Chinese coins is exhausted. I will now exchange peacock coal, minerals, stamps, and postmarks, for sea-shells, sea-moss, and arrow-heads or other Indian relics.

WILLIAM BARNES,
Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A printing-press and outfit in good order, for a stamp-book but little used.

JAMES NELSON, JUN.,
Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A Newfoundland stamp, for a petrified shell.

ADDIE C. NIVEN,
Care of Rev. T. M. Niven, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

An ounce of soil from Pennsylvania, for the same from any other State. JAMES A. PARKER,
Williamsport, Penn.

Florida moss and iron ore, for fifteen postage stamps from Japan, Spain, Cuba, Newfoundland, and other foreign countries.

H. LEONARD POTTS,
P. O. Box 18, Pottstown, Montgomery Co., Penn.

Soil of Long Island, New York, for the same from any other State. SAMUEL D. PINE,
Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.

A specimen of tourmaline, for minerals or Indian relics; or some stamps, for a curiosity.

JOHN G. REEVE,
P. O. Box 720, Yonkers, N. Y.

Stamps from Russia, Montevideo, Argentine Confederation, Chili, Brazil, and Germany (no duplicates), for other foreign stamps. Those of China, Italy, and France especially desired.

M. B. RAUCH,
713 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.

Ten postmarks, for one stamp, either a United States 90-cent Agricultural, Executive, or Justice Department, Cape of Good Hope, Western Australia, Persia, or Egypt. HARRY B. ROOD,
Poultney, Rutland Co., Vt.

Foreign stamps and insects, for insects.

ARTHUR R. TORREY,
1 Hubbard Avenue, West Cambridge, Mass.

Stamps from Bavaria and Denmark, for United States department stamps. DAN TALMAGE,
Bound Brook, N. J.

Specimens of garnet rock, kyanite, or limestone, for postage stamps, or other minerals.

LOOIS TREADWELL, Redding, Fairfield Co., Conn.

Ocean curiosities, fossils, old coins, and other curiosities, for Indian relics.

WILLIAM A. WHITE,
Sag Harbor, Suffolk Co., Long Island, N. Y.

United States and foreign stamps, for sea-shells, Indian relics, ore, coral, or other curiosities.

JOHNNIE WOOD,
188 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Minerals and curiosities, for United States department and revenue stamps, and foreign postage stamps. GEORGE E. WELLS,
P. O. Box 466, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for fifty postmarks (no duplicates). ANNE H. WILSON,
Clermont, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Stamps. CHARLIE E. WHEELER,
Chesterville, Franklin Co., Me.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

P. C. H.—In most book establishments the printing is done from stereotype or electrotype plates, taken from the type pages. In the first process one or more pages are placed in an iron frame, and from these a mould is taken in plaster of Paris. Type-metal—a composition mainly of lead and antimony—is poured into this mould, forming a cast of the face of the type. These casts, or "plates," are planed down upon the back to a regular thickness, and from them the printing is made precisely as from the types themselves. In electrotyping, a mould of beeswax, coated with black-lead to give it a metallic surface, is forced by a powerful pressure upon a page of type, producing a perfect fac-simile. After receiving another coating of black-lead, the mould is placed in a tank filled with a solution of sulphate of copper, into which enter the poles of a galvanic or electric battery, the mould being connected with the positive pole, the negative pole being attached to a plate of copper. In an instant a thin film of copper appears on the "black-leaded" surface of the mould. This increases in quantity until it has acquired the thickness of a sheet of stout paper. The upper surface of this "shell," when taken from the mould, is a perfect fac-simile of the face of the original page. This thin shell would be crushed flat by the immense pressure of the printing-press. It must be "backed up" with type-metal. This metal will not, even when melted, adhere firmly to a sheet of copper, but it will adhere to tin, and melted tin will adhere to copper. A sheet of tin-foil is laid upon the back of the copper shell, which is secured in a shallow iron tray, and heated. Melted type-metal is then poured over the plate, filling up every depression, and forming a solid backing, firmly soldered to the shell. The plates are then shaved down to the proper size, and are ready for the press.

REBECCA D.—There are several works on the Egyptian Pyramids, but all of them are too scientific and learned to be interesting to young readers. If you live near a library which contains encyclopædias, you will find in them all that you would care to read at present about their age and probable origin and purpose. The largest and most interesting are at Jeezeh, about twelve miles from Cairo, and seven from the banks of the Nile. Learned men differ in regard to the time when they were built, as well as for what use they were intended. Some calculations place the date at about 2170 years B.C., and while some scholars hold that these enormous structures were intended for royal sepulchres only, others suppose that they were built for astrological purposes. Although erected in the childhood of the human race, the masonry of the Pyramids is far superior to that of modern times. The joints of the casing-stones, that still partially cover the sides, are so close that the thinnest paper can not be inserted in them.

B. T. H.—An allegory is a figurative representation in which a story or a picture signifies something more than its literal meaning, it is the privilege of an artist to call his ideal picture "Temperance," "Fortitude," or anything else he pleases. Probably the pictures you saw were given those names because to the artist's mind they represented the characteristics of those particular virtues.

A very large number of our little correspondents have sent us poems on spring and the fresh grass and flowers. We can not print any of them, but we thank them for their favors. Their fancies are all pretty, and we are glad to see that boys and girls are such close observers of Nature, and that they love her changing moods well enough to write her praises in verse.

The editor thanks Tillie S. for her pretty Easter-egg, with its kind wishes.

G. S. H.—Long Island is a part of New York State, and is included within its boundaries. It may properly be said to be in New York State.

NELLIE W., W. L. W., R. C. OAR, AND OTHERS.—The coins and paper money you inquire about are interesting as curiosities, but have no great value. United States cents and half-cents of an early date are usually sold for from ten to thirty cents, according to date and condition. The only coinage upon which any special value is placed is that of 1799, which was so small that but few perfect specimens now remain in existence. It is not always the age which determines the value; for instance, a cent of 1810 is worth considerably more than one of 1798. If you live near any large public library, and can consult the Mint Reports of different years, you can find out whether the coinage of that year was large or small, and in that way determine if your specimen be rare or not. Every mail brings us questions concerning the value of coins, which we can not answer, partly because the descriptions, as a rule, are not sufficiently accurate, and also because the value depends very much on condition, and that we can not know without a careful examination of the coin in question. If any of you have old coins, the best thing is to keep them and look upon them as curiosities, without seeking to know their money value, which is arbitrary at best, as every dealer or collector to whom you might take them will offer you a different price.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from W. Aiken, R. Burke, J. Cott, J. Reagan, and P. Riley, Marcella Street Home, "A. B. C.," *Courtland F. Bishop*, Charles S. Bingham, A. E. Cressingham, R. O. Chesier, Bertie Collins, Frank C. F., Ernest Frankel, E. L. Hunt, Willie Hartwell, Frank Hayward, William B. Hadley, W. E. J., Samuel Kridel, Beth D. L., "*L. C. Strul*," Otis J. Loomis, H. B. Lent, Charles F. Meyer, Percy L. McD., F. Nichols, Bessie and Edith Nesbitt, "Pepper," Charles H. P., Ned Robinson, John Richardson, "Starry Flag," G. P. Salters, T. W. Siddall, *Howard J. Van Doren*, Maude Wilson, "Will A. Mette."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

Additional. Surrounded by water. Wrath. Fodder. In spring. A decree. A song. An architectural term. Innocent. Centrale—A useful Southern product. C. W. S.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In chains, but not in bands.
In hearts, but not in hands.
In hoping, not in sighing.
In laughing, not in crying.
In mountain, not in valley.
In trifle, not in dally.
In castle, not in tower.
In rain, but not in shower.
My whole a graceful flower. OWLET.

No. 3.

DIAGONALS.

Across.—A metal. Taste. Toil. A model. A part of a cask. Diagonals.—From left to right, a cape of the United States; from right to left, islands west of South America. WILL A. METTE.

No. 4.

SALF-SQUARES.

1. A dreary place. A vegetable substance. A river in Europe. A title. A preposition. A letter from Tennessee.

2. Advantage. A bird. Something useful in a kitchen. A marsh. A preposition. A letter from Montana. R. F. L.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In wan, but not in pale.
In wind, but not in gale.
In game, but not in play.
In wagon, not in dray.
In light, but not in dark.
In wren, but not in lark.
In spade, but not in rake.
The whole the children like to make.
POLLY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 77.

No. 1. Parsnip, Spinach.

No. 2.
```
S P R I N G     S T R E A M
  P I A N O     T R E A T
  R A I N       R E A R
  I N N         E A R
  N O           A T
  G             M
```

No. 3.
```
        C A R A C A S
          S A L A D
            B A T
              B
            R A T
          L A M A S
      B A N A N A S
```

No. 4. 1. S-nag. 2. F-air. 3. O-live. 4. S-hut. 5. G-lad. 6. B-rook. 7. P-Russia. 8. S-pain. 9. O-range. 10. B-arrow. 11. A-den. 12. Z-one. 13. S-tone. 14. S-tale. 15. H-eight. 16. S-late. 17. H-ill.

No. 5. Jerusalem.

NOTICE.

The publishers will furnish HARPER'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume LXIII.), and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first installments of the new serials)—the two periodicals together for one year—on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

"MISTER, PLEASE PULL THE BELL FOR ME."

THE ELECTRIC TRICK.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AT a noted game club in Boston this little trick was introduced by the writer to show how easily the keenest intellects can be puzzled when off their guard. Three substances are first chosen with great care—one animal, one mineral, one vegetable. After each has been subjected to the closest examination to discover that but one kingdom is represented in its composition, they are laid side by side, the mineral toward the north, after some pains have been taken to discover the points of the compass as nearly as possible. The attention of the company is then called to the subject of electricity in the human body, and after each has spoken of his powers in that direction, such as the common ones of lighting the gas with the finger, or by giving shocks or causing sparks after rubbing the feet on a thick carpet, etc., the operator says, "I am about to try a simple experiment of this kind, and to judge which of these three substances was touched by any one gifted with magnetic power." He then closes his eyes, while some one touches one of the substances, and then he remarks, "I am perfectly willing to let you do this for yourselves if you are able: just rub your finger very hard on the carpet, and judge by a faint tingling sensation which of these three articles was last touched." After some hesitation, he lifts up the substance last touched, and repeats the experiment until all are satisfied. Many imaginative people think that they feel a faint sensation, and if they happen to select the right article, are much elated, and it is very funny to see several sensible people on their knees rubbing the carpet with their forefingers to feel the faint tingling of electricity.

This trick was played for weeks without discovery, so the author was ashamed to tell that the scientific mystery was owing to a confederate, and that a quiet and demure lady signified the article which had been touched by giving an almost imperceptible cough as his finger touched the right one; and to make it more difficult of detection, when two had been touched without the signal, he of course knew that the third was the right substance for him to select.

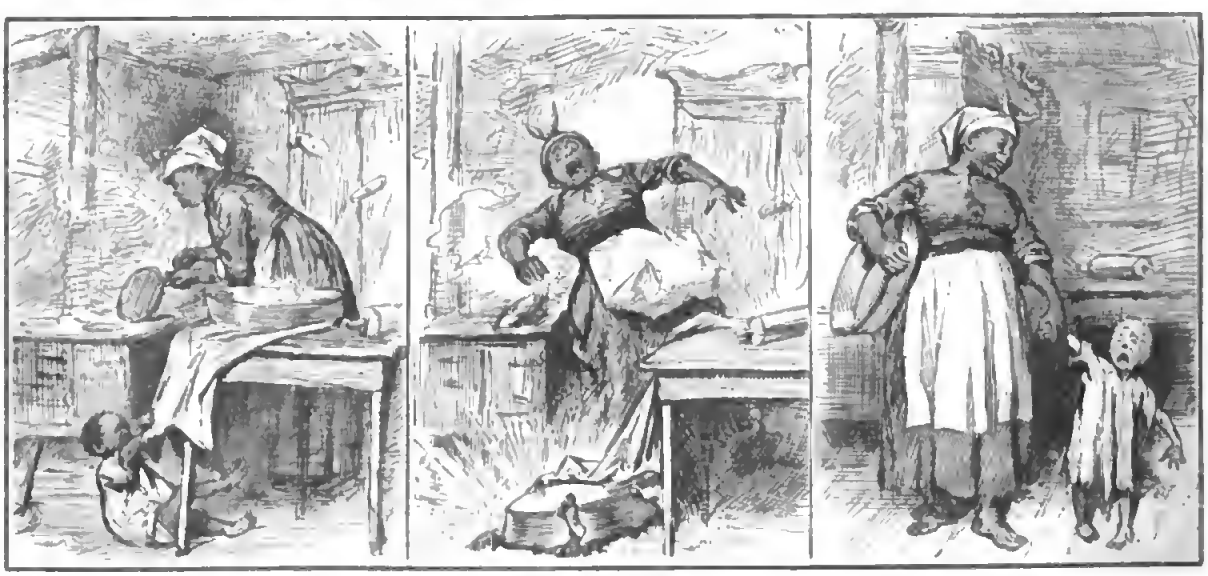
CHARADE.

If my first is my second,
  'Tis sure to be fleet;
If my second's my first,
  It is not fit to eat.

And what is my whole
  Will depend upon whether
My second and first
  You fit rightly together.

If my second comes first,
  'Tis an animal; but
If my second comes second,
  Why, then, 'tis a nut.

So if it's an animal,
  Then you may back it;
But supposing it isn't—
  I leave you to crack it.



He would pull the Cloth. THE PAN OF FLOUR. Result. "Look at dat Chile! His own Farder wouldn' know 'im!"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 81. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, May 17, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter II.

THE next day Charley had the boat drawn up on the shore, and went to work at her, assisted by the other boys. It took two

Digitized by Google

weeks of constant work to lengthen her, but when she was finished, everybody admitted that she was greatly improved.

The jib halyards and sheets, as well as the throat and peak halyards, were all led aft so that they could be reached by the helmsman without leaving his post. When all the other work was finished, Charley made a gun-carriage for the cannon, and it was lashed to the deck just forward of the mast. Nothing now remained to be done but to name the boat, and this proved to be the most difficult task of all. Each of the boys could think of a dozen names that he did not like, but not one that he really did like. Tom thought that perhaps they could not do better than to call her the *America*, or the *George Washington*, but admitted that both of those names were in rather too common use. Harry said that he didn't much like the idea of calling her the *Red Revenger*, but if they couldn't find any better name they might have to come to it. Charley ridiculed the idea of calling her the *Red Revenger*, since she was not intended to revenge anything, and instead of being red was as white as a ghost. "Then suppose we call her the *Ghost*," exclaimed Joe.

The other boys asked if he was in earnest, said that it would never do to call the boat the *Ghost*, and finally agreed that they rather liked the name than otherwise, on account of its oddity. The end of it was that Joe's suggestion was adopted, and *Ghost* was painted in large letters on the stern.

Three days before the cruise was to begin Jim Sharpe fell down an open cellarway and broke his leg. The boys at first thought of abandoning their cruise altogether, but Jim wouldn't hear of it. He told them to go, and write him letters every few days, and convinced them that he would really feel hurt if they did not go, so they bade him good-by, and set sail from Harlem the following Monday morning, half in doubt whether they ought to enjoy themselves while poor Jim was lying on a sick-bed, where he was to pass most of his vacation.

The breeze blew gently from the west, and the *Ghost*, with the tide in her favor, slipped rapidly down the river under full sail. As soon as the yacht was fairly off, Charley, who was at the helm, divided his crew into watches. The starboard watch consisted of the Captain and Joe, and the port watch consisted of Tom and Harry, the former being in command of it as mate. Each watch was to take charge of the boat in turn, and to remain in charge four hours, except when the *Ghost* might be lying at anchor. The officer in charge of the watch was to steer, while his companion was to be stationed in the forward part of the cockpit, where he could handle the centre-board and attend to the jib sheets. Whenever the officer gave an order, it was to be executed by his companion, and the other boys were to remain quiet unless "all hands" were called. Charley had been in the navy long enough to know that no vessel, however small or however big she may be, can be properly sailed unless every member of the crew knows what his duty is, and how to do it, and refrains from interfering with the duty of other men, unless especially ordered to do so.

The river was crowded with sailing craft and steamboats, and it was no easy matter to steer the *Ghost* so as to avoid collision. Every little while a ferry-boat or tug would whistle hoarsely, and the boys noticed that very often Charley altered the course he had been steering as soon as he heard the whistle. "Do those whistles mean anything except for us to get out of the way?" asked Harry, presently.

"A long whistle or a lot of little short whistles means 'get out of the road,'" answered Charley; "but when you hear a steamboat give one short whistle, or two short whistles, she is telling you which way she is going to steer. Now there's a tug coming up the river straight at us; you'll hear her whistle in a few minutes, and then I'll know what she's going to do, and which way to steer to keep out of her way." He had hardly said this when the tug gave two blasts of the whistle. "That means she's going to starboard her helm and pass on our right," exclaimed Charley, at the same moment heading the *Ghost* a little more toward the Brooklyn shore.

"I thought," said Harry, as the steamboat passed between the *Ghost* and the New York shore, "that 'starboard' meant right, and 'port' left."

"So it does."

"Then how did that tug turn to the left when you said she was going to starboard her helm?"

"If I push the tiller over to the left-hand side of the boat, I port my helm; but the boat turns to the right, doesn't she? Well, the tiller is really the helm, and every vessel, whether she is steered with a wheel or not, has a tiller, though it may not be in sight. Now when the helm is pushed or pulled toward the port side, the vessel turns her head to starboard, and when it's pushed toward the starboard side, she turns her head to port. You've got to remember this, for some day if one of you is steering, and I sing out 'port,' you mustn't make any mistake about it."

"I understand," said Joe. "The boat is always to do the opposite of what you tell me to do if I'm steering. When you tell me to 'port,' the boat will turn to the starboard, and when you tell me to 'starboard,' she'll turn to port. It's very scientific, but it is what I call awfully contrary."

"The easiest rule for understanding a steamer's whistle is this," continued Charley. "If she blows one whistle, she means to pass on the port side of you; and if she blows two, she means to pass on your starboard side. Now there are two syllables in starboard, and one in port, and if you imagine that the two whistles spell 'starboard' and the one whistle spells 'port,' you won't ever make any mistake."

After this explanation the boys amused themselves listening to the steam-whistles, and translating them into "starboard" and "port." They soon saw that the steamers, which could tell what they wanted to do, were not half so troublesome as the sailing vessels, and that Charley watched the latter with much greater care than he did the former.

"There ought to be steam-whistles or something of the kind on those schooners," said Harry, presently. "I suppose they do just as they please about running people down."

"Oh no," replied Charley. "There's a set of rules for them too. The captain of that big fellow over there knows that he has the right of way over the schooner with the torn mainsail, and that he must keep out of the way of the one with the three masts, close over there by the shore. It all depends on the course each one is steering; but I'm too busy to explain it just now. If they obeyed the rules, it would be all right, but the trouble is they don't consider that a small sail-boat has any rights, and if we don't want to get run down, we've got to look out for ourselves and keep out of the way. The steamboats would be just as bad, only when a steamboat runs anybody down, somebody is sure to say something about it, and get the captain into a scrape; so they have to be more careful."

The boys were glad when they passed out of the East River, and by way of Buttermilk Channel reached the bay, where by skirting the Long Island shore they were out of the track of steamers and other craft. They had a delightful sail through the Narrows and down the broad outer bay, where there was a long gentle swell that gave the boat a just perceptible roll. About four o'clock they reached the mouth of the little creek which separates Coney Island from Long Island, and found it so narrow and shallow that they began to think it was not navigable for anything larger than a row-boat. Charley allowed

Digitized by Google

the boat to run her bow gently against the shore, and told Joe to keep her from drifting off while he climbed up the mast hoops to see how the land and water lay.

He came down in a moment or two, and ordering Joe to shove off, steered up the creek. "The tide's out, boys," he explained, "and we can't get through till it comes in again. We'll just run up to a bridge that's close by, and get the mast down, so that we can be ready to pass under it to-morrow morning."

They reached the bridge in a few moments; the sails were lowered, and the *Ghost* made fast to the timbers of the bridge; and then they began to wonder how in the world they were going to be able to get the mast out. They all stood on the bridge and tried to lift the mast, but it was so heavy that they could not stir it. Had the bridge been a few feet higher, they could have taken the throat-halyard blocks and rigged a tackle with which to hoist the mast out, but the bridge was so low that this could not be done. After they had tried their best to lift the heavy mast, Charley told them it was of no use, and that they must have a pair of shears.

"I've got a small pair of scissors," said Tom, "but I don't see how they will help you any."

"A pair of shears," replied Charley, "is two timbers with the upper ends fastened together so that they look like a letter A. If we had a pair of shears ten feet high, we could stand it on this bridge, lash a tackle to it, and hoist that mast right out. That's the way to hoist a lower mast out of a ship."

"I can tell you what's better than a pair of shears, though it mayn't be quite so stylish," said Joe.

"What's that?"

"Why, a pair of darkies," answered Joe. "I see two colored gentlemen coming down the road who can lift as much as any shears, and we'd better get them to help us."

The colored men were strong and amiable, and they lifted out the mast with perfect ease, and refused any payment. Laying the mast along the deck, the boys went on board the *Ghost*, and getting out the oars, rowed her a little way up the creek, and made her fast for the night by carrying the anchor ashore and planting it in a field.

"Now, boys, we'll have supper," exclaimed Charley.

"Who's going to cook?" asked Tom. "On the last cruise we took turns cooking, just as we did about going for the milk and getting fire-wood."

"By-the-bye, I don't see any fire-wood around here," said Joe, "and I don't see any chance of getting any milk."

"If the Captain's willing, I'll do the cooking to-night, and get my own fire-wood," said Harry. "We've got some condensed milk, and we can get along well enough with that."

"When anybody volunteers to do a really noble act, he ought to be allowed to do it," said the Captain. "Harry shall get the supper to-night, but after this we'll take our regular turns. I'll read the list of assignments every morning, and to-morrow morning I'll get the breakfast myself."

While this conversation was in progress, Harry was down on his knees hunting for something under the forward deck. Presently he dragged out a package wrapped in brown paper, and about the size of a small butter tub. Then he made a second search, and brought out two bottles, the coffee-pot, and the cups, plates, and other dishes.

The boys watched him with much interest while he unwrapped the mysterious bundle. It proved to be a small kerosene stove. Standing it on the deck out of the way of the boom, Harry filled it with oil from one of the bottles, and lighted the wick. When it was burning nicely, the coffee-pot, full of water, was placed on the stove, where it boiled in a very few minutes. Then, putting the coffee-pot aside, so that the grounds might have time to settle, Harry put a little frying-pan on the stove, laid half a dozen sausages in it, and told the boys to pour out their coffee, for the sausages would be ready for them by the time the last cup of coffee would be ready. He was as good as his word, and the sausages were cooked better—so everybody agreed—than sausages had ever been cooked before.

"Where in the world did you get that stove from?" Tom demanded, as his last bit of sausage disappeared.

"It is a present to us," replied Harry. "Jim's mother sent it to me this morning, but she showed me how to use it two or three days ago. She sent it because poor old Jim couldn't go."

"Poor Jim!" exclaimed Charley. "It's an awful shame he isn't here. We'll write to him to-morrow, and tell him how splendidly the stove works. Why, it will save us all the trouble of getting fire-wood for the whole cruise."

After supper was over, the canvas covering was rigged over the cockpit, the beds were made, and the boys prepared to sleep.

"This cushion is a great deal softer than the coffee-pot and the tin cans were last summer," remarked Joe; "but then we used to wake up early, and now we're so comfortable that we'll probably sleep all the morning. I don't expect to wake up till ten o'clock."

"You'll wake up in exactly two hours," said Charley, "and stand your anchor watch. I don't believe in leaving the boat to take care of herself all night so near to a road as we are. I'll stand the first watch, from eight to ten, and when your two hours are up, you will call Harry, who will call Tom at two o'clock, and we'll all turn out at four. So go to sleep, you fellows, and I'll just put my water-proof round my shoulders, and sit on deck."

Charley was firmly determined to keep awake until ten o'clock, but it was very dull work sitting still for two hours. Besides, there was a very heavy dew, and the young Captain soon found himself growing cold. He thought he would lie down on deck, and draw the water-proof blanket over his head, so as to keep himself warm. He did so, and in a few moments was sound asleep. He woke up about dawn, feeling very cold and stiff, and creeping into the cabin, took a second nap until nearly seven o'clock.

"What do you do in the navy with a man who goes to sleep when he is on duty?" asked Harry, as the crew sat down to breakfast.

"We try him by court-martial, and punish him," answered Charley.

"Then I'd like to know how soon you'll be ready to be tried for going to sleep last night while you were on watch."

"You did sleep, you know, for I woke up twice in the night and spoke to you, but you were regularly snoring," said Tom.

"We're awfully sorry about it," added Joe, "but I can't see how such a crime can be overlooked. It's a dreadful example for a Captain to set, and if it isn't punished, there won't be any discipline at all on this vessel."

"We haven't any yard-arm, so we can't hang you very well," continued Harry; "but we might give you six dozen lashes, and then put you in irons, if that would suit you."

"You're forgetting one thing, boys," said Charley. "A Captain isn't required to stand an anchor watch, and has the right to sleep all night if he wants to. I can't be punished for going to sleep, but all three of you can. You have no excuse for not coming on deck when it came your turn, and I ought to punish every one of you, but I shall pardon you this time. Only mind you don't let it happen again. Now if you have got through breakfast, the port watch will clear up the deck and then go below, and the starboard watch will weigh anchor, and get out the oars."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

MISTRESS DOROTHY DINKLE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

YOUNG Mistress Dorothy Dora Dinkle
Lifted her doll with her brow in a wrinkle.
"It's charming to be a mamma," thinks she,
"But I fear there's too much of *this* dolly for me!"

But young Mistress Dorothy Dora Dinkle,
While holding her child smoothed her brow from its wrinkle.
"I've discovered," said young Mistress Dora, said she,
"After all, there is none too much Dolly for me."

TOM'S CARNIVAL.

BY F. D. MILLET.

'TWAS a great pity that Tom couldn't keep a diary, for his life was full of lights and shadows. He was by nature much of a Bohemian, equally at home in the hovel and in the palace, but far preferring the free life of a vagabond to the formal existence in high society. Tom was a shaggy black terrier, and the way I made his acquaintance was by pulling him out of the dirty canal in front of my house in Venice one chill morning in autumn. He was as draggled and wretched a dog as ever was seen. He was in good flesh, but smeared with mud, and quite worn out by a long swim and his struggles to scramble upon the *riva*, or landing-place. I gave him a place near the fire on the stone platform in the kitchen, and he curled up and steamed and slept until he was dry and rested. He showed from the first great fondness for me, as the one who had saved his life, and for three or four days was modest, respectful, and obedient. Later, he developed habits of willfulness and disobedience. So, you see, he wasn't altogether a model dog; if he had been, perhaps his history wouldn't have been half so interesting.

Our house was the last house on the broad canal San Marco, and its position near the public garden—the only green spot of any size in Venice—made it a pleasant home for animals as well as men. Tom had for companions a little white Spitz poodle, Jerry; a black and white long-haired terrier, whom we called Harry; and Dick, the cat, who lived on terms of unhappy intimacy with the three dogs, and alternately romped and fought with them. Whenever we went away in the gondola we always took the happy family along, and as such a menagerie is uncommon, even in Venice, our boat made a great sensation wherever we went. This public exhibition soon told on the manners of our pets, and they got into bad ways of posing and showing off whenever they were looked at. Perhaps that is why we used to think them uncommonly sagacious animals.

It was two or three months after Tom's rescue that I found out his history. One of the maids of honor from the king's palace saw him in our gondola, and claimed him. She had given him to her gondolier to be cared for during the cold weather somewhere on the main-land, but he had played the part of the cruel uncle in the story of the babes in the wood, and had thrown the dog into the water, intending to drown him, and still to draw his pay for his keeping. Tom recognized his mistress at sight, and seemed to say, "I know you, but times are different now." She, finding him more fond of us than of her, gave him to us, on the condition that we should bring him to the palace once in a while to visit her. What a dog of Tom's nature must have suffered in the quiet, gloomy old palace I will not try to tell, and will only venture to write down a single chapter of his life with us.

It was the morning of the second day of carnival before we made any preparations for joining in the sport. As Tom's costume was the only one in our party decidedly original and unconventional, I will describe that alone. We kept, in the attic of the house, a number of the pigeons for which Venice is famous—in fact, a part of the great flock which assembles daily in the Piazza San Marco to receive food from the city officials lodged at night in our dove-cote. We selected a pair of fine white ones, killed them, plucked all the large feathers, and dipped the quill end of each one in a little dish of melted sealing-wax. In a few moments we had quite a large pile of them. We seized upon Tom, who was watching the operation in anticipation of a generous meal off the bones, heated each little wax tip of the feathers in a candle-flame, and stuck it to his shaggy coat, beginning at his head, until he was like a feathered porcupine. On his long ears were rows of broad feathers which bristled defiantly whenever he raised the angles. Around his neck was a ruff of tail feathers, and his whole body was tagged with them so thickly as to nearly hide his black hair. His tail when straight looked like the feather ornament that an Indian chief wears down

TOM.

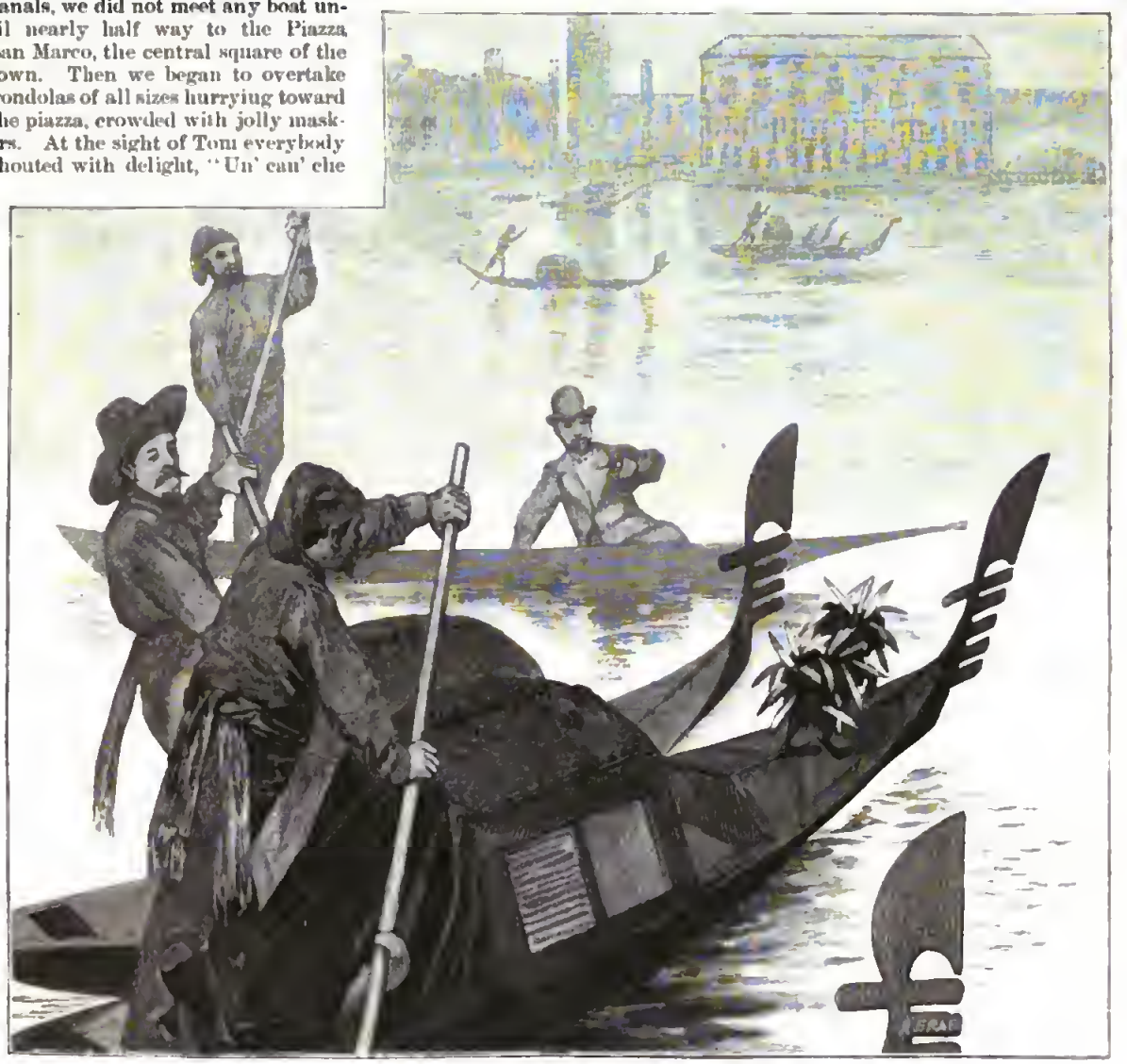
Digitized by Google

his back, and when it was tightly curled over his back was like a corkscrew of feathers. His face and lower part of his legs were the only portions that we left undressed. He seemed twice his natural size when his costume was completed, and certainly acted as if he fully felt his apparent greatness. Before he was dressed he looked at our gaudy costumes with surprise, not unmixed with fear, but when he was feathered out he became one of us at once. He capered about, barked loudly, looked impatiently out of the window, and the moment the door was open, he scrambled into the gondola.

When we left the *riva*, Tom climbed upon the prow, and balancing himself on the highest part, excitedly sniffed the air. As our house was somewhat off the populous canals, we did not meet any boat until nearly half way to the Piazza San Marco, the central square of the town. Then we began to overtake gondolas of all sizes hurrying toward the piazza, crowded with jolly maskers. At the sight of Tom everybody shouted with delight, "Un' can' che fa carnevale!" (a masquerading dog), and in less time than it takes to tell it our own gondola, with Tom fairly dancing with excitement at the prow, was the centre of a shouting multitude. Oars were splashing, maskers shrieking and clapping their hands, and gondoliers straining every muscle to bring their overladen boats alongside. Rarely was any old carnival hero landed with greater enthusiasm than was Tom in his grotesque costume, and it is worthy of note that he jumped ashore without his usual involuntary bath. On the *riva* he lifted his small paws very high as the crowd of maskers made room for him, and he pranced away, leading the party to the palace.

In the apartment of his former mistress Tom made a great success, and posed triumphantly on a sofa until we led him away to visit other friends. Everywhere he was the hero of the day, and companies of maskers, fairly intoxicated with mirth, followed his footsteps from one side of the city to the other, only too glad to find something to laugh at. Tom's pride kept him up for hours, and he never lost his presence of mind for a moment. A more thoroughly wearied and self-satisfied dog was never seen than he was when he tumbled into his corner that evening.

I wish I could record new triumphs of this canine king of carnival, but fidelity to fact compels me to tell how disobedience was the cause of his fall. The kitchen fire was simply an open fire of wood, like a camp fire, built on a raised stone platform about as high as a table, and a yard and a half square. We often left dishes standing on this platform, and it was strictly forbidden any one of the animals to get up there on the pain of immediate and severe punishment. When I came into the kitchen the morning after Tom's triumph in carnival, his glory was indeed departed. All the feathers on one side were burn-



TOM ATTRACTS ATTENTION ON THE GRAND CANAL.

Digitized by Google

ed and shrivelled up; those around his shoulders were torn off, and his tail ornaments alone remained uninjured. A hollow in the ashes very near the fire showed where the little wretch had passed the night. I confess I hadn't the heart to inflict my usual whipping, although he had broken a salad bowl and a decanter. But I determined to give him the penalty for a crime of the second degree, and with as much firmness as I could muster made him follow me into the attic, where I intended to confine him for an hour or two in a closet—a punishment he dreaded almost as much as a whipping. The attic was a dark one, so I took a candle, and at the top of the stairs set it down at a safe distance from a cotton curtain which covered a row of garments hung upon pegs. While I was going across the attic to open the closet door, the interior was suddenly illuminated by a brilliant flame. Turning around, I saw the whole curtain in a light blaze. To tear it down and trample out the fire was the work of an instant, and the smoking plume on the end of Tom's tail showed the cause of the fire. He had swung his plume into the candle, and then under the curtain, while he stood there sadly wagging his tail. Of course I could not punish him after this ridiculous accident, and I gathered the singed animal in my arms, carried him down into the kitchen again, and shut him up there with his three companions, while we went away to enjoy the close of the carnival sports.

It was almost dinner-time when we returned with two friends to dine. As I opened the door Tom sprang upon me, overjoyed to see me. I noticed at once a suspicious odor of fish about his whiskers, and saw that he was puffed out like a toy balloon. In the kitchen the mystery was soon solved. Giovanni, the gondolier, who, after the Venetian custom, filled the post of cook, carriage-horse, and man-of-all-work, had learned to make some American dishes, and, to surprise our friends, had made a number of fish-balls for one of the courses at dinner, and had placed them on a high shelf over the sink. Now Tom had persuaded the cat to climb up and throw down the fish-balls, which were neatly arranged on the heavy chopping board. Cats are very fond of fish, and I dare say it did not take much eloquence on Tom's part to induce Dick to perform this feat. And all I found of the fish-balls was a few that were flattened on the stone floor under the board. Tom, Dick, Jerry, and Harry had all gorged themselves, and were in a stupid state in consequence. There was nothing to do but to put them out on the *loggia* in front of the house, and there on the cold stone platform they shivered and whined and scratched the door all through dinner.

If there was any one rule in the house more for the good of the pets than any other it was that the dogs should not run away. In Venice there is a large tax on dogs, and they must wear both collars and muzzles. Neither of our dogs would endure a muzzle for a moment, and so we were in constant fear of their falling into the hands of the public dog-catcher, the *coppa cani*. Wherever this man goes, the report of his movements precedes him, and dogs unlicensed and unmuzzled are hurried into safety until he is gone. We, of course, feared his approach as much as any one else, and the absence of any one of the dogs caused great anxiety in the house.

On the afternoon in question, after a leisurely dinner, we went out on the *loggia* to see the pets. Tom was not among them. He had climbed over the parapet, and made his escape through the ship-yard next door. This last trick quite exhausted my patience, and I had a heavy rod in pickle for him. Darkness came on, but the truant did not appear, and we were all afraid that the *coppa cani* had found him. At last, about eight o'clock, I took a turn on the *loggia* to whistle once more for the runaway, and I heard a most piteous moan that seemed to come out from under the house. We all went out and searched, and finally found that the sounds of distress came from a small sewer that emptied into the canal directly under the corner of the house. I jumped into the water, which was only waist-deep, waded round, and rescued Tom from where he was clinging to the brickwork of the sewer mouth. He had tried to return through the ship-yard, but had found the gate shut, then, knowing that if he barked at our door he would get a whipping for running away, he planned to jump from the *riva* of the street to our *loggia*, and to trust to a skillfully assumed look of innocence to deceive me and save his skin. The distance to jump was fully four feet, and he fell into the water, as he deserved. What was left of his carnival costume when I rescued him would not have feathered an arrow.

And what became of Tom? Why, of course the *coppa cani* got him at last. All his actions pointed to his probable fate. When I left Venice I placed him in charge of Giovanni, who was very fond of him. But the life of a gondolier at a ferry was wanting in just those luxuries which made Tom's life with us attractive and agreeable. His vagabond habits grew very fast on him, and Giovanni found it impossible to keep him in the gondola. At last one bright day in summer he was flung into the dark cabin of the dog-catcher's dirty boat, and no more was seen of him.

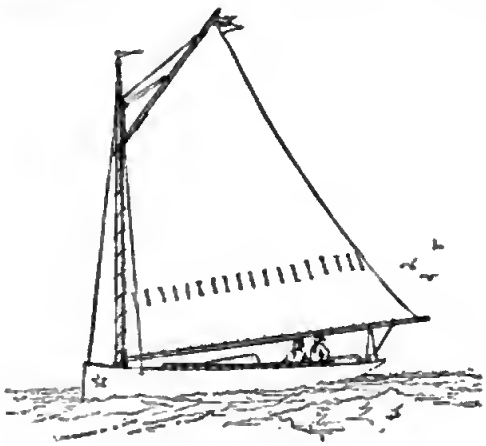
Tom had his vices, but they were very human ones; I have told few or none of his virtues, but they were remarkable.

HOW TO SAIL A SMALL BOAT.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS.

BOAT-SAILING is attended with far less hazard than is at first generally supposed. When proper care is taken, this refreshing sport affords more real enjoyment than almost any other amusement. It imparts strength, vigor, and health, and is in every respect a prudent exercise. And when we consider how little study and practice it takes to attain the necessary skill to handle a boat with safety, we wonder that there are not more sailing-masters among the young people.

There are two classes of small boats, depending upon their respective *rigs*, in most common use in harbors, rivers, and lakes—*cat-boats* and *sloops*; the former carrying but one sail, secured to a mast placed forward in the "eyes" of the boat, while the latter has a jib in addition to the mainsail. These types are shown in the cuts, but often other sails are used, particularly in racing, and when a good deal of speed is desired. We will deal with the simplest forms, and shall describe the *sloop rig*—one used quite as often as any other—bearing in mind that the principles of true seamanship apply equally to all boats.



CAT-BOAT.

Digitized by Google

The first step is to acquaint one's self with the spars, sails, rigging, and a few terms. By reference to the diagram we find represented—

m m, the *mainmast*, which is encircled by a number of hoops, to which the *mainsail* (A) is secured. These hoops enable you to freely hoist the sail.

b b, the *bowsprit*, which supports the mainmast by means of the *jibstay* (*s s*), which leads to the mainmast head, and on which the *jib* (B) is hoisted.

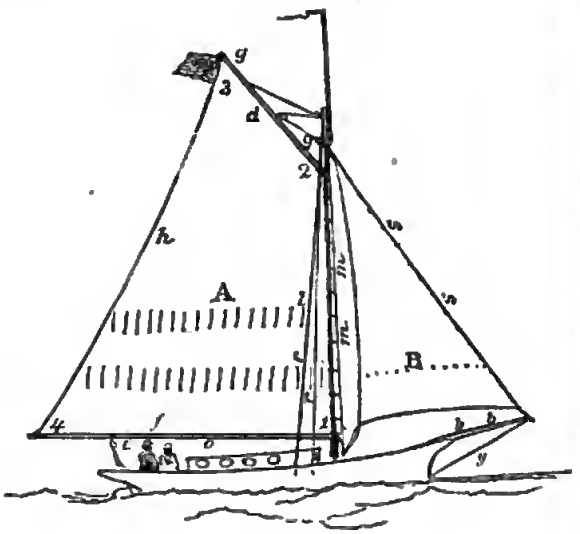
o o, the *boom*, which extends the foot of the mainsail.

g g, the *gaff*, which extends the head of the mainsail.

y, the *bobstay*, an extension of the jibstay, and the chief support of the spars.

r r, the *shrouds*, which help to sustain the mast.

Now each part of a sail has a name, as follows: the *luff* (*l*) is that part which extends along the mast; the *after-leach* (*h*) is that part which is stretched between the gaff and boom; the *head* (*d*) is that part fastened to the gaff, and the *foot* (*f*) is the part secured to the boom.



SLOOP.

The four corners are, in general, called *clews*, and are divided into *tack* (1), *nock* (2), *peak* (3), and *clew* (4). The jib has a luff or hoist, head, foot, and leach, but only three clews.

The *reef-points* extend across the sails, and are pieces of small rope sewed into the canvas for the purpose of "shortening" the sail, when lowered, by passing and tying the ends under the boom or along the foot.

The mainsail is set by *throat* and *peak halyards*, which reeve through small blocks on the gaff, down along the mast to the deck. They are usually separate, but on small boats are combined in one rope for the sake of convenience.

The jib is hoisted by *jib-halyards*, which reeve along the jibstay, through a block at the mast-head, and down on deck.

The *main-sheet* is a long rope fastened to the boom, double or single, according to the size of the boat, and is used to trim the sail. This is the rope which requires most attention, and is the key to boat-sailing. The *jib-sheets* are ropes fastened to the clews of the jib, led "aft" on both sides, and are used to trim down the sail with the wind.

A boat is said to be on the *starboard* or *port tack* according as the right or left side is presented to the wind. The *weather* side is the one toward which the wind is blowing; *lee* is the opposite of weather.

Close-hauled, or *full-and-by*, means that a boat is sailing as near the "eye" of the wind as possible, and the angle formed is about five points, or 56° 15'.

Before the wind is when the sails receive the direct force of the wind from "astern."

Going free is when the wind is between the two points just named.

To *belay* means to make fast, as to belay a rope.

Helm applies to the rudder and tiller. She carries a weather helm when her head keeps jumping up into the wind (*luffing*), and shakes the sails, and a lee helm when she is inclined to go off, or away from the wind. If not evenly balanced, the boat with a weather helm is preferable. The build and ballast, together with the amount of sail forward or aft, regulate the disposition of the boat. Thus the pressure on too much after-canvas gives her a tendency to luff, while a similar fault with the head-sail would make her go off, which is a very bad habit indeed, and should always be remedied if possible.

Now supposing that we have our boat well ballasted, properly rigged, fitted, and trimmed, we will proceed to give some of the main features of boat-sailing.

The care of the main-sheet is one of the most important facts to bear in mind, for upon the correct management of this rope depends the speed of the boat, and in a great measure her safety. In squally weather it should never be belayed, but only a turn taken around the cleat to ease the strain from the hand, being ready to cast off in case of an emergency. No good boat will capsize unless the sails are confined by the sheets. The position of the boom trims the mainsail, and this is done by the action of the main-sheet, the boom being regulated in accordance with the direction of the wind, and the condition of the sea. When close-hauled, it should be at a sufficient angle with the keel to insure the boat moving ahead through the water. When running free, the boom is swung out to a greater degree over the side, and in going before the wind, or scudding, it is more nearly at a right angle with the mast.

Tacking is the process of working a vessel to windward, or against the wind. When you are ready, put the helm down (that is, if on the port tack, the end of the tiller goes to starboard, turning the rudder to port, and the boat obeys by coming up into the wind); this is done at the command, "*Ready about!*" As she begins to feel this touch, the order is given, "*Hard a-lee!*" at which words the jib-sheets are tended, and as the boat starts into the wind, the announcement "*Let go the jib-sheets!*" is a signal to your assistant to let the jib fly. When the craft goes past the direction of the wind, "*Trim down your head-sheets!*" and soon after, "*Let draw!*" If the boat is sluggish in coming round, the manœuvre can be helped by pushing the boom over to windward.

A very delicate evolution, and one which should only be resorted to in light summer winds, is *jibing*. It consists in letting the boat go off slowly from the wind, and while so doing hauling the boom amidships until the wind, blowing from directly aft, takes the mainsail on the other tack. In performing this the main-sheet must have plenty of play, as the boom often whips round with considerable force.

Reefing consists in *shortening* the sails, and should be attended to at once on the indications of heavy weather. To reef a jib, let the boat come to the wind, and lower the sail so that you can pass and tie the reef-points beneath it. Make the outer clew or tack fast, and shift the sheets. To reduce the mainsail, lower it a little below the boom (after bringing to the wind), stretch the foot down by means of the reef-pennant on the after-leach, and make fast; secure the tack, and then pass the points, tying with a square knot. In shaking out a reef, unknot the points first, then cast off the tack, and lastly the reef-pennant.

Furling sails is the operation of taking them entirely in, and is done by stowing them snugly along the booms with lashings of rope, called *gaskets*.

In a small sail-boat, when a thunder-shower is coming

Digitized by Google

white stork was given."
—LONGFELLOW.

"NO house so blessed as that whereon the white stork has built its nest," says the voice of the people who live in Holland, Germany, and the regions of the Northland; "and nothing else brings the benediction of peace and domestic joy that the dear white stork does, for it sheds over the household something of its own spirit."

Far back in the days of ancient Greece, when Priam was King of Troy, and the beauty of Helen was rousing the nation to war, Juno, the jealous goddess, is said to have changed a sister of the king into a white stork because she boasted of her beauty, but knowing that she was as lovely mentally as physically, allowed her to retain all her amiable qualities. Whether this is the reason of the stork's virtues or not we can not tell, but in all the countries of the Old World it is regarded with an affection bordering on veneration. Even in the language of the ancient Hebrews we find the word used for stork signifying "pious" or "blessed."

Early in the spring of 1880 a pair of newly wedded storks flew over the town of Löwenberg, Germany, to find a suitable home for their summer housekeeping. Those who saw them used every art to attract them to their houses,

"SPRING."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. BOUGUEREAU.

sticks directly."

Slowly the nest went up. Stick by stick, selected by the stork husband with great care, and brought from hedge and forest and orchard, until the nest was completed, the last stick having been properly laid, and Mrs. Stork settled herself with a satisfied air and began housekeeping. In a few days eggs were to be seen in the nest; beautiful eggs all mottled with yellow. Now Mrs. Stork took no more long flights—not even to see what her friends were doing—but she busied herself at home sitting upon the eggs to keep them warm. Three weeks passed by in patience, and then one morning the good creature was delighted by the sound of young storklings under her wings, chattering with their little beaks or mandibles, and the stork papa and stork mamma did nothing but wait upon them.

Summer days drew near before the storklings could fly. The air was parched and heated, and the barn had become as dry as tinder; if there could only be a shower they would have strength to try their wings.

"Oh, how glad I am to see that cloud!" said the stork mamma, as a little shadow floated above the western horizon; "all my fledglings need is a shower, and then they will fly tomorrow."

up, it is always safer to go quickly to a harbor, and there bring her into the wind, and as soon as she loses headway, let go the anchor, and pay out considerable cable before checking her.

When a sudden squall strikes you, there are two methods to pursue —to luff, or to slack off the main-sheet so that the sail will "spill." An experienced boatman usually does the former, but a modification of both systems will be found advisable. The safest position in an open boat in thick weather is for all, except the skipper, to sit in the bottom as near amidships as possible. This prevents the boat from careening, by bringing the weight in the centre.

In conclusion, I would say that if one has his wits about him, manages the main-sheet properly, reefs before the storm, and attends to the rudder, so as to maintain steerage-way, there is no pastime more harmless, fascinating, and agreeable than boat-sailing.

A TRUE STORK STORY.

BY MRS. MARGARET B. PEEKE.

"Did He give us the beautiful stork above,
On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?"
—GOTTLEIB.

"No, not the stork; by God in heaven,

but in vain. Even the Mayor, or Burgomaster, failed to entice them to settle on his handsome house, where the chimney seemed to have been built on purpose for a stork's nest. The stork husband saw this at a glance, and, ambitious to begin life under the most favorable circumstances, he said to his wife, in tones quite positive,

"We will build here, my dear: there is no place like it in the whole town."

But the stork wife replied even more positively: "By no means, my dear. Too public, by far. Imagine our dainty children annoyed from day to day by the rattling of carts over the stones, the shouts of noisy boys on their way to school, and on Sundays the ringing of church bells. No, no, it would never do. I have found a most delightful spot, shaded from the hot sun by the broad leafed linden-tree, and far removed from noise and confusion. There we can rear our little family in seclusion, and send out into the world storks that will be an honor to it. Where is it? On the top of the barn at the cross-roads; not another such place for a stork's nest in the whole region."

"Just as you say, my dear," said his storkship; "I'll bring the

Larger and darker grew the storm-cloud, until at last the whole sky was covered. From the north burst sharp flashes of lightning that shot across the heavens, cutting the darkness of the clouds as with a knife; then the thunder began to roll in its grand monotone over the world; but the little storks were not afraid, for had not their mother said this was just what was needed, and was she not flying over their heads telling them what it all meant, and picturing to them the delight they would feel when once they found themselves upborne by the dreamy, delicious air, in the first ecstasy of flying.

Suddenly there came a crash, a blinding light, and deafening shock, almost stunning the brave mother bird caring so tenderly for her children; and when she recovered her consciousness it was to see flames kindling on the barn, that would burn like tinder, and her storklings would be burned to death in the heat.

Without a second's pause to consider what might be done, she plunged into the flames and brought out one of her children in her beak. She flew to a meadow near by, where a little brook trickled over a pebbly bed, and laying her burden under the overhanging alders she flew back for another. This, too, she brought to the meadow and laid by the side of its brother. One more remained; she must hasten to its rescue; but, alas! just as she neared the blazing barn she saw the nest and the little stork fall through the roof into the fire below. A crowd of spectators had now gathered around, and every heart stood still when the mother stork again plunged into the crackling flames and smoke for her child.

Slowly she arose the third time, with something in her beak; but now she flew slowly and heavily, as if she was weary, and took her way to the meadow brook again, left it with its brother and sister, and the papa flying overhead to guard them; then she went a little distance farther and stretched herself on the ground, cruelly burned.

The little brook rippled and murmured, the breeze blew up from the west, but none of these things had power to ease the sufferings of the brave bird, who had risked her life for her children.

The Burgomaster, passing this way soon after, found the poor creature, and ordered her to be carried tenderly to a house in the village, where she should be nursed and cared for. The best physician in Löwenberg was sent for; the children employed all their spare moments in catching mice and frogs for the invalid; older ones brought soft linen to dress the burns with, while the Burgomaster himself drove up every morning to ask after her.

The stork papa devoted himself to the children, flying over every little while to tell his wife how they were getting along. With all this attention, it was no wonder that she improved rapidly, was soon able to fly again and join her family, who by this time were quite up in the art of flying, and could stand on one foot on a lily-pad, and catch frogs as well as the best.

The good people of Löwenberg said that many a saint had been less brave and heroic, few had shown such patience, and none had been willing to die for others as had this white stork mamma; therefore she should be the patron saint of the village, and she and her children honored for evermore.

ONLY ONE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky;
  Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
  Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn;
  Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
  But only one mother the wide world over!

TIN TOYS AND TEA SETS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

IN Avenue D, some time ago, I saw a small boy wheeling a barrel along on its edge with so much difficulty that I wondered what it contained, and looking inside, I saw that it was more than half full of glistening scraps of metal. I asked him what they were for. "Oh, them's Dexters," he said, as if grieved at my ignorance; and he wheeled his barrel into a great brick factory, five or six stories high, piled about the door of which were large wooden cases addressed to Java, Brazil, Cape Town, and other distant points of the world.

It was in the latter part of April; and though the end of the year was so far off, these packages were being shipped for the Christmas trade in the far-away countries named upon them. They were all filled with toys, and on all the floors of the factory hundreds of busy hands were making playthings for children. That was what the small boy meant by Dexters. The scraps of tin in the barrel bore the convex impression of a horse upon them, and after being trimmed, put together, and painted, they would look not at all unlike the famous trotter by whose name they are known.

Dexters are the most popular of all tin toys, and at this factory in Avenue D they were being made by the thousand for the holiday trade of the coming winter. The spring and summer months are the busiest at the factory, which is quietest when the stores are doing their best trade, in November and December. The seasons with wholesalers and retailers are not at all alike; and when next Christmas the reader visits a toy-shop, he may remember that the goods he sees were principally made in May, June, and August.

The manufacture of tin toys is a new industry in America, and it is so successful that, besides supplying the domestic market, it sends large quantities of goods to all parts of the world, including England and France. When Santa Claus drops in on the children at the Cape of Good Hope, at Penang, at New Zealand, at Buenos Ayres, and at Callao, he will have articles from this factory in Avenue D, New York.

Perhaps some of our readers have advanced so far in the serious business of life that they have forgotten what tin toys are. They are made of tin, of course, but they comprise many different articles, and over a thousand different designs. They are mounted on platforms and wheels, or on wheels alone, and in some of them the revolution of the wheels sets the figures on the platform in motion. An elephant tirelessly somersaults on a trapeze, three dogs ascend and re-ascend a ladder, a little boy chops a tree, a tiger climbs a pole, a girl dances with a skipping-rope, and a circus rider leaps through a hoop. The trainer is larger than the elephant, the axe is larger than the boy, and the tiger balances upon its tail. But this is neither here nor there. As long as the toys are kept in motion, the figures repeat their feats; and if they are not quite life-like, they have the advantage of being unwearying in their exertions.

Tin toys also include locomotives with trains of cars, street cars with *papier-maché* conductors and drivers, express wagons, hose-carts, ox teams, menagerie wagons, ice carts, milk wagons, "four-in-hands," trucks, stages, steamboats, fire-engines, and magic lanterns.

They are all made much in the same way as the Dexters: the sheet tin is struck by heavy dies, and the impressions made in the metal are cut out, trimmed, and fastened together. Eight dies are used in making a Dexter four inches long, and the set costs from four to six hundred dollars.

In one of the upper stories of the factory we find a young man with a pile of tin plates before him, each about four inches long and three inches wide. He places them

Digitized by Google

one by one on a steel bed-plate, with the counter die upon it, and putting his foot into the stirrup of a leather band by which the die is suspended in an iron frame-work, he strikes out with it, lifting the die, and then allowing it to fall upon the plate, in which it hollows out a very fair representation of a horse. The strain on the man's leg is severe, and if he has nerves, they are pretty well shattered by the cannon-like sound which the die makes in striking.

It must be still worse with the girls who are employed in the same branch of the business; and as the mass of steel comes down like a sledge-hammer every two or three seconds, I pity them as I see how it shakes not only their bodies, but also the beams in the ceiling and the pillars that hold the building together. The hours are long and dreary to them, and when the day is ended, the continuous shock has unfitted them to enjoy the evening. They have no share in the pleasure which the results of their labor will afford. They do not see the toys giving happiness to children; and what they think most about, I fancy, is the number of impressions they can make in a day, for every time the die strikes it is a bit of bread for them.

Their whole attention must be fixed on the machine in its up-and-down motion. A moment's carelessness would cost them their fingers; and we see one girl half of whose hand has been lost by being caught under the die.

The first die simply hollows out the form in the plate, a second die cuts away all the surrounding metal, and a third die smooths the edges. But there is only half a horse so far, and the other half is made in the same way as the first. Both pieces are then pressed together, and we have a very shapely racer.

There are several hundred different dies for acrobats, cows, goats, boys, girls, parrots, monkeys, and other objects of natural history.

In another part of the factory we see several men seated by small furnaces, over which pans of liquid metal are simmering, and the Dexters are dipped into these, which additionally secures the two halves. The next process is coloring. Up to this point the horse has plainly been tin; but when it is dipped in a bath of white or brown or black paint, and hung out to dry, it becomes very much more life-like, and has the glossy surface of an enamel. Dipping is found preferable to painting with a brush, as it leaves a much smoother surface, and of course can be done much quicker. The superfluous paint flows back into the bath, and sometimes strings of it hang from the hoofs and ears. When they are hard, these strings are cut off with a knife, and the toy is then secured to a small platform, and "finished." The finishing is done by a score or more of men and young women seated at long benches, upon which are pots of paints and brushes. The eyes, mane, tail, and hoofs are given different colors from the body, and the Dexter is now ready for packing.

The manufacture of tin toys requires no great ability or ingenuity, and most of the persons employed in it are paid very little. A Dexter several inches long can be bought for fifteen cents at any shop, and this sum includes the profits of the producer, the wholesale merchant, and the retail seller. The producer's price to the trade is not more than seven or eight cents. But simple as it is, the toy is handled by sixteen persons before it finally reaches the little girls who wrap it in tissue-paper and put it into a card-board box. It travels up and down stairs, and makes the whole circuit of the factory; it passes from the dies to the solderers, from the solderers to the paint shops, from the paint shops to young men who put wheels upon the platform, and thence to the finishers.

Tea sets and dinner sets of Britannia metal are made in the same factory. The liquid metal is poured into iron moulds, and cups, saucers, plates, sugar-bowls, milk-pitchers, and coffee-pots are produced, twenty or thirty to the minute. Coming out of the mould, they have no lustre, and they are polished on a lathe, which gives them the appearance of burnished silver. A complete tea set, with cups and saucers for a doll and five guests, costs twenty-five cents at retail, and not more than fifteen cents at wholesale, and the man with the mould has to work briskly in order to earn his bread and butter.

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 80, May 10.]

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

Chapter II.

THE morning passed as usual, with the exception that just before recess Mr. Gorham stated that he had a few words to say to the school, and begged the closest attention. It was needless to ask that, for every eye was already fixed upon the speaker, and every face betokened the liveliest interest in what he was about to say.

In a few words Mr. Gorham unfolded the May-party project, said the honor of Queen would be given to the one who stood first in her classes, and as having looked over the records he found two of the pupils, Miss Florence Tracy and Miss Susie Kingman, ranked equally high, a vote would be taken before close of school to decide the matter. He then referred the girls to Miss Page to find out about their costumes, and finished by setting the twentieth of June, the last day of school, for the *fête*, then struck the bell.

The buzzing of voices that followed! Among the many exclamations one might have heard,

"It's really a *June* party!"

"All the better, for we never could wear thin dresses out-of-doors in May!"

"The best kind of a way to end up school!"

"Why, girls, it will be just a month from to-day. Let's find Miss Page and learn all the particulars."

At this proposal quite a number went into the recitation-room, but Susie, with her eyes on Florence's sad face, seemed chained to her seat.

"I *must* decide now," she was thinking. "No: *I can not give it up.* I gave up to Dick this morning, and that's enough for one day. Then, too, it's Friday, visitors' day, and I should just like to show them how well I stand. And when papa hears of my success he'll be delighted; he always is when he thinks I'm getting on well in my lessons. Oh no; I *can not, can not* give it up! Of course I shall vote for Florence, and that's all I can be expected to do. I haven't asked the girls to vote for me, and I'm not supposed to know anything about it."

"But you *do* know about it," said the still, small voice. "You know, moreover, that you can make Florence very happy, and that it will not affect your standing in the least."

"Oh dear!" sighed Susie. "I suppose I'll have to give it up, but I can wait until after the votes are counted, and then say I prefer Florence to have the place."

"Ah!" interposed Conscience, "your idea is 'to be seen of men.' There is no charity in that, and, besides, how would Florence feel to be so patronized? If you give it up at all, do it entirely and cheerfully."

"Oh, I can not, I really can not. It will be lovely to have all the girls for my subjects, to be waited on by them, and pass under their garlands. Why does every word I read this morning in the commentary keep coming into my mind, about one's being willing to have another honored if one can be more honored one's self? How exactly that applies to my giving up to Florence *after* being elected myself; and then that 'In honor preferring one another' has been running in my head all the morning. I'll just stop thinking about it, and go in Miss Page's room

Digitized by Google

with the rest, and talk over the dresses. That reminds me. That lovely one I had made in the fall for Cousin Clara's wedding—I believe it will be the very thing." And she hastily went down the passage between two rows of desks.

Florence caught her hand as she went by, and said, "I know the question is as good as decided, Susie, and I shall hail you as our Queen as gladly as any other of your friends."

FLORENCE AND SUSIE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Susie tried to thank her, but the words would not come; and instead of going into Miss Page's room, she took an opposite direction to a vacant one, used for certain meetings, and there she sat down, saying: "Only ten minutes left me."

"Yes," suggested Conscience, "ten minutes to decide you will show yourself unselfish, will make a fellow-creature very happy, and that you try to live up to the teachings of the Bible."

There were tears in Susie's eyes; in fact, one or two had rolled down her cheeks, when she slowly said, "I've decided," and on looking toward the door saw Sadie.

"You're the one I want," said Susie, trying to speak in her usual tones. "I was just going for you."

Sadie noticed her tear-streaked cheeks and effort to speak cheerfully, so hastened to say, comfortingly,

"Don't worry an instant; it's just as I said; every girl in the school will vote for you."

"That's just what they mustn't do," said Susie, earnestly. "Oh, Sadie! *do* promise you'll make me very happy by *not* voting for me."

"Not voting for you!" cried the astonished girl. "What do you mean?"

"Hush, Sadie! somebody will hear you. I mean *this:* that you must get all the votes you can for Florence. It will make me a thousand times happier than to be Queen myself; and just think of Florence! You said yourself she never looks happy, and now we'll all unite to make her so."

"Oh, Susie," said Sadie, after a moment's pause, "how good you are to propose such a thing, and how Florence will love you for it!"

"No, no," protested Susie. "Sadie, of all things, Florence must never know, never even *suspect;* that would spoil it all."

"I'm so bewildered!" said Sadie. "What *can* we do in the few minutes left? As you say, how delighted Florence will be! but *I* never could have given it up, Susie—*never!*"

"Oh, yes you could, if you knew how great the joy was that followed," said Susie, simply. "I wonder now that I hesitated a moment."

They both went among the different groups of girls, and there was more whispering than ever, and numberless expressions of wonder, always silenced by, "Hush! Florence will hear, and she must never know." The ringing of the bell put an end to all stifled exclamations, and the scholars were soon in their seats.

Sadie asked permission to speak. Mr. Gorham smiled, knowing she had been talking every moment for the past half-hour, nevertheless he granted it.

She leaned over and whispered to Susie, "Ten or twelve girls went out to walk at recess, and haven't heard the new plan."

"Never mind," returned Susie. "It will seem all the more natural to have a divided vote."

The usual Friday visitors now began to come in to listen to the readings and recitations that always took place on the last school afternoon of the week, and among them was one who had never before presented himself—Squire Tracy.

"All the better," whispered Sadie, forgetting in her excitement that her permission to speak had long since expired. And Susie signaled a "yes" in reply.

After the weekly exercises were over, Mr. Gorham explained to the new-comers about the May-party, gave the names of the two scholars for whom votes were to be cast, and then handed each of the forty girls a slip of paper on which to write the name of her choice for Queen.

The Squire grew interested. He wiped his glasses, and looked about for Florence. She could not raise her eyes for thinking, "Oh, uncle has no idea what a popular girl Susie Kingman is! What *will* he think when I don't get any votes?"

The Squire caught her eye at last, and nodded encouragingly. "He never looked so kindly at me before," moaned the unhappy girl. "He really thinks I've as good a chance as Susie," and her eyes filled with tears as she traced Susie's name on her paper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

A CHINESE ADVENTURE.

BY PALMER COX.

THREE heathen men set out one day
To cross the China sea—
Ah Hong Wun Ho, Gui Tong Pi Lo,
And daring Hup Si Lee.

But there was not, of all the lot,
A single one who knew
The proper way in which to sail
Upon the ocean blue.

The first was captain of the ship,
He kept an eye ahead;
The second played the part of mate,
He steered and heaved the lead;

The third was boatswain, cook, and crew,
Which kept him on the go;
He had to spread the sail aloft,
And make the tea below.

The winds began, the billows ran,
The ship went up and down;
At times she pointed out to sea,
As often back to town.

The seasick captain left the bow,
Between the decks to lie;
The boatswain, busy making tea,
Let all the canvas fly.

And, oh! the mate, the silly mate,
The worst of all was he;
To find how deep the water lay,
He leaped into the sea.

Then mate and crew, and captain too,
Began to yell and roar;
So people threw them out a line,
And hauled the ship ashore.

Digitized by Google

WE have received the following letter from the little colored girl whose appeal for school-books was printed in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 76. It is gratifying to see that our young friends have responded so heartily to her petition for help. And they will all be happy when they read her grateful words of thanks.

LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY KIND FRIENDS,—Your books, papers, and cards are very nice. I did not expect to get so many. You are all so kind, I do not know how to thank you for them.

My writing is so bad, but I hope it will get to the YOUNG PEOPLE.

I get letters and books every day from the Post-office, and some books by express. One little girl sent me a dollar. I will divide with my brothers and sisters, and I will give some of the books to the colored children who come to the Sunday-school. The ladies told me to do this, and I think I ought to, because they have none. Yours, with many thanks,

HANNAH MCDANIEL.

Accompanying Hannah's letter was also one from one of the ladies who have taught her to read and write. It will be of interest to those who have bestowed kindness on this poor little girl.

Through the kindness of YOUNG PEOPLE in publishing little Hannah's letter, she has received many favors, for which her mother's family feel deeply grateful. It is charity well bestowed. May God bless the donors!

Hannah's father died last October. Her mother is a good, worthy woman, brought up in my mother's household with the care of one of her own children. Both were our trusty, faithful servants and friends for more than thirty years.

We try to do what we can in the way of teaching the colored children around us, thus following the example of our father, who died before the war, while a missionary to the colored people in South Carolina, but our greatest obstacle has been a lack of books, which we were not able to provide.

I write this letter at the request of Hannah's mother. MISS M. R. MCDANIEL.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

I get YOUNG PEOPLE every week, but it has to come a long way to find me. Arizona is so far off from the great cities that one might think we would be deprived of good schools, Sunday-schools, and other things we left at home, but we have them all, of the very best, too. Our school has over two hundred scholars, and our Sunday-school over one hundred, and we have a fine library and an organ.

We have lived in Arizona nearly ten years, and are delighted with it. We came four thousand miles to reach here, and on the way crossed the Rocky Mountains, and ever so many great rivers and hot deserts.

We live in the beautiful valley of Salt River, which is a branch of the Gila. The population here is made up largely of Indians and Mexicans, with a great many Chinese and some negroes. We find this a good place to study Spanish, as there are so many people here who speak that language.

I wish I could tell my little fellow-readers of the many strange reptiles and other things here, and I wish they could see the valley scenery. It is so beautiful, covered with the green grain, which is now nearly ready for harvest. I know they would like to see the little donkeys the Mexicans use to pack wood on. They call the donkeys *burros*. And there are so many funny little Indian babies here that they call pappooses. My letter is long enough. *Adios.*

LINDLEY B. O.

NORWAY, MAINE.

I am going to school, and I have to board away from home. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and I was keeping my papers as nice as I possibly could, to have them bound, when our house burned down, and all of our furniture and everything in the house was lost. I lost all my books and playthings and all my nice little papers. I had ever so many playthings, and I had one wax doll and two nice china dolls. I was making a collection of postage stamps, and I had nearly two hundred. I felt very badly to lose all my things, yet I was so thankful that my papa and mamma escaped from the house alive! It was a very dark night, and they did not wake up until the fire was almost to their room. I was away from home at school. I send my love to all the little girls that take YOUNG PEOPLE. I am ten years old. MAUD A. R.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Last Saturday I sent seventeen letters full of stamps. I am beginning to feel a little better now, as I only get three or four letters a week.

The pea-nut owl in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 73 made me laugh so that mamma let me buy a quart of pea-nuts, and showed me how to make one. I have a nice brooch with lots of little branches, and I make owls of all sizes, and fasten them on. They look so comical, they make everybody laugh who sees them. Instead of tissue-paper for wings, I take light wrapping paper just the color of the pea-nut, and ink it a little, and it looks splendid. PERCY L. MCD.

ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I would like to tell the boy in Ohio that my brother Lewis had some chickens hatched on the 20th of March, but I guess the little things thought it was pretty cold weather.

My grandma says that a ten-quart pail full of sap from large old maple-trees will make a pound of sugar. JENNIE P.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS.

I live near the Mississippi River. There are mounds near here. My uncle dug into one of them, and between two layers of flat stones he found some Indian bones. ANNABEL E. S.

FOSTERS, CONNECTICUT.

Mamma reads to me the stories about kittles and dogs that belong to other little girls who write to YOUNG PEOPLE, and some of them are as well educated as my Fritzie. When I speak to Fritzie, he understands all I say to him; I am sure of it. When I feed him, he waits patiently until I hand him the food. I have the meat cut up very fine, and then I sit down in my little rocking-chair with the plate in my lap, and pass the food to Fritzie with a silver fork. Everybody is pleased to see him eat. He never snaps at the meat, but takes it very gently from the fork, and eats it like a gentleman. He will sit up in a chair and have a napkin pinned round his neck before he eats; that is to keep his vest clean. I saw a picture in a book of an ill-mannered dog that had eaten up a little child's dinner. I feel sorry there are such wicked dogs in the world. Fritzie would scorn such an action. He would protect the little girl, like the "Faithful Sentinel" in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 71. Fritzie looks just like that picture. He is as brave as a lion. He catches rats, and every night he goes with the night-watchman to the factory to help him. So he works very hard too. He is getting old, but if he lives until summer, mamma says she will have his photograph taken. NEVA E. A.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Will some correspondent please tell me what a Florida sea-bean is? L. M. G.

If some of our Southern readers will write a description of the Florida sea-bean, its size, color, and how and where it grows, we will gladly print it.

The following letter is from a very little boy who is just learning to write English:

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I receive HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week. I am so contented with it that you can not imagine about it. I love those little engines to make, and those tricks, and I hope that they will be more. VIRGIL GIACOMI.

I will give seventy-five rare stamps for the 30-cent and 90-cent United States stamps of the issue of 1869. The 30-cent is red and blue, with the device of an eagle mounted on a shield surrounded by flags at base, and the 90-cent is carmine and black, and has Lincoln's head. I will give forty-five stamps for the 90-cent, and thirty for the 30-cent. These two stamps will complete my whole set of United States stamps. I have two hundred and thirty—no local or revenue stamps counted. E. GUDEMAN,
112 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

I will exchange a miniature yacht for a printing-press, type, and general printing outfit. The yacht is twenty inches long, five and three-quarter inches wide, four inches depth of hold, mast sixteen and one-quarter inches in height from deck. It is sloop-rigged, and finished up in a very handsome manner with paint, varnish, etc. It is a first-class sailer, and as good as new. It was built in a most substantial manner by an Eastern boat-builder. The boat will be securely boxed and sent by express.

Please write describing press and outfit before sending any package. W. J. DOUGHTY,
684 Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

I have twenty varieties of the cactus family, to which I wish to add as many more as possible. I will gladly exchange cuttings with any one.
GEORGE E. PERKINS, Cobden, Ill.

I would like to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE a nice way to preserve the color of autumn or forest leaves. First sprinkle the leaf with a little resin, and rub a warm iron lightly over it. Then dissolve some red aniline in water, and brush over the surface of the leaf with a feather. Hold the leaf near the fire a few moments, and it will assume the most brilliant colors—green, bronze, etc.

I have several old newspapers printed in 1864 and 1865. One is dated July 13, 1864, and contains the first news that reached Philadelphia of the duel between General Hamilton and Aaron Burr. I will exchange one of these for ten stamps from Mexico or Central or South America.

I will also exchange three stamps—the United States blue three-cent, issue of 1869; the red three-cent, issue of 1861; and one from either New Zealand or the East Indies, for one three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp; or one from New Brunswick or Newfoundland, issue of 1857 or 1860.
MANASTER A. MCMILLAN,
Washington C. H., Fayette Co., Ohio.

R. Carpenter, Chicago, Illinois, desires to notify correspondents that he received so many applications for his stamps and postmarks that his small stock was exhausted in less than a week after his offer of exchange was printed. He will answer every letter as soon as possible, and either return the stamps he has received, or give an equivalent.

The address of Irvin P. Knipe and brother, whose offer of exchange appeared in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 78, should read Norristown instead of Morristown.

Harry Robinson, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, wishes the address of the correspondent who sent him a specimen of lead ore in a Tiffany & Co. box.

Arthur Davenport, Chicago, Illinois, notifies correspondents that he has no more crystallized quartz to exchange.

Annie Wheeler, Danville, Virginia, requests the address of the young lady who sent her a lot of West India flower seeds.

Eddie Gordon, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, desires to notify correspondents that his stock of Indian arrow-heads and pottery is exhausted.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Indian arrow-heads, for foreign coins. A petrifaction of a fish's head, for old United States coins.
MARTIN J. BRITTING, West Covington, Ky.

Ten postmarks, for two South American stamps.
S. M. BRESSLER,
106 East Thirty-first Street, New York City.

Carnelians, or specimens of oak, birch, poplar, cherry, and sumac, for specimens of foreign woods.
RAY S. BAKER,
Saint Croix Falls, Polk Co., Wis.

A few Indian relics, an ounce of soil from Indiana, and some other curiosities, for coins from any foreign country except England.
F. T. COLE, Economy, Wayne Co., Ind.

Pieces of lava, a fossilized fern, lead ore, and other minerals, for gold or copper ore, or Indian arrow-heads. Please write before sending specimens.
HARRY C., Bergen Point, Hudson Co., N. J.

One-cent and three-cent Canadian stamps, for Canadian stamps of a higher denomination. Two three-cent for one six-cent. ROBERT L. CRAMER,
84 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

Rocks and earth from Indiana, with five kinds of foreign stamps, for rocks and earth from any other State; or stamps from Brazil, Sandwich Islands, British Guiana, Hong-Kong, Japan, Finland, and other countries, for stamps of equal value.
DAN L. DORSEY,
25 West Georgia Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Twenty foreign postage stamps, for Indian relics.
A. J. DENT, care of J. E. Dent,
P. O. Box 200, Columbia, S. C.

Curiosities of all kinds.
R. P. C. and R. H. D., P. O. Box 144,
Riverside, San Bernardino Co., Cal.

A new, good-toned violin, bow, and instruction-book, for a good self-inking printing-press and outfit.

A collection of stamps from Barbadoes, Brazil, Cuba, and other countries, for the set of Nicaragua stamps, a Malta stamp, and two Bermuda, the lilac sixpence, and the green one shilling.
EDWIN GARCIA, JR.,
342 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York City.

Crystallized quartz, flint, and iron pyrites, for foreign coins of every country except Canada, minerals, or anything good for a collection.
AARON GOLDMAN,
2955 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ten foreign stamps, gold ore, nickel salts, and a Florida sea-bean, for an Indian stone tomahawk.
FRANK HARRIS,
114 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nineteen foreign stamps and two due stamps, for an Indian bow and arrow. FRANK GODFREY,
633 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thirty-six postmarks, nine stamps (no duplicates), a star-fish, a Florida bean, and a small piece of flint, for Indian relics or specimens from the Mammoth

Digitized by Google

Cave. Correspondents will please send postal before sending specimens, and if not answered, they will know the stock is exhausted.
NELSON GARDNER,
213 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

United States War Department stamps, and sea-beans, for curiosities of all kinds, or anything suitable for a museum.
CAMPBELL T. HAMILTON,
McPherson Barracks, Atlanta, Ga.

Stamps from the Eastern hemisphere, for stamps from the Western hemisphere.
FLETA M. HOLMAN,
Corner Wells and Twenty-seventh Streets,
Milwaukee, Wis.

A stone from Arkansas, for one from any other State except Missouri. L. W. HASKELL,
Pastoria, Jefferson Co., Ark.

Newspaper stamps, and Canadian and some other foreign stamps, for rare foreign, old United States, and department stamps. Please send lists. Also postmarks from all parts of the Northwest, for stamps. Ten postmarks, for any desirable stamp.
C. L. H. and T. C. H.,
79 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

Foreign and United States postage stamps, some rare, for Indian arrow-heads or other rare stamps.
F. HOWLAND,
58 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

Stamps. HENRY H. JOHNSON,
131 East Seventieth Street, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for twenty-five postmarks.
LAWRENCE R. JONES,
P. O. Box 1036, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

Hamburg local stamps and postmarks, for stamps, postmarks. Indian relics, and entomological specimens. E. G. JOHNS,
Flemington, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

Postmarks, for postmarks; or postmarks for stamps.
MABEL LANCASTER, care of C. B. Lancaster,
P. O. Box 589, Newton, Mass.

Rare Indian pottery, for Chinese or Japanese stamps, or for silver or gold ore.
CHARLES W. LANSING,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Fossils and minerals, for sea-weeds and shells.
DOCIA LOWAY, Elizabethtown, Hardin Co., Ill.

Twenty postmarks (no duplicates) of Pennsylvania, for twenty of any other State except Iowa.
WILLIAM A. LEWIS,
P. O. Box 108, Lewisburg, Union Co., Penn.

Five German and three other European stamps, for one Cashmere stamp.
FRANK L. LONG,
730 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Shells from the Bahama Islands, for pressed flowers from California. E. LULU LESLIE,
434 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Foreign postage and United States revenue stamps, for foreign postage stamps.
EDWARD MAYO, P. O. Box 291, Bristol, R. I.

Twenty postmarks, for five foreign stamps. A foot-power scroll-saw, six saw blades, impression paper, designs, and directions, sent carefully by express or freight, for eight hundred foreign and United States stamps (no duplicates), or a self-inking printing-press. MAYNARD A. MURPHY,
179 Charlotte Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Postmarks, stamps, and minerals, for minerals.
ALICA G. ROOT, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Ten foreign stamps, for one foreign coin.
HOWARD C. ROUTZEN,
Mechanicstown, Frederick Co., Md.

Soil or newspapers of New York, for the same from any other State. FRED I. SMITH,
144 Sands Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A stone from Illinois, for one from any other State or Territory. A piece of lead ore for five foreign stamps. A petrified shell or a piece of mica for two foreign stamps. An Indian arrow-head, for thirteen foreign stamps. NED ROBINSON, Fairfield, Ill.

Ten postmarks, for one foreign stamp.
ELLISON SNYDER, P. O. Box 564, Scranton, Penn.

Stamps. M. STIEFEL,
26 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Canadian, English, United States, or West Indian postage stamps, for foreign stamps. Six stamps from any of these countries, for an Indian arrow-head, or any curiosity suitable for a museum.
ROBERT W. SHERRITON,
9 North Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Postmarks, for postmarks. Soil of New York, for the same from any other State. Twenty foreign postage stamps, for sea-shells and curiosities from the Pennsylvania coast. HENRY F. STEELE,
Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.

Stamps, ores, coins, and minerals, for ores, minerals, curiosities, and fossils. Coal fossils especially desired. E. K. SCHEPPEL,
18 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

Foreign and United States stamps, United States department stamps, and hand-painted shells, for postage stamps, coins, minerals, Indian arrow-heads, and other relics, or any curiosity.
JOHN B. TYSDALL,
412 Second Street N. E., Washington, D. C.

Stamps and postmarks. Or an ounce of sand from Michigan, for the same from any other State.
WILLIE J. TAOTT, St. Charles, Saginaw Co., Mich.

Twenty foreign postage stamps, for Indian relics or arrow-heads. H. TUTTLE,
145 Ellison Street, Paterson, N. J.

Stamps from Sweden, Germany, Italy, France, and the United States, for Indian relics, shells, or minerals. Correspondents will please write before sending package, stating what stamps they wish, and what curiosity they have to exchange.
ALBERT WOOLLEY, care of Richard Woolley,
P. O. Box 1591, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Postmarks, United States revenue and foreign postage stamps, for flower and garden seeds.
WILLIE M. WHITFIELD,
235 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

A stamp from France, Germany, Denmark, Austria, Bavaria, and Hungary, for five South American, African, or United States Treasury or Interior Department stamps. WILLIE F. WILLIAMS,
Plainfield, Union Co., N. J.

About one thousand rare postage stamps in an Oppens stamp album, to exchange entire or in sets, for rare coins. F. A. WARE,
138 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

Stamps from Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and other foreign countries, for stamps, minerals, and curiosities. L. R. WALKER,
Lock Box 316, Lansing, Mich.

An ounce of soil or a stone from California, for a foreign postage stamp and five postmarks, or an Indian relic. CLEMENT C. YOUNG,
Biggs, Butte Co., Cal.

Foreign and United States stamps. Liberian and Asiatic stamps especially desired.
C. A. VAN RANSSELAER, Orange, N. J.

Soil from Pennsylvania and foreign postage stamps, for Indian curiosities. F. A. TIETT,
326 South Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

EVELL R.—Your Wiggle is so pretty and so very neatly drawn that we regret its late arrival.

YOUNG GARDENER.—Asparagus is a native of Southern Europe and Africa, and was brought to America by the Europeans. It was a favorite dish with the ancient Romans, but was unknown in England until about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

EARNEST C.—The magot is a little tailless monkey not much larger than a cat. Great numbers of magots live in the forests of Northern Africa. This monkey is as nimble as a squirrel. It is easily tamed, and makes an affectionate and amusing pet. It is also found on the Rock of Gibraltar.

JOHN N. W.—We can supply no more bound copies of the first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE.

G. E. P.—It is against the law to send either living or stuffed birds, animals, or reptiles by mail.

J. B. S. AND WILLIE S. S.—We do not know of any good elementary works; but if you read carefully, you will be able to understand Hitchcock's *Geology* and Dana's *Mineralogy*, and will find them very useful books.

W. H. B.—Any old stamps are good for purposes of exchange.—A United States cent of 1799 is always worth something, as it is the most rare issue; but as its value depends entirely on condition, you would better show your specimen to some collector or dealer, who will prize it for you. The paragraph to S. S. in the Post-office Box of No. 69 will show you the variation in the value of this coin.

ARCHERY CLUB, KANSAS.—We shall be glad to have a report of your archery meeting, a description of your bows and arrows, and a record of the best shots.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "*Ajax*," Jemima Beestoe, Ray B., Josie Chesley, C. H. Cole, De Forest W. Chase, "*Dollars and Cents*," Harry E. Dixon, Horace P. Feller, W. K. Griffiths, B. Goldenberg, Nellie P. Hazard, C. W. Haener, Eddie Hequembourg, William Hadley, Willie C. Jones, Lucy C. Kellerhouse, Beside Linn, "*Lodestar*," Fannie and Katie Metzgar, "*Pepper*," Carrie C. Pelham, "Pickwick," Torrance Parker, *Augusta L. Parke*, "*Queen Bess*," Ellie R., "Sir Tinly," Robert G. Steel, S. Ware Sheppard, G. P. Salters, Bell T. Smart, *Addie and Arthur S.*, Marion I. Wright, "Will A. Mette," *Frank B. Westwood*, Frank S. Willock.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA—(*To Lodestar*).

In dancing, not in mirth.
In saddle, not in girth.
In crony, not in friend.
In borrow, not in lend.
In harrow, not in plough.
In salute, not in bow.
In cart, not in boggy.
In rainy, not in muggy.
In youth, not in age.
In servant, not in page.
In nod, not in sleep.
In gaze, not in peep.
In valley, not in glen.
My whole is in honor of brave men.
NORTH STAR.

No. 2.

DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. A weight. A claw. A man's name. A wanderer. To incline. A letter. FRANK.

2. A letter. A vessel for holding water. A name. Steel instruments. Obscure vision. To mistake. A letter. PRINCESS.

No. 3.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A courier. 2. Across. 3. Dry. 4. A vegetable growth. PRINCESS.

2.—1. To cut. 2. Part of a wagon. 3. A kind of earth. 4. Something much desired by a prisoner, but always guarded by the jailer. DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In darkness, not in light.
In duty, not in right.
In answer, not in riddle.
In saucepan, not in griddle.
In half, not in quarter.
In fluid, not in water.
In lend, not in borrow.
In glee, not in sorrow.
I am only seen by day
When the clouds are far away.
L. H. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 79.

No. 1. Alleghany.

No. 2.
I.
BET
FAVOR
MARINER

No. 3. 1. A new broom sweeps clean. 2. Carartucus. 3. Hemlock. 4. Copenhagen.

NEW GAMES.

"Mon," "Blind Pilgrims," and "Cash," three new games that can be played on the same board, have been lately adapted from the Japanese by Mr. Edward Greey, and published by McLoughlin Brothers, New York. They are capital games, and will serve to while away many a pleasant hour of the summer vacation.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

"ARE YOU GOING TO THE BALL THIS EVENING?"

A PERSONATION.

THOUGH buried in an obscure little grave-yard in the heart of what might be called "the metropolis of the world," nearly two hundred years ago, even now travellers take pains to find my burying-place. Like all boys, I was rather averse to work, fonder of dancing and playing, and when only seventeen enlisted in the Parliamentary army (for I lived during the great civil war in England), but never distinguished myself by my prowess, and at the siege of Leicester, in 1645, escaped death by allowing a fellow-soldier to take my post as sentinel.

After the campaign, having had enough of a soldier's life, I returned home, married in 1647, and, owing to the influence of my wife, led a more regular life. Years afterward, in one of my books, which I have always thought more of than the public, I gave an account of my career while in the army, but the work is not read now by any one. I became deeply interested in religion, and so grieved at the wretched state of the poor people around me that, although it was forbidden by law, I could not refrain from preaching in the open air to such as would come to hear me. I had done this for five years, when, Charles II. being restored to his father's throne, all such practices were more strenuously forbidden, and I was warned; but, continuing my efforts in the cause of religion, I was thrown into jail.

Here I remained for twelve years, and though my liberty was often offered me if I would swear never to preach, I invariably answered, "If you let me go to-day, I will preach again to-morrow."

At last the misery of my family, and my steadfast persistence in what I felt to be right, produced an effect, and I was allowed, under conditions, to preach to the congregation who had chosen me for their minister; and in 1672, through the influence of the Bishop of Lincoln, I was released from jail.

I continued my preaching and writing, and in 1678 the first part of my book was published, after much deliberation, for many of my friends had tried to persuade me not to print it. As it was a religious allegory, it attracted but little attention at first, but it soon grew in public favor, and during my life it went through fifteen editions. In 1682 I published my *Holy War*, and two years later the second part of my "great work," which is, however, deemed inferior to the first part.

A few years before my death I went to London to live, in Snow Hill, near Holborn. I was at the service of any one in distress who needed me; and one day, coming home from a benevolent errand, was caught in a violent rain-storm, took cold in consequence, and died after a brief illness, having lived to see my name and book become famous. The editions of my "great work" have been innumerable, and, save the Bible, no book has been translated into so many languages, nor had so many readers, nor such a hold on people. The famous critic Lord Macaulay said he made a point of reading it through every year.

A ROUND GAME OF CARDS.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AMONG the many ways of waking up a dull company, willing to be amused if any one knows how to do it, we recommend the following game, which never fails to make plenty of fun: Take a pack of cards, and pass the top one to the person next on the right, calling out, in a loud voice, "Take the ten of diamonds," if that happens to be uppermost. The one who receives the card passes it to the next, with the same words, and so on around the room. The second card follows the first instantly, and all thus are kept busy with hand and tongue without a moment's delay or rest, as the name of each card follows its predecessor at once, and the confusion that is made causes shouts of laughter as the game goes merrily on, until the company feel well acquainted, and are ready to join with spirit in some harder game. If this description fails to satisfy the reader that there is plenty of amusement in this simple round game, we advise him to try it the next time he has a dull company on his hands.

"DO 'LONG NOW."

"LAWK!"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 82. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, May 24, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE DEATH OF CARUS.

A STORY OF THE COLOSSEUM.

BY MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

IN the days of the Emperor Caracalla the Colosseum had ceased to be used for terrible conflicts between man and beast. But the young student Valentinian could not forget that eighty thousand spectators at a time had looked down from its seats, only a few years

Digitized by Google

before, to see Christian martyrs given to the lions to be torn in pieces.

And Valentinian was a Christian. The persecutions had ceased. No more cruel Emperor than Caracalla had ever occupied the throne of Rome; but his cruelty found its victims in his own family and among his political enemies, and the Christians were overlooked and forgotten. Even Caracalla may have been sick of the blood spilled in assassinations, executions, and battle; and so, as a mere change of scene, ordered that the sports at the Colosseum should be of a bloodless character. At any rate, chariot races were now the vogue, the population of Rome were now all "horsy" men, and betting was the popular way of gaining or losing their fortunes.

The Emperor, as reigning over and above all like the air, chose white to mark his horses; the steeds of the soldiers were designated by red badges and trappings—red, the appropriate color of Mars, of blood and flame; the sailors of course chose blue; and the landed proprietors, farmers, citizens, etc., grouped under green. When the enthusiasm extended thus to all classes, it was impossible that Valentinian should not feel it too. He was a soldier's son, and though he felt that it would be a crime even to enter the building in which the martyrs had been murdered, he could not repress a throb of exultation when the scarlet-spangled horses were led out with shoutings as victors in the race.

Valentinian loved a fine horse, and, boy though he was, he owned one that had long been the envy and admiration of the different racing fraternities of Rome. Those who knew the animal's history did not wonder that Valentinian and his mother, the stately lady Placidia, had refused a noble's ransom for the magnificent creature. It was the beginning of the warm season, and Placidia had removed to her summer villa in shady Præneste. Valentinian still remained in Rome to prosecute his studies, but in the cool of the evening the youth would frequently drive out to see his mother, and the horse on every such visit was certain of being decorated with garlands by the fair hand of its mistress. On one of these occasions Rufinus accompanied his friend. Valentinian knew that the visit was not prompted by any fondness for his mother, for the lady Placidia did not regard Rufinus as a sufficiently refined companion for her son, and the dislike was mutual. He gave Rufinus credit for a feeling of good-fellowship toward himself, and for an appreciation of a moonlight ride to Rome. But Rufinus had a deeper motive on this occasion; he had determined to persuade Valentinian to join in the races, and he thought wisely that the long, solitary ride would give him a good opportunity for persuasion. He began skillfully by praising his friend's horse, and then spoke with some surprise of the affection that Placidia lavished upon it.

Valentinian replied that Carus deserved all the love and distinction that he received, for he was indeed a hero; and then he told how as a war-horse he had followed the Roman standards with honor throughout all the late disastrous campaign in Britain, and though he had fled with the legions from the battle on the river Carun, where Fingal and his Caledonian troops sang their exultant chant of victory in the ears of the cowardly Caracalla, it was not his fault, for he was only a horse. When Carus had felt his master, Valentinian's father, fall wounded upon his neck, the feeble hands entwined in his mane, and the warm life-blood bathing his glossy side, the faithful animal, who until then had rushed on inflamed with all the fury of conflict, joined the general retreat, and paced swiftly but carefully from the battle-field. The Captain of the Legion, whose stiffening fingers were tangled in Carus's mane, did not hear the loud boast of the Britons, and when Carus knelt at the door of his tent, and other soldiers of the great "King of the World" (as Ossian calls the Roman Emperor) lifted the rider from the steed, the Roman heart had poured out all its blood on British soil; the brave Centurion was dead.

At the death of his father, the Emperor Severus, Caracalla gave up the war in Britain, and, impatient to assume his new dignities, hurried back to Rome. The war-horse Carus was brought back too, and entered the imperial city marching riderless at the head of its dead master's troop. As the army approached the gates of Rome, the broad imperial highway became more and more crowded. The return of the army was known, and the citizens of Rome, small and great, swarmed out in vehicles, on horses, or on foot, soldiers and slaves, the aristocracy and the beggars, old families of Rome and foreigners.

Painfully the army forced its way through the surging crowd, attending Caracalla, who so little deserved this enthusiastic welcome, to the porch of the imperial palace —"the house of Cæsar." Then the cohorts, with the exception of the imperial body-guard, returned to the great Prætorium camp outside the city walls. One knight, a member of the Equites that the master of Carus had so lately commanded, led the Centurion's horse to the aristocratic street of the Carinæ, which ran along the slope of the Esquiline Hill, until he reached a house whose portal was decorated with laurel, and where, from the swarms of entering guests, pastry-cooks, and musicians, one might judge a feast was in progress. As the knight paused at the door, a boy bounded into the street, and sprang upon the back of the war-horse, lavishing upon the noble creature the most eager caresses. At the same moment a stately Roman matron appeared at the door, and greeted the knight, while a glad eager light shone in her eyes.

"Welcome, my good Galerius," said the lady. "Where is my husband? Is he detained at the palace with the young Emperor?"

"Nay, madam," replied the knight, gravely, "thy husband was happy in knowing no Emperor but Severus."

Then the unhappy lady knew that her husband would never come to the welcoming feast which she had prepared, and the young Valentinian slipped from his father's horse to hide the tears which would come, but which he as a Roman felt were womanish and shameful.

Rufinus, though a mere cub of a young man, with very little susceptibility, seemed touched by this story. "Where did your father get Carus?" he asked. "He is certainly not of the common Italian breed, neither does he resemble the light, swift African barbs."

"No," replied Valentinian. "He is a much heavier and more powerful animal. My father captured him from a Goth at the battle of Lyons, where his own horse had been killed under him. Some of our Roman jockeys affect to despise the Gothic horses as big and lumpish, but they are swift."

"They are the best horses for chariots," replied Rufinus. "The Equites have one set of four which they will enter for the next race. They are black as night, like Carus there, and are, so far as I know, the only other Gothic horses in Rome. How fine they will look in their red trappings! They are sure of winning. I have invested all my ready money in bets, and I shall quadruple them all."

A few days later the following note was handed to Valentinian:

"Loved Valentinian,—I am ruined. The races are lost beforehand. One of the Gothic horses has fallen lame. The team is pledged for the race; we can only supply its place with a Roman beast, for we know not of another Gothic horse to be obtained in Rome, and there is no time to send to the provinces, else would we do it, for the entire military order are interested; some, like myself, have staked their all, and now see ruin stare them in the face. We have sent in a petition, through the Empress Julia, to have the races postponed until we can obtain another horse from Gaul, but there is very little hope.

Digitized by Google

"*Later.*—The Emperor has refused to postpone the races; he sees here an opportunity to curb the rising power of the army, which he has long feared. If many are in my desperate condition, the tyrant may tremble. Does he not know that in Rome it is the army that creates or dethrones the Emperor? Meantime I am lost. Farewell. Thy frantic RUFINUS."

A wave of pity swept across Valentinian's compassionate heart, and he sat down to write a hopeful, encouraging letter to Rufinus. When he had finished it, a sentence from a letter written to the Roman and other Churches, when persecution had scattered the members of the first Christian Church at Jerusalem, flashed through his mind: "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled: notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful, what doth it profit?" Valentinian pushed the letter from him impatiently. How could he give Rufinus the things which were needful? He could not pay his betting debts and those of the whole army. "What am I to do?" he asked aloud, and as an answer a gentle neigh floated up from Carus's stable. If he lent his horse to the military club, the reds would probably gain the race. What could be plainer? He would have nothing to do with bets and bribes; he would not even see the race; surely every brotherly and Christian instinct called upon him to rescue his friend's honor and fortune, and that of the class to which his father had belonged. Was it because he was so very sure of his duty that he did not drive out and consult his mother? Perhaps, instead, it was a haunting suspicion that she might not consider this a call of duty. He gave himself no time to doubt, or even to think, but went at once to the Prætorian Prefect with his offer.

Carus was accepted, the Prefect in his first burst of gratitude offering Valentinian an important post in the army. This the youth declined; his education had another aim, and he knew that it would break his mother's heart to see him a soldier.

The morning of the races dawned at last. Valentinian had determined not to attend them, and when Rufinus came with a band of gay young knights, he refused to see them. From his window he could see the populace flocking toward the Colosseum; and finding at last that he could not read, he determined to take a walk to the suburbs. As he passed over the Palatine Hill, he turned to enjoy the beautiful prospect—"with palaces adorned, porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts, statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs." Alas! the most prominent object of all was the "gladiators' bloody circus," just at the foot of the hill; and forgetting all his resolutions, he hurried to it, and entered among the last.

He was so late that he could not find a seat in the circle near the front, where he properly belonged, and he mounted to the upper tiers, where he sat, crowded by such companions as beggars and slaves. He looked for the first time upon the place where so many martyrs had poured out their lives for their faith. He could just make out the openings, closed with gratings, through which the wild beasts had been admitted.

His thoughts were snatched suddenly from the martyrs and the past. At the extreme left of the arena stood four four-horse chariots ready for the start. He could tell the colors of the horses, but not, at this distance, that of the trappings which distinguished the class to which they belonged. The four milk-white steeds prancing impatiently before the gilded car must be the Emperor's, and now, as the driver mounts and takes the reins, the roar of applause that circles around the seats tells that Caracalla is to drive in person. There are four bay horses; these he knows have been imported from Asia by the sailors' club; but the horses attached to both of the remaining chariots are black, and he can not tell which belongs to the land-holders and which to the soldiers. The signal for the start is given. The horses will be going away from him for the first quarter of the race, then they will approach him for half the distance. They keep nearly the same pace, and it seems to him, at this distance, a very slow one. Ah! one chariot has fallen behind; it stopped suddenly; there must have been some accident. One of his neighbors suggests that a wheel has come off; but now they can not even tell the color of the horses. The other three chariots are approaching, but how slowly! Surely, if he were driving Carus there, he could outstrip them all. Nearer, nearer, and now he knows that the chariots just abreast are drawn, the one by black and the other by white horses. The chariot gradually falling behind is drawn by black horses too. The merchantmen will lose the profits of their last voyage, for it was their chariot that halted at the outset.

Now the two that are leading the way are just in front of him, and Valentinian realizes that they are really tearing along at a fearful rate. It is only the distance which made them appear to move slowly. The Emperor is bending far forward, lashing his white coursers terribly. He is driving them across the track of the blacks at his side, and is striving to gain the inside of the track. What a cloud of dust! He can make out nothing but a general scramble. Another loud roar echoes from the massive walls. What a frantic waving of scarfs, and eager movement on the seats below! Valentinian can not understand it at all, and a slave at his side explains that Caracalla has cut across the track of the other chariot, and overturned it on his way. Yes, there he emerges from the whirlpool of dust, and sweeps swiftly along alone toward the goal.

No, not alone, for though one set of black horses lie kicking and struggling upon the sand in inextricable confusion, the exploit has consumed time, and the other set of blacks come skimming serenely along, their driver standing erect and motionless as a statue, the steeds gaining, gaining upon the Emperor without any apparent effort. The imperial jockey looks behind him, and again leans forward and lashes his own horses more furiously: evidently he fears for the result. They are neck to neck now, and the goal is only a few yards off. The white horses are galloping frantically, but the steady pace of the blacks carries them ahead by more than three chariot lengths, and the race is won. And won by black horses. How the sun glares, for the awning does not extend over this part of the amphitheatre. If he could only tell whether Carus is one of the victorious four, or one of the four that are being led away after their ignominious tumble! What a noisy hubbub! The spectators are starting to their feet and leaving their seats. "I have lost!" "I have won!" shout the slaves around him. "How do you know whether you have lost or won?" he shrieks. "Have you no eyes?" bawls a sturdy Ethiopian; "there is the color of the winners," and Valentinian, at the end of the course, sees a flag displayed—a scarlet flag. As he hurries down the staircases a soldier's hand is clapped upon his shoulder, other soldiers seize his legs, and he is lifted to a seat upon their shields, and borne unwillingly, in the midst of loud acclamations, to the course. His giddy brain reels with all this excitement: if he can only once get Carus and lead him away, he will never, never enter this place again. What is this?—a crowd of men about a fallen horse. Some one is wiping drops of blood from the animal's nostrils with a sponge; there are more red drops upon his foam-flecked sides—no, they are only the scarlet spangles. "Sunstroke?" asks one of the men. "Perhaps so," replies the man with the sponge. "He wasn't used to racing," remarks the driver; "I had to hold him in all the way, and when we stopped, he just dropped: lucky thing he didn't do it two minutes before."

Valentinian pushed them all aside, and fell in an agony of grief upon the neck of the dead horse. It was Carus.

Digitized by Google

There is little left to tell. Valentinian's mother did not mourn over the death of the horse as much as her son had feared. "He has died in a good cause," she said, "if he has taught you the evils of racing and betting. O that all the youths of Rome might learn the same lesson!"

THE MYTHOLOGY OF GREECE AND ROME.

I.—THE GODS OF OLYMPUS.

THERE were many forms of false worship in ancient times, when the knowledge of the one true God was preserved by the people of Israel alone. Almost every nation had its own system, differing from every other—its own gods, its own legends, and its own orders of priesthood—and learned men disagree as to the manner in which these systems grew up and spread. It is acknowledged that the worship of one God prevailed from the earliest times in the East, which was the cradle of the human race, until after the great dispersion, of which we are told in the Sacred Scriptures, which took place after the Deluge.

As time rolled on, all the races of mankind, with one exception, gradually lost the knowledge of the one God; and as the worship of some kind of superior being is a natural instinct of the human soul, they found objects of adoration in nature, choosing those first, probably, which struck the imagination by their splendor or grandeur, or which exerted the greatest amount of good or evil on the race of man. Sun-worship was one of the earliest forms of false religion. The worship of the moon and stars, of fire and water, was also introduced at a very early period. In later times men came to believe in a multitude of gods, who controlled all parts of external nature. When the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, they ascribed these manifestations to some god who ruled the sky. The rising and setting of the sun and moon seemed to indicate presiding deities of these celestial objects. The sea, lakes, rivers, were believed to have gods of their own. The varying seasons were thought to be under the government of unseen deities; and in this way men at length came to believe in a multitude of gods of various degrees of superiority to the human race.

As men without Divine revelation can not form a conception of a pure spiritual being, they imagined their gods to possess the forms of men or women, and even of beasts. The ancient Greeks assigned human forms to their deities, but believed them to be superior to the weakness and imperfections of man, and to exceed him in power and knowledge. At the same time they were believed to have the same kind of nature as mankind. They had human passions and appetites. Their celestial abodes were similar in form to those of man, and like the dwellers on the earth they stood in daily need of food and repose. Magnificent chariots, drawn by horses or other animals of celestial breed, conveyed them through the clouds, or over earth and sea. The clothing and arms of the gods were fashioned like those of mortals, but of superior material and workmanship. No heathen system contained the idea of an eternal deity—without beginning and without end. According to most systems of mythology, the gods were born, and some systems assigned a limit to their duration.

The gods of Greece and Rome were all of the human form, but immeasurably superior in size and power. The helmet of the goddess Minerva would, we are told, cover the footmen of a hundred towns. When Juno was about to take an oath, she laid one hand on the earth, the other on the sea. The voices of Neptune and Mars were as loud as the shout of nine or ten thousand men. The gods, however, could increase or diminish their size, take the form of particular men, or of any animals, and make themselves visible or invisible at pleasure. Their bodies were of a finer nature than those of men, and instead of blood their veins were filled with a celestial fluid called *ichór*. They could be wounded by mortal weapons, but not slain. Their food was called ambrosia, and their drink nectar.

Olympus, a lofty mountain of Thessaly, was regarded by the early Greeks as the dwelling-place of the gods; but in later times it seems to have been elevated to some celestial region. It is thus described in the Odyssey:

> "Olympus, where they say the ever-firm
> Seat of the gods is, by the winds unshaken,
> Nor ever wet with rain, nor ever showered
> With snow, but cloudless æther o'er it spreads,
> And glittering light encircles it around,
> On which the happy gods aye dwell in bliss."

All the dwellings of the gods upon Olympus were of brass or copper. The gods had different ranks and offices. Jupiter (Zeus) was king of the air and clouds; the sea was the realm of his brother Neptune (Po-

A LITTLE COQUETTE.

Digitized by Google

seidón); the under-world that of Pluto (Aidés). The earth and Olympus were common property, but Jupiter, as eldest brother, exercised a supremacy, and his power was the greatest.

The other inhabitants of Olympus were Juno (Héra), the wife of Jupiter; Apollo, the god of music and archery; his sister Diana (Artemis), the goddess of the chase; and their mother, Leto; Venus (Aphrodité), goddess of love; Mars (Arés), the god of war; Minerva (Pallas-Athéné), goddess of prudence and skill; Mercury (Hermeias), the god of gain; Vulcan (Hephæstos), celestial architect and smith, and a few others. Lesser gods were sometimes bidden to attend at consultations on Olympus.*

[Begun in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE port watch did as they were ordered; that is, after having put everything in order, they stretched themselves lazily on the seats, and let Charley and Joe manage the boat. The tide was now running up the creek, and Joe, using one oar as a pole, rapidly poled the boat on her way. The creek wound in and out through the meadow, and the boat constantly ran aground, so that it was by no means easy work either to find the channel or to keep in it. Half a dozen bridges were passed, under one of which the passage between the piles was so narrow that had it been two inches narrower the *Ghost* would have found her way effectually stopped. Charley and Joe frequently changed places, one steering while the other poled, and thus managed to work the boat through the creek without getting too tired. Poling a boat where the bottom is muddy is no joke, as Joe found after he had fallen overboard twice. There was no trouble in putting the oar on the bottom, or in pushing the boat along, but when he tried to pull the oar out again, it would sometimes stick firmly in the mud, and try its best to pull him overboard. Harry and Tom did not lift a finger to help Joe out of the water when he fell into it, because, as they said, it was their duty not to interfere unless the Captain should call all hands. The water was not over two feet deep, so that Joe was not in any danger, but he was not very well pleased at the way in which Harry and Tom laughed, and he announced that if the port watch intended to laugh every time the starboard watch fell overboard, he should consider it the duty of the latter to drip all over the former.

The creek now broadened into what is called Sheepshead Bay, which is merely an arm of Jamaica Bay, and Charley ran the boat into a small dock, where half a dozen men cheerfully helped the boys to step the mast. The mainsail and jib were hoisted and trimmed, and the *Ghost* began to thread the channel between the islands that are so plentiful in Jamaica Bay. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for the last hour a steady sea-breeze had been blowing, that carried the boat along at the rate of six miles an hour. Joe changed his clothes, ate a biscuit, and enjoyed the relief from the hard labor of poling. Presently Charley called him to take the helm while he studied the chart, in order to find the way to the place where they meant to drag the boat across to Hempstead Bay. The chart was of great use in helping him to find the way among the islands in the western part of the bay; but when the *Ghost* finally reached the broad open water, it was no longer needed, for the houses of Far Rockaway came into sight, and served as landmarks. At twelve o'clock the

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

port watch took charge of the deck, and an hour later the bow of the boat was run ashore at the eastern extremity of the bay, the sails were furled, and lunch was made ready.

The boys had intended to drag the boat over the sandy strip of land between Jamaica Bay and the entrance to Hempstead Bay. They had all said that as the distance between the two bays was only a few rods, it would be easy to get the boat across; but as yet nobody had suggested how it was to be done. When they came to look the matter in the face, they found that what they had proposed to do was quite impossible. The boat would have to be dragged at least twenty rods through deep sand, and not even a team of horses could have performed the feat. "It's no use talking about it," said Tom; "it can't be done. If the *Ghost* isn't sailed into Hempstead Bay, she will never get there."

"Then she shall sail!" exclaimed Charley.

"Have we got to go all the way back to New York Bay and sail outside of Coney Island?" asked Harry. "The *Ghost* is a good boat, but I don't want to go to sea in her."

"We needn't go back to New York Bay. Look at this chart. Here you see Rockaway Inlet. The steamboats come through it into Jamaica Bay. Now from Jamaica Inlet to the entrance to Hempstead Bay, which isn't a regular inlet, but just a channel between Rockaway Beach and the bar outside of it that is all above water at low tide, isn't more than three or four miles. We'll sail back to the inlet, run out of it, and run into Hempstead Bay without a bit of trouble. There's a good steady breeze, and the sea is almost as quiet as the bay. There won't be the least danger in doing it."

"All right," said Harry. "We'll start right away, and get into the other bay as soon as possible. It looks easy enough, but we must be sure to do it before dark."

They all went on board, and the sails were again set. The wind was nearly ahead all the way to the inlet, and the *Ghost* made slow progress. They were nearly opposite the last of the Rockaway Beach hotels, when Joe said, "I must have a drink of water."

* *We shall use the familiar Latin names, giving the Greek forms in parenthesis when they first occur.*

Digitized by Google

This was a very simple remark, but it recalled to everybody the recollection of the fact that there was not a drop of water on board the boat. The boys had drank coffee at their breakfast and at supper the night before, and it had so happened that nobody had wanted a drink of water until Joe mentioned the subject. Not only did they all instantly discover that they were terribly thirsty, but they were ashamed to find that they had started on a cruise on the Atlantic—for after passing through the inlet they would really be on the broad ocean—without a drop of water.

"You made the coffee," said Charley to Harry. "Where did you get your fresh-water from?"

"Out of two bottles," replied Harry, "that I filled with ice-water before we started from Harlem."

"And is that all the water you intended to take?"

"Well, we didn't think much about it, I guess," Harry replied. "But we can go ashore here at the hotel and fill the bottles again."

"Bottles won't do," said Charley. "We must have a cask of water if we're going to cruise on the ocean. Head her for the steamboat landing, Tom, and we'll try to get a water cask."

The only thing that the landlord of the hotel could let the boys have was an empty ten-gallon beer keg. Before it could be used for fresh-water, it had to be rinsed about a dozen times with cold water, and then scalded with hot water. Even then the water with which the boys filled it tasted unpleasantly of beer, but, as Charley assured his companions, any water that was not positively unwholesome would be very welcome if they were to find themselves perishing of thirst. Harry's bottles were filled with drinking water, and with this and the beer cask the boys returned to the boat.

"Does anybody know what provisions we have on board?" inquired Charley.

"Well," said Harry, "I can remember pretty well what we bought, for I bought nearly everything myself, and have got the bill somewhere. Then there is a lot of cake and sandwiches and things that we brought from home with us the day we started."

"Would you mind making out a list of them, and keeping an account of what we use and what we buy?" said Charley. "I'd like to know every day just what provisions we've got to depend upon, and then I can take the responsibility of seeing that we don't run short of food, as we did of water. We must remember that we're making a regular cruise, and not sailing up and down the river for pleasure."

"All right," replied Harry. "You shall have the list the first time I get a chance to make it. I believe as much as you do in having everything ship-shape."

They were now nearing the inlet, and Charley began to feel anxious about the wind. As nearly as he could judge from the chart, the wind, as it was blowing from the southwest, would enable them to sail out of the inlet, but it was quite possible that the channel might lie in such a direction as to prevent the *Ghost* from making the attempt until the wind should change. It was nearly four o'clock, the time when the excursion steamers were starting for New York, and it was necessary to keep a look-out for them, for the steamboat channel was narrow and winding, and though the *Ghost* might apparently be quite out of the path of an approaching steamer, it was always possible that the steamer would suddenly swing round and head directly for the sail-boat. The steamers, however, all passed safely on their way, and disappeared as they rounded the further point of the beach, and passed out of the inlet.

The boys were in excellent spirits, and did not feel the slightest uneasiness about their expected sail on the Atlantic. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to run out of the inlet, and to coast along the beach until they should be once more in the safe shelter of the bay. Never were boys more astonished than they were to find, when they came within sight of the inlet, that across it stretched a line of white breakers through which it seemed absurd to think of sailing a boat.

"That can't possibly be the inlet," said Harry. "There isn't any channel through those breakers."

"It's the inlet, sure enough," replied Charley; "but it looks as if there was a bar right across it."

"Perhaps the bar is put up at night, and they forgot to take it down this morning," suggested Joe.

"How could anybody put a bar across a big inlet?" asked Tom, seriously.

"Charley means there's a sand-bar under the water," said Harry.

"Tom, did you ever see a joke in your life?" asked Joe.

"No, and nobody else ever saw a joke. What do you think a joke looks like? Is it round or square?"

"Joe's are usually flat," said Harry. "But what's the use of talking in this way? What we want to do is to get out of that inlet."

"Let go all your halyards, Joe, and then drop the anchor overboard. We'll stop here awhile, and make up our minds what to do," ordered Charley.

The *Ghost* was soon riding quietly at anchor in three feet of water. Charley looked carefully at the line of breakers, wondering where the channel could possibly lie. Suddenly it occurred to him that the breakers were not caused by a bar, but by the tide, which was running out of the bay, meeting the swell of the ocean. "There's a channel there somewhere, deep enough for big steamboats, and if we only knew just where it was, we'd try it," said Charley, after studying the matter for some time.

"Shall we get through the breakers without getting full of water?" inquired Tom.

"I don't know. I suppose we'll have to take our chances. Boats do go through the inlet every day, and I never heard of one getting swamped."

"Let's wait here until we see some boat go in or out. We can see how she gets through, and where the channel is," suggested Tom.

The idea was a good one, and the boys all agreed to wait. In the course of half an hour a fishing-boat no larger than the *Ghost* made its appearance, coming from the direction of Canarsie, and bound out of the inlet. The boys watched her closely, and noticed just what course she took. When she reached the breakers, she passed through them as easily as if she was in smooth water, only a little spray flying over her bow, and not a drop apparently entering her cockpit.

"Pshaw! we've been waiting here for nothing," exclaimed the Captain. "Hoist that mainsail, the port watch. Up with the anchor, the starboard watch. Now run up the jib, Joe, and one of you fellows haul in the jib-sheet. Look out for your heads, everybody, when the boom swings around."

The *Ghost*, turning her head toward the inlet, ran straight for the breakers. The boys had confidence in their Captain and in the boat; but it did seem rather nervous work to sail straight into the curling and breaking seas. Charley himself began to fear that he had made a mistake, but it was now too late to draw back.

"Come aft here, everybody!" he exclaimed. "We must keep her head as high out of the water as we can. Now, boys, hold on to something, and don't be frightened. It will all be over in a minute."

The *Ghost* was now flying with the wind and tide, and in another moment she was in the rough water. She drove her nose straight into a curling sea that broke on her deck with a crash as if it would stave it in. A shower of spray flew all over the boat, and half a hogshead of water poured over the wash-board into the cockpit. But the good little boat did not seem to mind it. The danger

Digitized by Google

was passed almost in a second, and the *Ghost* was now fairly at sea in smooth water, and Charley was easing the main-sheet, and heading her to the eastward.

"There! we did it, you see," cried Charley, exultingly. "Only," he added, "I don't want to do it again."

"We're as wet as we used to be in the *Whitewing*," said Joe; "and I'm afraid everything on board is as wet as we are."

"Then don't lose any time in bailing her out," said Charley. "Get a couple of tin pans and bail, while one of you pumps. We'll have the water out in no time."

It took, however, a good deal of time to pump the boat dry, and Charley secretly admitted to himself that had the *Ghost* shipped another such sea, she would have been in a dangerous situation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELL COUNTS HER CHICKENS.

BY AMANDA SHAW ELSEFFER.

"AUNT LENA, come look at my chickies;
They have a house all to themselves;
It's very much bigger than Dickie's;
They sleep in a row on the shelves."

"And how many have you?" asked Auntie.
"I'll count them," said dear little Bell.
"There's Speckle, and Top-knot, and Bantie,
And that little lame one is Nell;

"And papa calls this *Coach-in-China*,
The greediest one of the lot;
And that one we named for old Dinah,
Because it's as black as a pot;

"And Brownie, and Whitey's her mother,
And Yellow-legs there by the door,
And Shanghai, and Prince, and another,
And Graywing, and Dot, and one more;

"And there, you see, 'way in the corner,
Is Patsy—we call her Cross-patch—
And Ned says she looks like a mourner,
But I know she's going to hatch.

"And so I have five that are hidden,
But Patsy knows what she's about,
And won't come away if she's bidden
Until she can bring them all out.

"I do hope that one is a Bantie,
And don't you want one for Elaine?"
"Well, how many have you?" "Why, auntie,
I s'pose I must count them again."

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT.

BY DAVID KER.

"SO you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people?" said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his arm-chair by the fire. "Well, I've seen plenty of them in my time, but the bravest man I ever knew was a young Ensign in our regiment, whom we used to call 'Gentleman Bob'—and right well he deserved the name, though not as we meant it.

"Soldiering's a very different thing now from what it was in my young days, and men have learned—what it's a pity they didn't learn sooner—that a man may make none the worse officer for being a gentleman and a Christian. Henry Havelock taught us that pretty fairly, but in the rough old times it was a very different thing. Then the harder an English officer drank, and the louder he swore, and the more he bullied his men, and the readier he was to fight a duel or to join in any low frolic, the better his comrades liked him, and I'm afraid we were much the same as the rest.

"So you may fancy what we thought when a man like 'Gentleman Bob' came among us, who was always quiet and sober and orderly, and instead of brawling and rioting like the rest of us, spent all his spare time over dry scientific books that we knew nothing about, and read a chapter of the Bible every morning and evening. How we did laugh at him, and make mock of him, to be sure! But the provoking thing was that he never seemed to mind it one bit, and he was so good-natured, and so ready to do any one a good turn when he could, that it certainly ought to have made us ashamed of ourselves; but it didn't, more's the pity.

"But before long something *did* make us ashamed of ourselves, and this was it. Our Colonel was in a great hurry one day to find out the whereabouts of a village that wasn't marked on his map, and none of us could help him, when, lo and behold! forward stepped 'Gentleman Bob,' with a neat little map of his own drawing, and there was the very place, just where it should be. The Colonel looked at it, and then at us, and said, grimly, 'It's not often, gentlemen, that the youngest officer of a regiment is also the smartest: let this be a lesson to you.'

"You may be sure this reproof made us none the more merciful in talking against poor Bob; and perhaps we might have done something more than talk but for a thing that happened one night at mess. Our junior Captain, a rough, bullying kind of fellow, was going to empty a glass of wine over Bob's head, when the Ensign grasped his wrist, and overturned the wine upon him instead, and the wrist was black and blue from that squeeze for many a day after.

"About a month after this, one of our men, who used to have fits of madness every now and then, from an old wound in the head, came flying along with a big knife in his hand, slashing at everything within reach. Some cried to shoot him, but Bob said, quietly, 'A man's life is worth more than that: let me try.' And in a moment he had seized the fellow's knife-hand, and tripped him so cleverly that he was down before we could call out; and then some of the men came up and secured him.

"Of course we could say nothing against Bob's pluck after that; but all this was a trifle to what was coming. A few days later came one of the greatest battles of the war, and we were so hard pressed on the left (where my regiment was) that at last there was nothing for it but to fall back. We formed again under cover of some thickets, but even there we had enough to do to hold our ground, for the enemy had brought up several guns, and were giving it to us pretty hot.

"Suddenly, between two gusts of smoke, one of our wounded, lying out on the open plain, was seen to wave his hand feebly, as if for help. It was one of our Lieutenants, who had been harder than any one upon 'Gentleman Bob,' and his chance was a poor one, for it seemed certain death to try and reach him through such a pelt of shot, while if a bullet didn't finish him, the scorching sun was pretty sure to do it.

"All at once a man was seen stepping out from the sheltering thicket, and that man was 'Gentleman Bob.' He never looked to right or left, but went straight to where his persecutor was lying helpless, and tried to raise him. At first the French banged away at him like fury, but when they saw what he was doing, several officers called out, 'Ne tirez pas, mes enfants' ('Don't fire, my boys'), and raised their caps to him in salute. Bob lifted the wounded man gently in his arms, and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lines; and such a cheer as went up then I never heard before or since."

"And did that horrid Lieutenant die, uncle?"

"Luckily not," answered the Colonel, laughing, "for I'm sorry to say the 'horrid Lieutenant' was no other than myself."

"Oh, uncle! were you ever as naughty as that?" lisped a tiny voice, in tones of amazement.

Digitized by Google

"But what became of 'Gentleman Bob'?" asked an impatient boy.

"He's now my respected brother-in-law, and your papa," said the Colonel, exchanging a sly look with a fine-looking man on the other side of the room, who had been listening to the story with a quiet smile. "And now that you've had your tale, go and say good-night, for it's high time for by-by."

THE STORY OF PALAI.

BY E. MULLER.

GRANDMA MERONNE sat in her garden, near Morges, on Lake Geneva, telling stories to Gustave Meronne and an American boy from the school at Geneva.

"Just out there," said Madame Meronne, pointing to the shining blue water, "there lived a boy a long time ago."

"Where, Grandmère?" asked Rob Grayson. "Over at Evian or Thonon?"

"No; just out there on the water. His house was built far out from shore, on a sort of wooden pier, with a long narrow pathway, on piles, leading to land. There was a whole village of such houses, built of logs, with piazzas all around, and carefully barred up on the land side to keep out the bears and wolves and hyenas."

"Hyenas! Oh, Grandmère! how can you?" exclaimed Gustave.

"Yes, hyenas. This was long ago, I said; and the boy's name was Palai. He was brave and hardy from his babyhood, and even when he could only creep, his mother had to tie a string to him, and fasten him to the house, or he would have crept on land or into the water, for he would not stay quiet a moment. When he could run about, his father showed him how to make a knife out of stone, and many an hour's hard work Palai had rubbing his knife on a great stone slab which lay in the middle of the house on purpose to sharpen things on. His father gave him a hollow bone of a deer to make a knife-handle, and then Palai was allowed to go on shore, and watch the cows and sheep at pasture. He was expected to keep off bears and wolves—yes, and hyenas, Gustave—with no weapons but a wooden club and this stone knife, which, by-the-way, was nothing like your knives, but more like a carpenter's chisel, as its sharp edge was at the end instead of the side. In summer Palai enjoyed his pasture-watching, and busied himself making more knives and spears, and pretty beads from bones and colored stones found along the lake.

These were Palai's pleasant hours; but in winter, when the cattle were driven close to the lake, and Palai and other boys had to spend long cold nights watching for wild animals, it was not so pleasant. Palai's grandma—yes, Gustave, he had a grandma—used to tell him of the fearful beasts she had heard of in her youth, some of which her grandfather had seen. He had seen a bird so large that its legs alone were taller than he, and one of its eggs held as much as a hundred and forty hen's eggs. This was a Dinornis, and Palai wished he could have gone bird nesting after such eggs. Then there was a great dragon—the Labyrinthodont—which had been seen by Palai's grandma's great-grandfather; and the Dinotherium, a beast twice as large as an elephant, and many other fearful creatures. Palai never said 'Oh, grandma!' when she related these wonders. He had seen the huge bones of some of these creatures lying among the caves and rocks on the hills, and he wished constantly to meet and kill some great animal, for he was very brave. 'Never mind, Palai,' his grandmother said, 'these great beasts may have left this country, but there is always

PALAI AND JURASSA.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Digitized by Google

A LONG-AGO BABY.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

something great to be done, if one is brave.' When Palai was about fourteen, his father allowed him to go hunting with him to kill a cave-bear—an animal nearly twice as large as the bears we see now.

"Palai and his father each carried a club, tied to the waist by deer-skin strings, a knife, and a long wooden spear with a stone head. It was a great honor for a boy to be allowed to hunt the cave-bear; only very brave men attacked this beast, so Palai felt proud.

"But he knew the danger, and that he might never come home again, so he gave presents to all his friends and relations to remember him by. To his mother he gave a new distaff and stone spinning weights which he had made; to his grandmother he gave a wolf-skin to make a warm robe; and to his friend Jarassa—a nice little girl who lived in the next house—he gave a long string of pretty beads, which he had cut and polished just for her.

"'I won't forget you, Palai,' said Jarassa. 'But do something brave.'

"'I will,' said Palai.

"The country was not fair and smooth as it is now; great rocks were more frequent than grassy fields. The Bernese Alps were always covered with snow to their very base, as the top of Mont Blanc is now; and in the thick dark forests lived wild beasts which were as eager to find the hunters as the hunters were to find them.

"'Palai,' said his father, 'this bear is of the fiercest; it carried off two of our cows.'

"'I do not fear,' said Palai.

"'This is not play, like killing a wolf in the flock, or crossing the lake in your canoe. You must kill or die.'

"'I do not fear,' said Palai, who knew that his father was trying his courage, as was the custom among hunters.

"Two other hunters joined them, and before long they

had climbed the hills, and found the cave-bear at home. Palai's dog, a thin wolfish creature, with long stiff hair, gave the alarm; but before they could throw themselves behind trees, this fearful monster sprang from his cave, and threw down Palai's father. Palai rushed forward, and struck the beast with his club, and the other hunters shouted and struck it with their spears, till it turned on them. Then they ran away. You can not blame them; they thought Palai's father was dead, and it was no use throwing their lives away. But Palai did not run. As the bear rose to grasp him, he threw himself under it, and stabbed furiously at its heart, killing it almost instantly, so that it fell upon him. When the other hunters saw this, they came and dragged Palai out, nearly smothered; and great was their rejoicing, till they found that Palai's father, for whom he had risked his life, was dead.

"Palai's father was a kind of chief among the villagers, so there was great mourning among the people, which prevented their being very glad over the death of the terrible bear. But as soon as their mourning was over, Palai learned that he was to be chief, young as he was, for no other hunter in the village had ever tried to stab a cave-bear by getting under it—and on his first hunt, too. Then all the people brought to his house presents of skins and grain, stone knives and kettles, bone beads, and woven cloths, and canoes, so that he was the richest as well as the bravest in the village. Then his mother and grandmother were proud of him, and so was Jurassa."

"And is that all?" asked Rob.

"That is all I know of Palai," answered Grandma Meronne.

"I never heard you tell such a queer story, Grandmère," said Gustave. "Half fairy story, and half made up."

"No, it is not half 'made up,'" said Grandma Meronne. "When you are old enough to read about the Lake-Villages of Switzerland, and how many things were found in one house, you will believe me."

"But the dragons, the Laby— *Oh*, Grandmère!" exclaimed Gustave, incredulously.

"They all lived, my Gustave, as surely as you do; but their lives were in the Neozoic Age."

HOW TINKER BRADLEY FOUND THE NORTH POLE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

THE winter had been a long one and very hard. The ice on Deacon Potter's mill-pond had been wonderfully hard, and had staid so until the first week in March. Then it began to grow slushy, and the skating was gone, but the winter hung round in one way and another until after the 1st of April.

It was just as all the old folks said, nevertheless. When so hard a winter as that was did at last break up, it went in a hurry, and the spring followed it like a ready-made coat, only needing to be picked out and put on.

That was the reason why the weather was so warm the second week in May that all the boys and girls in the class in geography at the Putnamville Academy were glad to hear Professor Hackleman talk about the Arctic Ocean. It was cooling and comfortable to know about such a deal of snow and ice. It was all the better, perhaps, to sit and hear about it with all the windows open, and a lost bumble-bee buzzing around the ceiling.

Some of the boys and girls in that class were young ladies and young gentlemen, and could sit still and be dignified without an effort—at least so long as Professor Hackleman turned his eyes so fast along the benches, and sent so many sudden questions flying here and there. More than half, however, were somewhere about the age and size of Tinker Bradley, and nobody had ever known him sit still so long as he did that morning. His mouth was open, too, and that was almost proof that he was thinking of something.

Perfectly still he kept until Professor Hackleman remarked, "The North Pole, my young friends, is a place where winter remains the year round, and where the ice and snow do not melt—not even in May."

Tinker Bradley's mouth shut like a steel-trap, but it opened again, almost instantly, with, "I know where it is, then; I found it last Saturday."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes, sir; there's three woodchuck holes on the side-hill."

"My young friend, if you have found the North Pole, and know where it is, you know more than any other living man," said the Professor.

"Yes, sir," said Tinker Bradley.

That was not the first time by a good deal that the vast extent of his knowledge had occurred to the mind of Tinker Bradley, and when, at the noon recess, a dozen boys of his own size asked him questions about it, he stoutly answered: "It's just what he said it was, and it's over in the hemlock woods north of our pasture lot. If you don't believe it, I'll go and show you right away after school. Show you three of the biggest woodchuck holes you ever saw, too, and a crow's nest, and a place where there's going to be cords of raspberries."

It was enough to spoil school for all of them on so hot an afternoon as that, and they were hardly let loose at three o'clock before there was a small army, with Tinker Bradley at its head, marching straight away across the green.

On they went, over the bridge and up the hill, and they were all puffing and nearly out of breath when they reached the bars that let down into Mr. Bradley's pasture lot.

"Now, boys," said their leader, "if we come across the brindle cow, don't you say a word to her. She's got a calf, and she gets mad the easiest you ever saw."

Each one of them made up his mind to let the brindled cow alone; and all would have been well if it had not been for Soddy Corcoran's dog.

They came across the cow, indeed, and her calf was with her; but they made a great bend to the left, and would have been safe if the dog had made the bend when they did. They had hardly noticed that he was with them, he was so very small, until Tinker Bradley shouted, "Soddy! Soddy Corcoran! there goes your dog—right straight for the cow!"

"Ape! Ape! April! coom here wid ye. She'll be the death of ye, sure."

"April? Did you name him—"

"That isn't the whole of it. I've only had him six weeks. Wait till you hear him bark. Hark to that now!"

It was not a bark; it was a growl. The little, grisly, wiry, bow-legged mite of a quadruped was almost hidden by the tuft of grass he was sitting in; but a bush twenty feet high could not have hidden that growl, or the short, hoarse, gruff, threatening bark which followed it. It was no wonder the brindled cow stopped feeding, and began to look around her.

"Did your dog growl that growl?" asked Tinker Bradley.

"'Dade an' he did."

"There isn't room in him for such a growl as that and such a bark. The cow can't find him."

"No more there is. When I got him I thought it was a bad cold he had, an' it wud lave him wid warrum weather, but he's only worse. He's an April-fool of a dog, and that's his whole name."

Again and again all that big sound was thrown at the head of the brindled cow, and she knew it came from somewhere in the grass. She saw the wiry-haired bit of a quadruped, of course, but she was an old experienced

Digitized by Google

cow, knowing all about dogs, and she knew the bark could not come from him.

Those boys! She knew a good deal about boys, and she had never before seen so many at once in that pasture lot. Her calf could be left alone for a moment, with nothing to hurt him but a tuft of yellow hair in a bunch of grass. She herself went at once after that Polar Expedition.

It was already running, every boy of it, as fast as its many short legs could carry it, and the cow had no idea how triumphantly Soddy Corcoran's dog was galloping over the grass behind her. He had no doubt whatever but what he had scared the calf's mother, and was chasing her.

The boys made for the north fence, because it was nearest, but not all of them would have reached it in time if the cow had not hesitated for a moment just as she got almost among them. She stopped in her tracks, with her head down, and right behind her, almost under her heels, again arose that awful growl and the short hoarse bark. There was no room in that dog for a longer bark of that thickness, but it made the angry cow wheel to look for it.

"Woof! Ur-r-r-r-r! Woof!"

Right at her heels all the time, and nothing to be seen, however fast she might wheel, for Soddy Corcoran's dog was determined to sit in a safe spot, and the cow, after all, might have hooked for half an hour without hitting so small a mark.

"Ape! Ape! Sure an' ye've fooled her enough for wanst. Coom along, now."

He might not have obeyed, but the cow either thought of her calf just then, or was frightened at having so near her what seemed to be a bark without a body, for she suddenly ceased wheeling after it, and galloped back across the pasture lot.

"Now, Tink, where's your North Pole?"

Three or four boys asked that question, one after another, but Tinker Bradley stoutly replied: "Come right along. We're in the woods now. It's only a little ways further. There's the first woodchuck hole."

There it was, sure enough, and the moment the boys saw it they began to have more confidence, for the cow had chased some of that out of them. In less than five minutes Tinker said, "There's the second woodchuck hole. Maybe you'll begin to believe what I told you."

Some of them would indeed have been nearly ready to look around for poles of some kind, but then the *north* pole—that was another thing.

The hill-side grew steeper and steeper, with great rocks and bowlders showing here and there among the hemlocks; and now Tinker Bradley shouted: "There's the third woodchuck hole! What do you think of that?"

They had never seen any hole in the ground made by any woodchuck that yawned upon them with so very wide a mouth, and it almost seemed as if the weather must be growing cooler. Still, nobody had ever heard of polar bears being found in Bradley's woods.

"Here we are. I'll show you."

"Why, Tink, it's the Gulch."

"Come right along. Follow me."

So they did, and the whole procession disappeared, to its last boy, between the jaws of that deep, jagged, gloomy ravine. That is, it would have been gloomy if everything around it had not been so green, and if it had been evening instead of afternoon.

Away up to within twenty or thirty rods of the upper end of the Gulch, and then Tinker Bradley halted, with just enough of breath left to shout: "There it is! Didn't I tell you?"

Straight before them, as they turned their eyes to the right, where he pointed, was a great wide fissure, cloven in the rock. Above, it was almost closed over by a leaning crag, and the upper edges, sixty feet from the bottom, were thickly lined with hemlocks and cedar bushes. Nobody could guess how deep it went in, for it was packed full half way up with what was as nearly like ice as anything they had ever seen. No sunshine could reach it. The rocks and trees protected it. It was a great natural ice-house, and was doing its duty capitally.

"That ain't the North Pole."

"Then Professor Hackleman don't know, that's all. He said it was a place where the snow and ice didn't melt in May."

"Woof! Ur-r-r-r-r! Woof!"

Soddy Corcoran's dog was with his master again, and had seated himself in the shadow of a big stone to give his opinion of Tinker Bradley's discovery.

"You're right, me boy!" exclaimed Soddy. "That's one April-fool, and you're another."

"Isn't it all there—the ice and the snow? And didn't I show you the three woodchuck holes?"

"'Dade an' you did. It's worth comin' to see any day."

They each broke off a big piece of the North Pole to show to Professor Hackleman. That is, they all started for the lower end of the pasture lot, away below the cow, carrying as large a fragment of ice to each boy as he thought he could get home with. Every piece had to be broken smaller before they reached the bars, however, and by the time they got home they all knew that if the North Pole is to stay frozen, it must be left where it is, especially in May, for their share of it had melted.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 80, May 10.]

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was about five minutes of quiet, only broken by the scratch of pens, and then Mr. Gorham went round and collected the papers.

Susie's face was very bright. Florence saw it, and bent her own still lower, saying, inwardly: "No wonder she's happy, knowing that she'll have every vote except the one she has written for me. If uncle could only understand how hard it is for me to make friends, and how—"

But all thoughts were interrupted by Mr. Gorham's rising from his seat. His face bore a surprised expression, and he looked again at his paper to assure himself no mistake had been made.

"Oh," groaned Florence, "he thinks it strange that out of the *forty*, I should have only *one!* If uncle wouldn't keep nodding to me!" But there the Squire sat, gently hitting the floor with his cane, and looking one moment at Mr. Gorham, and the next at his niece, with a most hopeful expression.

At length there was perfect silence in the room. The Squire had stopped tapping with his cane, and now held it firmly down with both hands on the heavy gold top, with his face turned toward the teacher's desk.

"I find," announced Mr. Gorham, "on counting the votes"—every ear was strained to catch the result—"that Miss Florence has twenty-eight, and Miss Susie twelve. Therefore Miss Florence will be our Queen." And he turned to the astounded girl with a cordial word of congratulation.

The Squire nodded more vigorously than ever, and pounded away in a regardless manner with his cane, but nobody heard it in the general uproar. Some were clapping their hands, others had flocked to Florence's seat, and were congratulating her. The young girl's face was radiant with delight, and Susie's quite as much so.

Digitized by Google

"You bear defeat bravely," said Mr. Gorham, in his kindest tone, to Susie. "The Squire is asking to see you."

"Ah," said the Squire, as Susie came forward, "we can't all win, you know, my dear. I hope you don't bear Florence any ill-will?"

"Far from it," answered Susie, earnestly. "I wouldn't have it otherwise." And she sent a loving glance toward Florence, which was as quickly returned.

Squire Tracy motioned to Mr. Gorham, and they both stepped aside, and after a few moments of subdued conversation the latter came forward and rang the bell.

"Squire Tracy," said he, "has kindly offered his grounds for the May party, so our fête will be held at Maplewood instead of the grove."

ELECTING THE MAY-QUEEN.

At this announcement the buzzing was louder than ever.

"Fifty times better than those old picnic grounds, where we've been all our lives," said Josie.

"I've always been wild to get in Squire Tracy's grounds," put in Stella, longingly.

"Oh, they're grand," said Sadie. "They have four gardeners all the year round. I went once with papa when he was attending the Squire. That's the advantage, girls, of having one's father a doctor." And she threw back her head playfully.

"Or a minister," added Susie, "for I've been two or three times with papa."

Both speakers were immediately beset with questions regarding the beauty of the Squire's surroundings, and nothing else was talked about all the way home.

"Well, I got my reward pretty soon," thought Susie, as she waved her school satchel to Baby, who was throwing kisses from the nursery window; "for I should enjoy a day at Squire Tracy's more than anything I can think of, and I shall never forget Florence's expression when Mr. Gorham announced the good news. I never felt so like crying, but I kept back the tears for fear Florence would think I was terribly disappointed."

And what were Florence's thoughts at the same moment?

"To think the girls really like me!" as she passed up the broad and softly carpeted staircase; "and Mr. Gorham, too, seemed so pleased! Oh, *how* I shall study now! And to think uncle really patted me on the head, and said, 'I'm delighted with you, my child!' That was the best of all. What *will* Bessie say when she hears it? I must begin a letter to her this very moment," and the happy girl hummed a lively air as she opened her portfolio. "There! I hope uncle didn't hear me." Then opening a letter: "I must read again just what he wrote to Aunt Rebecca, and keep it constantly in mind: 'If Florence comes to live with me, she must be studious and quiet, for I have lived so long alone that I can not bear the thought of a romping girl setting things topsy-turvy.' Well, I've been that to the very letter, 'studious and quiet,' but I feel to-day like opening the piano, and pounding away on it every college song Ray ever sang for us; but no, 'studious and quiet,' 'studious and quiet,'" and her pen ran noiselessly over the sheet before her as she wrote the following letter:

"MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have time for a few words before dinner, and I never wrote you in so happy a frame of mind. You know I told you how all the girls disliked me, and that I didn't feel any more acquainted with them than I did the first day. Well, I made a mistake, for *twenty-eight* out of the *forty* voted for me to be Queen of the May. And my opponent was Susie Kingman, the one I wrote you all the girls were crazy over, and who reminded me of you more than any one I ever saw. It seems even now as though there must be some mistake; but no, I remember how cordial the girls were, and that they didn't seem particularly surprised when Mr. Gorham read the result. But, Bessie, the best thing of all was that *uncle was there!* When he came into the room, I trembled from head to foot, for I only expected one vote. Dear me! the tears are falling all over this, but they are joyful ones. Well, uncle was delighted, called me 'My child,' and talked to me about school in the kindest manner all the way home—talked more in that quarter of an hour than all the rest of the time I've been here. Bessie darling, this is what I've prayed for—that uncle would care for me if only a very little, for it is dreadful to be in the house with mamma's own brother and have him take no notice of me, except by giving me money and presents; but that 'My child' was worth them all. The bell is ringing for dinner. I haven't told you half how happy I am. Uncle has offered his grounds for the affair, which comes off the last day of school. Will wonders never cease? Your ever loving FLO."

Ah! if Susie could have seen that tear-blotted letter that was kissed and cried over by the little absent sister, she might well have said, "I have my reward already."

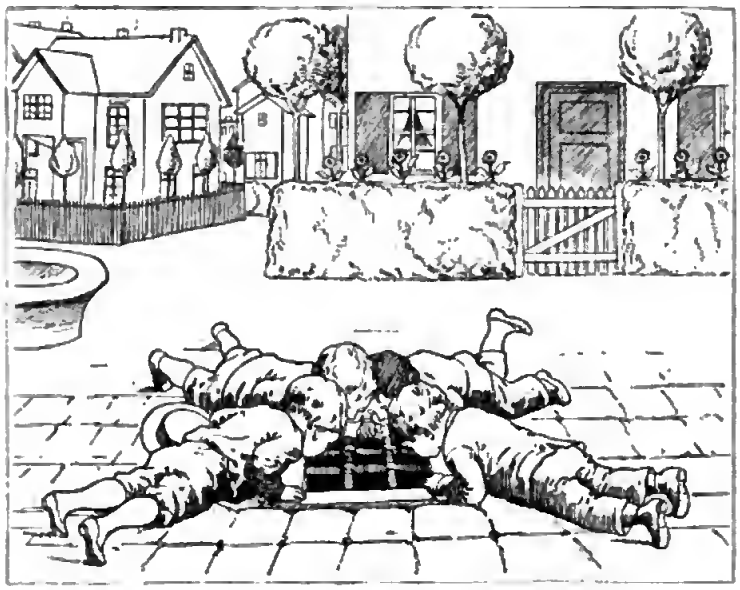
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

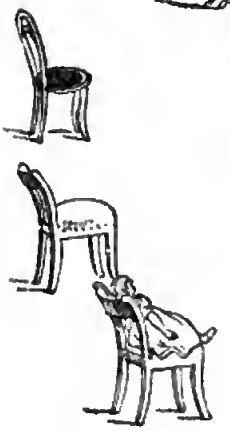
PINAFORE RHYMES.—(*Continued.*)

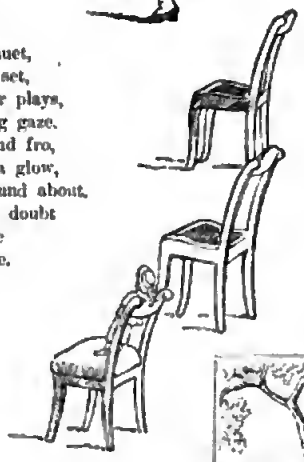
As I walked on the beach at sunset
A ship sailed over the bay;
And a little girl with a poodle
Was on the sands at play;
But when I came back an hour later
They all had gone away.

My beautiful ball has gone down in the hole,
And lies there in the cellar amongst the coal;
We shall never be able to fish it out,
And the rats and the mice they will roll it about.



Little Annie,
Little Fannie,
Dance a charming minuet,
Make a cunning little set,
While their little sister plays,
And the dolls admiring gaze.
They go tripping to and fro,
Till their blood is in a glow,
Turning round and round about,
That is lots of fun no doubt
Both for Annie
And for Fannie.





Why, what has my pretty one found—
An old shoe lying there on the ground?
And what does she think she will do
With such an old castaway shoe?

It is in such a terrible plight,
The cobbler would laugh at the sight.
To drop it's the best one can do
With such an old castaway shoe.

What is the matter with greedy Jim,
That he should blubber and roar?
Because he has eaten a peck of plums,
And can not eat any more.

Digitized by Google

HELENA, ARKANSAS.

My uncle takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me, and I am very much interested in it.

Last summer mamma and I went to Grand Isle, in the Gulf of Mexico, where we had fine sailing, fishing, and plenty of shrimps, oysters, and crabs. We sailed over to the place where it is said that Lafitte, the pirate, used to keep his treasures. It is a beautiful spot, with groves of oranges, beautiful oleanders, and quantities of grapes and melons. I like the bathing, and I gathered beautiful shells and gulls' eggs. I like Louisiana better than Arkansas, because there we have sea-bathing, and lots of sugar-cane and oranges.

My brother is breaking a pony for me to ride, and I have another brother in Europe. He is a midshipman, and he sends me beautiful things, and writes to me about the pictures and palaces and ruins. His last letter was from Rome.

I am ten years old, and until this spring mamma taught me at home. Now I go to school, and my sister gives me music lessons, and mamma teaches me French. OLIVA H. O.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and can not walk. I have been in bed for nine months with inflammatory rheumatism. A great many pleasures come to me, though, and one is YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa has bought us every number published, and through all my sickness I have read it, or had it read to me by mamma. I read all the letters carefully, with much interest, and sometimes I hear of a little boy or girl afflicted as I am. I assure you I know how to sympathize with them. Mamma is writing this for me, as I have very little use of my hands.

I have ten chickens. They are all named. A yellow one I call Coachie; she comes into my room every morning and lays an egg behind the coal-box. I can tell which hen lays every egg; then we write the name on the egg, and date it. Last week papa took an old rocking-chair and put wheels on it, and now every day I can be taken to the back door and see all my chickens fed. I enjoy it, after being in one room for so long. My papa used to be a doctor, and he says when I get stronger I will be able to walk again. I have two sisters older than I am, but no brothers. A. MAUDE N.

WABKEENEY, KANSAS.

I think I have the earliest chickens. We have twelve that were hatched on March 4. We call them our inaugural chickens.

My auntie, who lives near, has two beautiful tame antelopes. We have lots of fun playing with them.

We have been gathering wild flowers here ever since the middle of March, and to look out on the prairie now is just beautiful. JENNIE MAY M.

WEST CHESTER, NEW YORK.

Now that summer is near, I thought that some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to know a way to dry plants. The plants to be preserved should be gathered when the weather is dry. The end of the stem only should be placed in water for a single day. Then arrange the plant between several leaves of stout blotting-paper, and pass gently over it a large flat-iron, slightly heated, until the moisture is gone. This will fix the color of the plant. Succulent thick-leaved plants require more heat than others.

These preserved specimens should always be kept in a dry place, as dampness destroys them at once. They should be neatly mounted on a card, or on the leaves of a herbarium. W. E. B.

MAGOS VALLEY, NEVADA.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE so much, and the little letters are so nice! I have not seen any from this place, and my sister says she does not believe they are real letters, but I think they are.

We live twenty-five miles from the Pinie Indian Reservation at Walker Lake. There are a great many Indians here, and they work for the white people. I am nine years old. ROSA BELLE B.

CLYDE, IOWA.

I felt so sorry for Phil, in the story of "Phil's Fairies," for I am a cripple too. I am not so bad as he was, because I can walk. I think he had a nice time when the fairies came to see him. I wish they would come to see me. Can any one tell me how to make a harp like Phil's? My sister says it is called an Æolian harp. CARRIE M. K.

Directions for making an Æolian harp were given on page 310 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Vol. I.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am going to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about our parrot. She acts as though she knew as much as any one. She will whistle, and call the dog, and will sing and cry, and call all the children by their names. One time we lived near a lady who had a little boy named Georgie. He used to run away a good deal, and his mother would go out and call him. In a little while Polly would call Georgie, and it sounded just as if the lady was calling. Polly plays out in the grass with us when we play tag, and enjoys it as well as we do. She will run after us, and halloo and scream. If any one happens to cough, Polly will cough and cough as if she had a bad cold.

When I went away last summer, mamma said that Polly went up stairs and all around, calling and looking for me, and when I got home she followed me everywhere, out to the gate, and even on to the sidewalk. Every morning when I come down stairs she says, "Halloo." She came from Australia, and is about twenty-five years old. She is green, and has yellow on the top of her head. If anything should happen to her, I should feel as bad as Toby Tyler did when Mr. Stubbs was killed. K. L. H.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I think I am right in guessing that the pet of Iris and Myrtle Brockway is a piano.

We, too, have a pet in our house. It is often quite musical, and always a great joy. It is our new little sister Maggie. NELLIE P. H.

STANSTEAD, CANADA.

I was seven years old in April, and mamma gave me the bound volume of YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday present. I like "Toby Tyler" very much, but I think it was real mean to make Mr. Stubbs die. I have named my new little kitty Toby. I live one hundred miles from Montreal. We make lots of maple sugar here. CHARLIE W. H.

ROCK ISLAND ARSENAL, ILLINOIS.

I have had so many applications for my stamps that I know how to sympathize with Percy McDermott. I have received over sixty letters, and I only had stamps enough to exchange with eight or ten. I have increased my collection considerably by the exchange, but my stamps are exhausted now. Still the letters keep coming, but I beg correspondents not to write any more. CLEM FLAMLER.

HAMPTON COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about our Newfoundland dog. Our aunt sent it to us from Columbia, 100 miles, by express. It is named Bruin, because it looks like a huge black bear. It is such a smart dog. When it hears a certain hymn song, it comes in, lays its head on papa's shoulder, and howls. It won't howl for any other tune. One day mamma told the cook she wanted some eggs, and Bruin trotted off and brought one in its mouth from the nest without breaking it. It always brings us something, if only a pine burr, when we come home. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We live near the coast in South Carolina, and we go fishing in a river near us called Coosawhatchie. A great many places here have Indian names. I have one sister, and no brothers. I am nearly ten years old.

JAMES TILLINGHAST M.

MILES CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I thought I would write and let YOUNG PEOPLE know that somebody is living away out here. We are only two miles from Fort Keogh, which is a very pretty post. There are lots of Indians camping around. They are Sioux and Cheyennes. They come to town every day, painted up in all colors, to sell their bows and arrows. There are about five thousand in all.

We have twenty-eight cows, and almost all of them have calves. Two of the calves are great pets. One is a little spotted fellow, and we named it Tulip. Then we have two buffaloes and seventy-five chickens. FLORA C. B.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I have only just received a number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE which should have come a month ago. I suppose it was detained by the great floods. Omaha was flooded by the Missouri River, and a great many people had to leave their homes, but the water did not reach as high as our house. Papa took me to the river when it was so very high. It looked grand to see the river five miles wide, and great logs floating down, looking like huge whales. The wharf-men caught many things that came floating down. One man caught a keg of eggs, another two tables, two bedsteads, and a cradle. HELEN L. G.

REYNOLDSBURG, OHIO.

So many have written to me for postmarks that my supply is exhausted. Correspondents will please take notice. WILLIE JOHNSON.

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY.

I wish to inform correspondents that I have no more copper ore to exchange. WILLIE H. BIRTWHISTLE.

I have changed my address. I will now exchange old United States stamps, for stamps from Africa, Liberia, or other foreign countries.

MAUDE H. BROWNER,
1412 Madison Street, Covington, Ky.

I have a fine lot of brown and Dominique Leghorn fowls, a quantity of silver-laced pop-corn for planting (it is the best and most productive and most profitable variety in cultivation), a fine assortment of fresh vegetable and flower seeds; also strawberry plants of all new and leading varieties. I would like to exchange any of the above for a small printing-press and outfit, well-bound books, minerals, woods, or relics, or for choice and rare seeds or plants. Offers from correspondents solicited. Write what you wish to exchange before sending.

FRANK H. LATTIN, Gaines, Orleans Co., N. Y.

I wish to inform those who have written to me and have not received any answer that I have had a long fit of sickness, and could not write, but I will answer as soon as possible.

I also wish to inform those who have sent for arrow-heads and have not received them that my stock is exhausted. If they wish to exchange for any other curiosities with me, I would like it, but if not, I will return their property, if they will kindly write and tell me what they prefer.

P. A. BUTTS,
Bemus Point, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, NEW JERSEY.

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of Danish stamps is exhausted. C. H. JEWELL.

Mamie Morris, Oil City, Pennsylvania, wishes to notify correspondents that, her supply of stamps being exhausted, she withdraws from exchange.

Having received several coins dated earlier than 1820, I withdraw that part of my exchange. I now offer fifteen foreign stamps for the little cent with the eagle, date 1856. MORRISON C. MANCHESTER,
40 Lawrence Street, Lowell, Mass.

I have received over a hundred stamps to exchange for Bahama stamps. As I had only a few Bahamas, I exchanged all I could, and returned the other stamps. Correspondents will please not send for any more Bahamas. WILLIE S. CARLE,
Red Bank, N. J.

I will exchange postmarks for coins, or for foreign or old stamps. I will also exchange minerals for stalagmites, and a trilobite for a stalactite. I have only three trilobites, so I can not give every boy one. EDDIE M. WEYER,
Portsmouth, Scioto Co., Ohio.

I will exchange a painting outfit, for a scroll-saw or a good printing-press; a piece of flint from Ohio, for the same from any other State; or Indian arrow-heads, for old cents, half-cents, or foreign coins.

FRANK RAWIE, Canton, Stark Co., Ohio.

Correspondents will please take notice that my stock of lead ore is exhausted. I will try and get some more this summer if they will wait.

I will exchange a collection of 262 stamps, for a printing-press. NEWTON COMPTON,
Care of Rev. J. M. Compton, Rural Grove,
Montgomery Co., N. Y.

I wish to exchange a magic lantern, with twenty-two slides, all packed in a strong box, for a number of good books. Correspondents will please state how many and what books they are willing to give, stating title and name of author. I will accept the best offer. I am twelve years old.

JAMES BIRSWELL,
P. O. Box 188, Los Angeles, Cal.

I will give twenty-five specimens of minerals, twelve different-sized Indian arrow-heads, twenty-two different coins, with paper money, 300 postage stamps, a stuffed turtle, a shark's-egg case, and many other things suitable for a cabinet, to any person who will send me a good printing-press, with chase not less than 5 by 7½ inches, with type, etc. Please write before sending. Press must be in working order.

C. B. FERNALD,
1128 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

I will exchange my entire collection of stamps, and a stamp album brought from Dresden, Germany, for curiosities of any kind. My collection is a valuable one. It consists of stamps from nearly every country, including South Africa and South America. The United States stamps alone are worth three dollars. There are complete sets of War and Interior, and incomplete sets of Post-office and Agriculture. The whole collection contains 250 stamps and two foreign postal cards. Correspondents will please write on a postal card what they wish to exchange before sending. C. E. P., Box 304,
Winona, Winona Co., Minn.

I will exchange a 1, 2, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30, and 90 cent War Department stamp, for a 1, 2, 6, 7, 10, 12, 15, and 24 cent Treasury Department. Also foreign stamps, for others, or for rare butterflies or bugs. Twelve foreign stamps, for one rare butterfly or one rare bug. ELIJAH G. B.,
522 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A few of the boys of this place have organized a club. We call it the American Mineral Exchange. Our club has been organized about three months. We have a paper called *The Young Naturalist*, which is published semi-monthly. We would like to correspond with any similar clubs among the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE; and we will exchange rare mineral

Digitized by Google

specimens, shells from the South African coast, curiosities, and foreign postage stamps, for other minerals, curiosities, insects, or any kind of natural history specimens. Correspondents will please write and decide upon an exchange before sending specimens. Address

AMERICAN MINERAL EXCHANGE,
P. O. Box 566, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

I have only received arrow-heads in answer to my exchange. I have plenty of stamps, which I will exchange for others. I have stamps from the Sandwich Islands, Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, New South Wales, and uncancelled Heligoland. I wish stamps from Liberia, China, Japan, Ceylon, Africa, South and Central America, and other countries. I will give eighteen different foreign stamps, for one perfect arrow-head. FRED M. CROSSETT,
52 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Twenty postmarks or an old American copper coin, for every set of ten shells. Or a small cannon barrel six inches long, mounted on wheels, for a printing-press with chase not smaller than 2 by 4½ inches, apparatus, and type.
S. D. COOPER, care of W. S. Cooper,
Evans' Mills, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Monograms, autographs, stones from Madagascar, and postmarks, for curiosities of any kind, especially from foreign countries.
ALBERT R. DWALLS,
McPherson, McPherson Co., Kan.

Ocean shells and star-fish, for foreign stamps of any kind. JAMES L. DUDLEY,
P. O. Box 116, Atlantic City, N. J.

A steam-engine, for a single-barrel shot-gun in good order. The engine was bought only six months ago, and cost over ten dollars. It has been very little used, and is almost as good as new. It has a horizontal boiler six inches long, safety-valve, and water-gauge. It works well. H. D.,
P. O. Box 54, Orange Valley, N. J.

Quinine bark, for foreign stamps.
E. W. A. DE LIMA,
36 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

One hundred and ten stamps (all different) and a few duplicates, for a pair of roller skates. Also stamps and postmarks. Offers received for a scroll-saw. EVERETT W. FRAZER,
P. O. Box 257, Orange, N. J.

A scroll-sawed easel, with three hand-painted shells to fit it, for thirty-five stamps of St. Thomas, Mexico, Mauritius, San Marino, Portuguese Indies, and Porto Rico. PAUL L. FORD,
97 Clarke Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten United States postmarks, for ten postmarks (no duplicates). ANNIE T. JOHNSON,
319 University Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Foreign stamps, for curiosities. Fifty stamps (no duplicates), for a genuine Indian arrow-head.
GRACIE KEELER,
6 East Tenth Street, New York City.

Ten and twenty paras, and two-piaster Egyptian stamps, issue of 1879, stamps from Brazil, Mexico, and other countries, for equally good stamps or Indian arrow-heads.
Lock Box 42, Little Falls, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

Five United States stamps, for one foreign stamp. Sea-weed, for foreign stamps or petrifactions.
WILLIAM MITCHELL,
67 Fulton Street, Elizabethport, N. J.

Sixteen different numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for No. 1 of the same if in good condition for binding. No. 1 is included in the sixteen, but is worn so badly at the fold that it can not be bound.
WILLIS P. WOOLARD, Fairfield, Wayne Co., Ill.

Danish, German, Austrian, French, and United States stamps, for others of different kinds.
C. Q. GILL,
1055 Wilson Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A collection of 150 minerals (about 75 different specimens), for a good second-hand magic lantern. Correspondents will please send a description of lantern, and they will receive in return a list of minerals, with a description. BEN C. GRAHAM,
203 West Goodale Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Foreign stamps, for old coins.
NEIL GARRISON,
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Penn.

Fifty postmarks, for a specimen of either gold, silver, copper, or iron ore, curiosities from the Mammoth Cave, or a piece of lava.
ELSIE M. SMITH,
P. O. Box 1101, Iowa City, Iowa.

Three foreign stamps, for an African, Asiatic, Turkish, South American, or United States department stamp. W. E. M.,
16 North Carpenter Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Brazilian silk cocoon, or fossil or crystallized stone from Burlington, Iowa, for a perfect No. 8 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. IVIE D. MILLER,
P. O. Box 272, Oak Park, Ill.

Seven postmarks, for a stamp from Asia or Africa. Twelve postmarks, for a Cape of Good Hope stamp.
W. WILLARD,
2034 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

American silk-worm eggs, for Indian relics or good fossils. An Indian tool or stone hatchet especially desired. Those wishing to exchange will please send as soon as possible, and state how many eggs they wish. FLETCHER M. NOE,
130 East New York Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Twenty-five foreign stamps (no duplicates), or old issues United States stamps, for ten department stamps. THOMAS NIMSON,
1419 Taylor Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A New Testament in Italian (printed in 1808), in perfect condition. Correspondents will please make offers for exchange. NEMO,
P. O. Box 460, New York City.

Postmarks from nearly every part of the United States, also a variety of Internal Revenue stamps, for curiosities. ORY PURDY,
205 Prince Street, New York City.

A Queensland, Hungarian, and South Australian stamp, for a Shanghai stamp. E. PAROLIN,
162 South Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Soil from the District of Columbia, for toy cannons or Indian relics. EDDIE J. PAINOLE,
Lock Box 73, Washington, D. C.

An Indian arrow-head, for a South American coin. A full set of Department of Interior stamps and fifteen foreign stamps, for a flying-eagle penny of 1856. PERSELY PATTERSON,
Cambridge, Guernsey Co., Ohio.

Birch bark from Michigan, for Indian arrow-heads, or foreign stamps. GEORGE RUSSELL,
P. O. Box 116, Lockland, Ohio.

A stamp from Egypt, Finland, Russia, Roumania, Denmark, or Spain, for a stamp from Liberia, Central or South America, or United States State, Justice, or Agricultural Department. A stamp for a stamp. R. A. RANDALL,
529 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Ten foreign postage stamps (no duplicates), for a coin dated prior to 1850. WILLIAM KRUMMEL,
167 Loth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. A.—Zaleucus, about whose law or code you inquire, flourished in Magna Græcia about the middle of the seventh century B.C. He was a very celebrated lawgiver, and his code is believed to be the first collection of written laws which the Greeks possessed. Nothing is known concerning his private life or of his legislation except through very loose and uncertain tradition, but from this it would appear that his laws must have been more stringent than the famous "blue" laws of the Puritans. Journeys to foreign countries were strictly forbidden, as was also the use of unmixed wine. There was also a very hard condition imposed on any one who wanted to propose a new law, or to change or abolish an old one. According to tradition, such a person was compelled to make his proposal in the presence of an assembly called for the purpose of hearing him, and he stood there with a rope around his neck. If the assembly disapproved of his proposition, he was strangled on the spot. In this way Zaleucus, who probably thought that his code was perfect, no doubt believed that he could secure the permanence of his laws.

EDWARD H. P., AND OTHERS.—An advertisement of roller skates was printed on the last page of the cover to YOUNG PEOPLE No. 79, which will tell you where to address orders or send for catalogues. Roller skates can be used with safety on smooth pavements only; and children who use them on crowded streets must be very careful about running against people, especially in turning corners, in order to avoid accidents.

WALTER B. H.—Letters to the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are always welcome, and the privilege of sending them is not confined to subscribers to the paper.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. Minon, J. Reagan, C. Mullen, J. Foran, C. Gill, R. Smith, D. Nolan and Riley, Marcella Street Home, T. M. Armstrong, E. V. H. A., *Addie* and *ArtAter*, Jemima Berston, *Ray R.*, Jessie B. Brown, Jacob Bonds, Courtney Chambers, A. E. Cressingham, G. W. C., Jun., and G. W. C., Sen., George F. C., Columbus, Georgia, E. A. Carteresa, "Cupid," Laura L. Delcombe, Ellis Engleman, "Fish-Hawk," Henry Gottlieb, F. W. Gause, Herbert G. Hopkins, R. Hedges, Alice C. Hammond, William B. Hadley, Walter P. Hills, "*Lady Betty*," "*Lodestar*," W. A. Lewis, Bessie and Edith Nesbitt, "*Pepper*," Grace Palmer, "Quadrant," J. H. Rodgers, G. P. Salters, Alma T. Stacey, "Tel E. Graph," Mabel Thompson, *Howard J. Van Doren*, Claude Villier, Vesta and Annie, "Will A. Mette," L. and M. Williams, J. F. Wright, Willie F. Woolard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO HALF-SQUARES.

1. A species of grain. A characteristic of the tropics. To corrode. A preposition. In tray.
2. An animal. A metal. What every boy is. A preposition. In nail. DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

No. 2.

GEOGRAPHICAL WIND-GLASS.

A river in South America. A city in Egypt. A river in Italy. A group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean. A river in Austria. A city in Germany. A letter. A river in Switzerland. A peninsula in Asia. Centrals.—The name of a noted strait.
LADY BETTY.

No. 3.

SIGNA.

First in coffee, not in tea.
Second in arm, but not in knee.
Third in city, not in town.
Fourth in coat, but not in gown.
Fifth in kettle, not in pot.
Sixth in house, but not in lot.
Seventh in different, not in same.
My whole a well-known out-door game.
G. P. S.

No. 4.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—(*To Ouiet*).

A verse from a celebrated poem by an American poet:

I—t—c—o—l—'b—r—a—f—o—d—f—s—t—e,
I—t—c—i—o—a—o—l—f—,
B—n—t—l—e—n—b—r—v—n—a—t—o:
B—a—c—o—n—h—s—r—f—.
QUADRANT.

No. 5.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 14 letters, and am an institution of learning.
My 8, 2, 3, 4, 12 is to cut.
My 1, 5, 6, 14 is a small animal.
My 8, 9, 10, 7 is never warm.
My 11, 5, 13 is to loiter. FRANK T. H.

2. I am composed of 10 letters, and am the product of trees.
My 10, 6, 9, 4 is a Spanish coin.
My 6, 7, 1 is the product of certain trees.
My 6, 2, 9 is what my whole is made from.
PEPPER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 72.

No. 1. Peacock.

No. 2. 1. Bookworm. 2. Conflagration.

No. 3.

B A L E	F R E D
A R A L	R A T E
L A M B	E T N A
E L B E	D E A R
P A L M	H U G H
A W A Y	U G L Y
L A S T	G L U M
M Y T H	H Y M N

No. 4. Dynamite.

No. 5. 1. April showers bring May flowers. 2. Mr. Stabbs.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

These jolly young people are Hessian,
Who say, "Let us have a procession;
And if 'Dress makes the man,'
Let us do what we can
To make a most pleasing impression."

THROWING A LIGHT.

BY E. M.

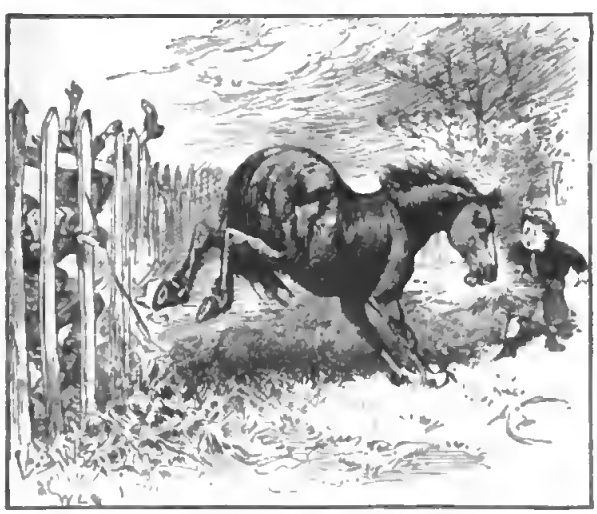
I AM little, but powerful for both good and evil; in fact, I am one of the moving powers of the earth. Thousands of me can be contained in a small space, but I alone, of all my race, was famous and deserving of remembrance in history. I need a great deal of space to make even one of me; and as for history remembering me, I fulfill my purpose; my boundaries are torn down, no one would know I had ever existed, and indeed I am no loss. I can be replaced at the cost of a cent, some of me are worth many dollars, yet I require the outlay of time and strength rather than money. I was unique, a man both feared and loved, credited with being a trifle thrifty, yet one who did noble work, and my name is known wherever the English language is spoken. My master could not force me to comply with his wishes. I am nothing but dull earth, metal, or part of a bird; have no wishes, thoughts, or desires; yet a child or an invalid even can through means of me exert tremendous power.

I make or mar men's lives; I can't make or mar anything; I am only used as a sort of store-house; my precepts have weight to this day. I can be made to express anything—precepts worth remembering, and sayings that should never have had utterance. I am square or long, broad or narrow, pointed or dull; the bigger I am, the better; the smaller I am, the finer. I was of medium size, and used myself a great deal. I could not possibly use myself; am only a means, not an instrument; am neither means nor instrument—only exist. I died, and was regretted; yet can not die, not being animate. I was generally praised, though a late brilliant historian made very savage remarks about me; yet but for me that same brilliant historian would not have been. He probably never saw any of me in his life, yet I was his constant companion. Yellow, white, bronze, made of gold, silver, metal, and earth, yet I was, after all, a famous man, and the world's benefactor.

The Barrel Trap.—This most ingenious device possesses great advantages in its capabilities of securing an almost unlimited number of rats in quick succession. It also takes care of itself, requires no re-baiting or setting after once put in working order, and is sure death to its prisoners. A water-tight barrel is the first thing required. Into this pour water to the depth of a foot. Next dampen a piece of very thick paper, and stretch it over the top of the barrel, tying it securely below the upper hoops. When the paper dries, it will become thoroughly flat and tightened. Its surface should then be strewn with bits of cheese, etc., and the barrel so placed that the rats may jump upon it from some neighboring surface. As soon as the bait is gone, a fresh supply should be spread on the paper, and the same operation repeated for several days, until the rats get accustomed to visit the place for their regular rations fearlessly and without suspicion. The bait should again be spread as before, and a few pieces of the cheese should be attached to the paper with gum. It is a good plan to smear parts of the paper with gum-arabic, sprinkling the bait upon it. When dry, cut a cross in the middle of the paper, and leave the barrel to take care of itself and the rats. The first one comes along, spies the tempting morsels, and with his accustomed confidence jumps upon the paper. He suddenly finds himself in the water at the bottom of the barrel, and the paper above has closed, and is ready to practice its deception on the next comer. There is not long to wait. A second victim soon tumbles in to keep company with the first. A third and a fourth soon follow, and a dozen or more are sometimes thus entrapped in a very short space of time. It is a most excellent and simple trap. By some it is considered an improvement to place in the bottom of the barrel a large stone, which shall project above the water sufficiently to offer a foot-hold for one rat. The first victim, of course, takes possession of this retreat, and on the precipitate arrival of the second, a contest ensues for its occupancy. The hubbub which follows is said to attract all the rats in the neighborhood to the spot, and many are thus captured.

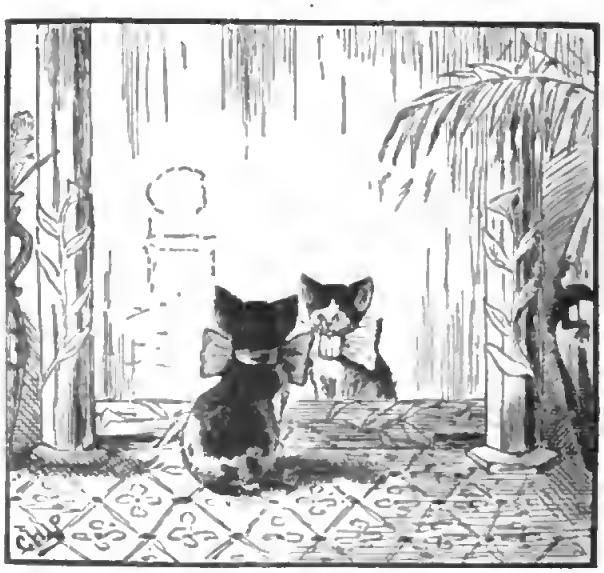
CHARADE.

My first is as bad as my second,
My second's as bad as can be;
My whole is the most famous sailor
That ever sailed over the sea.



When Johnnie's father asked him how he liked the new horse, he replied, "Oh, papa, he's real tame in front, but awful wild behind!"

[*He didn't see the boys behind the fence.*



VANITY.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 83. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, May 31, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

PHIL AND HARDWICK.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

BY M. E. W. S.

OLD Slack Limestone had sat on the steps of the tavern in Dicksonville, and chewed tobacco and told stories until he had acquired the highest perfection in the doing of each. Neither of these roads to fortune is to be commended to youth; but as a proof that excellence is to

be achieved by constant practice, Slack Limestone's example became a good one.

Now and then he would condescend to be useful for a few days. He had a specialty which was invaluable—he was good at laying turf. Perhaps anything that was destined to keep still for a number of years attracted Slack Limestone. That was what *he* would like to do. So when our lawn-tennis ground was being made, Slack agreed to leave the village door-steps to cool for a few days while he turfed the graded ground.

Horatio said that he was going to get Slack to tell him the story of little hunchbacked Philip while the turfing was going on, and we all sat round under the trees and listened. Slack spoke the purest Yankee. It was like the French of the Academy, the pure Tuscan of Florence; it was a language by itself.

"Wa'al," said Slack, pushing back the fringed edge of a lattice-work that had once been a straw hat (Slack had better hats, for he was not poor, but when he relapsed into usefulness he always put on this hat, as a soldier does his helmet when going into action; it was a token to him of the demoralizing influence of labor)—"wa'al, hunchbacked Phil's back's considerably straighter to me than most folks' backs, I tell you. When I comes to rekillect how an' where he got that 'ere back, it looks to me like a plumb-line. He's what I call real grit, anyhow."

"It was some act of bravery in the war, I believe," said Horatio, adroitly pretending to lay a piece of turf straight with his foot.

"No, it warn't," said Slack; "you're jest about as much out of your perpendicler there as that 'ere piece of green swad is out of line. I always calkilates to lay my green swad by water-level, and not to kick it 'round with my boot."

"Oh!" said Horatio, retiring gracefully, "I remember: it was at sea."

"Wa'al, naow, I guess you're pretty well mistaken, tu; 'twarn't neither. Philip he got that 'ere broken back up to Milliken's Mill a-doin' an act of duty, such as none of them lazy fellows that went from here to the war and got paid for layin' 'round and eatin' and kinder handlin' a muskit never did."

"Don't abuse the soldiers, Slack," said Horatio, taking off his hat. "Remember whose grave you turfed up in the cemetery."

"'Scuse me, sir," said Slack, rising and touching the lattice-work; "I ain't forgot Mr. Max, sir. Didn't I take him fishin', didn't I teach him to shoot? But there's soldiers *and* soldiers, and if Mr. Max, your brother, sir, went off to the war because he was a gentleman, there was some as went off because they hedn't no call to stay to hum, and they jest went to git the money. Naow poor little Phil he was too young to go to the war, but I tell you he fit a battle up there to his mill that was a good 'un."

Slack dallied with his "water-level" and his "green swad" for some seconds; like the adroit story-teller that he was, he did not disdain the art of delay.

"The machinery got too much for him, I suppose?" said Horatio, looking at the turf with one eye shut, as if he doubted the water-level.

"Wa'al, there I guess you're as much out of kilter as you were before, naow, for Phil he tended to that 'ere mill before he was seven years old. I remember him, the little shaver, as straight as a popple-tree; no hunch on to him then, naow, you better believe!"

"A child of seven tending that great wheel over that tremendous water-power?" said Horatio.

Slack never answered a question except by asking another, unless his emotions were aroused. He had, like most men of his queer class, a fund of good feeling behind his humor which sometimes betrayed him; but he preferred to be considered contrary and cross-grained.

"Don't you know nothin' about a saw-mill?" said he, cocking up a little gray eye at Horatio, with an enormous contempt hidden behind his pent-house eyebrow.

"Yes; I suppose I know that the water furnishes the power, and that the man shoves in the log," said Horatio, modestly.

"Wa'al, 'tain't that egzactly," said Slack, stamping down a piece of turf. "S'pose I couldn't make you understand ef you don't know nothin' about saw-mills." So, with a deep sigh at the gulf of ignorance that opened before him, he abandoned the idea of instruction, and plunged into his story.

"Ye see, Tim Thompson, Phil's father, he married Seth Jaquith's daughter down to Hardscrabble. She warn't a rugged woman, neither; pritty good-lookin', though, an' real lady in her manners. She kep' the deestrict school three winters, and I guess she hed some edication. Wa'al, Tim he was ambitious, an' he hed a tannery, and a saw-mill, an' a quarry for grave-stuns, and he hed I guess six or seven more irons in the fire; an' sometimes he was rich, and then agen guess he was pritty poor; an' his wife (Alice they called her) she was sick considerable spell, and this 'ere boy Phil was all the children they hed; but they lived up there to the saw-mill, and hed solid comfort when things were a-goin' right. Wa'al, Phil he was awful smart at learnin', so they sent him to the 'cademy winters, and let him tend mill in summer with the feller that helped Tim. What was his name? Wa'al, I forgit names. Jest naow I am a-gittin' old; we're all a-gittin' old all the time. An' Tim he used to tell us, there to the tavern, how smart his little shaver was. Spell! why, he could spell like a team o' horses before he could walk 'most; an' grammar and jography I guess didn't fetch him neither.

"But there was a man named Hardwick up to the 'cademy, an' he was a whacker. The boys called him Hardwhack, and I guess that kinder described him. Seems though he tuk a great dislike to Phil, cos he outspelled and outrecited everybody. He give him some terrible lickings, and I tell you didn't Alice Thompson riz right out of a sick-bed, and go down to the 'cademy, and give it to Hardwhack jest, you bet, before the hull school, for licking them boys, and she tuk Phil away. Sez she, 'Mr. Hardwick, I have been a teacher, an' I know that cruelty is not necessary. I see amongst your pupils some of my former scholars, and although they were big boys when they attended my school, I never hed any difficulty with them. Is not that so, boys?' An', by George! if them boys didn't git up and give her three cheers. And Hardwick he turned as white as a turnip, and sez he, 'Miss Thompson,' sez he, 'you're severe; your son deserved chastisement.'

"Sez she, 'No words, Mr. Hardwick. I hope my son *will return good for evil.*'

"Wa'al, after that Hardwick he hedn't no show at all; the hull village riz agen him, and he was turned out; and next we heard of him he hed been a-sittin' of his own four-year-old onto a hot stove, and he licked his wife, and he was as cruel as a meat-axe, and they tarred and feathered him, and rid him on a rail out of town.

"That was the year old Stewart was murdered down to Crooked Forks, and the last man it was seen with him was Hardwick.

"Wa'al, the hull county turned out to find Hardwick, and he jest warn't to be found. Put yer finger onto a flea, and 'tain't there.

"Sez I to the Sheriff, sez I, 'Hardwick didn't do that murder; he hain't the courage. Takes a bigger-sized man,' sez I, 'to commit a murder than a man as whops boys and burns up children. He's a white-livered coward, sez I.'

"'Oh, yes, he did, Slack,' sez he. 'Circumstantial evidence,' sez he.

Digitized by Google

"Wa'al, naow here's where the story comes in," said Slack, laying down the water-level, and rising to the occasion. "Philip he got to be a good-sized lump of a boy, and he tended saw-mill fust rate. Timothy Thompson he hed to go off up to the quarry, and some days Phil was there all alone, and Alice she used to come out and sit in the sun. She was dreadful weakly all that year, but she and Phil hed solid comfort together. Wa'al, she'd jest gone in to get him a meal o' vittles one day, when there came out o' the woods the awfulest-looking man ye ever see. Why, this hat o' mine is a John Jacob Astor fust-class satin beaver compared to what he hed on, and he was all beard and whiskers, and dirt and rags. Oh, he looked awful.

"Sez he, 'Philip, save me!' And who was it but that Hardwhack, that hed licked him 'most to death!

"'Philip,' sez he, crouching jest like a hound, 'I hain't treated you well,' sez he, 'but as God is my witness, I didn't commit the murder. Hide me in the cock-loft of this 'ere mill till persecution's passed, and I tell you I'll be a better man.'

"Phil he give a great gulp, and jest then he heard his mother a-singing as she was gettin' his dinner. It seemed as though he couldn't help to save that mean lick-spittle that was a-kneelin' there, but Alice she kept on singing, and both on 'em heard her.

"'*Don't tell her! Don't tell her!*' sez Hardwick, a-tremblin' all over. Phil he thought a minnit, and then he made room for him to pass.

"'Climb up the ladder there, master,' sez he, 'and put a lot o' sawdust over ye. I'll go in and get ye something to eat.' Hardwick he climbed up behind the wheel mighty quick. So Phil he fixes the gearing, and goes in to dinner. I guess he looked pritty red, and the poor boy was a-cryin'.

"Sez Alice, 'Why, what's the matter, dear?'

"Sez he, 'Mother, don't you ask no questions. You can trust me, can't you?'

"'Yes, my boy,' sez Alice, as proud as could be.

"'Then give me a plate of dinner to carry to the mill, and ef I appear queer any time, you jest know that the time has come for paying good for evil.'

"Alice she looked at him a minnit, and then she cried too. She warn't one of the crying kind, but when she did go it, I tell you them sluiceways warn't nuthing to her, and so she kissed him, and give him the dinner. These two didn't need to talk; feelin's crept right out of their elbows towards one another. Somehow, I guess, they understood each other.

"'Twarn't an hour before the Sheriff and his posse they arrived to the mill. There Alice was a-sittin', sewin' as if butter would melt in her mouth, and Phil he was a-sawin' logs fit to kill.

"Sez the Sheriff, 'Miss Thompson,' sez he, 'hev you seen the murderer Hardwick? He was seen half a mile back a-comin' this way.'

"'I hev not,' sez she. Wa'al, that was true; she hedn't seen nor heard him.

"'It is your duty if you know anything of his whereabouts to communicate that knowledge to me,' sez he. He was old Jimmy Grey, the Sheriff, and he talked big.

"'I hev no love for Mr. Hardwick,' said Alice, simply. 'He whipped that boy of mine almost to death. It is not probable that I should hide him.'

"'That's true,' sez Sheriff Grey. 'But he's a-hidin' somewheres about,' sez he.

"'*If I see him*, I'll let you know,' sez Alice, standin' up, and looking at the Sheriff as stiff as a double hollyhock.

"Wa'al, all there is about it is, the Sheriff's folks came a-watchin' that mill all day, and that boy and his mother they sat and defended the skulkin' dog in the cock-loft—n-sawin' and a-sewin'—and that day's work broke Phil's back. He was a-growin' boy, and it jest killed him. When night came, and Hardwick got away, Phil he fainted right down, like a mowed mullein stalk.

"But the next day sez he, 'Mother, I'm a-goin' in to the Sheriff to tell what I done. It warn't right of us to interfere with the law, even if we did want to do good for evil.'

"And sez she, 'Phil, I guess you're right, and I'll go too.'

"I tell you there was a stir to Dicksonville when them two told their story, and they clapped Phil right into jail. It was a cold, gloomy place—jails ain't comfortable, particler in the fall when the courts puts folks in, generally after the harvest's done. Naow there was Sol Sullivan that murdered his wife; they knew it in August, but Sol warn't arrested till October, cos they wanted him to help on his father's farm gettin' in the wheat and corn and potatoes, and when they asked Sol why he done it, he said 'he didn't want to winter her.' Farmin' folks think o' these things. Wa'al, I guess that cold Phil took there didn't help his back none, for he was awful sick afterwards.

"Tim Thompson and his wife they druv home considerably worked. Tim he'd been awful mad at his wife for gittin' Phil into this scrape, or a-helping it along, but she sat kinder quiet, and, sez she, 'Tim, you'll see I did right. These men would hev torn Hardwick limb from limb if they'd ha' catched him then.' Wa'al, sez Tim, 'I shouldn't ha' minded if they hed. I don't want Phil to sleep in that damp jail to-night nohow.'

"Now here's the interestin' point of this 'ere story. Crazy Nichols was the murderer after all, and they found that out three days afterwards, and they let Phil out of jail in a burnin' fever, and old Dr. Twitchell he took him up home in his own carriage, and then the Sheriff, he said, and Lawyer Edwards, he said, and Lawyer Chamberlain, he said, sez he, 'Tim, your son has served the ends of justice,' sez he, 'for if we hedn't had time to think, we should hev hanged Hardwick on circumstantial evidence. We never should hev thought of crazy Nichols.'

"Wa'al, Tim Thompson he never got over it for years. He said he didn't want his son ruined for nothing; but somehow Phil ain't ruined; he an' his mother they kinder suffered along together there for a spell of years, and then Phil got so as he could do some copyin', and Lawyer Edwards he took him in, and he kinder studied law, and now he's a forehanded man.

"I was up a-turfin' Miss Thompson's grave for him last year come fall, and he said he was a-goin' to put up a monument. Wa'al, I guess it's most done. I was in to Calhoun's a-lookin' at it, and I see the letterin'. I don't egzactly rekillect what it was, all of it; somethin' about 'Alice, beloved wife of Timothy Thompson,' but I knowed that he said down to the foot that she hed two kinds of courage, and I guess she hed, and *I knew* that hump-backed Phil has hed courage, several kinds of 'em, and so he looks all right to me," said Slack.

THE WEASEL.

THE weasel is one of the prettiest and most graceful little creatures that can be imagined. It lives in all cool countries, and makes its home in hollow trees, in stone heaps, or in any convenient hole where it can find shelter. It is no larger than a good-sized rat, but has longer legs. It has a long, lithe, slender body, long neck, and dainty little head, with small round ears and bright eyes. It is covered with smooth, sleek hair, of a brown color on its back, and white below. It has long whiskers on its nose, and a very short tail. Its weapons are its strong claws and sharp teeth, which it knows how to use so well that many larger animals live in constant terror of this bold and wicked little marauder. The weasel itself has very

Digitized by Google

THE WEASEL AND HIS VICTIM.

few enemies. Even the powerful birds of prey, which are ever on the alert for rabbits and other small game, rarely swoop down on the weasel, for although they can easily carry it away in their strong talons, it often proves very troublesome booty. A hunter once noticed a large hawk, high in the air, which was flapping its wings violently, and apparently in great trouble. Suddenly it darted, and fell to the earth almost at the hunter's feet, where it lay gasping and dying, while a tiny weasel sprang from the heap of feathers, and scampered away to hide itself in the stone wall near by. On examining the bird, the hunter found that its throat was torn to pieces by the weasel's sharp teeth. The little creature, although unable to escape from the powerful grip of the hawk, had twisted itself until it could reach its enemy's throat, when it easily inflicted a deadly wound.

The defenseless hares and rabbits are bitterly persecuted by the weasel, which springs upon them, and with wonderful instinct knows exactly where to fasten its sharp teeth. The unfortunate hare may scamper away as fast as it can, but its enemy clings to its neck, and the poor little animal must soon fall, faint and dying, from loss of blood. The tragedy pictured in our engraving is acted over and over again by these two pretty inhabitants of woodland thickets, and the rabbit is always forced to yield to its little enemy.

Rats and mice, squirrels, moles, frogs, and birds of all kinds are hunted by the weasel, and it may often be seen twisting itself in and out of stone heaps or walls in the vicinity of barnyards, where it watches for chickens, doves, and other domestic fowls.

If taken very young, weasels may be tamed, and a whole army of cats will not free a house so quickly of rats and mice as will one little weasel. Pussy must sit patiently by the rat's hole and wait until the mischievous beast ventures forth; but where a rat can go, the weasel can follow. Weasels and ferrets are often kept on board of ships, and are petted by the sailors, for a ship with a weasel as passenger is always free from rats.

There are many pretty stories told of tame weasels, and of the affection they manifest toward those who care for them. A lady who received a present of a very small and very young weasel fed it with milk, which it drank from her hand. The little creature became so attached to its mistress that whenever she called it, it would instantly appear from whatever corner in which it was curled up, and would climb all over her like a squirrel. It never bit her, and would play with her cat and dog, often riding round on their backs; but it never injured them. Its curiosity afforded its mistress much amusement. If she opened a box or trunk, Master Weasel would raise himself on his hind-legs and make every effort to peep inside.

This little creature is much hunted by man, and large numbers are caught in traps, it being a general impression that they do more harm than good; but although a weasel may now and then carry off a chicken from the farmyard, it does much good by freeing barns and corn fields of mice and other small destructive animals.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"HOW do all the boats that go through the inlet manage, I wonder?" asked Tom. "They can't all get as wet as we did, and we saw that the boat that went through just ahead of us didn't take in any water."

"That was just her luck," Charley answered. "We followed right after her, and happened to catch it pretty heavy."

"But I don't believe it's always so rough at the inlet. If it is, nine boats out of ten would get full of water."

"I'll tell you how they manage it," exclaimed Charley. "They wait till the tide is just right, and that's what we ought to have done. Don't you see there is a swell coming in from the ocean, and it meets the tide going out? Now if the tide was coming in, or if it was slack water, the inlet would be smooth enough. Boys, I made a mistake in starting before the tide changed, and, come to think of it, I've been awfully stupid about this whole business. If we had waited two or three hours, we could have gone through the inlet without the least trouble; that is, if the wind hadn't changed."

"It's going to change before long," remarked Harry. "The breeze is dying away now, and in a little while we'll have a dead calm."

They were now entering the narrow channel leading to Hempstead Bay. A few years ago a heavy winter storm threw up a low island of sand just outside of the beach at Far Rockaway. The channel between this island and the beach communicated with Hempstead Bay, and although the island injured the business of the bathing-house proprietors, it saved the Hempstead fishermen the risk of passing out to sea through the regular inlets.

As the wind died out it grew uncomfortably hot; and as the *Ghost* had passed beyond the houses at Far Rockaway, the boys took in sail, anchored, and had a splendid bath. After the bath they were, of course, ravenously hungry, and so proceeded to get dinner. By this time the breeze had completely vanished, and the *Ghost* was lying motionless on the glassy waters. Suddenly the low growling of thunder was heard. The clouds had come up from the west without attracting the notice of the boys, and they now saw that a thunder-shower would soon reach them.

"We're going to get wet again," said Joe, gloomily. "I think I'll quit wearing clothes altogether, so that I can manage to have something dry to put on."

"What's the use of getting wet?" said Harry. "We can rig up our canvas cabin, and we won't get a drop of rain on us."

"If we're going to do that, we must be quick about it, for it's going to rain in a very few minutes," said Charley. "I guess it's the best thing we can do, though this isn't the best anchorage in the world. Come, Joe, you and I will roll up the sails, while the other fellows rig up the canvas. We've got to make things pretty snug, for it may blow hard."

The sails were quickly furled, and Tom and Harry had the canvas cabin ready just as the first drops of rain began to fall. The boys crept under the canvas, congratulating themselves that they had a secure shelter, and that they had noticed the approach of the shower in time to prepare for it.

The wind blew very hard, and the *Ghost* began to pitch uneasily.

"It's a good job we've got such a lot of cable," said Charley. "When I saw that the *Ghost* had fifty feet of inch rope coiled up on her deck, I couldn't help laughing, and wondering if Harry expected to anchor in fifty feet of water; but, after all, a long cable is a handy thing to have, and we needn't have the least fear that we shall drag our anchor or part our cable."

"This canvas cabin works splendidly," remarked Harry. "Tom, you deserve all our thanks for inventing it. Why, it's fairly dry on the inside." So saying, Harry put the palm of his hand against the canvas over his head, and rubbed it to see if it was wet.

"Now you've done it," cried Tom. "Don't you know how a tent will leak if you touch it when it is wet? You'll have a stream of water running in here presently."

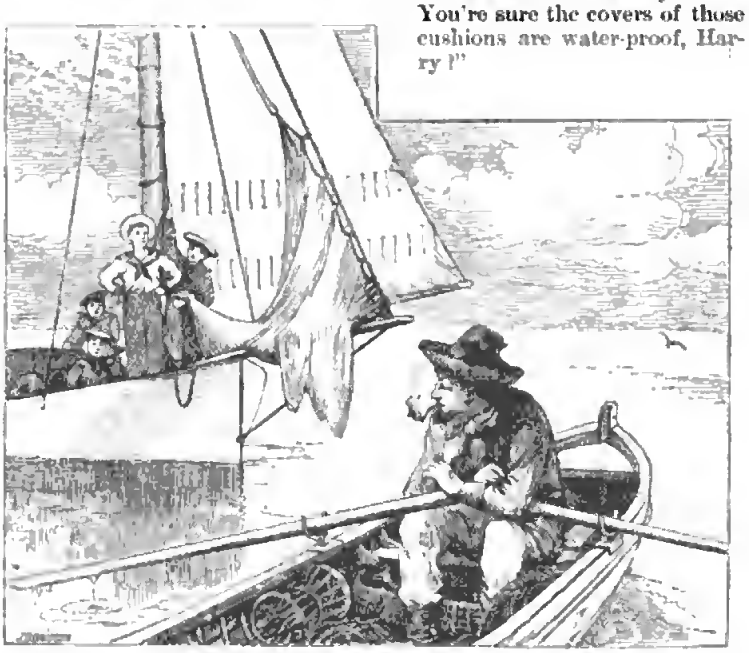
Tom was right. In a few minutes the water began to drip steadily on the unfortunate Harry, who was forced to sit with a tin pail in his lap to catch the stream that he had introduced into the cabin.

The rain was now pouring down in a perfect cataract, and the gusts of wind were trying their best to tear the canvas away. Tom felt a strong desire to look out and see how things were getting on. Accordingly, without saying anything to anybody, he quietly unfastened the opening in the after-end of the cabin, and put his head out into the rain. No sooner did the wind find an entrance into the cabin through the opening Tom had made than the canvas gave a tremendous flap, which broke the cords that held it in place; and had not Harry caught hold of it, and dragged it inside the cockpit, it would have been overboard in a second.

"Well, I never in all my life!" began the astonished Tom.

"I told you we were going to get wet," said Joe. "We always do. We got wet about three times every day in the *Whitewing*."

"There's nothing to be done but to sit here till the shower's over," said Charley. "It can't last very long, and it won't do us any harm. You're sure the covers of those cushions are water-proof, Harry?"



THE MAN IN THE ROW-BOAT.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, they're all right. They'll be dry enough if we just rub them off with a towel."

"It's all my fault," said Tom; "but who would ever have thought that the whole concern would blow away that way?"

"Never mind, Tom," said Charley. "It will teach us to use stronger cords to lash the canvas down with next time. There! the sun's coming out again, and the rain is about over. Let's try and get the inside of the boat dry, and the canvas rigged up again, before dark."

The cabin was a little damp, it must be confessed, but the beds and blankets were dry. This time the canvas was lashed down so stoutly that it would have stood a gale of wind, and under it the crew of the *Ghost* slept without hearing the singing of a single mosquito, and without suffering any unpleasant effects from the dampness.

The boys had finished their breakfast the next morning, and were preparing to resume their voyage, when they were hailed by a man in a row-boat.

"Where be you from?" asked the new-comer.

"From New York," replied Charley. "Whereabouts is the best channel in Hempstead Bay? Do we want to keep near the beach, or near the other shore?"

"Where be you going?"

"To Amityville or thereabouts. Will we have any trouble in finding the way there?"

"Who be you, anyway?"

"Oh, never mind him," said Harry, in a low tone. "He'll ask questions all day, and never answer any."

But the man was not quite so exasperating as Harry imagined. After looking at the *Ghost* with some admiration, and expressing the opinion that she was "a tidy boat," he condescended to answer Charley's questions about the channel.

"Channel? Why, bless you, you can't find the channel to save your life. It jest winds in among the islands, and runs every which way. You've got to be brung up on this bay before you can ever learn the channel."

"But we can find it if we keep searching for it, can't we?" inquired Charley.

"You'll be growed up before you do," answered the man. "You can try it, I s'pose, if you want to. You must keep a-gradoually working up to the nor'ard, and if one of you gets up the mast and watches the color of the water, mebbe you can find the way. Say, where was you last night—aboard this consarn?"

"We've been here ever since that thunder-shower came up."

"You hain't seen nothing of no suspicious-looking fellows in a row-boat, have ye?"

The boys told him that they had seen nobody since they had cast anchor.

"Well," resumed the man, "you keep a smart look-out. There's been half a dozen sail-boats stole out of this bay in the last two weeks by some fellows that sneak 'round in a row-boat at night. Why, they stole a colored man's boat last week while he was asleep in her. Chucked him right overboard, they did. Those fellows is regular pirates, and if they catch you lying at anchor in some out-of-the-way place, you'll have trouble with 'em."

The man's caution did not alarm the boys, but they thanked him, and said they would remember his advice. "We'll set an anchor watch at night," said Charley. "It's what we ought to do, anyway. This anchoring the boat, and then going to sleep and letting her look out for herself, is too much like the way Frenchmen manage ships. We might have been run down by some big fishing-boat last night, for we didn't hang out our lantern, and we were all sound asleep."

The wind was fair, and the crew of the *Ghost*, thinking that the man had greatly exaggerated the difficulty of finding the channel, were not disturbed when they presently found themselves in what looked like a narrow creek winding through a low marshy meadow. Charley climbed up the mast hoops, and saw that the *Ghost* had entered an archipelago. In every direction, as far as he could see, the low meadow was divided into hundreds of little islands, separated by narrow creeks varying in width from a few feet to a dozen rods. He made up his mind that it was going to be a difficult task to find a channel deep enough for the *Ghost*, for he could see that the water had the appearance of being very shallow in nearly all the creeks. He had just decided on the course that it would be best to steer for the next ten minutes, when the *Ghost* ran on a mud-bank, and came to a stop.

It was some time before she could be pushed off again, so deep and sticky was the mud; and when at last she was once more on her course, Charley took the helm, and sent Joe aloft to look for the channel. Joe had no sooner climbed the mast hoops than the *Ghost* was aground again, and another half-hour had to be spent in getting her afloat. The whole morning was passed in this unsatisfactory way, and the boat was at least half the time stuck in the mud. At noon the crew let her remain aground while they had lunch, and rested for an hour. Then they resumed the tiresome business of running aground and getting afloat again, and when the end of the afternoon approached, they anchored in a little cove where the water happened to be deep enough to float the boat, and acknowledged to one another that the inquisitive old man was right, and that they would probably have to spend a long time in working their way out from among the islands.

"I don't believe what the old man said about pirates," said Harry, as they were rigging the canvas cabin, and preparing for the night; "but I did see what you may think was a suspicious-looking boat when I was up aloft this afternoon."

"Let's hear about it," said Charley.

"It was a row-boat tied up to the shore in a little bit of a creek about half a mile from here, and there were three men lying asleep in her. Now what were they doing that for, I'd like to know?"

"I don't see what could induce anybody to row into such a place as this, and then go to sleep. If they had been fishing, now, I could understand it," said Charley. "What sort of looking men were they?"

"I could only see the face of one of them. He woke up, and lifted up his head to look at me, and he didn't look a bit like a fisherman. He seemed to me just like one of those fellows that you see in New York—a regular 'rough,' you know."

"You're sure he saw our boat?" asked Charley.

"Sure as sure can be," replied Harry. "And he watched it very sharp, too."

"Boys," asked Charley, "has anybody got a pistol? I know there isn't any gun aboard."

"We didn't bring pistols, for Uncle John wouldn't consent to it," answered Harry; "and he said we wouldn't need a gun. I've got a lot of powder for the cannon, but it wouldn't be much good against the pirates that the old man told us of."

"We have got a cannon, haven't we?" said Charley, thoughtfully. "I'd forgotten that. Let me have a look at it."

He examined the cannon closely, and carefully dried the bore with the help of his handkerchief and a small stick. Then he came back to the cockpit and asked, "Does anybody happen to have anything that will do for shot?"

"I've got about a handful of marbles," said Joe. "I forgot to leave them behind."

"They're just the thing," said Charley. "Give 'em to me, will you, and let me have a lot of that thick brown paper that was wrapped round the stove, provided there is any of it left."

Digitized by Google

Charley wrapped the marbles in three or four thicknesses of paper, and then loaded the cannon, ramming the package of marbles close up against the powder. Then he laid a piece of cloth over the cannon to protect it from the dew, and put the powder-flask in his pocket. "Now if anybody attacks us," he exclaimed, "we can give him a dose of canister-shot."

"You'll have to ask him to be kind enough to come right up in front of the cannon," remarked Joe, "for you can't aim it at anybody while it's lashed fast."

"That's so," said Charley. "I am smart not to think of cutting the lashing." So saying, he cut the cannon loose, so that he could turn it in any direction. "Now, boys, turn in, and I'll keep a look-out till ten o'clock, for I'm not a bit sleepy. I don't believe anybody will trouble us, but at any rate we'll take care not to be surprised."

The boys felt so safe, in spite of what the old man had said, that they were soon peacefully sleeping, with the exception of Charley, who was sitting very wide awake, with his back against the mast. It was not yet ten o'clock when Tom was awakened by feeling a hand laid on his forehead. "Hush!" whispered Charley. "I can hear a row-boat coming toward us. Wake up Harry and Joe, and come on deck; but don't make any noise. I've unshipped the tiller, and you can use it for a club."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL TREES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY MARY A. BARR.

I HAVE a suggestion to make, my little friends, which I think you will all like. It is to keep an Album of Leaves. Not only can you collect and exchange leaves of different varieties, but of famous trees, of which there are many in the United States. Arrange them neatly; write below them where and why you gathered them, if they are historical or famous, and what made them so; and to prove to you how interesting such an album can be made, I will tell you of some trees that are as celebrated as either Washington or General Grant.

In the year 1682, under the wide-spreading branches of a huge elm in Philadelphia, the good and wise William Penn held a council with the chiefs of the Pennsylvania Indians, and made a treaty with them which was never broken, and from which the tree received its name and fame as "Penn's Treaty Tree." It was blown down in 1810, and when its rings were counted it proved to be 283 years old, having been 155 years old at the time of the treaty. It was so honored that when the English held possession of Philadelphia during the winter of 1778, Colonel Simcoe placed a sentinel under it to protect it from the soldiers who were cutting down all the trees near for fire-wood. A large part of it was sent to the remaining members of Penn's family at Stokes, near Windsor, in England, where it still remains, and the rest was made into work-boxes, chairs, and many other ornaments.

You have all heard of the "Charter Oak" at Hartford, Connecticut; it became famous in 1687, just five years after Penn's treaty with the Indians in Pennsylvania. King James sent a proud, tyrannical man from England as Governor of Connecticut, called Sir Edmund Andros, who on his arrival at Boston immediately demanded the surrender of the charter of Connecticut. Of course he was refused, and nearly a year went by, every day of which proved him to be more masterful, and unworthy the trust and confidence of the people. So at last, in October, 1687, he took a company of soldiers and went to Hartford, where the Assembly met, and again demanded from the people their charter. He was received with great politeness, and calmly listened to until candle-light, when the charter was brought out and laid upon the table around which the Assembly sat. Sir Edmund was just about to seize it, when the lights were suddenly put out, and there was a great tumult and much confusion, and before the candles could be relit, one Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, seized the charter, and, unseen, carried it off, and put it into the hollow trunk of a large oak-tree near. Of course Sir Edmund was very angry, but no one could or would tell where the charter was, and his lordship had to go back without it. The Hartford people are very proud of their oak, and I am sure some of you have seen the piano made from it after it had been blown down in 1856. The Vice-President's chair in the Senate-Chamber at Washington is also made of the Charter Oak, and many other things, which, perhaps, some of you own.

At the corner of what is now Washington and Essex streets, Boston, there stood a large elm-tree, in 1765, called the "Tree of Liberty." Under its branches a society calling themselves the "Sons of Liberty" held meetings against taxation and oppression of all kinds from the English government. Sir Francis Bernard, the royal Governor at that time, had not interfered with them for fear of serious consequences, and so, early on the morning of August 14, 1765, several of the Sons of Liberty hung two effigies, or pictures, from a limb of Liberty Tree, one of which was a likeness of Andrew Oliver, Secretary of the Colony, and the newly appointed stamp distributer for Massachusetts, and the other represented Lord Bute as the devil peeping out of an enormous boot. Crowds gathered around the tree all day, and at night the effigies were cut down and carried in a great procession through the streets, while the people cried out, "Liberty and prosperity forever! No stamps! No taxation without our consent!" Four months after that, the people made Andrew Oliver go under Liberty Tree and publicly read his resignation. This famous elm of liberty was cut down in 1775 by the British soldiers, exactly ten years to the month after the Sons of Liberty had decorated its branches with the pictures of Andrew Oliver and Lord Bute. The soldiers made fire-wood of Liberty elm, and got fourteen good cords from it.

The same year that the Sons of Liberty were gathering under Liberty Tree in Boston, the Declaration of Independence was read and meetings were held under a splendid live-oak at Charleston, South Carolina, which the people also called Liberty Tree, and decorated in very nearly the same manner as the Boston Liberty Tree. It also was cut down and burned by the British in 1780, five years after the one in Boston. Many canes and a ballot-box were made from what was left of it, but the box was destroyed in the great fire at Charleston in 1838.

An oak brought from the forest and planted in an open field at Norwich was Connecticut's Liberty Tree, and under it meetings were held. On the celebration of the repeal of the Stamp Act, its branches were hung with appropriate devices, and it was crowned with an enormous Phrygian cap. A tent was erected under it, and here the people gathered to hear the news, and to encourage each other in resisting every kind of oppression.

One morning, the 3d of July, 1775, General Washington, accompanied by the officers of his staff, walked under the shadow of a magnificent elm-tree which grew near the entrance of his quarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and which is still standing, made a few remarks, drew his sword, and took command of the American army. This elm is famous also as the tree under which the celebrated preacher Whitefield preached to those who had a much harder battle to fight with themselves and the Evil One than Washington and his brave soldiers, who fought for liberty and gained it.

If any of my readers ever visit Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, New Jersey, they may perhaps still see the remains of an old hickory-tree that was used for a flag-staff during the battle of Fort Mercer in 1777.

The only trees left standing on Rhode Island after the British had occupied it in 1779 were two sycamores, which

Digitized by Google

were preserved as long as possible by the owner of the land on which they grew.

When Lafayette visited Yorktown in 1824, the people made a crown of laurel, which they took from a beautiful tree that grew near the place where they received him, and put it upon his head, with many assurances of love and respect; but he took it from his head, and stepping forward, placed it upon the brow of Colonel Nicholas Fish, of the Revolution, who was present, saying as he did it, "No one is better entitled to wear this mark of honor than our friend."

Peter Stuyvesant, the last and most renowned of the Governors of New Amsterdam (now New York) while it belonged to the Dutch, brought from Holland many fruit and flower trees for the garden which surrounded his house of yellow brick that stood near Tenth Street and Second Avenue. One of these, a pear-tree, which he planted in 1647, on what is now the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue, was still in existence in 1868, and bore fruit until very near that time. Many of the pears have been preserved in liquor as curiosities, and I have a little friend who has a wreath made of the leaves pulled from the old tree and the one planted after it had been blown down. Both are now dead, and there is nothing left to show where this famous landmark used to be.

At Fort Edward, on the Hudson, there once stood a beautiful balm-of-Gilead-tree, under which a little Indian boy gave to a wounded soldier, during the Revolution, his last crust of bread, saying as he did so, "I am a warrior's son; I want nothing." The soldier adopted him, and took him to England with him, but he came back, married a daughter of the same officer, and it is not long since I saw one of his descendants, who are very proud of their Indian ancestor.

The chestnut-tree under which the brave General Wooster received his death-wound has long since been cut into rails, and Lossing, the historian, says: "The owner of the land pointed out the locality to me, and expressed the patriotic opinion that Congress ought to do something. He had long contemplated the erection of a chestnut post at his own expense, but having done that, the public would expect him to paint some lettering on't, and he was not disposed to bear the whole burden himself."

The oak on the Van Cortland estate which was used as a whipping-post during the Revolution; the chestnut on Gallows Hill, where the spy Edmund Palmer was hanged by order of General Putnam, who would not listen to the poor young man's wife as she begged piteously for his life; the tulip-tree on which ten Tories were hanged the morning after King's Mountain battle in 1780; and the whitewood under whose shadow the captors of André caused him to strip, and found the papers they were looking for, in his stockings, and which was struck by lightning the very day that the news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown, and many more—are all of interest; and a leaf from the old trees or those that have sprung from them, or even a blade of grass from the spot, could be got with a little trouble, and would make a most interesting album. At the Peekskill Military Academy there are several historical oaks, and one under which General Putnam watched the British fleet off the Dunderberg, and the smoke of the British encampment at Verplanck's Point, and on which the spy Daniel Strong was hanged for enticing men to desert from the American army. Salem, New Jersey, has a venerable oak in one of its principal streets that must have been a tree of majestic proportions when John Fenwick landed there one fine October day 205 years ago. New Haven, Connecticut, is noted for its elms, and is called the "City of Elms"; those around the public square and vicinity were planted by the Rev. David Austin and the Hon. James Hillhouse, and some of them are quite famous for the deeds they have witnessed.

At Charleston, South Carolina, upon the grounds of a colored man called Mitchell, are the only cork-trees in North America. They were given him by a lady to whom he had rendered some slight service. There are two of them, and he is very proud of them, giving a leaf from them as so much gold. There have been many beautiful

SUMMER GARDENING—SETTING OUT PLANTS.—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.

Digitized by Google

poems written about trees that might well be copied into your leaf albums, and which would add greatly to their interest.

A leaf can be obtained from the Washington Elm, Peekskill Oak, New Haven Elms, Salem Oak, and the Mitchell Cork-trees, as they are still standing, and a blade of grass or a flower can be easily got from the place where most of the others grew.

AN AFRICAN SLIPPER-MAKER.

BY DAVID KER.

NOON in Algiers—a scorching African noon—bringing out the white-walled houses and white-domed mosques of the city, and the black shadows which they cast, sharp and clear as in a photograph, driving even the seasoned Arabs to the shelter of roofs and gateways, and making

THE SLIPPER-MAKER'S BAZAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

Digitized by Google

old Selim the slipper-maker, as he puffs his long pipe in the shady doorway of his shop, stroke his white beard with a self-satisfied air while eying the hot faces and dusty uniforms of the luckless French soldiers who come tramping past in the full mid-day glare.

To look at the old fellow as he squats there on his little mat, with his huge blue turban pulled over his eyes, and the long white folds of his heavy *burnoose* (mantle) rippling over the floor on every side, as if some one had upset a pitcher of milk over him, you would think that no amount of customers would get *him* on his feet again today. But there is one customer coming who will do it in a moment.

Dodging fearlessly past the huge gaunt camels which almost block the narrow street as they go slouching past with their long, noiseless stride, roped together in single file like beads on a string, a tiny figure stands upon the threshold, looking down at Selim from under its party-colored hood, with a great show of white teeth and laughing black eyes.

"Aha!" cries the old slipper merchant, springing up with wonderful briskness for a Mussulman. "Welcome to this house of mine, my pearl! What seeks Zuleika, daughter of Hussein, from her father's friend?"

"I want a pair of shoes," answered the little woman, with a business-like air; "and my father says they must be very fine indeed, for to-morrow some friends are coming to us, and *you* are to come too, and eat of our pilaff [rice and roast meat] and our sweetmeats, and see what a welcome we'll give you!"

Old Selim, with a sly twinkle in his small gray eye, rummages among the clusters of shoes that hang like grapes overhead, and produces a pair that make Zuleika's eyes open wide in wondering delight. *Such* a pair! all ablaze with scarlet and bright green and spangles of shining tinsel. And when he had tied them on, and set her down again, Selim gave her back two of the heavy copper pieces she had given him, and bade her buy fresh dates with them.

But her joy was suddenly checked. A passing water-carrier had let his skin bag come undone, and turned the dust into thick black mud all around Selim's threshold. Poor Zuleika, unable to untie her shoes again, unwilling to soil them, and not liking to disturb the old man any more, looked very rueful indeed.

But just then Selim looked up, and seeing her difficulty, kicked off his green slippers in a moment, carried her gallantly over the puddle, and then, looking down at his bemired feet, said, with the hoarse chuckle which is an Arab's nearest approach to a laugh, "Now are we even, my daughter: if I have given thee colored shoes, thou hast given me black ones."

And as the child held up her little rose-bud mouth to kiss him, Selim the slipper merchant felt well repaid for his trouble.

ONLY A BIRD.

BY JAMES OTIS.

FOR the many words of loving sympathy from the warm little hearts of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE for Toby Tyler very many thanks are due. The praise has been very sweet; and that I may in some measure repay you for your kindness, I am going to tell you a true story of a little bird that I owned at the time Toby's history was being written, and who sat on the leaves of the book, keeping me company far into the night. The little fellow is dead now, and there is a corner in my heart sacred to the memory of the dearest little pet I ever had, even though it was only a bird.

Two years ago, on a chilly, wet morning, the servant-girl came into the library with a very ragged, discouraged-looking little fellow covered with her apron, who, on being released from his imprisonment, hopped in front of the fire, opening his mouth so wide that it seemed as if he was about to swallow grate, coals, and everything warm. It was a young robin, a naturally active little body, who had got up too early for the worms. Ellen had found him on the curb-stone, where he was looking down at the pools of water in the gutter much as if he believed it would be better to drown himself at once rather than wait for the rain to wash him entirely away.

Some crumbs of bread soaked in milk, and two or three worms, dropped into the large hole that served as mouth, and which seemed nearly as big as his entire body, had the effect of cheering Bobby wonderfully. In less than an hour he was hopping around the library as if he was the owner of it all; and from that time until he died he was thoroughly saucy and perfectly independent while in that room.

For about a month it was necessary to feed Bobby, but after that time he was able to take care of himself. If any one was eating anything that he fancied he should like, he would hop on to his shoulder, and, without so much as saying "By your leave," would peck at it until he was satisfied, or driven away. In the latter case he would seat himself on his master's shoulder, and scold at the offender until he was hoarse, and the occupants of the room nearly deafened.

Now although Bobby was so nearly drowned on the day when he first made his appearance in our family, a bath was his great delight, and whenever he heard the water running from the faucet, he would fly up on the slab, flapping his wings and screaming until the water was poured on his head and back. Then, when he had had quite as thorough a bath as he thought he needed, he would fly to the top of the canaries' cage, and shake the water from his feathers over them, enjoying the trouble he caused.

Of course he had a cage of his own, into which he would retire when he wanted a lunch or a nap; but it was a rule with him never to stay there quietly if he was fastened in. So long as the door of the cage was open, he was perfectly contented; but when it was closed, he would dance back and forth, scolding and screaming, until, for the sake of peace and quiet, one was quite willing to unfasten the door.

Bobby trotted gravely over the entire house, never offering to go out-of-doors when the windows were open, although he sometimes surveyed the street from the window-ledge. No one was ever more punctual at the table than this same saucy Bob; the back of a chair served him as a seat, and a cake with a quantity of plums in it was regularly put on the table for his especial benefit. He was very well behaved at meal-time, except when the plums were baked in too hard, and then he would pull and tug at the offending dainty until, it coming out suddenly, he would tumble on his back, with the plum held tightly in his beak.

At twilight his favorite position was on my shoulder, where, with his little body as close to my neck as possible, he would remain until driven away.

But it was in the library, the room in which he was first introduced to the family, that he most liked to stay. There, perched high on the desk while his master was writing, he would gravely watch the work, or, tiring of that, amuse himself by dragging pencils or pen-holders to the edge of the desk, and pushing them off. With his head tipped on one side, he would watch the fall of the articles, his little bright eyes fairly twinkling with mischief and pleasure.

It was when the story of Toby Tyler was being written that Bobby appeared to settle down into a grave and sedate citizen, acting very much as if he thought he was aiding in the work. He would sit quietly on the pen rack until the book was opened and the writing begun;

Digitized by Google

then he would hop down on the open page, watching every movement of the pen, singing over and over again two or three soft notes, as if giving advice, only stepping from the book when it was necessary to turn the pages. In this manner Bobby would pass hour after hour, until he thought he had been neglected too long, when he would peck and strike at the pen, as much as to say that it was time he was attended to. Then he would fly back and forth from the desk to the closet where his grapes were, calling loudly for his favorite fruit. From one end to the other of the table he would roll the grapes, after eating all he wanted, almost as if he were having a regular game at ball.

After having been thus feasted and amused, Bobby would take up his position on the book again, standing there on one leg until he was so sleepy that he could hardly keep erect, but never attempting to go to bed until the book was closed. Of the many pages of manuscript that made up the story of Toby, there certainly were not more than four or five on which he had not perched somewhat after the fashion of general assistant; and his life was ended very shortly after his work on the story was done.

In November, at about the same time Toby's story was begun in YOUNG PEOPLE, little Bobby disappeared. All search for him was vain, and we grieved sorely for him, believing some strange cat had devoured him. Each one in the house missed the poor little fellow almost as much as if he had been a child, and for many days Bobby's perch on the desk, without its bright-eyed occupant, made the room seem too lonely for work.

A few weeks ago the heavy draperies that had been hanging at the windows were taken down to give place to lighter ones for the summer; and there, far up, at one corner, under the cornice, with his feet caught in the ravelled edges of the lace curtains, was the body of poor Bobby. He had probably crept up there in search of flies, been imprisoned by the threads, and died, the heavy covering over him preventing his cries from being heard.

It was a sad ending to the little life which made that home bright, whose walls have never echoed to the music of childish voices and the patter of tiny feet.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"HUSH!" sighed the leaves;
"Hurry, birds, hurry!
See yonder sheaves
All in a flurry."

"Come under quick,
Grasshopper, cricket!"
Whispered the vines
Down in the thicket.

"Hide," lisped the grass,
"Lady-bug, spider;
Ant, here's a place;
Fly, sit beside her."

"Rest, katydid,
Here in my bushes;
Butterfly, too:
How the rain rushes!"

Why, there's the sun!
Hark the birds singing,
"Good-by, dear leaves,
Off we'll be winging."

"Bee," smiled the rose,
"Thank you for calling;
Drop in again
When the rain's falling."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 80, May 10.]

SUSIE KINGMAN'S DECISION.

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

"MAY-PARTY day at last!" cried Susie, dancing gayly about her room. "School ended, and now for a splendid time to-day!" As she went toward the window the sweet June air was coming softly in, the birds, too, were singing, and unconsciously she found herself chanting, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Then, stopping suddenly, "Why, that reminds me, I forgot to turn over to a new leaf in my *Silent Comforter* before breakfast. Oh, surely it's the 20th, and I've come round again to that verse with 'In honor preferring one another' in it, which perplexed me so. How this month has flown! It seems at once the longest and shortest I remember. To think Florence is so changed a girl! Why, she really seems like one of the family, rushing in and out at all times, bringing or sending mamma flowers every day; and the girls all like her so well, and wouldn't need any urging *now* to vote for her. Why, there she is this minute!" as a pretty phaeton stopped at the gate.

"Could the day be finer?" called Florence, as she tied the gray pony. "I thought I saw you drinking in this air, when I was at the turn in the road about half a mile off. Come, bring your hat and take a drive with me. I've something very important to tell you," and she opened the gate to take some rare flowers to Mrs. Kingman, who was sewing on the piazza, with the baby playing near her chair. Florence took the little one in her arms, begging it to say her name. "She can not get any farther than 'Flo,'" said Mrs. Kingman, putting aside her work to go and arrange her flowers.

"That's what my sister Bessie always calls me," said Florence, kissing the little one more tenderly.

"When are you going to show me the picture of that wonderful Bessie?" asked Susie, straightening out the daisies on her hat as they went slowly down the walk.

"I should have brought it over this morning if I hadn't something else on my mind to tell you."

A moment later the pretty pony was carrying the young girls along at an easy gait, pricking up his ears occasionally, as if to catch the drift of the gay chatter going on behind him.

"By-the-way," Florence was saying, "I found this scrap of paper on the floor this morning when I was over at school," handing it to her companion. "The girls were all clearing out their desks—"

But Susie had read the few pencilled words, and looked aghast: "*Vote for F. T. We're all going to. S. K. wishes it.*"

The pony was walking leisurely along. Florence had dropped the reins; her arms were about Susie's neck. "To think I never suspected it!" she said, kissing her.

"I never wanted you to know," said Susie, "and if it hadn't been for Sadie's carelessness—"

"Oh, I'm glad I do know—just as glad as can be, and I can never thank you enough."

"I don't deserve any thanks at all," protested Susie; "and if I did, I felt fully repaid when your uncle offered his grounds, and looked so kindly at—"

"Yes," said Florence, "and from that moment my life changed entirely. Oh, Susie, you can not imagine how lonesome I used to feel, for uncle seldom spoke to me, and I felt that I never could get used to so many strange faces, and I kept wishing myself back with Bessie. But no; our home was broken up. When papa died, mamma only lived a week longer, and after that, where were we to go? Mamma's sister Rebecca was with us at the time, and

Digitized by Google

offered to take one of us, which was a great deal, for she has a large family of her own, and then she wrote to uncle to take the other. He chose me, because I was named after mamma, and I suppose he fancied I would look like her, whereas Bessie is her very image. Well, when I got here, uncle met me at the dépôt, asked one or two questions, and then we rode to Maplewood without another word. I was too homesick to talk. So things went on, one day exactly like another, with simply a Good-morning and Good-night to begin and end up the day. I often found money and other presents in my room, and, oh! how I longed to send each thing on to Bessie, but I really was afraid to ask if I could. But I must hurry on to the red-letter day of my life, the 20th of May. That day, at dinner, after the scene at school, uncle praised my high standing, and began to ask me

BESSIE'S PORTRAIT.

about Bessie. I showed him her photograph, and he looked a long time at it, murmuring something about 'Florence of long ago,' and asked me if she didn't look a great deal like mamma. 'Everybody used to speak of the wonderful resemblance,' I answered. 'Well,' said he, 'we must have a larger picture of her.' And what do you think he has done? *Sent on to have Bessie's portrait painted*, and I'm to have it for my room."

"The tears are for joy," continued Florence, in answer to Susie's earnest, "Oh, this is enough! don't tell me any more."

"Uncle grew more and more kind. He seemed to enjoy planning for the May party, and you'll see this afternoon some of the arrangements he has made. It has given him something to think of, which Dr. Folger said yesterday was the best thing in the world for one of his melancholy disposition. Uncle has said again and again, 'I'm glad you take an interest in your studies; it pleases me greatly.' And, Susie, I know all this happiness would never have come to me unless the girls had voted for me that day as they did. I know they used to think me selfish, for one morning—"

"What! you heard what Sadie said?"

"Yes; but I've made up for it since, haven't I? For I haven't been alone once since the day uncle said, 'You can take whoever you choose when you go out.' By that time I had lost all fear, and kissed and thanked him. And so things have gone on, each day better than the last. Uncle handed me a telegram this morning, which read, 'The portrait is on the way'; so we expect it by the first express. Susie, I can never thank you—never, as long as I live; all I *can* do is to tell you that, next to Bessie, I love you best of any one on earth."

There was a great lump in Susie's throat. She was crying softly, with her cheek against Florence's. At the gate Mrs. Kingman met them.

"Tell your mother all about it," called Florence, touching up the horse; and Susie did.

"To think it's all over!" said Susie, about seven o'clock that evening, as they were going down to supper. "Didn't Florence look lovely?"

"No lovelier than a certain maid of honor that crowned her," said papa, drawing Susie toward him.

"Well, didn't the Squire appear delighted?"

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "I think he was; but I doubt if he was as happy as I"—with a loving look at his little daughter—"for mamma had been telling me something."

"And you were glad?" she asked, nestling closer.

"Far more than to have seen you Queen"—kissing her. Then taking a spray of delicate green from a vase near by, "I will crown you myself;" and he tenderly twined it round her head.

But the day was not yet done. A sharp ring was heard soon after at the door, and Susie, on hearing Sadie's breathless "I must see Susie right away," darted into the hall.

"Have you heard?" gasped Sadie, handing her a note.

"No—what?" questioned Susie, in the same excited tone, grasping the paper, and pulling Sadie into the library. She turned up the light, which fell upon the words:

"Oh, Susie! the portrait has come, *and it's Bessie herself!* She has come to Maplewood *to live*. I'm the happiest girl on earth. Bessie says *she* is, and we owe it all to God through *you*."

"*I* am happier than either," said Susie, a great joy lighting up her face. "Isn't it like a story, Sadie?"

"Yes," said Sadie, excitedly. "I was there when she came. The Squire came to Florence's door and asked, 'Shall I bring in the portrait?' We looked around, and there stood Bessie. I shall never forget Florence's face as she rushed forward, nor the Squire's as he said, 'She has come to live with us, Florence.' The first I knew I was crying away as hard as could be, Florence was on her knees, the Squire had his arm round Bessie, and—and—"

"What next?" asked Susie, her face growing more and more bright as she listened.

"Oh, they're *so* happy! When I came away, the Squire had an arm around each, and said, 'I've got two daughters now'; and they made a lovely picture. Nothing in the May party compared with it. Then Florence said, 'Won't you take this note to Susie, as you go by her house, and tell her how happy I am, if any words *can* tell?' But how late it's getting! Good-by." Then, coming back: "I forgot to say they want you to come over the first thing in the morning. Florence told her uncle that it was through your unselfishness that she was made Queen, and she keeps saying she *owes Bessie to you*. I don't half understand it, but I know it was lovely in you to give up the honor;" and off she ran.

"I can hear the word *honor* now, and not shut my ears to it," thought Susie; and with Florence's note in her hands, and papa's crown on her head, she murmured, "My cup runneth over."

THE END.

Digitized by Google

A FABLE FOR SMART LITTLE BOYS.

THERE was a little Hottentot
Who wandered in a shady spot,
Beside a sluggish river's brink,
Where savage beasts came down to drink,
When suddenly he ran across
A monstrous, grim rhinoceros.
The little blackamoor was pert,
And not afraid of being hurt;
So, without any hesitation,
He entered into conversation,
And, just to make his smartness clear,
Began to ridicule and jeer:

"My gracious! what an ugly beast!
Your skin is all begrimed and creased;
And what a nose for shape and size,
With a great horn between the eyes!"

Whereat that big rhinoceros
Just gave his nose a little toss,
His funny little critic eyed
With grim good-humor, and replied:

"My nose, young darky? take a look
At yours, reflected in the brook:
Now tell me what you think of *that?*"

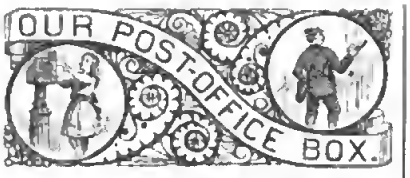
"Mine? Why, 'twas beautifully flat
When I was born; my mother's care
To give me a distinguished air
Has broadened it to what you see,
And made my playmates envy me."
"Yes, made you quite a beau! But hark 'ee,
You most impertinent young darky,
And let me tell you I was made
With this huge form, and thus arrayed
With a great horn upon my nose,
To serve as warning to all those
Who poke in other folks's platters,
And make free with their neighbors' matters.
I've half a mind 'twould serve you right
To toss you fairly out of sight.
I'm coming for you now! Here goes!
Say, now, how do you like my nose?"

"Oh, don't, you dear, good, lovely beast!
I didn't mean it in the least;
You are the sweetest beast I know,
And every one will tell you so."

"You little impudence! begone!
Quick, or my nose shall help you on!"

That frightened little Hottentot
Departed on a lively trot.

Digitized by Google



LYNN, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am nine years old. I have a little baby sister named Jennie. We had to leave papa, and come here with mamma for her health. We have a little mule named Kit, that is very little and gentle, and we ride it nearly every day. Kit just suits these mountain roads. The mountains are very high and beautiful. A great many people come here with their little boys and girls, so I always have playmates.

We go fishing and riding. I have a garden of my own. I study part of the day, then I play, and have a good time. Strawberries are ripe now, and peaches will be ripe in June on the mountains in what they call the thermal belt, where the frost has not killed them as it has in other places this year.

Just now the mountains are covered with flowers. There are azalias, kalmias, rhododendrons, wild phlox, and other flowers, and many trees are blooming. Mamma says she never saw so many flowers in her life. When you look up the mountain from below, it looks like the made pyramids of flowers we have at home in the city, only so much bigger. I wish everybody could see. Papa sends me YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am delighted with it. FANNIE J. T.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

The other afternoon papa took my little sister Annie to Mr. Barnum's circus, and I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE the joyful news she brought when she came home. She rushed into the house in great excitement, calling out: "Oh, mamma, mamma, Mr. Stubbs isn't dead, because Mr. Barnum has got him all safe and well! I saw him myself in a big wagon, and Toby Tyler was there talking with him." Annie has mourned bitterly over the sad death of the poor monkey, and since she went to the circus and saw him alive, she has been a much happier little girl. She says a dozen times a day: "I'm so glad Mr Stubbs didn't die! I knew they couldn't be so *cool* as to let him die." She tells everybody that comes to the house that Mr. Stubbs is alive, and that Mr. Barnum has got him all safe.

I don't know what we children would do without YOUNG PEOPLE. We can hardly wait for Tuesday night, when papa brings it home. H. C. L.

BETHLEHEM, NEW YORK.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about my guinea-fowls. I wish all the little readers could see them. They have such lovely spotted feathers, and such cunning little heads, and they make such a funny, screeching noise that they frighten away the chicken-hawks. I wish I could send all the little girls some of their pretty feathers.

I am eleven years old, and my music teacher says I can play the piano very well. I. L. K.

BENNINGTON, VERMONT.

I have an Excelsior printing-press. I have not had it very long, but I have earned a few dollars with it. My uncle has a printing-office, and three or four presses. I like to go and watch him print, and I like to print myself very much.

We have a summer-house on the shore of the lake, and a boat. We go there in the long vacation, and stay two or three months. I have a great deal of fun. I own a sail-boat about two feet long. It sails splendidly. FRANK P. L.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

We take YOUNG PEOPLE in our school because the teacher says "it gives her ideas." We have lately organized a club in our school called the "Little Pitcher Club," so named, I suppose, because all its members are "little pitchers with big ears."

We are bound by our by-laws to relate once a fortnight some story or incident which we have heard or read, in a natural manner, and in our own language, and subject to the fiercest criticism from the rest of the class, who pounce upon us like little tigers as soon as we are done. It is great fun, I think. We have a fine large play-ground, and the School Board have kindly given us permission to lay it out in flower-beds, one for each room, and there are four in the building. Our room is going to try for the premium offered at our county fair for the best set of letters from any school in the county, and we get a good many ideas from the Post-office Box in your little paper. The teacher says some of the letters printed there are models of correct letter-writing, and she chooses one every week for us to study and copy. We hope you will print this letter. Your little friend CARRIE A (eight years).

BROOKLYN, E. D., NEW YORK.

A number of boys and girls, readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, have corresponded with me about an object which no doubt would prove interesting and instructive to them. The object was, viz., a Natural History Society, composed of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE readers residing in all parts of the world where its welcome visits extend.

My idea is that an organization of this kind would prosper much better if it was taken up by the boys and girls themselves. So I leave it in their hands, and would request that if they are in favor of such an association, to send their ideas, suggestions, and questions to the Post-office Box.

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,
President of the Young Chemists' Club.

LIMA, NEW YORK.

I was born in India. My father is a missionary there now. Two years ago he sent me here to my grandpa's, and I like it very much. I am nine years old. I have saved money enough to take YOUNG PEOPLE all myself. HARRY I. MOM.

I have no more arrow-heads to exchange, but I will exchange moss from the mountain cliffs, ore, periwinkles, and mussel shells from the river, or flints that will strike fire, for ocean shells, a piece of lava, or foreign postage stamps.

C. D. MARSHFIELD, Mexville, Powell Co., Ky.

I would like to exchange coins, minerals, stamps, shells, postmarks, woods, butterflies, and other curiosities, for foreign stamps. Please send stamps, and I will pick out what I wish, and return the others with curiosities equal in value to the stamps I keep.

FRANK B. ELDRIDGE,
P. O. Box 458, Attleboro, Mass.

We wish to notify correspondents that we have no more arrow-heads to exchange, and hope no one will send things requesting arrow-heads in return. We will now exchange lead ore, quartz, and flint, for other minerals and Indian relics.

JOHN L. and MINNIE SCOTT,
P. O. Box 39, Frankfort, Franklin Co., Ky.

After the 1st of June I can make no more exchanges. JULIE WICKHAM,
338 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

I have received three Chinese postage stamps from New York city, but as the sender did not give any name, I can not return specimens.

ABELIA FRINK, Marshall, Calhoun Co., Mich.

I have received some things from a boy in Beattie, Marshall County, Kansas, but he did not sign his name. I will send him his salphurates as soon as he sends me his name. GEORGE HAWES,
73 Gilbert Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

We have often endeavored to impress upon the minds of our young readers the importance of giving full name and address when writing a letter requiring an answer. Every day the Post-office Box receives letters requesting exchange, often concluding with, "Please, Mr. Editor, make room for this," and in their anxiety lest their letter be not printed, the boys and girls often forget to sign their request, and except for the postmark on the envelope, the editor would never know in what part of the world the careless little correspondent lived. Now there are a great many of you watching every paper for your exchange. You are sure you wrote it clearly, and in every number you see others asking for the same thing you asked for, so you know your exchange was not against the rules. You can not understand why it is not printed. It never will be printed, because you forgot to give your name and address; and if you wish to exchange your stamps or other things, you must write again, and be more careful than before.

I have no more arrow-heads, but I hope to have some soon, and will send them to correspondents who have written to me. WILLIE G. WHITE,
Yorkville, York Co., S. C.

Louis Treadwell, Redding, Connecticut, and Nat B. Blunt, New York city, withdraw their names from our exchange list, as they have no more specimens.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Rare foreign and United States postmarks, for rare coins or Indian relics. CLINTON C. ANDREWS,
Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Pink and mushroom coral, ivory nuts, three kinds of South-Sea beans, or Mexican, Western coast, and South-Sea shells, for shells. Only good specimens desired. J. S. ARMUZIN,
Drug Store, 248 Oak Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Postmarks. CLARENCE L. AVERY,
Herkimer, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

A Chinese coin, for twenty foreign stamps. A Japanese coin, for forty foreign stamps. A stone from Ohio, for one from any other State.

WILLIAM ASTER,
P. O. Box 790, Kenton, Hardin Co., Ohio.

German, French Republic, Great Britain, Holland, Hong-Kong, India, or Roman States stamps, for a 90-cent United States, issue of 1851, a 30-cent due stamp, issue of 1879, a 1, 10, 12, 15, and 24 cent Interior Department, or a 1, 7, 10, 12, 24, 30, or 90 cent Navy Department. J. C. STEWART,
P. O. Box 64, Bound Brook, N. J.

Silver of the United States, for silver of any other country except Canada. EDSON T. BOYD,
P. O. Box 41, Harmony, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

Some coins over a hundred years old, for other curiosities. ED. BENOS,
37½ Vickroy Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Stamps from India, for those of any other foreign country except South America.

LAURA M. BECK,
634 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Four stones from the "Blue Juniata," for stones from any other river, and crystallized salt.

S. FRED BLYMYER, Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa.

A stone from Massachusetts, for one from any other State. L. BROOKS,
Care of Mr. P. C. Brooks, West Medford, Mass.

Pressed flowers and United States stamps, for curiosities. Correspondents will please write before sending any specimens. IDY and JENNIE BATES,
Peoria, Franklin Co., Kan.

Fifteen Indiana postmarks, for the same from any other State. CHARLES BRAMER,
Lock Box 298, Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind.

Five postmarks, for one stamp. Foreign stamps, for United States internal revenue stamps.

C. S. BROWN,
Lock Box 406, Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind.

Postmarks. HENRY M. DALAND,
440 Jefferson Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

A good ten-key accordion, for a good foot-power scroll-saw. H. DARR,
Lancaster, Grant Co., Wis.

Butterflies, and other insects.

A. R. EVERETT, Sweetland, Nevada Co., Cal.

A piece of crystallized quartz, for a piece of copper, lead, or iron ore. A foreign stamp, for every five postmarks (no duplicates). Fifteen different foreign stamps, for any good curiosity.

EDWARD D. FOWLER,
P. O. Box 51, Newburgh, Orange Co., N. Y.

Curiosities and foreign coins to exchange for old American coins. G. H. HETZEL,
Cumberland, Alleghany Co., Md.

Stamps, for ocean curiosities. A good collection of two hundred stamps (no duplicates), for a genuine Indian bow and arrow. C. D. HAINES,
565 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

Stamps, postmarks, and monograms, for curiosities. FRANK HAINES,
54 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

United States internal revenue stamps, for stamps from Cuba, Brazil, Mexico, China, Australia, or Cape of Good Hope. M. MASSIE,
101 East Eighth Street, Covington, Ky.

An ounce of soil from Cook County, Illinois, for the same from any other State.

T. E. MONROND,
P. O. Box 32, Riverside, Cook Co., Ill.

Foreign postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads.

FRANK C. MOTHERWELL,
247 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Minerals, for silk scraps for a quilt.

FLAVEL MINER,
P. O. Box 41, Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Iron ore from Missouri, coral, stones from the Atlantic coast, and a few petrified sharks' teeth, for stamps; Nova Scotia, Baden, Newfoundland, and United States department stamps especially desired.

L. W. MILLIKIN,
Room 37, Hackettstown Ins., Hackettstown, N. J.

Florida shells, sulphur as it is dug, and stones and shells from Lake Ontario, for ocean curiosities, Indian relics, and ores.

ALBERT FRANK, care of William Schenck,
290 Washington Street, Newark, N. J.

Foreign stamps. Australian and Asiatic stamps especially desired. Correspondents will please send list of stamps before sending specimens.

HELEN POTTER,
1519 North Twenty-second St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Pine, birch, maple, and oak of different kinds, poplar, ash, wild cherry, and alder, for ocean shells and curiosities, postmarks, or other kinds of woods.

Digitized by Google

New Hampshire granite or cobble-stones, for stones from any other State. SCOTT E. SANBORN,
54 Pennacook Street, Manchester, N. H.

A very good stamp album, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow in good condition.
WALTER S. RUSSELL,
Cooperstown, Otsego Co., N. Y.

A British stamp, for a Cape of Good Hope stamp.
ATTIE SUTTON, Bradford, Penn.

Five postmarks, for every ordinary foreign postage stamp; and ten postmarks, for every rare foreign stamp. S. G. SMITH,
Heckatoo, Lincoln Co., Ark.

Iron ore and sea-shells, for minerals.
G. W. STEVENS,
10 Broadway Street, Utica, N. Y.

A Russian stamp, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope. Five postmarks, for a Newfoundland or Turkish stamp. ROBERT SHIELS, JUN.,
39 Sibley Street, Detroit, Mich.

A piece of coral eleven inches high, for a stamp from Japan, Russia, or Liberia.
F. R. SATTERLEE,
56 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Ten postmarks, for one foreign stamp. Sand from Ohio, for the same from any other State or Territory.
E. STANDISH,
44 West University Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Mexican and State Department stamps, for stamps from Liberia, Prince Edward Island, Nicaragua, Uruguay, Feejee Islands, and Costa Rica.
M. U., P. O. Box 63, San Antonio, Texas.

Fifteen postmarks of any one State of the Union, for good curiosities. J. M. VALERIOUS,
288 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

A stone from Massachusetts, for one from any other State. JOSEPH WELDE,
607 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

A one-shilling English stamp, 5 and 25 centime French stamps, and 25-centime Swiss stamp, for other foreign stamps. C. WILLIAM,
223 South Fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rare seeds or bulbs, for postage stamps.
FRED A. WILSON, care of "American Grocer,"
28 West Broadway, New York City.

Two sea-watches and four English stamps, for any foreign stamps except English.
JENNIE VOTER, Biddeford, Me.

Stamps and American and foreign coins.
CARL WHEELOCK,
P. O. Box 421, Woonsocket, R. I.

Foreign stamps, or old issues of United States stamps, for the same, or for anything suitable for a museum. R. WILSON,
Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio.

Twelve varieties of foreign stamps, for ten stamps from Japan, Ionian Isles, Liberia, Natal, Orange States, Parma, Paraguay, Poland, West Australia, or Bolivia. GEORGE C. WESSERT,
193 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

English telegraph, old United States, and rare European stamps, for Mexican and South American stamps—a stamp for a stamp; also, relics from Niagara Falls, for relics from other places.
ROSCEVILLE WILDMAN, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Rare old issues of United States stamps, for rare foreign stamps. M. WILLIS,
P. O. Box 208, Flushing, N. Y.

Pressed leaves and stones, for insects. Please pack specimens carefully in cotton.
KITTIE WEAVER, Mankato, Minn.

Sections of a shark's backbone, for fossils or petrifactions of any kind. D. ALLEN WEBBER,
Searsport, Waldo Co., Me.

Silver ore, for foreign postage stamps and postal cards. J. E. WILLIAMS,
4 Harrison Street, New York City.

Two cancelled three and ten cent Treasury stamps, for any Asiatic, African, Australian, or South American stamp. CARL WAGNER,
200 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Ten foreign stamps, for one copper coin of any foreign country. H. F. WILCH,
St. Nicholas Hotel, New York City.

Postmarks, for curiosities of any kind. Soil of New York, for the same of any other State. White and red cedar, for other woods.
R. E. SUMNER,
468 Classon Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Trap-rock with mica in it, for an Indian arrow-head. R. B. W.,
P. O. Box 51, Ridgewood, Bergen Co., N. J.

Foreign stamps, for Indian relics.
HARRY SULLIVAN, Indianapolis, Ind.

Postmarks, for insects.
WALTER S. STILLMAN,
P. O. Box 966, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Foreign stamps, for minerals, coins, Indian relics, or any kind of curiosities. JOHN T.,
14 Carver Street, Boston, Mass.

Stamps and sea-shells from Florida, for South American or Asiatic coins. F. P. T.,
Okawville, Washington Co., Ill.

JOSEPH W.—There is no old tradition that the loadstone was discovered by a Greek shepherd on Mount Ida. His crook was tipped with iron, and on touching a large mass of rock with it, he was amazed and terrified to find it held fast, as if by invisible hands. The name of this shepherd was Magnes, and the word magnet is said by some to be derived from it. Others, with more probability, think that the word comes from a region of Lydia called Magnesia, where the loadstone was found in large quantities. This stone has the remarkable power of imparting its own property of attraction to hard iron or steel, without losing any of its power.

C. H. C.—Whistles may be made of willow, basswood (linden), or elder. The process is very simple: Take a smooth piece of willow or bass-wood branch, of fresh growth, and full of sap, about half an inch in diameter and three or four inches long. Trim the smaller end as shown in the diagram, and cut a circle through the bark near the larger end, and then loosen the bark between the cut and the smaller end by gently tapping it with a stick or the back of your knife. If you break or bruise it, your whistle will be spoiled. When the bark is thoroughly loosened, it will slip off with a gentle pull. Cut away the wood as indicated by the dotted lines of the diagram, and make a small incision in the bark

just above where the inside slope of the wood begins. Moisten the wood, slip on the bark, and you have your whistle. To make a whistle out of elder, punch out the pith, plug up one end tightly, and leave an air-space on one side of the plug at the other end. Cut an air-hole, as in the willow whistle.

R. V. C.—Horses are not used in crossing the great deserts of Africa, as they can not go without water, like the camel, which can take into its stomach at one time a supply for several days.

O. W.—The phrase "passing-bell" originated in this way. In ancient times, when people were more superstitious than they are now, it was believed that bells which had been consecrated had the power to drive away evil spirits; and so, when any one was supposed to be dying, the church bell was rung to scare away the wicked demons which were supposed to be waiting at the foot of the bed, ready to seize the "passing" soul. Bells were also supposed to have the power of protecting buildings from lightning and storms of wind, and some bells were inscribed with verses describing their qualities. The following verses are found on some old bells in England:

"Men's death I tell by doleful knell.
Lightning and thunder I break asunder.
On Sabbath all to church I call.
The sleepy head I raise from bed.
The winds so fierce I do disperse.
Man's cruel rage I do assuage."

C. R. F.—You can obtain the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE you specify.

H. S.—Our word bead comes from the old Anglo-Saxon *bead*, or *bede*, which means a prayer, strings of beads being used to number prayers. Beads are made of many kinds of material—glass, amber, coral, wood, precious stones, gold, and other metals. They are largely manufactured in China, and every mandarin, when in full dress, wears a magnificent string of them. The beads used for dolls' eyes are mostly made at Birmingham, England.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Jennie Bates, Gertie Childs, Maggie J. Cullahan, *L. M. Fobes*, Lottie, "*Lodestar*," Flavel S. Mines, F. Nichols, "North Star," "Peppet," *Harry Phillips*, M. Parkinson, C. A. Quinn, "*Queen Bess*," Charlie A. Smith, "Tel E. Graph," "Wall and Tulebe."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In canter, not in walk.
In chatter, not in talk.
In yarn, not in string.
In music, not in sing.
In winter, not in snow.
In water, not in row.
In muscle, not in might.
In quarrel, not in fight.
In church, not in people.
In altar, not in steeple.
My whole is a place of summer delight
Where children learn to do what is right.
HELEN.

No. 2.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A couple. 2. A plant. 3. A small quantity. 4. To cut down.

2.—1. A token. 2. An island. 3. Joy. 4. Necessity.

3.—1. To bend. 2. A surface. 3. To peruse. 4. Small cushions. TEL E. GRAPH.

4.—1. To wither. 2. Old. 3. An exploit. 4. A whirlpool. GOODY TWO-SHOES.

No. 3.

TRIPLE ENIGMA.

In scholar, not in learn.
In mouse-ear, not in fern.
In ringing, not in toll.
In ladle, not in bowl.
In tyranny, but not in kings.
My whole comprises three sweet things.
DAME DURDEN.

No. 4.

CHARADE—(*To Rip Van Winkle*).

In shady woods and sunny fields
My first is often found,
As lithe and fleet as any bird,
Yet never leaves the ground.

Of life and death my second tells,
Of sorrow and of mirth;
It dwells with stately pomp, and by
The simplest household hearth.

My whole, a graceful, modest flower,
By lonely way-sides grows,
And trembles on its slender stem
With every wind that blows. OWLET.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 80.

No. 1.

A C C E S S O R Y
I N S U L A R
A N G E R
H A Y
R
A C T
C H A N T
C O R N I C R
B L A M E L E S S

No. 2. Hepatica.

No. 3.

S T E E *L*
S *A* V *O* R
L A *R* O R
M *O* U *L* D
S T A V *E*

Sable, Lobos.

No. 4.

P R I S O N
R E S I N
I S A R
S I R
O N
N

P R O F I T
R A V E N
O V E N
F E N
I N
T

No. 5. Wiggles.

Charade, on page 448—Horse-chestnut.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

WEIGHING THE BABY.

THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF CROQUET.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

AS summer dries up the moist paths and lawns, the boys are eager for new out-of-door games, and we will hunt for them where most good things come from—in the distant past, the games of which are the new ones of to-day.

The boys of 1881 are advised to reproduce one of the first games ever played in merrie England, one in which kings and princes delighted to join, and in honor of which a celebrated avenue still retains its ancient name. Very little can be ascertained about this game and the manner of playing it, as the only authentic record which we can find consists of a picture of one of its balls and mallets in the Bodleian manuscripts. A hint has also been discovered in another book, from which we have gathered ideas enough to describe a game full of novelty and interest to both boys and girls, in addition to its deep historical and literary associations. From the form of the simple implements preserved in the picture, Pall Mall may certainly be considered as the ancestor of Croquet, for the idea of a ball driven by a mallet was doubtless derived from it.

The best mall for this game is a hard concrete or gravel walk seven feet in width and forty feet in length. Doubtless after this game becomes widely known through the great circulation of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, malls for this purpose will be made on many pleasure-grounds; but it can be played on any lawn by inclosing a space with small posts, to which a line is fastened six inches from the ground, and ruling out all balls that roll outside of the boundary or pass under the line. When played on a path or avenue, the boundaries are marked by the grass or border on each side. Any number of players can join, each one being provided with one ball and mallet. The best ball for the purpose is the smallest size of those used in bowling-alleys, made of hard heavy wood, four inches in diameter. Each player must be able to identify his ball at once among a crowd, for which purpose each should be marked with a spot of different color. The mallet must be made of oak, with a head nine inches long and four inches thick, through which a very strong handle is securely fastened, projecting three feet at least. It is well to have the handles of these mallets of various lengths, to accommodate tall or short players, as the ball should be hit without stooping, and on the run.

Upon the mall lines are made with white lime, flour, or plaster; one for the starting-point, one in the centre, one at the goal, and one six feet from the starting-point. All these lines cross the mall, excepting the one six feet from the start, which is a circle four feet across, made by fastening a string to a post, and drawing a ring on the ground with another stick tied to the post by a string two feet long, and marking the circle thus made with plaster. The goal is a small board, with a peg eighteen inches long at the middle of the lower edge, by which it is driven into the ground. At equal distances from this peg arches are cut in the goal six inches high and five inches wide, and just over the peg a circle of the same size as the ball is made with white chalk.

As the first stroke is important, it is determined by placing all the balls on the circle in front of the starting-place, and allowing each player to knock his ball; and the one whose ball goes farthest along the mall has the precedence, and the next one in order has the second choice. These two players then choose sides in turn, and direct the game. The object is to hit the white circle of the goal, with the fewest strokes, without sending the ball outside of the mall. Any player who sends his own ball or that of an adversary off the mall before it reaches the centre line causes that ball to be out of the game. Any ball knocked off the mall, after passing the centre line, may return once only to the starting-point for a second trial. Any ball sent through either of the arches in the goal, before hitting the white ring, is out of the game. Players who have passed the centre line may knock either way, but before reaching the centre must always play toward it.

When a player has hit the circle on the goal, without being hit, he can, if he prefers, let his ball remain, and play against the others, or remove his ball to count on his side; but if not taken off, his ball is equally liable with the others to be knocked off the mall or through the arch, in which case it is out of the game.

A player who clears the centre line at one knock can play again, and if he hits the circle with one knock more, his side wins the game. Great judgment is thus required in the force applied to each stroke, especially when many balls are in the mall, as the player runs the risk of knocking off friends and adversaries alike. To gain force for the blow each has the choice of running along the mall from the starting-point. The side wins which hits the centre ring first with the most balls, as it seldom happens that more than three balls reach the goal without going through it or being knocked off the mall. The contest grows hot around the goal, as many players send their own balls off the mall in their eager efforts to knock away those of their adversaries, and the game is at an end only when every ball has hit the circle or is out of the game either by going through the goal or off the mall, as after passing the centre line one may play toward the goal or against any ball in either direction.

"Hey, Johnny, come and get these purps quick—one of 'em's for you, anyhow—I's caught fast to somethin'!"

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 84. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, June 7, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE sound of oars could be distinctly heard, and the boys listened breathlessly. The night was so dark that they could see but a little distance from their own vessel, and could only judge of the distance of the invisible row-boat, and the direction in which it was moving, by the sound. As they stood shivering in the cold mist, expecting every moment to be attacked by thieves, they could not be said to be enjoying themselves. They would have given a great deal to have been safe at home and in their warm beds. As they afterward acknowledged, they were a good deal frightened; and there are few men who, in the same circumstances, would not have felt that they were in a very awkward situation.

THE DEFEAT OF THE RIVER PIRATES.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

Digitized by Google

"You tell us what to do," whispered Tom to the Captain, "and we'll do it."

"If they come, we've got to fight," answered Charley; "for if we were to let them take our boat, we'd starve to death out here in the marshes."

The sound of the oars came nearer and nearer, and presently the boys caught a glimpse of a boat gliding through the water only a few rods away.

"Perhaps they won't see us," Harry whispered in Charley's ear.

At this moment the oars stopped, and a voice said, "Thar's that yacht belonging to them boys that I was telling you I see this mornin' down by Rockaway. Somebody must have piloted 'em, or they couldn't have got through the islands."

"Oh, go on," replied another voice. "We won't get to Amityville in half an hour if you stop to talk."

The oars resumed their regular dip; the row-boat disappeared in the darkness, and in a little while the silence was as complete as if there was no one within a league of the *Ghost*.

"Now we'll go to sleep again," said Tom, still speaking in a low voice; "though, come to think of it, my turn to watch must have come round by this time."

"It's just ten o'clock," replied Charley. "Well, we're more frightened than hurt; but the thieves may pay us a visit yet. When you call any of us, just remember that if you put your hand on a fellow's forehead, he will wake up cool and sensible; but if you shake him, he'll be very likely to jump, or sing out, or do something of the kind. Good-night all, and don't go to sleep on your watch, Tom."

Harry, Joe, and Charley crept back to their blankets, and prepared to sleep, while Tom, sitting on deck, tried to keep awake. What was very strange was that while Tom, whose duty it was to keep awake, grew horribly sleepy, the other boys, who had a right to go to sleep, found themselves as broad awake as they had ever been in their lives. No one spoke for fear of keeping his neighbor awake; but the frequency with which somebody rolled over, or drew a long and tired breath, showed that there were no sleepy boys in the *Ghost's* cabin. By-and-by Charley, whose hearing was very sharp, thought that he heard oars once more. Making his way softly on deck, he listened, and found that he was not mistaken. He woke Tom, who was sleeping serenely, and sent him to rouse the other boys; but they had already heard the whispered order of the Captain, and were on deck before they could be called.

"It may be another fisherman going home late," said Charley. "I wish they'd keep better hours, and not rouse people up at midnight. There, I see them. They're coming this way, I think."

A row-boat, approaching by a different channel from that which the fishermen had followed, was now dimly visible. She was rowed by two pair of sculls, and a third man could be seen sitting in the stern-sheets.

"Keep down out of sight, boys," whispered Charley. "Perhaps they'll say something if they think we're asleep."

"There she is; I see her," said one of the men, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the listening boys.

"Them boys are all asleep," said another man. "Row up to her easy, and we can dump 'em on to the meadow before they get waked up."

"Boat ahoy!" called out Charley, springing up. "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"We're the United States frigate *Constitution*," replied one of the men. "We want to hear you chaps say your catechism." So saying, the men resumed their oars, and rowed toward the *Ghost*.

"Keep off," cried Charley. "If you come near us, we will fire into you. I give you fair warning."

The men who were rowing stopped for a moment, but the man in the stern, ordering them to row on, fired a pistol, the bullet of which whistled over Tom's head, and made him "duck" in the most polite manner. On came the row-boat, but Charley, who had hastily pointed the gun, scratched a match, and stood sheltering the flame with his hand, and waiting for the sulphur to burn out, as coolly as if he were in his own room. In a few seconds the blue flame was succeeded by the bright glow of the burning wood, and touching the match to the priming, Charley stepped hastily back, while the explosion that followed sounded to the excited boys like the roar of a thirty-two-pounder.

One or two of the marbles hit the row-boat, for the rattle made by them was distinctly heard; but most of Charley's canister-shot flew over the heads of the men without touching them. They were, however, thoroughly alarmed, and putting the boat around, rowed rapidly away. Charley had dropped on his knees the instant after he had fired, and was now reloading with the utmost haste, ramming down a handful of nails that he drew from his pocket, where he had kept them in reserve, wrapped in a torn piece of his handkerchief.

"Hurrah!" shouted Harry. "We've beat 'em. I only wish we had sunk their boat."

"That wouldn't have done us any good," said Charley. "If they don't come back again, I shall be entirely satisfied."

"What a bang the old cannon made!" exclaimed Joe. "I wonder if we really hit anybody?"

"If we had, we would have known it," replied Charley. "I think we've frightened them away. They know that every yacht generally carries a gun, and they won't suspect that we hadn't anything but marbles to fire at them. If we do have to fire again, we shall do some mischief, for I've loaded the gun with nails, and they will do twice as much execution as marbles."

Of course nobody thought of trying to go to sleep again; so the crew of the *Ghost* sat on deck with waterproof blankets over their shoulders, and waited for the renewal of the attack. They grew tired of waiting after a while, and Harry proposed that they should hoist the jib, and with the light west wind that was blowing, try to make their way out from among the islands into the open bay. "We know," added he, "from what the fisherman said that we are in the channel, and we must be nearly out of this wilderness, for don't you remember the man he had with him expected to get to Amityville in half an hour? So let's go on. It will be easier than waiting here all night."

The suggestion was warmly received, and it was not long before the canvas cabin was stowed away, and the *Ghost* was slowly feeling her way through the darkness. Charley did not venture to hoist the mainsail, for he was afraid of running aground so hard that it would be difficult to get the boat afloat again. Joe stood at the bow, and tried to see as far ahead as possible, while the other boys kept a look-out on all sides for the piratical row-boat. After a little while the channel grew broader, and they were congratulating themselves that they must be nearly out of the archipelago, when once more the dip of oars was heard right astern.

"Haul up that mainsail, the port watch, just as quick as you can," cried the Captain. "The sheet's all slack, and you can get it up. Bring the gun aft here, Joe, and mind you don't drop it overboard."

Had there been more wind, the two boys could not have got up the mainsail with the wind nearly aft; but as it was, they had it up and the sheet trimmed in almost as little time as it takes to tell of it. In the mean time Joe had lugged the cannon aft, and put it on the new "overhang," or extension, that Charley had added to the boat. He then took the helm for a minute, while Charley primed

Digitized by Google

the gun, and put his hat carefully on the touch-hole, so as to keep the powder dry.

"Now lie down on the bottom boards, all of you," said the Captain. "If those fellows are after us, they'll probably use their pistols, and there's no use in more than one of us getting hit." Charley himself, like a prudent fellow, managed to dispose the greater part of his body below the wash-board, though he had to keep his head and one arm above the deck.

The *Ghost* moved much more rapidly now that her mainsail was drawing, but the oars were evidently coming nearer. Before long a pistol-shot was fired, which was evidently meant for the *Ghost*, although the bullet flew wide of the mark. Charley sailed the boat without feeling the least alarm, for he knew that the chance of his being hit by a pistol-bullet from a boat that was too far off to be in sight was extremely small. But the thieves were steadily gaining on the yacht, and when they finally came in sight, it was plain that they were rowing their very hardest.

Charley rose up, and steadying the tiller between his knees, told Joe to light a match, and keep the flame out of sight until he should call for it. The man in the stern of the row-boat, who was apparently the leader of the gang, called out to him to throw the *Ghost* up into the wind, or it would be the worse for him. Charley paid no attention to him, but carefully taking the match from Joe, leaned down, aimed the gun, and fired.

The aim was excellent, and luck was also on the side of the *Ghost*. The load of nails struck the row-boat, which was now not more than forty feet away, full in the bow, and tore a hole in her, scattering a shower of splinters among the men, at least one of whom was wounded, for he cried out, "I'm hit." The rowers instantly dropped their oars, and from the excited exclamations which they made, it was evident that the boat was in danger of sinking.

"Come up, boys," shouted Charley, gayly. "We've beat them this time, sure. They won't fire any more pistols at us to-night."

The boys sprang up, and gave three cheers; but as the last cheer was still ringing in the air, there was a heavy crash, and the enthusiastic boys fell one over another into the bottom of the boat, while a hoarse voice shouted: "Get out of that? What do you mean by running into us?" In their excitement they had allowed the *Ghost* to run directly into a large oyster sloop that was lying at anchor without any light in her rigging.

Making the *Ghost* fast to the sloop, Charley climbed on board the latter, and quickly explained to the three men who were on deck how it happened that they were sailing about the bay at two o'clock in the morning.

"So it was you that was firing, was it?" said the captain of the sloop. "Well, now, I want to know! Fired a cannon right slap into 'em, did ye? Well, now, that beats me."

"It beat them too," remarked Joe.

"You didn't kill none of 'em, did ye?"

"No, and I don't think we hurt anybody very much; but we knocked a hole in their boat," said Charley.

"Hope you did. They won't drown, for they're regular wharf rats; but the sheriff 'll catch 'em on the meadows to-morrow. How big a ball does that gun of yourn carry?"

"We hadn't any balls, so we fired a lot of nails wrapped up in a handkerchief at them. I shouldn't have thought the nails would have held together, but they did, and I know there was a hole knocked in the boat by the way the men acted."

"They're the same fellows that stole Sam Harris's catboat last week; but I guess they won't steal no more—not for the present."

The oystermen who had been awakened by the cannon, and had supposed that it was fired by some steamer that had run ashore on the beach, were now ready to turn in again. The captain of the sloop told the boys to lower their sails, and to make the yacht fast to the sloop's stern.

"You won't be troubled no more to-night, and we'll tow you over to Amityville to-morrow morning, if you want to go there," said the captain. "But you'd better go to sleep, now. There'll be somebody on the look-out on board the sloop, so you needn't be afraid of nothing."

Thanking him heartily, the boys went back to their own vessel, lowered the sails, and making the painter fast to the stern rail of the sloop, prepared to take a morning nap. They did not take the trouble to rig up the canvas cabin, but covered themselves with their water-proof blankets, leaving only their heads exposed to the dew.

"That's the first time I've been under fire," remarked Charley, as he tucked the water-proof around him.

"Weren't you afraid when they fired at you?" asked Joe.

"Yes, I suppose I was; that is, I didn't want to be hit, and I wished I was where nobody would fire pistols at me; but I knew that there wasn't one chance in a hundred that I would be hit."

"I hate this whole fighting business," said Tom. "Last year we had a fight with tramps, and now we've had this fight. Who would ever have thought that peaceable boys, who don't do any mischief or interfere with anybody, would have to have real fights with tramps and pirates? If we'd killed one of those fellows, it would have spoiled all our fun. I couldn't have enjoyed the cruise one bit."

"Well, we didn't kill anybody, and there isn't the least chance that we'll have any more fighting," said Charley.

"We owe our getting out of trouble to-night to you, Charley," said Harry. "If old Admiral Farragut had been here, he couldn't have done better than you did."

"That's so," cried Tom and Joe together.

"Oh, come, now," said Charley, "you're too complimentary. I was Captain, and it was my duty to do what I could to keep the boat from being stolen. Any one of you fellows would have done just the same in my place. Good-night, all. I'll be asleep in three minutes, if you don't talk to me."

He was probably as good as his word; but his companions, who, now that the danger was over, found that they were very tired, were asleep before they had time to calculate whether or not three minutes had come and gone.

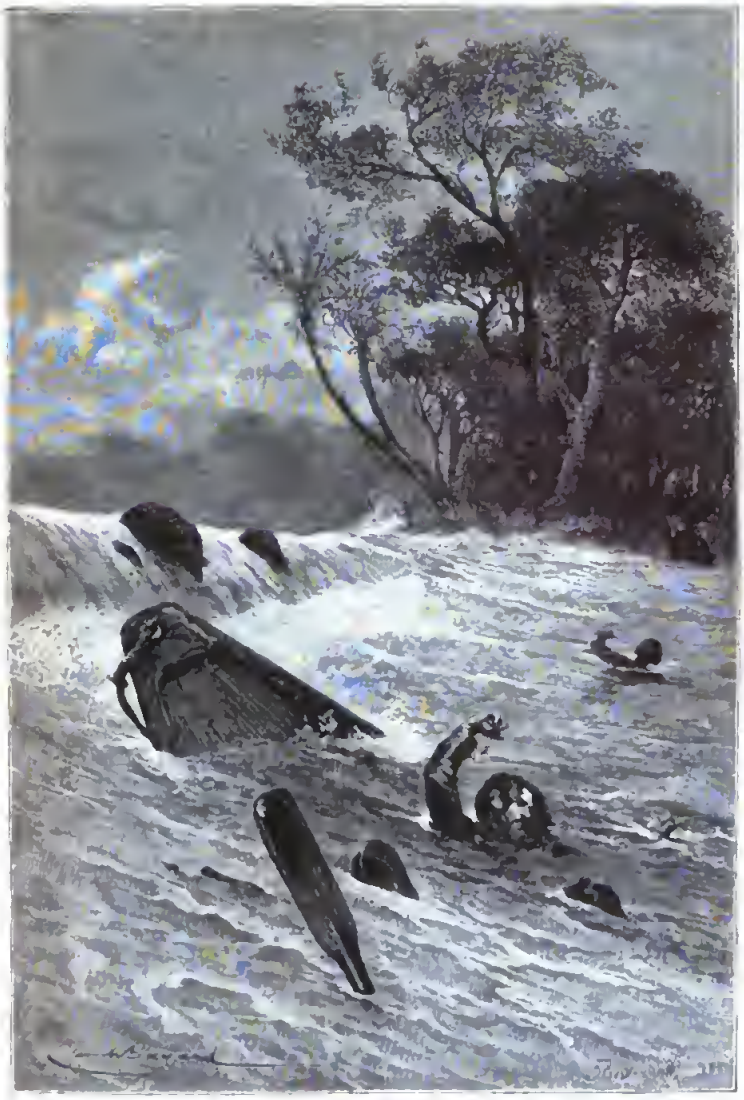
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

THE latest of the great African explorers is a young Portuguese officer, Major Serpa Pinto, who in 1877 and 1878 crossed Africa from Benguela, a Portuguese settlement on the west coast, to the mouth of the river Zambezi, on the east coast. His journey was not as long or as hazardous as those made by Cameron and Stanley, and part of it was through a region already explored by Livingstone. Still, Major Pinto saw many wonderful things which other explorers had not seen, and made valuable discoveries concerning the sources of the great rivers Coanza and Zambezi. Many African travellers have heard from the natives stories of a tribe of white Africans, but no one fully believed those stories until Major Pinto actually came into the region where the white Africans live, and saw, as he tells us, quite a number of them.

Not the least remarkable of Major Pinto's exploits was his discovery of a new cure for the rheumatism. One night a terrible thunder-storm began soon after dark. It was by far the worst storm that the Major had ever seen, and such quantities of rain fell that the ground became soaked, and wherever any one trod, the water spurted up as it does from a wet sponge when it is squeezed. The traveller took a severe cold, and in the morning he

Digitized by Google



A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

found himself suffering from a violent attack of rheumatism. He was unable to move hand or foot, and was consumed by a raging fever. Nevertheless, his men put him on a litter, and carried him on his way, until they came to a broad river just below a cataract.

The only means of crossing this river was a little worn-out canoe which was so leaky that the natives had to thrust moss into the cracks to keep the water from fairly rushing into it. In the bottom of this canoe, which was only large enough to hold two men, Major Pinto was carefully laid, and then a stout negro undertook to paddle it across the river. The rain had swollen the river so that it was full of whirlpools, that caught the canoe, and whirled it round and round. The negro worked hard with his paddle, but he had no control over the canoe, which was gradually drawn into the rough water at the foot of the cataract. Major Pinto tried to move so that he could look over the side of the canoe, and see the danger which threatened him, but it caused him such agony to move even his little finger, that he was compelled to give up the attempt. Meanwhile the canoe was leaking so that it was nearly half full of water, and the negro, telling his helpless passenger that it was necessary to lighten the frail craft in order to keep it from sinking, jumped out and swam ashore. Major Pinto, thus deserted and left to his fate, fully expected to be drowned. Presently a big wave poured into the canoe, which instantly sank, leaving the Major in the water. To his great surprise, he began to swim vigorously, holding his watch out of the water with one hand. Although a moment before he had not been able to move a muscle, he swam ashore without the least difficulty, and when he landed on the bank his fever had vanished, and he had not a particle of rheumatism left. This was a most astonishing cure, but it probably would not prove successful anywhere except in Central Africa. At all events, it would be hardly safe for an American boy suffering with inflammatory rheumatism to have himself thrown into a deep river.

While living in the country of Bibé—a part of Africa near the sources of the river Coanza—Major Pinto was visited by a magician, who wanted to sell him an ointment that would make it impossible for a rifle-bullet to hit him. The magician insisted that if any man were to rub a little of this precious ointment on his body, he would be perfectly safe, no matter how often his enemies might fire at him. As a proof of the power of this ointment, the magician said that the earthen vase which held it had been fired at thousands of times, but that no man could possibly hit it.

Major Pinto said that if he were to shoot at the vase, he rather thought he could hit it, and the magician told him that he might try his very best, but that the powerful ointment would turn his bullet aside. Now the magician did not know that the Major could shoot any better than the natives, and when he placed the vase eighty yards away, he felt certain that the white man could not hit it. Major Pinto took careful aim, fired, and knocked the vase into a thousand pieces. The natives, who had always believed in the power of the ointment, set up a shout when they saw what had happened, and the magician, knowing that his trade in ointment was ruined, slunk away, and never came back to demand payment for his broken vase.

Like all African travellers, Major Pinto had a great deal of trouble with his men, who were all native Africans. They were constantly stealing his property, getting drunk, and running away. He had, however, one faithful man, who was brave, honest, and devoted to his master. This man's name was Augoustino; he saved his master's life on several occasions, and to him is due almost as much credit for the success of the exploration as to Major Pinto himself.

THE SWEETEST MONTH.

BY M. E.

"TELL me, tell me, silver moon,
Which of all the months discloses
Greatest sweetness?" "Dreamy June,
Summer's darling," said the moon,
"Month of roses."

Digitized by Google

"ZITA," THE GYPSY GIRL.

ANOTHER RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"MARCH!" said Spring. Quickly melting, the ice ran away,
And the frost hurried out of the ground,
And the leaves, brown and dry, dropped with Autumn's "good-by,"
With the wind went a-skurrying round.
And from the deep mud in a low, swampy place
A turtle his long neck thrust out,
And winking and blinking his funny round eyes,
He lazily peered all about.

Then he dragged from the mire—like a snail on his back
He bore it—his box-like abode,
And patiently climbed for an hour or more
Up the bank, till he came to the road.
There an old man he met, who was crooked and gray,
And who walked with a stout oaken cane.
Cried the turtle, "Hello! please tell Ned that I'm here,
And am waiting to see him again."

"Who's Ned?" asked the man. "Just examine my top
(I suppose you have learned how to spell),
And a name and some figures he carved with his knife
When we parted, you'll find on my shell."
The old man he stooped with a grunt, for he was
Decidedly lame in each knee,
And he read, "August 1st, 1820—Ned Mott,"
And then chuckled, "Good gracious! that's me."

"You!" the turtle exclaimed. "Why, Ned Mott is a boy
Whose laugh can be heard for a mile;
With hair brown as earth, and with eyes bright as mine—
You! Excuse me, I really *must* smile."
"I *am* he." "It can't be." "Yes, it can. Don't you see,
Many years since you saw him have sped?"
"What's years? I know nothing 'bout years, but I know
That *you* are not rosy-cheeked Ned.

"He's a *boy*, and he wears a small cap with a peak,
And in summer picks berries called whortle.
Oh! the stupidest thing is a stupid old man."
"You mistake, 'tis a stupid old turtle.
I'm Ned Mott." "You are *not*." "If I'm not, I'll be shot."
"Then be shot," and he dropped with a thud,
That sleepy, that ancient, that obstinate turtle,
Head-foremost back into the mud.

LAWN TENNIS.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

WHEN I say that the game of lawn tennis was invented by an English gentleman some seven or eight years ago, I am quite prepared to hear from some of my readers, whose favorite study is history, that it is much older than that, and was known both in France and England as long ago as the reign of Henry III. And indeed the correction will have much truth in it, for tennis was known even further back than that. People who always want to get at the very beginning of everything claim that the game, or something very like it, was played in the reign of the cruel Emperor Nero, who, you will remember, fiddled while Rome was burning before his eyes. Fiddling, perhaps, was not his only amusement, and it is quite possible that in the interval between one horrible act of cruelty and another, the Emperor indulged in a game of tennis. But Nero is not at all a pleasant person to associate with such a beautiful game, so, if you please, we will leave history to the historians, and see what our modern great-great-grandchild of the old tennis is.

Those of my readers who live in or near large cities will probably know that it is an out-door game played with a racquet and a ball, but for the benefit of those who do not know it, I will give a few hints as to the laying out of the court, and the implements necessary for the game.

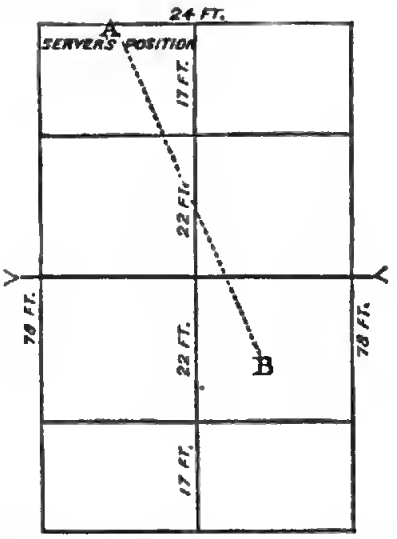
First of all, you must have a lawn; not necessarily a perfectly level piece of turf as smooth as a parlor carpet, but a fairly level plot of grass, which a scythe or a mowing-machine can soon put into order. Of course all stones and sticks must be picked up, and if you have a roller at hand, you will improve your lawn greatly by

READY TO "SERVE."

running the roller over it once or twice. When the ground is prepared, get some small pointed sticks and some string, and lay out the "court" according to the

Digitized by Google

lines on the diagram on this page, stretching the string from one stick to another at the distances marked on the diagram. When this is done, get some whitewash and a brush two inches wide, and mark lines on the grass wherever the string passes over it. Then you may pull up the stakes and the string.



The broad line across the middle of the diagram is where the net goes. If any one of the party knows how to make a net with a two-inch mesh, so much the better; but most of my readers will prefer to buy one, I think. The net is twenty-four feet long and four feet wide, and is fastened to posts, about five feet high, at each side of the court. The posts are supported on the outer side by "guy-ropes" fastened to stakes driven into the ground, while the strain of the net between the posts supports them on the inner side. And now that the court is marked out, and the net pitched, we have everything ready except the bats and balls.

The bat, or racquet, is a very pretty piece of workmanship, and I dare not venture to hope that the cleverest of my readers could make one, so we will assume that, even if everything else is home-made, the racquet must be bought. And so, indeed, must the balls; but a hollow India rubber ball of about two and a half inches diameter is so well known to all boys that we may dismiss it with the remark that it is as well to have at least two balls at hand in a game, to save time.

The game may be played by either two or four persons. In the latter case each pair will play as partners on each side of the net. The one who strikes the ball first (and this is decided by agreement) is called the "server." Standing with one foot outside the line at the end of the right-hand court, and the other foot inside the court (position marked A in diagram), the server strikes the ball so that it falls in the court diagonally opposite him, just over the net at B, where a player on the other side will be waiting to receive it. After the ball has bounded once, the player must strike it over the net, and it must be returned from one side of the net to the other until some one fails to do so properly. One partner plays in the inner court and the other in the outer one, and after the "service" and the first return, either of the players may return the ball to any part of their opponents' court, according as it pitches nearer to one than to the other. When a player fails to return the ball properly, it counts one for the other side, and the server begins again from his old position, except that he must serve from the left-hand court this time if he served from the right-hand court last.

Counting.—A game consists of *four* "points." It counts against one side, and in favor of the other,

1. When the server makes two "faults" in succession. (A "fault" is the failure of the server to send the ball into the proper court.)
2. When a player does not return the ball over the net.
3. When a player sends the ball so far that it falls outside the court.
4. When a player allows the ball to strike the ground more than once before he returns it.

When one side has made four points, a new game is begun, but the same side must not "serve" two games in succession, for there is some advantage in the "service," and it would not be fair for one side to have it oftener than the other.

It will often happen that both sides will have made three points at the same time, and when that does happen, the score is called "deuce," and either side has to make two points in succession to win the game. If the server's side makes a point when the score is "deuce," it is called "advantage in," and if the other side then makes a point, their point cancels the other, and the score is set back to "deuce" again. When the other side (not the server's) makes a point after "deuce," it is called "advantage out," and this point may be cancelled by the other side making one, as before. When one side has made two points in succession after "deuce," the game is won. The side which wins six games first wins the "set," and then the players may rest awhile, or choose fresh sides.

All the principal rules of the game are included in the description of the game given above, but if you buy a full tennis set, a little book containing the rules will be included in it.

As I have said, everything but the bats and balls can be made at home, since nothing is required but two posts, five feet high and an inch and three-quarters in thickness, four tent-pegs to fasten the guy-ropes to, and a net.

But even if it is decided to purchase a set, the cost is not very great compared with that of some other games, especially if two or three families club together. A good tennis set, consisting of four bats, four balls, a net, two posts, guy-ropes, four stakes, and a mallet for driving these last into the ground, can be bought for fifteen dollars. The bats alone of this set would cost eight dollars, and the net two dollars. The poles are rather expensive, as they are made each in two pieces so as to pack into a box, the pieces fitting together in a brass socket. Poles without a joint in the middle can easily be made, thus saving four dollars in the cost of the outfit. The guy-ropes, runners, and stakes cost seventy-five cents a set, but these can easily be made. The cost would thus be reduced to eleven dollars, namely, eight dollars for four bats, one dollar for four balls, and two dollars for a net.

Of course players will dress lightly for the game. A flannel suit is the best thing to wear, as it is cool, and prevents the wearer from taking cold easily. Ordinary shoes can generally be worn, but most players prefer canvas shoes with rubber soles of an uneven surface to prevent slipping. For girls—and this is as much a girl's game as a boy's—short dresses of blue flannel, or some other material that is both cool and strong, are recommended; and canvas shoes with rubber soles can be bought, in girls' sizes, at almost any shoe store. English girls wear the "Jersey," shown in the cut on the preceding page, as a tennis costume, and this neat, close-fitting dress is already becoming popular in this country.

Lawn tennis is a game that requires a quick hand and eye, lively movement, and a good temper. There are two things which spoil the game, even among good players. These are lack of interest in the game, so that a player does not play his best all the time, and a show of bad temper. Angry words and solemn sulks are nowhere more out of place than on the tennis lawn.

Digitized by Google

GOING TO BE A PIRATE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I DON'T know if you are acquainted with Johnny McGinnis. Everybody knows his father, for he's been in Congress, though he is a poor man, and sells hay and potatoes, and I heard father say that Mr. McGinnis is the most remarkable man in the country. Well, Johnny is Mr. McGinnis's boy, and he's about my age, and thinks he's tremendously smart; and I used to think so too, but now I don't think quite so much of him. He and I went away to be pirates the other day, and I found out that he will never do for a pirate.

You see, we had both got into difficulties. It wasn't my fault, I am sure, but it's such a painful subject that I won't describe it. I will merely say that after it was all over, I went to see Johnny to tell him that it was no use to put shingles under your coat, for how is that going to do your legs any good, and I tried it because Johnny advised me to. I found that he had just had a painful scene with his father on account of apples; and I must say it served him right, for he had no business to touch them without permission. So I said, "Look here, Johnny, what's the use of our staying at home and being laid onto with switches and our best actions misunderstood and our noblest and holiest emotions held up to ridicule?" That's what I heard a young man say to Sue one day, but it was so beautiful that I said it to Johnny myself.

"Oh, go 'way," said Johnny.

"That's what I say," said I. "Let's go away and be pirates. There's a brook that runs through Deacon Sammis's woods, and it stands to reason that it must run into the Spanish Main, where all the pirates are. Let's run away, and chop down a tree, and make a canoe, and sail down the brook till we get to the Spanish Main, and then we can capture a schooner, and be regular pirates."

"Hurrah!" says Johnny. "We'll do it. Let's run away to-night. I'll take father's hatchet, and the carving-knife, and some provisions, and meet you back of our barn at ten o'clock."

"I'll be there," said I. "Only, if we're going to be pirates, let's be strictly honest. Don't take anything belonging to your father. I've got a hatchet, and a silver knife with my name on it, and I'll save my supper and take it with me."

So that night I watched my chance, and dropped my supper into my handkerchief, and stuffed it into my pocket. When ten o'clock came, I tied up my clothes in a bundle, and took my hatchet and the silver knife and some matches, and slipped out the back door, and met Johnny. He had nothing with him but his supper and a backgammon board and a bag of marbles. We went straight for the woods, and after we'd selected a big tree to cut down, we ate our supper. Just then the moon went under a cloud, and it grew awfully dark. We couldn't see very well how to chop the tree, and after Johnny had cut his fingers, we put off cutting down the tree till morning, and resolved to build a fire. We got a lot of fire-wood, but I dropped the matches, and when we found them again they were so damp that they wouldn't light.

All at once the wind began to blow, and made a dreadful moaning in the woods. Johnny said it was bears, and that though he wanted to be a pirate, he hadn't calculated on having any bears. Then he said it was cold, and so it was, but I told him that it would be warm enough when we got to the Spanish Main, and that pirates ought not to mind a little cold.

Pretty soon it began to rain, and then Johnny began to cry. It just poured down, and the way our teeth chattered was terrible. By-and-by Johnny jumped up, and said he wasn't going to be eaten up by bears and get an awful cold, and he started on a run for home. Of course I wasn't going to be a pirate all alone, for there wouldn't be any fun in that, so I started after him. He must have been dreadfully frightened, for he ran as fast as he could, and as I was in a hurry, I tried to catch up with him. If he hadn't tripped over a root, and I hadn't tripped over him, I don't believe I could have caught him. When I fell on him, you ought to have heard him yell. He thought I was a bear, but any sensible pirate would have known I wasn't.

Johnny left me at his front gate, and said he had made up his mind he wouldn't be a pirate, and that it would be a great deal more fun to be a plumber, and melt lead. I went home, and as the house was locked up, I had to ring the front-door bell. Father came to the door himself, and when he saw me, he said, "Jimmy, what in the world does this mean?" So I told him that Johnny and me had started for the Spanish Main to be pirates, but Johnny had changed his mind up in Deacon Sammis's woods, and that I thought I'd change mine too.

Father had me put to bed, and hot bottles and things put in the bed with me, and before I went to sleep, he came and said: "Good-night, Jimmy. We'll try and have more fun at home, so that there won't be any necessity of your being a pirate." And I said, "Dear father, I'd a good deal rather stay with you, and I'll never be a pirate without your permission."

This is why I say that Johnny McGinnis will never make a good pirate. He's too much afraid of getting wet.

THE KING'S PET LION.

BY DAVID KER.

A LONG time ago there lived a young King in the east of Germany, who was so famous for strange adventures and out-of-the-way exploits that the people in those parts talk of him still; and if you turn away from the railway track, and march off with your knapsack through the passes of the "Giant Mountains," you will hear many a curious story about him, and many a strange old song, from the miners and charcoal-burners, whose queer little huts are dotted all over the higher slopes. And if, after three weeks or a month among those grand old forests, and green upland pastures, and shining water-falls, and huge black precipices—sleeping in your plaid under the lee of a big rock, and sharing some charcoal man's fried potatoes beside a pine-log fire—you do not come back with health and strength enough for a dozen, and good old stories enough for a library, it will certainly be your own fault.

This German prince had become King when he was little more than a boy, and hardly fit to manage such a difficult business as taking care of a whole kingdom at once. Indeed, he often wished that the kingdom could take care of itself, and leave him a little more liberty; for he would far rather have been galloping over hedge and ditch on his good horse than wading through piles of musty state papers, and he thought it far better fun to follow the deer up the hills with his gun than to sit perched up on a throne in his crown and robes, with ever so many people coming and making long speeches to him, of which he hardly understood a word.

But, happily for our poor prince, he had *one* good friend at his court who was never tired of trying to amuse and entertain him. This was an old friend of his father's, called Count Thorn, who had taught him his lessons as a child, and still kept a kind of charge over him now that he was growing to be a man. The Count looked so tall and grand, with his fur-trimmed robe, and high frilled collar, and long gray beard, that he seemed like one of the old portraits in the great dining hall stepping down from its frame. But there was a merry twinkle in his deep dark eyes every now and then which showed that he could enjoy a joke as well as any one, and that he had

Digitized by Google

a kind heart underneath all.

And so, indeed, he had; and the young King (who was very fond of him, and used to call him "uncle") always ended by doing what the Count told him, although he grumbled a little at times. "Happy as a King?" he would say, when he came back from a long morning in the council-chamber: "I believe I'm the least happy man in my kingdom, for I'm the only one who can't do as he likes."

And then the old Count would lay a hand on his shoulder, and say, kindly: "My boy, you weren't made King just to do as you like, and to amuse yourself. You have to think of your people, and try to make *them* happy; and if you want to be a really great King, such as your father was, that's what you must do." And the young King would laugh, and answer, cheerily, "You're quite right, uncle, and I'll do my best." And after that there would be no more grumbling for a good while, and everything would go on quite comfortably.

Now the King had another favorite besides the Count, and one with whom very few people cared to meddle; for this other favorite was nothing less than a fine young African lion, big enough and strong enough to kill a man with one bite. He and his master might almost be said to have grown up together, for the lion had been given to the King when it was a mere cub and he a mere boy; and it was so tame that it would follow him everywhere like a dog, and eat out of his hand.

"PETS OF THE FAMILY."—From

IN A PAINTING BY EDWIN DOUGLAS.

At night, when the King went to bed, the lion slept on a mat outside his door; and I promise you there was no fear of any one disturbing him while *that* sentinel was on duty.

Now the King used jokingly to call this lion his brother, because whenever he flew into a rage (as he very often did), Count Thorn would say, gravely, "My boy, an angry man is no better than a wild beast; and if you choose to be just the same as that lion yonder, we may as well make him King instead of you."

And then the King would pat the lion's huge tawny head, and say, laughingly: "Do you hear that, old fellow? How would *you* like to have to sit all day with a big crown on, and a heavy robe round you, hearing a lot of fellows make long speeches? I don't think it would suit you at all." And the lion would open its great red mouth and give a long yawn, as much as to say, "I don't think it would."

So long as the beast was only a cub, Count Thorn made no objection to it, and indeed was rather pleased that his pupil had found something to amuse him. But now that the cub had grown into a full-sized lion, with teeth that would crack a man's skull like a nut, and a paw that would beat in an oaken door at one blow, it was a very different thing; and the old Count began to be somewhat anxious. He knew that the lion's savage nature might awake at any moment, and that, if it did, the King would be torn in pieces before a hand could be lifted to save him. The more he thought

Digitized by Google

of the whole business, the less he liked it; and at last he made up his mind to speak out. So one day he came to the King in his garden, with such a grave face that the young man cried out at once: "Why, uncle, what's the matter? you look as if you were just going to be beheaded."

"My boy," said the Count, gravely, "I want to talk seriously with you."

"Which means that I'm going to get a scolding," observed the King, folding his arms, with such a rueful look that Count Thorn could scarcely help laughing.

"I don't want to scold you," he answered, "but I *do* want to advise you, and I hope you won't be vexed at a word of counsel from your old friend. My dear boy, that lion of yours is a dangerous pet, and I want you to get rid of him."

"What! get rid of old Max?" cried the King. "You can't mean that, surely, uncle? Why, I couldn't do without him now—he's the oldest friend I've got, except yourself. Besides," he added, slyly, "if I *did* send him away, what would you do when you wanted to scold me for being passionate, and you had no 'wild beast' to point to?"

"This is no laughing matter," said the Count, shaking his head. "Suppose he were to spring upon you all at once, and seize you in those great jaws of his, what then?"

"As if he'd ever dream of doing anything of the sort!" laughed the King. "Why, he's as tame as any dog, and tamer, too."

"Well, if you won't send him away," urged the Count, "at all events have him chained up, or put in a cage, so that he can do no harm."

"Come, come, uncle," cried the young man, reproachfully, "that's really a little too bad! How long do you think *I* should live if I were chained or caged up like that? and Max is quite as fond of his liberty as I am of mine. No, no; I'll do anything else you like, but I can't have my poor old lion ill-treated."

In short, let Count Thorn talk as he pleased, the King was not to be persuaded; and like most people who are fond of having their own way, he had to pay dearly for it in the end, as you shall see.

One night, having gone to bed later than usual, he had a strange dream. He thought that he was lying on the bed with his uniform coat on, and that a servant came into the room, and began to brush his sleeve with a hard brush. Presently the man passed from the sleeve to the hand that hung out of it, and rasped the skin with the rough bristles until it grew so painful that the King could bear it no longer, but gave a start and a cry, and—awoke.

For a moment he hardly knew whether he was still dreaming or not. His left hand *was* hanging over the side of the bed, and something hard and prickly *was* rasping it and making it painful; but that something was the rough tongue of the lion, which had crept softly into the room (the King having for once forgotten to shut his door), and was licking the outstretched hand, which was just beginning to bleed!

At this taste of fresh blood—the first he had ever had—the beast's fierce nature suddenly awoke. Already his mane was beginning to bristle, and his tail to jerk restlessly to and fro, and his great yellow eyes to flash fire. Bitterly enough, now that it was too late, did the poor King recall his old friend's warning, which he had treated so lightly. He was utterly alone, far from all help, and before him was no longer his tame, affectionate favorite, but a raging beast of prey.

But the young King was as brave a man as ever lived, and even when so suddenly brought face to face with this awful danger, he never flinched. He saw instantly that there was only one thing for him to do, and that it must be done without losing a moment. Never withdrawing his look for a moment from the savage eyes of the beast, or attempting to withdraw the hand which it was licking, he slid the other hand softly up to the bed's head, where his loaded pistols always hung.

Flash! bang! The room was filled with smoke, and as the servants rushed in, they saw the lion dead on the floor, and the King sitting with his face buried in his hands.

So ended all Count Thorn's troubles and anxieties; but somehow he did not appear much pleased after all. In his heart he was sorry for the brave beast that his pupil had loved so long; and when the King looked up from burying his dead favorite among the flowers in his garden, he saw that the old Count's keen gray eyes were as dim as his own.

THE GRAMMAR COURT.

BY W. T. PETERS.

CLINTON was a rosy-cheeked boy, with a pair of dirty hands, and a very stupid head for the nine parts of speech. In fact, as far as his knowledge of grammar went, he was a dunce, and that's a very unpleasant thing to be, especially when one gets a daily thrashing, you know. Well, Clinton was a dunce, and his teacher knew it, and all the school knew it, and he knew it, and he felt very sulky about it on this particular day when I write of him; for he has come out of school with a red, swollen hand, and a pair of red, swollen eyes, though he wouldn't cry about a thrashing, not he—oh no, he is too brave for that.

Now Clinton lived in a nice little house near a nice little village, in which stood the school-house, and when he went home every day he had to go through an open field, and then through a piece of woods. It was about four o'clock on a summer afternoon—he had been kept in again—and the heat had not yet faded away. The sun looked hot and stary through the mist in Clinton's eyes, but its saucy, knowing look put him out, for it seemed to have too much information for a well-balanced sun.

Presently he came to a fresh bit of grass, by such a lordly old tree; so he threw himself down, all breathless and rosier than ever, and folding his inky fingers under his head, he fell to watching a domestic robin up in the tree, and thinking about the detested lessons at the same time.

"Now," said he—for he had a great habit of talking to himself aloud—"what good can there be in a fellow's learning that horrible stuff? I'll never have the faintest idea of what it all means, I'm sure, any more than that round robin up above me."

Whereupon the round robin looked very wise, as if it knew what it knew; but Clinton didn't mind it, but went on talking to himself.

"I was always rather shaky on the subject of fairies, but I'm blest if I wouldn't like to get a glimpse of one this moment, for I don't believe anybody else could help me."

And just then the robin looked down from his nest, and called out, "You're right there."

Clinton glanced up, and to his surprise saw that the lordly old tree had grown into a ragged pair of stairs, and the round robin nodded to him as if it said as plainly as possible, "Come up." So he began climbing up; but as fast as he climbed, it hopped on above him, and the stairs began to grow and grow. But he kept bravely on, for he knew the stairs would stop some time, and he was sure the round robin would, though he was somewhat astonished when he found the stairs making directly for the sun, and he was still more so when, as he came near the brilliant orb of day, he saw its mouth open like a great portcullis, and on its huge upper lip was written in long black letters,

THE GRAMMAR COURT.

And here the stairs stopped, and he saw the round robin go in with a crowd of gay and festive people; so, when he came up to the top of the stairs, he went in too. And he found himself in a lofty chamber of clouds, and away

Digitized by Google

up at one end under a great rainbow sat a haughty-looking King, and the gay and festive people ranged themselves on either side of him. By-and-by the King called out in a loud voice:

"Where is little Article, our page?"

Immediately a small boy, in a pair of mighty slippers, who looked like a very little article indeed, stood trembling before the King.

"Come," roared the King, "don't stand loafing about, but run as fast as you can to the royal presence of Queen Noun, and tell her we request her attendance." Whereat the little Article, trembling a great deal, skipped backward to the door, and then ran off as fast as he could. "For how," said the King, trying to get off a poor joke, as kings are apt to—"how could King Verb be merry if the *object* of his thoughts and the *subject* of his affections be absent from the throne?"

And this seemed to tickle all the gay and festive people immensely, for they giggled a great deal, and were much annoyed because Clinton did not giggle too, though he could not for the world tell what they were having such fun about. One of them even would have spoken to him, had not his Majesty just then called out lustily to the man at the door, "Admit them instantly, Sir Preposition." And obediently Sir Preposition drew back the curtain, and led forward a lady enveloped in a long thick veil. The King hopped down from his throne, he was in such a hurry, exclaiming, as he went, in a very hoarse voice, "Allow thy lord to rend the midnight cloud, and behold the moon in all her glory." At the same time he lifted up the cloud, as he called it, and disclosed, not the slightest hint of a beauty, but the withered face of a hideous old woman.

Then the King, I am ashamed to say, turned round and shook his fist in the timid little Article's face. "How dare you, minion," shrieked he, "point out this ugly old Aunt Pronoun, placing her instead of the fairest princess living— Soldiers! soldiers!"—here he turned almost blue in the face, and pointed to the puny little Article as if he were a very lion—"soldiers, seize the traitor!" he hissed.

The soldiers were about to obey him, when a piercing scream rung out through the apartment. Everybody looked round to see what had happened; and sure enough, almost next to where Clinton stood, a very spare court lady had fallen into hysterics. "Oh! alas!" cried she, gasping all the while like any fish; "ah me! alack! fiddle-dee-dee! How—can—he—be—so—cruel!" Here she flung herself into somebody's arms, and was dragged from the room.

"Ho! ho!" said the King; "who's that?"

"Lady Interjection," squeaked the little Article, nervously touching his hat.

"Lady Interjection, is it? Well, she'd better stop this kind of business, as it is growing rather dreary. However, that won't hinder our making short work of Aunt Pronoun. Soldiers!"

Again the soldiers marched up in a most decorous way, when a handsome young courtier rushed forward, and threw himself at the feet of the King. "My dear brother-in-law—I mean your Majesty," he exclaimed—"can't you make up your royal mind to spare this dear old party, remembering her infirmities? Oh, do make up your mind to do so, and to spare also my sister, Queen Noun! Call to mind her many pleasing qualities. She is beautiful, charming, graceful, witty, loving, gentle—"

"Stop! stop! Adjective," shouted the King; "you'll drive me mad. Get up and listen to my Lord Adverb, and don't kneel there chattering like a magpie."

Immediately an aged and venerable man approached King Verb. As Adjective departed, he heard him whisper in the Prime Minister's ear, "Do your best to *modify* him."

The old man nodded sagaciously, and then addressed his sovereign in a low, clear voice: "Your grace will pardon the rashness of an aged man if I say you have acted somewhat hastily. The advice I give you is to think slowly, coolly, deliberately, and wisely, and then act—kindly."

"Excellent!" said the testy monarch, for he had cooled down a great deal. "Let us hear what Aunt Pronoun can say for herself."

The old lady seemed very cross at the way she had been abused. She drew herself up, and made the King wince, she looked at him so hard. "I have nothing, sire, to say for myself," she said, "save that the Queen, on receiving your message, bid me come to you with the news that you have a young prince born to you."

How the people did shout for joy at this announcement, and how the King did smile, you can not imagine. At any rate Clinton couldn't.

"We thank you for this glorious news, Madam Pronoun," said King Verb, "and we beg you to pardon our sudden displeasure. In recompense, we will have to make you the Prince's godmother. Come, what shall his name be?"

Ladies of Pronoun's age are not so easy to make up with; so she looked very injured at first, but by-and-by began smiling. "King Verb," said she, "I was much grieved at your anger, for it was entirely unmerited; but I rejoice at your kindness, and in token of your having taken the Queen and myself again into court favor and your friendship, I will name the young Prince—Conjunction."

"Hurrah!" cried Clinton, he was so mightily pleased; "I see it all now."

"I am glad you do," said his teacher's voice, close beside him; "but you'd better get up now, else you'll take cold. It's pretty near sunset, and you've been sleeping on this grass nearly two hours."

Clinton sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him. There he was in the woods, as natural as life. Could it have been a dream? Ha! what was that? He happens to spy the round robin looking over his nest, and—yes—*winking at him*. He got up and meekly followed his teacher, never speaking a word. But from that day to this he firmly believes that what he saw was true, and from that day to this I don't believe he ever missed a grammar lesson.

HOW THE PRIZE KITTEN WON HER MEDAL.

BY AGNES CARR.

PRETTY little Kitty Kimo was sent by her mistress to the cat show, where her silky fur, bright eyes like great yellow daisies, and pink sea-shell-like ears, soon won her a prize, and she came home with a beautiful silver medal hung round her neck by a blue ribbon, and just the proudest little kit in all catdom.

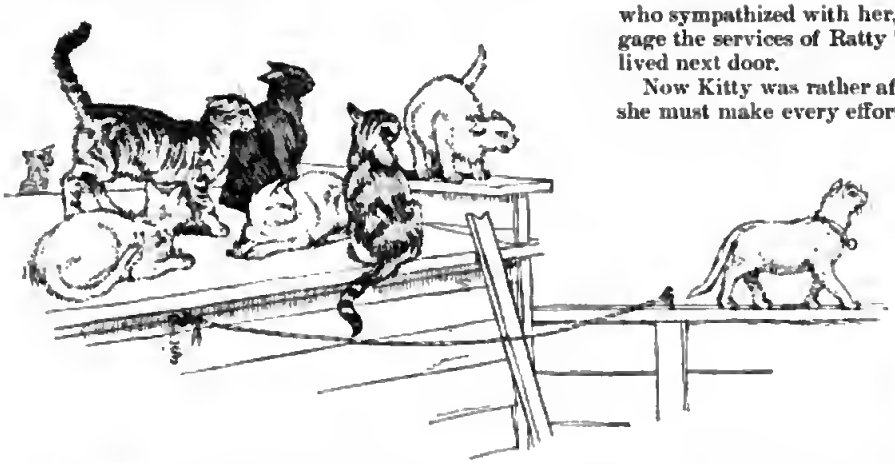
Oh, how Miss Alice petted her, and fed her on chicken and cream for a week afterward! and how all the poor black, white, and gray cats who had not been to the show watched her with envy as she promenaded up and down the fence with the pretty medal glittering on her neck, and turning her vain little head right and left that every one might see it.

"She puts on as many airs as though she had killed a dozen rats," said Tabby Tortoiseshell, a scraggy-looking old cat, who was blind in one eye.

"When she couldn't catch even a mouse to save her life," said Tommy Scratchclaw, a famous hunter and mouser.

"She hissed and spat at me this morning, when I met her in the violet bed," said Pussy Clover, "and then scampered off up the elm-tree to show her tin locket to Dandy Maltese, who presented her with the neck of a sparrow he had just killed on the spot."

Digitized by Google



"Silly kitten!" sniffed old Granny Grimalkin, taking a pinch of catnip snuff. "Beauty isn't everything. I once won a brass button on a cord by turning door handles and jumping over a cane; but she hasn't done a thing except look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"Let us take her medal away, and make her win it back," suggested Sancho Squaller, a powerful black cat, with eyes like buttercups.

"Hurrah! so we will," shouted Tommy Scratchclaw; and all the cats and kits purred a glad assent, and all set up such a mewing and caterwauling, as they discussed how it should be done, that the cook at the corner came rushing out with a broom to drive "those plaguey cats" off the fence.

Kitty Kimo meanwhile, quite unconscious of the plans of her enemies, had enjoyed her sparrow neck exceedingly, and then curled herself up in the shade of a rose-bush for a noon-day nap, and slept so soundly that she never even opened one eye when tiny Topsy Titmouse crept slyly up on her velvety paws, and with her little white teeth gnawed the blue ribbon, and bore off the medal in triumph. Fancy Kitty Kimo's dismay, when she awoke, to see her precious medal shining on the breast of ugly Tabby Tortoiseshell, while all the other cats sat round in a circle, twirling their whiskers and chuckling at the success of their trick.

"Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!" she wailed. "Oh, give me back my medal, my beautiful medal!"

"Not until you have earned it," replied black Sancho Squaller, with the sternness of a judge.

"What must I do?" she cried.

"Bring us the head of the wicked old rat who steals our meat and milk," said Tommy Scratchclaw, "and you shall have your prize."

And all the cats laughed a scornful "Ha! ha! ha!" for they well knew little Miss Kimo would stand no chance against his ratship, who was as strong as he was bad, and had fought and conquered the most renowned warriors in the block.

So at these words poor Kitty Kimo wailed louder than ever, and gave up her prize for lost, until Dandy Maltese, who sympathized with her, suggested that she should engage the services of Ratty Terrier, a smart little dog that lived next door.

Now Kitty was rather afraid of Ratty, but she felt that she must make every effort to regain her lost trinket; so taking a wish-bone with her as a peace-offering, she that afternoon ventured to call on Mr. Terrier.

Not being very fond of cats, he showed his teeth at sight of her, and looked rather savage, but she quickly laid the chicken bone before him, and it so gratified him that he listened quite pleasantly to her petition.

"So you want me to kill Mr. Gray Rat for you?" he said. "He is a plucky old fellow, and has given me many a good laugh at the way he snips bits out of the cats' ears; but I think you have been badly treated, and if you will bring me a nice marrow-bone, I'll see what I can do for you."

Kitty looked very doleful at this, but as Ratty turned away, and began snapping at flies, she murmured, "I'll try," and tripped off round the corner to where a fat jolly butcher was chopping up meat.

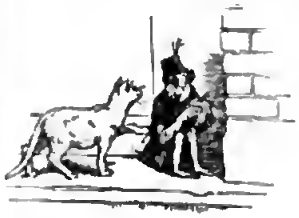
"Mew, mew, mew," said Kitty, rubbing against his foot.

"Why, little cat, what do you want?" asked the butcher.

"Mew, mew, mew," cried Kitty again; but the butcher did not understand cat language, so she took hold of a big bone that lay on the counter, with her teeth, when he said,

"Oh no, Miss Kitty, you can't have that unless you pay me a penny for it."

This made Kitty very sad. "For where can I get a penny?" she thought, as she walked slowly out of the shop. But just outside she met a monkey who was dancing gayly to the sound of a hand-organ, and for doing so people gave him a great many pennies, which he slipped into his coat pocket. He sat down after a while to rest, and refresh himself with an apple, and then Kitty stole up, and begged:



"Please, Mr. Jack, give me one of your pennies to buy a marrow-bone for Ratty Terrier, and then he will kill the wicked old rat for me, and I shall get back the medal I won at the cat show."

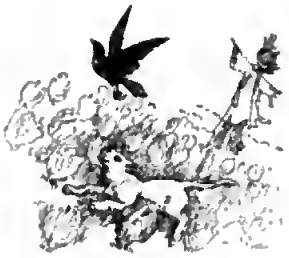
"Chatter, chatter, chatter," said the monkey. "Most of these belong to my master; but I will give you one of mine if you will get me a handful of pea-nuts from yonder stand. I am very fond of them, and they sell very few for a cent."

This stand was kept by a toothless old woman, and Kitty knew it was useless to try and make her understand kitten talk; but she ran across the way, and heard the old lady mumbling to herself, "I'd give a lot of pea-nuts for a few drops of fresh milk to put in my tea."

Digitized by Google

At these words Kitty purred for joy, and fairly skipped over the ground, for she was acquainted with a goat, who, she thought, would be sure to give her some milk. But when she came to the pasture where the goat was feeding, she found Nanny as selfish as the rest of the world, and not a drop of milk would she give, unless Kitty brought her a head of green lettuce for her supper.

Poor Kitty felt terribly discouraged; but she thought, "I might as well keep on now," and pattered away once more on her tired little paws to a farm on the border of the town, where lay a beautiful field of young lettuce, watched over by a funny old scarecrow in a red waistcoat and shabby hat, who stood there to frighten away the birds that destroyed the delicate leaves.



"He looks rather cross," thought Kitty, as she approached this figure, and her heart went pitapat as she stopped, and began, "Mew! mew!"

"Hey! hey!" cried the scarecrow, whirling round, for he thought it was a cat-bird.

"Please, Mr. Crow, don't scare me," stammered Kitty; "for I am only a kitten; and, oh, do please give me a head of your nice lettuce for Nanny the goat."

"And what will she give you for it?" asked the scarecrow.

"Some milk for the pea-nut woman to put in her tea."

"And what will the pea-nut woman give you?"

"A handful of pea-nuts for Jack the monkey."

"And what will Master Jack give you?"

"A penny to buy a marrow-bone for Ratty Terrier."

"Who will probably bite off your head for your pains."

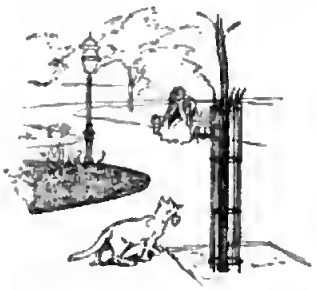
"Oh no, indeed. He has promised to kill the wicked rat that steals our food for me; and then Tabby and Sancho will give me back the beautiful medal I won at the cat show."

"You are winning it twice, I think; but can you frighten birds?"

"Oh yes, indeed."

"Well, then, just scare away that old crow over there, who has no respect for me, and feasts in the field here under my very eyes, and I will give you a head of lettuce."

"That I will, right gladly," said Kitty; and she rushed at the crow with such vigor that he almost choked to death in his fright, and flew away so far that he could never find his way back again.



"Thank you very much," said the scarecrow, when Kitty came back quite breathless from the race, and with her nose as red as a rose-bud. "I can manage all the other birds myself. Now help yourself to a head of lettuce."

Kitty did as she was told; and bidding the old scarecrow, who was so much kinder than he looked, "good-night," hurried away to Nanny the goat, who shook her horns with delight at sight of the fresh young leaves, and gave the kitten some milk in an egg-shell, and also a drink for herself.

The toothless old woman, who had just made up her mind to take her tea clear, was as pleased as she was surprised at the milk pussy brought her, but forgot all about the pea-nuts, until Kitty patted them with her paw. "Oh! Do you want pea-nuts? You shall have them; help yourself to a good handful. You deserve them for being such a smart little cat, and bringing me just what I wanted."

Away went Kitty with her mouth and paws full of nuts, at receiving which the monkey chattered like a whole flock of magpies, and gave her the brightest penny he had in his pocket.

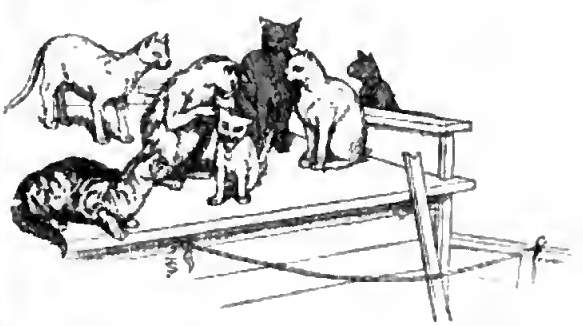
"So you've brought the penny!" exclaimed the butcher, in open-mouthed astonishment, as Kitty laid it in front of him, and seizing the marrow-bone, made off before he could say so much as "Scat!"

"Bow-wow-wow! you deserve a medal, and that's a fact," said Ratty Terrier, wagging his tail at sight of the bone which fairly made his mouth water. And after he had devoured half of it, and hidden the rest in his under-ground store-house, he set out on the promised rat-hunt.

And oh! a fierce battle took place that night, for the old thief fought bravely, and the terrier received many a deep scratch on his saucy little nose, but he came off victor at last, and the rat's head, carefully wrapped in a large leaf, was sent next morning to little Kitty Kimo, who gayly delivered it to the other cats, all of whom rejoiced over the death of their enemy.

"You have well earned your prize at last," said Granny Grimalkin, after Kitty had related her adventures, "for you are as persevering as you are pretty." And Tabby Tortoiseshell herself tied the blue ribbon round Kitty Kimo's neck, while Mademoiselle Catalina Squallita led off in a gay chorus in which all joined, the principal burden of which was, "Me-ow, me-ow-ow, me-ow-ow-ow."

Kitty Kimo was never known to put on airs again, but was always willing to lend her medal to Pussy Clover or Topsy Titmouse to wear to balls or serenades, and she was known far and wide as the Prize Kitten, and the brightest and prettiest cat of the square.



Digitized by Google

DEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a grandmother, eighty-four years old, and I wish to tell the dear readers of YOUNG PEOPLE of an episode in the life of my three little grandchildren.

The youngest, a boy, when two years old, had a canary given him. He and two sisters older than he delighted in watching and feeding the little pet, seeing him plunge into his bowl of water to wash, and then sitting on his perch to brush his bright plumage and give them a sweet morning song.

One hot morning his cage was hung out under the portico. The bees, attracted by his sweet food, flew into the cage for some honey to fill the curious cells they had made. The birdie looked upon them as intruders, and probably pecked at them; but the little busy bees, claiming their right to gather honey anywhere in God's wide domain, covered him with stings. Hearing a loud buzzing, we went out to see what had happened. The bird was covered with bees, and before we could rescue it, they had poisoned it so badly that it gasped a few minutes, and died.

When the children found their pet was dead, after gazing very sorrowfully for a while, they got a spade, and without saying a word, took the dead bird and marched slowly to the garden. The sisters dug a grave, and the little boy laid his pet in its last resting-place, and silently covered it with earth. S. H.

RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to any paper. I am only seven years old.

Papa has one of the funniest crows you ever saw. He tries to talk. We had to cut his wing, because he used to fly away.

My little sister Lucy, who is almost four years old, sends YOUNG PEOPLE a picture she drew. It has four kisses on it. We love the Post-office Box best of all.

HALLETT S.

I have a garden of my own. I fixed it all myself, and I planted seeds in it. They are coming up nicely.

I went sailing with my little brother Hallett, and we caught enough for dinner. WILLIE S.

NEW CASTLE, KENTUCKY.

I live out in the country four miles. I read all the letters in the Post-office Box, and I am so much interested in them! I am reading *Robinson Crusoe* now, and I like it so much!

We had a very long winter. It snowed fifty or sixty times. We have such nice times in the summer. Sometimes we all go down to Drennon Creek, and take our dinners, and stay all day.

I wrote a composition on Toby Tyler.

CHARLIE S.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live here with my aunt, and I go to school. I have not seen my mother or father for two years, but mother is coming soon. My father is Captain of Company H, Eleventh United States Infantry. He is in Montana Territory, at Fort Custer, not far from the place where General Custer was killed by Sitting Bull and his tribe. The fort is on a hill between the Little and Big Horn rivers. Bismarck is the nearest railroad station, but a railroad is going to be built nearer. Then the station will be Big Horn City or Terry's Landing. Big Horn City is a small place, with only one store and a few houses. Terry's Landing is a kind of fort. It has breastworks and a stockade. It is a landing-place for boats, and one company is stationed there. It is near Fort Custer, and every year the company there is changed.

I have the skin of a wild-cat that was killed out in the Big Horn Mountains. It is a great deal bigger than that of an ordinary cat. It measures three feet three inches from head to tail, and fourteen inches round. It has claws like a cat. WILLIAM S. G.

WOODBURY, NEW JERSEY.

I have two cunning little gray squirrels, named Frisky and Fluff. They are not tame enough to be let out of their cage. The other day somebody left the cage door open, and the window in the room was wide open. When mamma came up stairs, there sat Mr. Frisky on the door-sill, looking very much as if he meant to run away. When he saw mamma, he scampered into his bed, and she locked the cage door pretty quickly. I am only six years old, and my hand is tired writing. FLORENCE R. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I wish to notify correspondents that I have no more stamps to exchange. I have had over one hundred letters to answer, and each day brings more. Several have sent stamps, but no address, so that I can not return them.

YOUNG PEOPLE must go to all parts of the world, as the answers to my offer of exchange testify.

MAGGIE B. RAPER.

My old issues of United States stamps are all gone, but I will exchange some green 2-cent revenue stamps, and foreign postage stamps, for 7, 12, 24, 30, or 90 cent stamps of any issue, for coins, stamps from Africa, China, or South or Central America, or for any department stamps except 1, 3, and 6 cent Treasury.

CHARLES W. TALMAN,
P. O. Drawer 5, Hillsdale, Mich.

I have had so many applications for my Sandwich Island stamps that my stock is exhausted.

I will now exchange stamps from Porto Rico, Cuba, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Hong-Kong, Japan, Cape of Good Hope, Egypt, India, Bavaria, and "Thurn and Taxis," for other rare stamps and for coins; South American and African stamps particularly desired. I will also give twenty-five foreign stamps for two good arrow-heads.

SHEPARD G. SCHERERHORN,
46 West Nineteenth Street, New York City.

I wish to notify correspondents that I have no more postmarks left.

I have a number of Jules Verne's stories in pamphlet form which I would like to exchange. I will give one for a United States cent, date 1840 or 1846, or for a half-cent of any date but 1861. I will send the complete story of *A Voyage Around the World* for the cents between 1833 and 1837.

ROLAND GODFREY,
Gardner, Centre P. O., Worcester Co., Mass.

My stock of foreign stamps is exhausted. I will now give ten United States postmarks for five from any foreign country, or from Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, or Washington Territory. I will exchange even for postmarks from other States.

LAWRENCE B. JONES,
P. O. Box 1036, Wilkesbarre, Penn.

The following correspondents withdraw their names from our exchange list, their stock of shells, ores, stamps, and other things being exhausted: E. P. Snively, Columbus, Ohio; Charles R. Crowther, Bridgeport, Conn.; Ned Robinson, Fairfield, Ill.; Walter C. Freeland, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles H. Purdy, Jersey City Heights, N. J.; and G. Vasa Edwards, Plattsburgh, N. Y. Exchangers will please take notice.

I would like to exchange fifty foreign stamps, for a star-fish one foot nine inches in circumference. Or one hundred foreign stamps, for fifteen perfect arrow-heads, twelve perfect spear-heads, or two good-sized stone hatchets. Also one hundred and twenty-eight foreign stamps, for a genuine Indian bow and two good arrows. There are no duplicates among my stamps, and some of them are unused. I will also exchange stamps for other Indian relics besides those named above. Correspondents will please give the locality where each curiosity was found.

D. O. L., care of E. A. Moore,
741 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

I have just received a large supply of gold ore, and of rock from the Mammoth Cave, which I will exchange for curiosities. I will also exchange petrifactions. I especially desire to obtain the claw of a grizzly bear. DELLIE H. POARCH,
Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Isaac S. Yerks, Brooklyn, New York, wishes the address of the correspondent who sent him a specimen of gypsum in a parlor-match box.

Paul L. Ford, Brooklyn, New York, wishes the address of the correspondent who sent a stone from Natural Bridge.

Bertha A. Brumagim, Summerdale, New York, has received three unused foreign stamps, and will return used foreign stamps if the correspondent will send address, and the number of stamps wished for.

Any more correspondents wishing to exchange foreign stamps for those from Hong-Kong or Japan, will please address me at Lake Mahopac, Putnam County, New York, instead of 27 East Twenty-second Street, as heretofore. I should like to ask those correspondents who are owing me stamps to send them to my new address as soon as possible.

HARRIETTE B. WOODRUFF.

I will exchange woods and ores for curiosities, but I do not wish to exchange for stamps any longer. Nearly every correspondent sends me 1, 2, and 3 cent cancelled United States stamps, and wishes woods in return, and I do not think it is fair.

JOHN L. HANNA, 219 East Madison Street,
Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Ind.

It certainly is not fair to send these common United States stamps, which every boy and girl can obtain by the hundred, and expect anything of value in return. Stamps which are so very common, and are so very easily obtained by every one, can not be considered of any value for exchange. We refer only to the stamps of low denominations in use at the present time. Certain old issues of 1, 2, and 3 cent United States stamps are much more difficult to obtain than many kinds of foreign stamps.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Amethyst, onyx, carnelian, topaz, moss-agate, blood-stone, sard, garnet, and malachite, for stamps from Buenos Ayres, Bolivia, Uruguay, Paraguay, Ecuador, United States of Colombia, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Hanover, Modena, Philippine Islands, and Azores; or for a genuine Indian bow and arrow, stone hatchet, spear-heads, or arrow-heads.

WILLIE BROWN,
15 South Thirteenth Street, Newark, N. J.

Rock from the Hoosac Tunnel, for Indian relics, shells, minerals, or foreign stamps. Correspondents will please label specimens.

ARTHUR C. BOREMAN,
51 Eagle Street, North Adams, Mass.

Unpolished specimens of pear, cherry, pine, black or white oak, maple, willow, silver-poplar, or horse-chestnut, or a bottle of sand or water from Lake Michigan, for a bottle of water from any river, or soil from any State except Illinois, or tin, silver, copper, or iron ore. Please label specimens.

MAX BAIRD, care of Baird & Bradley,
99 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Coins, minerals, stamps, fossils, relics of Indians or Mound-Builders, shells, ocean curiosities, pressed flowers, etc., for other specimens.

W. E. BRUNNER,
P. O. Box 747, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

Varieties of iron ore, for other minerals or curiosities. EDGAR C. BROWN, care of E. J. Farnum,
Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

A Seltz's American Boy's Theatre, with nine different plays, wires for working, in perfect order, cost eight dollars, for a printing-press and type. Please send postal to arrange for exchange before sending package. C. H. B., JUN.,
34 Clifford Street, Boston, Mass.

Pressed flowers, for Indian arrow-heads.
A. A. BARNS, Falmouth, Barnstable Co., Mass.

Stones from five different States, for minerals, ores, or curiosities of any kind except stamps.

A. L. CRAWE,
133 South Shaffer Street, Springfield, Ohio.

A sea-shell, a curious stone, or a piece of forest moss, for five stamps from Asia, or South America or adjacent islands. J. F. C.,
West Yarmouth, Mass.

Florida moss, silk cocoons, stones from Georgia or North Carolina, and specimens of wood, for gold or silver ore, fossils, or any other curiosity.

ASBURY CUTTS, Eden, Effingham Co., Ga.

Forty-two postmarks or three foreign stamps, for ocean curiosities. GEORGE O. DAWSON,
133 East Eleventh Street, Leadville, Col.

Stamps from Jamaica, Cuba, Danish West Indies, France, Australia, and past and present issues of Canada, for stamps from Mexico, Turkey, Persia, Portugal, Newfoundland, and other countries.

T. C. DES BARRES, JUN.,
98 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Ten postmarks from Ohio (no duplicates), for the same number from Texas, California, Oregon, or Louisiana. FRANKIE J. DUCK,
P. O. Box 866, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Lava, shells from nearly all parts of the world, and foreign postage stamps, for Indian relics, curious birds' wings, or stuffed birds or animals. Please send list of things you wish to exchange before sending any article. C. N. DALY,
Bergen Point, N. J.

Minerals, for Indian arrow-heads. United States stamps, for any curiosity.

WALTER and H. C. DRUMMOND,
1004 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Twenty-five foreign stamps (no duplicates), for five coins. GEORGE H. ELDER,
99 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Carnelians from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, and stones from the Pacific coast, for Florida moss.

JULIA F. EMERSON,
205 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Sandwich Island and other rare postage stamps and revenue stamps, for stamps. A 90-cent United States postage stamp, a 30 and 50 cent due stamp, and 7, 10, 24, and 90 cent Treasury stamps especially desired. FRED W. FLATTERS,
215 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A piece of bark of a California tree, a small piece of South pearl, a stone, sand, and soil of Pennsylvania, and three foreign stamps, for a piece of zinc

Digitized by Google

ore and any five foreign stamps except Canadian, Russian, and English. ALVIN M. EVANS,
Care of J. H. Evans, Oil City, Venango Co., Pa.

An ounce of soil from Manitoba, or Canadian postage stamps, for Indian arrow-heads, ores, coins, or rattlesnake rattles. A. FERGUSSON,
Drawer 36, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Rare stamps, for stamps, coins, Indian relics, or any curiosity except postmarks and minerals.
HELEN FAGLON,
25 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dried willow pussies and pressed violets, for Texas, California, or Florida moss.
BESSIE GLEASON, West Medford, Mass.

Five-pfennige German stamps, violet issue of 1875, for French stamps issued between 1853 and 1869.
CHARLES S. GREENE,
Rockview Street, Jamaica Plains, Mass.

An illustrated life of Zachariah Chandler, Michigan Senator, for an autograph letter written by any eminent person. NELLIE G.,
P. O. Box 750, Saranac, Ionia Co., Mich.

A piece of coral from Australia, shells from the Mississippi River, petrified wood and bark, gold ore from California, silver ore, minerals, and Indian relics, for a genuine Indian bow or a scroll-saw.
EMIL HARTMANN,
1818 South Seventh Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Postmarks, for stamps; six varieties of stamps, for one foreign coin; or stamps, for stamps and curiosities. JAMIE D. HEARD,
105 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Penn.

Soil from Delaware, for the same from any other State except New York. WILLIE H. HAZARD,
Delaware College, Newark, Del.

A Brazilian stamp, for a 12 and 15 cent United States; a 3 penny English stamp, for a 30-cent United States. ALBERT H. HOPKINS, Annapolis, Md.

Six foreign postage stamps, for soil from any Territory. HUGH H. PITCAIRN,
206 West State Street, Harrisburg, Penn.

Ninety-five postage stamps, mostly foreign, and very few duplicates, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow. EDWIN M. POST,
5 East Thirty-third Street, New York City.

A scroll-saw, with directions to use it, for a piece of zinc and tin ore. THOMAS PORTER,
Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Stamps, for anything suitable for a museum, or for postmarks. E. LEE ROARK,
399 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stones and soil of Illinois, postmarks, and United States due stamps, for foreign stamps and United States department stamps. FRANK RIGGS,
Watseka, Iroquois Co., Ill.

Ten rare stamps, for two coins.
RUSSELL RICHARDS,
114 Washington Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Fifteen stamps or twenty-five postmarks (no duplicates), for every coin dated prior to 1800.
S. FRANK RUPERT,
P. O. Box 103, Easthampton, Mass.

Postmarks from Ohio, for postmarks from any other State. WALTER SHERWOOD,
P. O. Box 629, Wauseon, Ohio.

Pressed flowers, for the same, or for mosses, sea-shells, a bow and arrow, or curiosities of any kind. Curiosities from Germany, China, Scotland, or Florida especially desired. DOTTY SHAMAN,
Richmond P. O., Staten Island, N. Y.

A specimen of rock from Weyer's Cave, Virginia, for an Indian arrow-head.
ROBERT E. SOUTHWICK, Northampton, Mass.

French, German, English, and some rare United States postage and revenue stamps, for rare foreign and United States coins. WILLIAM P. SEALY,
811 Second Avenue, New York City.

Iron ore, stamps, stones, wood, soil, or any curiosity from Massachusetts, for Indian relics, coins, or anything suitable for a museum.
WILLIE S. TOWNSEND,
Quinsigamond Village, Worcester, Mass.

Stamps, butterflies, or moss, for sea-shells.
JAMES THOMPSON,
Middlefield, Geauga Co., Ohio.

A collection of four hundred and fifty stamps in a new album, worth, according to catalogue, eleven dollars and fifty cents, and a two-wheeled velocipede in good order, for a second-hand bicycle.
HARRY, Lock Box 16, Urbana, Ill.

Thirty foreign stamps and eighteen postmarks, for an Indian arrow-head, two pieces of pottery, and any other Indian relic.
HARRY F. THOMPSON,
290 East South Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Ten foreign postage stamps, for minerals, ores, fossils, or Indian relics. F. TOSQUE,
276 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Newspapers and postmarks, for newspapers and curiosities. FRANK M. TURRILL,
Pleasant Ridge, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Coral, small shells, and a few other curiosities, for curiosities. S. ELLIOTT TUTLE,
Mechanicsburg, Cumberland Co., Penn.

Granite and marble from the New York State Capitol, and marble from Tennessee, for gold ore, minerals, Florida moss, or any curiosities.
ADELE WINCHESTER,
327 Hudson Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Ten foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a perfect nickel cent of 1856. KARL C. WELLS,
Waterbury, Washington Co., Vt.

Three alligator's teeth, and ocean curiosities, for rare stamps. Please send postal before sending stamps. JULIUS H. ZUNER,
138 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN R. G.—For the answer to your question as to the antiquity of glass, see answer to Henry C. D., in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 63.

The Crinoidea, from two Greek words meaning "lily" and "appearance," are an order of radiated animals of the class Echinodermata, the highest animals of the subkingdom *Radiata*. As fossils they are sometimes called stone-lilies, having a lily-shaped dish supported on a jointed stem. The recent species of the Crinoidea are very few; but in remote ages they were so numerous that their fossils constitute the greater part of extensive strata of limestone. The Burlington limestone contains a great variety of beautiful crinoids.

"COUNT NO ACCOUNT."—See answer to Edmund H. B., in the Post-office Box of No. 65.

FRED B. P. AND WILLIE F.—The information you wish for has not yet been given in YOUNG PEOPLE, but a paper of that character is now in preparation.

"DOROLAS" AND MANY OTHERS.—Your puzzles are very good, but they are not available, as puzzles with the same solution have already appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE.

"STUDENT."—Prester John, or "Priest John," is the name given to a personage who was supposed to hold the position of priest-king over a Christian tribe somewhere in the interior of Asia. Prester John is often mentioned in the literature of the Middle Ages, but historians consider him a mythical character, as no record of his existence has ever been discovered. So strong was the belief in him, however, that about the middle of the thirteenth century St. Louis, King of France, sent an embassy in search of him and his isolated Christian people. The embassy met with no success, but it was still believed that Prester John dwelt securely in some remote region. The legend of his existence is supposed to have arisen from the fact that during the eleventh and twelfth centuries parties of Nestorian missionaries visited the interior of Tooxkistan, and converted a powerful Khan to Christianity. Their glowing accounts of the magnificence of his court, and of the sincere piety of him and his people, made so strong an impression as to give color to all the legends of that period. The Khan was overthrown and killed in 1202, and Christianity in his dominion ceased, but the existence of Prester John was still believed in, and for several centuries devout monarchs continued to send embassies in search of him and his Christian brotherhood.

C. B. H.—The only thing for you to do is to write to your delinquent correspondent, and demand the return of your stamps. It is not right for any one to keep stamps or any curiosity and send no equivalent.

SADIE V.—If you will send your full address, we will gladly print your exchange of japonica seeds.

LULAH M. P., GEORGE H., AND EDDIE T.—Your stories are very pretty, and it has been good practice for you to write them, but we can not print them in YOUNG PEOPLE. If you will send your address, the manuscripts will be returned to you.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Ajax," Jemima Beeston, J. D. Brown, E. A. Carteream, Maggie Dutro, Benjamin Goldenberg, Alice C. Hammond, William B. Hadley, Walter P. Hiles, *Charles E. Lloyd*, M. Mann, *Percy L. McDermott*, N. J. McMillan, "Oliver Twist," Charles S. Petrasch, "*Pepper*," "Queen Bess," Bessie G. Read, Howard Rathbone, Alice Southworth, "Starry Flag," G. P. Saltzer, Willmot, Bertha, and Edmund Sheppard, *Howard J. Van Doren*, R. H. Washburne, Willie F. Woolard, "Will A. Mette," Edward F. Weeks, Wyatte W.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

SIGHAGS.

```
1  *  *  *
*  2  *  *
*  *  3  *
*  *  *  4
*  *  5  *
*  6  *  *
7  *  *  *
*  8  *  *
*  *  9  *
*  *  *  10
```

Across.—1. A bird. 2. A mineral. 3. A tree. 4. To desire earnestly. 5. Not taken. 6. An animal. 7. A fish. 8. A fish. 9. Certain insects. 10. A fruit. Zigzags.—A bird. WILL A. METTE.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In grapes, but not in vine,
In cattle, not in kine,
In summer, not in sun,
In play-time, not in fun,
In follow, not to catch,
In brimstone, not in match,
In evening, not in night,
In slender, not in slight,
In sorry, not in sad,
In merry, not in glad,
In summer I am found
Growing low upon the ground.
S. J. T.

No. 3.

CHARADES.

1. Both my first and my second are musical instruments. My whole is a musical instrument, and also a dance.

2. On the night of the ball, around my first I wore my second and my whole. BOLUS.

No. 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—(*To Bolus*).

Cross Words.—A tree. A city in South America. Part of a roof. A harbor. A circle of light. To join. A celebrated despot. A native of one of the United States.

Primals.—An animal.

Finals.—An extinct animal. OLIVER TWIST.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 81.

No. 1. Decoration-day.

No. 2.

```
      S                 C
    T O N             T U B
  T A L O N         T I T L E
S O L O M O N     C U T L E R Y
  N O M A D         B L E A R
    N O D             E R R
      N               Y
```

No. 3.

```
P O S T     H A C K
O V E R     A X L E
S E R E     C L A Y
T R E E     K E Y S
```

No. 4. Sunshine.

A personation, on page 464—John Bunyan.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER OR DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

SPRING CHICKENS.

A PITCAIRN ISLANDER.

MR. RUSSELL McCOY, a native of Pitcairn Island, and one of the descendants of the mutineers of the ship *Bounty*, is now visiting in London, and the following description of the man and his native island is taken from the *Boys' Illustrated News*:

"Russell McCoy, who arrived in Liverpool on board the American ship *Harvey Mills*, on April 30, has been giving an account of his birth-place, at the Westminster Aquarium. McCoy is a middle-aged man, standing about five feet nine inches in height, and his complexion is dark, but he would pass for a native of this country, and his accent is very like that of the south of England people.

"He says he left Pitcairn Island (which is situated some twenty-five degrees south of the Equator, about half way between Australia and South America) on January 28, for the purpose of visiting England, and the *Harvey Mills* was accompanied for about ten miles by two whale-boats containing all the men on the island, with one exception, and seven of the women. When he left, there were ninety-five people on the island, but only three names of the original mutineers now remain, these being Christian, Young, and McCoy. The oldest inhabitant is a daughter of John Young, she being also the step-daughter of John Adams. She is now about ninety years of age, and was the second child born on the island.

"McCoy states that it is an error to suppose that Adams was the leader of the mutineers, that position being always occupied by Fletcher Christian. The islanders, he states, at present have sheep, goats, pigs, and fowls, with which they were supplied chiefly by passing vessels. The produce grown consists of yams, sweet-potatoes, bananas, arrowroot, English potatoes, maize, melons, and all kinds of ordinary vegetables. There is no money, the people exchanging one with another anything they may have.

"There is one church on the island, and one school, and the school-master, Simon Young, also officiates in the church. His daughter, Rosalind Young, assists him in the school. The church service is conducted according to the English Prayer-Book, and the marriage ceremony is similar to ours, except that the wedding can take place after one publication of the banns. Services are held in the church twice each Sunday, and the Sunday-school meets twice also. The day school is open from 9 A.M. to 2, sometimes 3, P.M., one hour being allowed for dinner.

"On Saturdays there is a holiday. English manners and customs are followed so closely that the islanders keep the Christmas, Whitsuntide, and Easter holidays, and Good-Friday is always observed as a strict fast-day.

"McCoy says the people are always very glad to hear about the Queen, who has been so kind to them, and an organ which her Majesty presented to them is an object of much veneration. As far as regards food, the islanders are well off, but the supply of clothing is very deficient, particularly in the case of the female inhabitants. It is only from passing vessels that they obtain supplies of clothes, and the apparel thus given them is chiefly for the use of the men. Very few of the people have shoes, and those who have them use them only on Sundays. McCoy speaks with much feeling of the relations he left behind. He is a married man, and the father of nine children. He wears his wife's wedding ring on his little finger, she having placed it there, as he was leaving, to keep her over in his remembrance. The ring has been accidentally broken, but McCoy is so fearful of losing it that he is unwilling to intrust it to a jeweller for repairs."

"Have you cotched anything, Tom?"
"No."
"Well, you will when you get home—Father's waitin' for yer."

PUTTING ON AIRS.
"Excuse me, but I don't talk to Kittens."

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 85. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, June 14, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance

ON WHEELS—INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT BICYCLE MEET IN BOSTON.—(See next Page.)

Digitized by Google

ON WHEELS.

BY THE CAPTAIN.

TO Boston boys Decoration-day of this year was a day long to be remembered; for in addition to the usual military parade, with its wagon-loads of flowers and beautiful floral designs to be placed on soldiers' graves, they had another procession to review—one that was as novel as it was interesting. It was a procession, a mile and a half long, of bicyclers; or, as they are more generally called in this country, "wheelmen." They were the members of the League of American Wheelmen (L. A. W.), gathered, 800 strong, for their annual meeting; and as they rode through the beautiful streets of what is known in Boston as the "Back Bay District," in double file, with gay silken flags marking the positions of the various clubs, bugles sounding, burnished wheels flashing in the sunlight, and thousands of spectators cheering, many a Boston boy determined then and there to become a wheelman.

While most of the wheelmen in this gay procession were men, its rear was brought up by some fifteen or twenty boys, who, under charge of one of the most experienced and graceful riders of the country, made a most creditable show, and proved themselves to be good and careful riders. The picture on the preceding page shows the contrast between them on their 36 or 40 inch bicycles, and their tall Captain on his 56-inch machine.

In the evening the wheelmen had Boston Music Hall, with its great organ, all to themselves, and here the most expert among them gave exhibitions of fancy riding that were very wonderful, as you may imagine by looking at the picture, and seeing "the way some folks ride."

Now it does not seem to me at all surprising that, after seeing all this, the Boston boy should be filled with an intense desire to become a wheelman; nor should I be surprised if every boy who reads this article should also long to own and ride a bicycle.

Well, if you, or your parents for you, can afford it, and you are a strong, healthy boy, there is no reason why you should not become a wheelman, and join the great parade that will take place on the 30th of May next year.

Some boys are afraid that they will fall while learning to ride, and therefore don't *dare* try. Such boys will never learn, nor do we want any cowards among our wheelmen. Of course there must be some falls, and some little danger attends the sport; but no more boys are hurt in learning to ride or in riding a bicycle than by foot-ball, base-ball, cricket, lacrosse, horseback-riding, or a dozen other manly sports in which boys always have engaged and always will. A little experience will soon teach the rider how to exercise the care necessary to prevent falls. He will learn to lean well back in his saddle when descending a hill, when about to apply his brake, or upon striking a stone or other obstacle. He will learn to lean forward when ascending a hill, and to dismount rather than to try and force his machine through sand.

That bicycling is a healthy exercise is a fact beyond dispute, as any physician who has the slightest knowledge of the bicycle will assure you. Velocipedes, or "bone-shakers," were injurious; bicycles are not.

Good bicycles for boys of from ten to sixteen years of age can be bought for from twelve to twenty dollars, and the very best will not cost over fifty dollars.

A good, easy-running bicycle can be driven up any ordinary hill, provided the road be smooth and hard, and a party of wheelmen, travelling over the ordinary roads of the Eastern States, will cover greater distances each day than if their means of conveyance were horses and carriage.

A moderate amount of luggage, sufficient for a week's trip, may be carried on the bicycle without inconvenience, and the perfection that has been reached in hub and head lamps renders it almost as safe and easy to ride by night as by day.

The best and most sensible bicycling suit consists of the uniform adopted by the L. A. W., which is of light gray throughout—blouse, flannel shirt, breeches, stockings, and polo cap, or helmet. If too warm, the rider can take off his blouse, and carry it very comfortably, rolled tightly, and strapped to the handle-bar of his bicycle.

Before closing I want to say a word about drinking. When a rider becomes very warm, and perspires freely, the temptation to drink, and to drink a quantity of almost anything that offers, is very great. Refrain from drinking anything just as long as you can, except at meal-time, or after your day's ride is over. The more you drink, the greater will be the desire to do so. If, while riding, your thirst becomes unbearable, to rinse your mouth several times, and take but one swallow of cool water, will refresh you as much as, and do you more good than, copious draughts. In riding through the country, be very careful where and what you drink. Water from wells or springs in small quantities is generally good. Water from ponds or streams is apt to be bad. Milk and lemonade are both good. In England the wheelman's favorite drink is milk and soda; in this country it is a soda lemonade: both are good. Beer is bad, very bad—almost the worst thing you could drink. It does not quench thirst, but increases it. It causes you to perspire freely, it takes away your wind, and leaves you panting and exhausted at the top of easy hills.

If the boys who are interested in bicycling have any questions to ask that have not already been answered, let them address "The Captain," through Our Post-office Box, and he will try and furnish the desired information.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

IV.

ALREADY many of my young friends are making inquiries about counterfeit stamps. I am not at all astonished. Similar inquiries have been made almost since the time when stamp-collecting came into vogue. Collectors were swindled at the very beginning. Collectors are swindled every day. And the swindling trade will go on as long as there is a collector who can be swindled.

Whenever there is an opportunity to defraud, no matter how small the amount to be gained, there are always found persons ready to take advantage of the fraud. In the early days of collecting, scarcely a collector was free from the swindlers, either in the shape of forgeries of little-known stamps, or out-and-out humbugs in the shape of stamps that never existed. But with increased study came knowledge, and this knowledge was directed in great part to exposing the swindlers and their vile wares. But the trade was not put down. All the known stamps, both common and rare, were counterfeited in enormous quantities, and sent to agents, who by high-sounding advertisements, and under cover of a "Stamp Company" with a name as long as your arm, and with a prospectus more glowing than the prospectus of De Lesseps's Panama Canal Company, sold these counterfeits to the beginner as "great bargains." Master Jones envied his neighbor's collection because it contained some stamps which cost twenty-five or fifty cents each. But by chance Master Jones receives one of these glowing circulars from "The Great American Stamp Company" (with agencies in the principal cities), offering unheard-of bargains. A country has become bankrupt, or some enterprising member of the firm has persuaded a postal administration to sell to him for waste paper its stock of uncurrent stamps, and hence he is able to sell these great rarities for a mere trifle. Master Jones takes the bait, sends off his little earnings, and if he receives an answer at all—in nine cases out of ten he receives nothing—he is amazed to find a large assortment of rare stamps, some fresh and

Digitized by Google

clean, others nicely cancelled, but all tending to make Master Jones feel that he will soon humble the pride of his neighbor. Like older human nature, he keeps his purchases secret, as he wishes his victory to be a most glorious one for himself, the defeat a most humiliating one to his neighbor. But sooner or later Master Jones finds that he has been made a dupe. Not one of the stamps he has purchased is genuine. Those so nicely cancelled are as bad—in fact, worse than those which are clean. For the counterfeiter, with an ingenuity which might have found employment in better spheres, even counterfeited the government cancelling marks.

Now this is not an imaginary case. It is, rather, the experience of thousands and thousands of collectors, each one of whom has been swindled more or less by this vile trade in counterfeit stamps. It is impossible to estimate the injury resulting to Philately. If it were the dimes and quarters thrown away which alone were to be considered, the loss might be repaired. But it is the disgust, the doubt, following the disclosure, that cause thousands of young collectors, who were enthusiastic in their new hobby, to throw away their collections, and betake themselves to other pastimes.

But it is not always upon the beginner that the counterfeiter or the dealer in fraudulent stamps tries his hand. The trash that he sold to the beginner was in truth trash, and trash of the worst sort. When he could not succeed in getting copies of the wood-cuts that adorned the pages of many of the stamp journals, he had wood-cuts made, most miserable in execution, which could never have deceived the collector who at any time had caught sight of the genuine stamp. The counterfeiter often tried his hand at imitating the rare stamps, and in this, even among collectors who claimed to a certain knowledge of what is good and what is bad in stamps, he met with some success. In these cases, to give plausibility to his specimens, he charged a very high price for them. These counterfeits are of the finest execution.

In many countries, when the supply of low values runs out, the higher values are utilized by printing on the face of the stamps the expression of the value needed. And in other countries, notably many of the Portuguese colonies, the stamps of the home country are made to do service by having printed on them the name of the colony in which those stamps are to be used. The counterfeiter has stepped in here, obtained the genuine stamps before alteration, and then printed upon them a forged inscription either of place or value. They are very dangerous, of course, but not half so dangerous as a late trick which has been exposed. Many stamps are printed on water-marked paper. Water-marked paper has, so far, escaped the counterfeiter's arts. But it seems that some sheets of the water-marked paper on which were printed the stamps of Tuscany were obtained in some way or other from the post-office, and on these the counterfeiter printed forgeries of the rare Tuscan stamps. However suspicious the stamp itself seemed, it was printed on water-marked paper, and as this had not yet been proved to be counterfeited, the stamps would readily pass. Exposure came, but not until the forger had made many dupes, and had pocketed his ill-gotten gain.

Besides these counterfeits which are made exclusively for the collector, and which, therefore, are worth nothing, is another class of counterfeits which have been made exclusively to swindle governments. Because of this fact, and because many of them have actually franked letters through the post, these counterfeits are more valuable to the collector than the corresponding genuine specimens.

To give all the facts concerning counterfeit stamps, and the means of distinguishing them from the genuine, would take up every line of YOUNG PEOPLE for many months to come. This of course it is impossible to do. But a few words of caution will not be out of place. If you decide to purchase, deal only with dealers of established reputation, and require a written guarantee that the stamps sold are genuine. Have no transactions with "Stamp Companies," which so often have been proved to be cloaks for swindling concerns. Keep clear of great bargains. Remember that stamps have a market value, and that any great departure from this value is suspicious.

There are no counterfeits of United States stamps or stamped envelopes, except in two instances: 1. The 5-cent and 10-cent stamps of the 1845 or first government issues have been counterfeited by the Post-office Department, although the genuine dies and plates are still in existence. These the government sells at face value; but to the philatelist they are worthless. 2. Stamped envelopes of the 1860 issue—1-cent, 3-cent, 4-cent, 6-cent, and 10-cent. Genuine specimens of these envelopes are worth from twenty-five cents for the 1-cent envelope, to fifty or seventy-five dollars for the 10-cent envelope. But the counterfeits were sold for a few cents each.

In fine, if you have any doubt about your specimens, send them to some advanced collector for his opinion, taking care to inclose as much postage for the return of your stamps as you placed on your letter when you sent it. I shall be happy at all times to give any of my young friends all the advice which they may require about their specimens.

THE APPRENTICE'S LEAP.

A STORY OF LONDON BRIDGE.

BY DAVID KER.

SUNSET over London, on a fine summer evening in the days of "good Queen Bess"; tall, quaint old houses, with peaked roofs and countless gables, standing up on every side, and the Thames lying in the midst like a broad sheet of gold, save where it was flecked by the dark shadow of London Bridge, then a regular street, with houses along each side of it.

Just above the middle arch rose a house larger than the rest—that of Sir William Hewet, cloth-worker, and Burgess of the city of London. The sunset made a glory upon the windows of the old mansion, and lighted up the balcony, on which Sir William's baby daughter was crowing and clapping her tiny hands with glee at the sight of it, and stole into the work-room, where the youngest apprentice, Edward Osborne, was beguiling his task by singing the ballad of "Brave Lord Willoughby," which was as popular in that age as "Glory Hallelujah" is in this.

"Ah, if I could but have the chance of doing such a deed as that!" murmured the boy as he ended.

"Well, well, my brave lad," answered the cheery voice of old Sir William, who had entered the room unperceived, "you're on the right road to it by being diligent at your work. Keep to that meanwhile, and never fear but the chance of doing great deeds will come all in good time."

Little did either speaker or hearer guess how soon and in what way those words were to come true. Scarcely had the old knight left the room when the boy was startled by a sudden shriek from the balcony overhead, and by something white flashing past the window into the depth below. Sir William Hewet's only child had leaped out of her nurse's arms, and fallen headlong into the river.

The faint splash was instantly answered by a much louder one, and the distracted household, as they rushed in a body to the fatal balcony, saw Edward Osborne's brown curly head far down the shining stream, shooting straight as an arrow toward the tiny white speck that floated a little way beyond him.

"He has her!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No, he's gone past. Stay! he's turning again."

Digitized by Google

A CHILD OF SOUTHERN GERMANY.

"Hurrah! he's got her at last. Thank God!"

The anxious father's straining eyes were already too dim to see anything clearly; but the joyous shout of his keen-eyed serving-men told him that all was well, and in another moment he was hurrying toward the scene of action as fast as his feet could carry him.

But the peril was not over yet. Good swimmer as he was, the furious swirl of the current, together with the weight of his own wet clothes and those of the child, was fearful odds against the brave apprentice. Twice his head dipped below the surface, and all seemed over; but he still held the rescued infant above the water with one hand, while struggling for life with the other.

"Courage, my hearty!" said a hoarse voice beside him. "Hold up just another minute, and all's well."

At the same moment a boat pulled by two sturdy watermen, who had put off from the shore on the first alarm, came sweeping up to the sinking boy. A strong hand caught the child from his failing grasp, while in another instant he was seized and dragged into the boat after her, just as the last remnant of his overtasked strength gave way.

"Git her head round, Tom," said one of the boatmen to his comrade, "and pull with a will, for that's the youngster's father running this way, or I'm much mistaken."

Scarcely had the boat touched the wharf on her return, when old Hewet sprang into her like a madman, and finding his child unhurt, flung his arms round the neck of the half-drowned apprentice.

"God bless thee, my son!" cried he, fervently. "Let them never call thee a boy again, for few *men* would have dared as much."

"Let them call him a *hero*," said a voice from behind.

The boy looked up with a start. Beside him stood the handsomest man he had ever seen, in a rich court dress, looking down upon him with grave, kindly eyes. It was Sir Walter Raleigh, famous even then as one of the greatest men whom England had ever produced, but destined to become more famous still as the colonizer of Virginia.

Ten years from that day there was a great merry-making in the old house on London Bridge, and Sir William Hewet, still brisk and cheery as ever, though his hair was now white as snow, sat at the head of his own table, amid a circle of guests whose names are in every history of England. At his right hand was his daughter's newly made husband—a tall, fine-looking young man, whose clear bright eyes faced that brilliant assemblage as boldly as they had looked down into the foaming waters of the Thames years before.

"This is the man to whom I have given my girl, fair sirs," said the old knight. "Many a rich man and many a grandee have asked me for her; but I always said, 'Let the best man win.'"

"And so he has," cried Sir Walter Raleigh, grasping Osborne's hand; "and the fairest lass in London may be proud to bear his name, for I'll warrant it will be famous yet."

Raleigh spoke truly. A month later, the ex-apprentice was Sir Edward Osborne; yet a few years, and he had become Sheriff; and when the Spanish Armada came, foremost among the defenders of England was Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, from whom the English Dukes of Leeds are still proud to trace their descent.

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter VI.

WHEN the boys awoke, soon after dawn, a thick fog hid everything except the oyster sloop from their view. The crew of the latter were already on deck, and as soon as the Captain saw that the boys were putting away their blankets, and getting out their breakfast dishes, he invited them to come to breakfast. There is nothing more cheerless than cooking your own breakfast in a cold wet fog, and the young yachtsmen, who were feeling rather tired in consequence of loss of sleep and the excitement of the previous night, were glad to accept the Captain's invitation. Harry, foreseeing that the oystermen's coffee would not be quite suited to his fastidious taste, and also desiring to make some return for the Captain's kindness, asked to be allowed to furnish the breakfast table with coffee made by himself. The oystermen were pleased with the proposal, and Harry, taking the *Ghost*'s coffee-pot to the galley, made what the Captain declared was the "hulliest" coffee he had ever drank.

They sat down to breakfast in the cozy little cabin of the sloop, and the Captain told them all about the oyster fishery. He was on his way to Amityville, where he lived, with a cargo of clams; for during the summer months, when there was no demand for oysters, he loaded his vessel with clams and scallops, which are in season all the year round. He prophesied that the fog would last all day, but assured the boys that by steering due northeast by compass, they would reach the northern shore of the bay, and could then safely pursue their voyage by keeping close to the land, where the deepest water in the Great South Bay is usually found. During the night the tide had ebbed, leaving the sloop aground in the mud, and it would be several hours before she would be afloat again. The boys would have preferred to let the sloop lead the way, and to follow her through the fog, but they did not care to wait until she would be afloat. So bidding their new friends good-by, they hoisted their sails, and with a fair breeze, just strong enough to give their boat steerage-way, they started to cross the bay.

They neither saw nor heard any other boats during the hour that they sailed silently on the course given them by the Captain of the sloop. At first they felt a little nervous, and had a dread of being run down by some big schooner or other craft; but in a little while they began to enjoy the novelty of sailing in a dense fog, and were rather sorry when the *Ghost* unexpectedly ran her bow against the low shore of the mainland of Long Island.

What to do next was the question. Nobody wanted to spend the day moored to the shore, and waiting for the fog to lift; and as Charley, in consulting the chart, found that the shore-line was very irregular, indented with a succession of long narrow bays separated by low sandy capes, neither he nor his comrades liked the idea of keeping close to it, and thus wasting time in a very uninteresting way. While they were still studying the chart, they heard what was evidently a breakfast bell ringing a little to the west of them.

"That bell must be in Amityville," said Charley, "and we must be close by this little creek that is laid down on the chart. Now let's find that creek, and then we'll know exactly where we are, and can tell what course to steer without following the shore."

"I'll go ashore," said Harry, "and hunt up the creek, and get some eggs, and a loaf of bread. It will be twice as much fun to sail straight ahead through the fog as it would be to keep along shore, just as if the *Ghost* was a canal-boat."

"I'll go with you," said Joe. "I am getting the cramps sitting still in this boat so long."

The two explorers stepped ashore, and immediately vanished in the fog. Charley and Tom presently heard a dismal exclamation in Joe's unmistakable voice, and in a short time he returned, announcing that the creek was only three or four boat-lengths distant. He was dripping with water, having found the creek by unexpectedly walking into it from off a boat-landing.

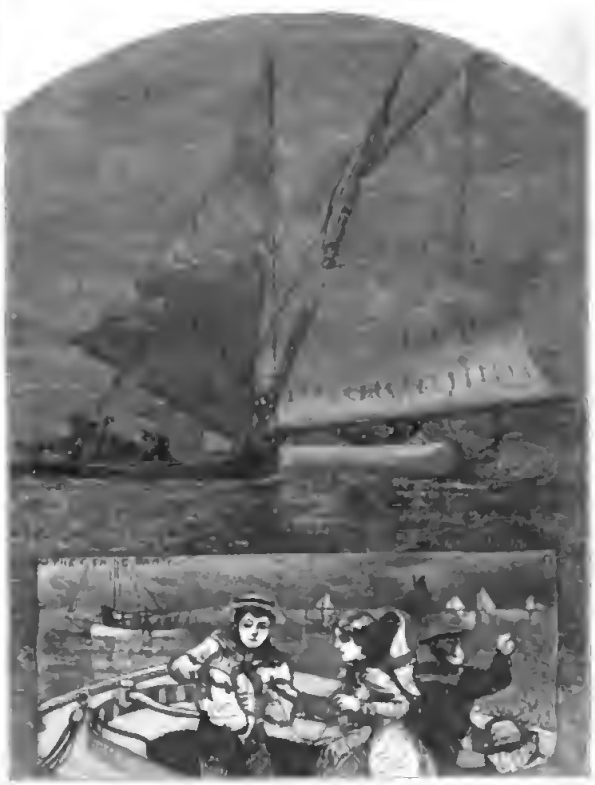
"Wet again, boys," he remarked, sadly, as he proceeded to find a dry shirt and trousers. "The next time we go cruising, I'm going to wear a water-proof suit like Captain Boyton's. This is our fourth day out, and I've fallen overboard twice, been rained on once, and walked off a pier once. I wonder how it would do to rub myself all over with oil. Do you think I'd shed water then?"

"You couldn't rub yourself with oil, and then put your clothes on, without getting them all greasy," observed Tom.

"Then I won't try oil; but the least you fellows can do is to wring me out. I can never get myself dry by rubbing with a towel."

"We'll wring you as soon as we get time," said Charley, kindly. "We'll begin with your neck, if you say so. But here comes Harry with the provisions. Shove the boat off, Tom, and we'll steer for a big cape that is just this side of Islip. The end of the cape ought to bear just east-northeast from the mouth of the creek Joe discovered."

The *Ghost* was soon under sail again, and the shore was



IN THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

lost in the fog. The breeze freshened a little, but the fog remained as thick as ever. Occasionally a fog-horn could be faintly heard in the distance, but whether it was blown on board a vessel on the bay, or a vessel at sea a little distance beyond the beach, it was impossible to tell.

"We ought to have brought a horn along with us," re-

Digitized by Google

marked Charley; "and it would be a good idea to stop somewhere and buy one. We ought to have green and red side-lights too. We haven't any right to sail at night without them."

"Why don't you insist on having a surgeon and a chaplain, and two or three life-boats, while you're about it?" said Joe. "You forget that the *Ghost* isn't a man-of-war going on a three years' cruise. We can get along without such luxuries as side-lights and surgeons. I'll tell you one thing we do want, though."

"What's that?" asked Charley.

"We want somebody on the look-out in a fog like this."

"That's so," exclaimed Charley. "I forgot all about it. Go to the bow, Joe, and keep the sharpest kind of a look-out. Boys, I'm not fit to be Captain, for I've neglected one of the first duties of an officer."

"We'll forgive you," said Harry. "Especially as I don't believe there's another boat on the bay to-day."

"Of course there isn't really much danger of running into anything, unless it may be a sloop lying at anchor. Still, we—"

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom.

"Sail on the port bow!" yelled Joe, at the top of his lungs.

While Joe was still speaking, the mainsail of a big cat-boat suddenly loomed up through the fog, and before the least thing could be done to avoid a collision, the strange boat struck the *Ghost* amidships, and a chorus of girls' voices cried out, "Oh, my!"

"No harm done," called out Charley. "Let go the jib-sheet, Joe. Now hold on to the side of that boat, boys, and don't let her get away till we see if she is damaged." So saying, he put the helm hard down, bringing the *Ghost* up into the wind. The other boat had already dropped her sail, and the two vessels were soon lying quietly side by side.

On board the cat-boat were four girls, three of them about fourteen years old, and the fourth about ten. There was also a boy, who did not seem to be as old as Joe, but who was apparently one of the "Bay boys," who spend most of their time during the summer in sailing boats of various kinds, and who at twelve years old are often thoroughly good sailors. The boy did not seem in the least alarmed, but the girls were terribly frightened.

"Do, please, help us," implored the tallest and prettiest of the four, addressing Charley almost as respectfully as if he were a man. "We are awfully afraid to be out here in this fog."

"May I ask how you came to be out here?" asked Charley.

"Why, we started to go on a fishing picnic, and there wasn't any fog when we started. Father and all the ladies and gentlemen are in the other boat, and we've got all the provisions. We were going to an island somewhere—I don't know where—to have dinner, and to go fishing; but the fog came up, and we got lost, and we're so frightened!"

"I ain't lost very much," said the Bay boy; "that is, I can find my way back to the shore by the wind; but I hain't got no compass, and I don't feel very sure about fetching the island."

"When did the fog come up?" asked Charley.

"About three hours ago. It come up from the southwest, and if you've come that way, you've had it longer than we have."

"I don't exactly see how we can help you," said Charley to the girl who had spoken to him; "but we'll all be delighted to do anything we can. If you like, we'll keep together, and try to find the island."

"Oh, I do wish you would!" exclaimed the girl. "It's so dreadful to be all alone in this awful fog."

"Do you know how the island bears from the place where you started from?" Charley asked the Bay boy.

"Put me back there, and give me a compass, and I could hit it to an inch. Just try me once."

"We've got a compass," said Charley. "Let's run over to the shore and get our bearings, and then we'll head for the island."

This proposal delighted the girls, and accordingly both boats set their sails again, and running side by side, soon reached the shore. The Bay boy declared that he now knew exactly where he was, and what course to steer for the island.

"We want to steer a little east of south, and we'll fetch it," he said. "You go ahead with your boat, and keep her south, half east, and I'll follow right after you."

"You won't run away from us, will you, sir?" asked the pretty girl; and Charley thought that he had never seen anything half so pretty before.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll come on board your boat, and then you'll feel sure that our boats will keep together. Only you mustn't call me 'sir.' You take the helm, Tom," he continued, "and keep her south, half east; and you'd better slack the peak a little, or else you'll outsail us."

Without waiting to have his offer accepted, Charley sprang on board the cat-boat, and after trimming the sheet, sat down, half frightened at his rashness in thrusting himself among a boat-load of girls.

"Are you staying near here, sir?" asked the pretty girl.

"No. We're from New York, and bound on a cruise through the South Bay. That is, the other boys are from New York, but I am from Annapolis. I'm in the navy."

"In the navy!" exclaimed all the girls together. "Aren't we in luck, Nina," added one of them, addressing the girl who had won Charley's admiration, "to have a naval officer to take care of us? Now I don't mind the fog one bit."

"I'm not much of an officer yet," said Charley, laughing; "and you've got somebody here who can manage a sail-boat better than I can."

"Are you a lieutenant, sir, or a captain of the fore-top?" asked Nina.

"I'm only a cadet midshipman; but you really mustn't call me 'sir.' My name is Charley Smith, and I'd be awfully obliged if you'd call me Charley."

"And mine's Nina Stone; and as everybody calls me Nina, I suppose you ought to."

So in a few minutes Charley and Nina were talking like old friends, and the young Captain of the *Ghost* found the time pass so pleasantly that he was sorry when, after a long sail, the island was reached, and the missing boat found at anchor, with all her passengers engaged in fishing for weak-fish.

Mr. Stone, the father of the pretty Nina, was greatly relieved at the arrival of his daughter; and when she had told him how the *Ghost* and her Captain had gone out of their way to escort the cat-boat to the island, he shook Charley and his companions warmly by the hand, and insisted that they should stay and join the picnic party at dinner. The fog was already beginning to grow thinner, and there was every prospect that it would soon vanish, and that the sun would come out. The boys were getting hungry, and were not at all averse to spending the afternoon in fishing. So they accepted Mr. Stone's invitation, and the whole party went ashore, and had a delicious dinner of fresh weak-fish, broiled on the coals. After dinner they went on board the boats, pushed out in the channel, and anchoring, devoted the rest of the day to fishing. The sun was now shining brightly, the fish were abundant and ravenous, and the pretty Nina was fishing by the side of Charley, who baited her hook, and took off her fish as fast as she caught them. When the two cat-boats finally hauled up their anchors, and prepared to return home, the boys felt as if they were parting from old friends. Mr. Stone invited them all to come and see him in New York, and

Digitized by Google

Miss Nina told Charley that she should never forget his kindness to her. When her handkerchief could no longer be seen waving over the waters, Charley said that he was tired of fishing, and thought the cabin had better be rigged up, and that all hands had better turn in early.

It was a rather gloomy ending of a delightful day. The young Captain evidently felt very little inclined to talk.

"If we meet any more pretty girls," whispered Joe to Harry, as they were lashing down the sides of the cabin, "we'll have to get a new Captain. I can't see what some fellows see in girls. They can't play foot-ball, nor wrestle, nor do anything rational, and I'd like to know what use they are, anyway."

"Girls are all very well in their place," said Harry; "but I don't think they ought to go sailing. They can do sums, for instance, for my sister does mine for me sometimes. But I say, that was a pretty girl, though, wasn't she? and she seemed real nice and jolly."

"She's the best girl I ever met," exclaimed Tom.

"That's so," said Joe. "I was only pretending not to think so, because I didn't want to make Charley jealous. I tell you what, boys, we'll get her to go fishing again with us some day."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TOM RAN THE ENGINE WITHOUT WOOD OR WATER.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

ONCE upon a time a rich man built a school for boys, in which they might study surveying, engineering, mechanics, and the sciences one needs to know to be a railroad man. This man began life as a train-boy, and steadily pushed his way up to be fireman, engineer, master-mechanic, and finally President of a railroad. He often said his own chance in life would have been better if he could have gone to school when a boy, and learned from books about steam and engines, levels, inclines, and curves, before he undertook to fire a boiler or take a locomotive over the road. As it was, he got his education by hard knocks, heavy work on the engine's foot-plate, and weary toil in the machine-shop. So it happened he built the school close to the repair shops of the road of which he was President. He put good teachers and good books in the school, and then opened it, free, to the sons of the brakemen, conductors, engineers, and other men employed on the line. In the school the boys were to study the science of the railroad and locomotive, and then, if they afterward went to work on the road, they would not have such a hard time as the train-boy who became President.

Twice every year the President offered a Waltham watch as a prize to the boy in the school who should write the best composition on any subject connected with the things they had been studying, or anything in relation to engines or railroads. Tom Stayboltt, whose father was conductor on the night express, had been in the school three years, and had tried five times for the prize, and lost it every time. Tom was regarded by all the scholars as the brightest boy in the school. He stuttered in his speech, and his handwriting was as stiff as a switch-rod, yet he was always at the head of his class. You could never trip him on any knotty questions as to whether the cylinders were on top of the boilers or under the tender. He knew the name and use of every bit of metal in an engine, and it was believed by all the boys that he was a good engineer, and could take his father's train right through to the Junction, without running past a red light, or wasting steam on the down grades.

The semi-annual prize had been announced, and nearly every boy in the school was busy over his composition.

"I-i-it's no use, b-b-boys. I shall not try for the p-p-prize. I can't write, and I never can t-t-tell—tell what I know. If they would give a prize for doing something, I think I might g-g-get—get it."

Tom was a great favorite in the school, and not one of the boys laughed at this speech. They were taught manners, as well as mechanics, in that school, and the boys well knew that what Tom said was true. They might write compositions and get prizes, but when it came to doing the things, why, Tom Stayboltt would beat them all.

The day of the prize-giving drew near, and every boy save Tom was hard at work over his composition. He had tried five times, and each time the teachers had said his composition was very bad indeed, with the wrong words, awkward sentences, and punctuation that was truly awful. Now it happened that the day before the prize was to be given, a new locomotive arrived on the railroad, and stood, without wood or water, on the track of the repair-shop yard. It had been hauled up on the freight train, and had never been used on the road. After school a number of the boys went over to the yard to see the new engine, and among them was Tom Stayboltt.

It was a first-class passenger engine, built for high speed, and looking very handsome in its new paint and shining brass work. There were several men looking at the engine as the boys came up, and they gathered round to hear what might be said.

"An empty engine," remarked one of the men, "always seems to me a very helpless thing. It is so big and heavy, it is impossible to move it without steam-power, and yet it will not only move itself, but will drag many times its weight at forty miles an hour over the line."

"It is not the engine that moves," said another man. "It's the wood or coal and water—the fuel and steam. If it were not for the fire and water inside, it could never move at all."

"I can make her go without w-w-w-wood—wood or water."

This remark caused a laugh from the boys, and even the men smiled at the absurd statement. One man came over to where Tom stood, and said, "How would you do that, my boy?"

"I'd rather n-n-not—not tell."

"Why not?"

"Because I n-n-never t-t-tried—tried it."

"Oh, you mean you think you could, but you have never proved your theory by experiment."

"Y-y-yes—yes, sir."

The men and boys became wonderfully interested in this conversation, for it was clear that Tom Stayboltt knew what he was talking about.

"Do you belong to the Railroad School?"

"Y-y-yes—yes, sir."

"You mean to try for the prize, I suppose?"

"No, sir. My handwriting is as crooked as a r-r-ram's h-h-horn—ram's horn."

After that, nothing more of importance was said, and the boys, having looked over the engine to their hearts' content, went home.

The next day at ten o'clock the entire school was marched into the lecture-room of the school building to see the prize watch given by the President to the boy who had written the best composition. All the teachers were there, together with the fathers and mothers of the boys, visitors, and people connected with the railroad. This prize-giving was regarded as a great event along the line, and every man, from engine-wipers to directors, wanted to be on hand to see whose son carried off the prize. At 10.15, railroad time, the President and the Honorable Directors, with their wives and daughters, marched in and took seats on the platform, while all the boys stood up as a matter of respect to the founder of the school. It was altogether quite a grand and ceremonious affair, and was for the boys an impressive occasion. When the directors and the ladies were seated, the boys sat down. Then

Digitized by Google

"IN THE BARN."—FROM A PAINTING BY H. ALLINGHAM.

there was a speech from the head-master, followed by one from a director, and one from the President's wife. Then it came the President's turn to give out the prizes. All the compositions, neatly tied up in red tape, were laid on the desk, and when he stood up he brushed them all one side, as if he did not care much for compositions. His speech was short and very peculiar:

"Ladies and gentlemen, and boys of the school, I have carefully read all the compositions, and, while I think they are all excellent, I have decided that this time the chance to win the prize shall be open to those who did not write a composition."

This was a great surprise, and the boys wondered how this was to be done. They knew the President was a just and honorable man, and would do nothing unfair; so they accepted what he said in silence, though those who had written the compositions were, of course, somewhat disappointed.

"Yesterday," continued the President, "I heard one of the boys say he could run a locomotive engine without

PUNCH AND JUDY IN A CONVENT.—See Page 523.

Digitized by Google

wood or water. If he can do it, he shall have the prize. Is the boy present?"

There was a solemn hush in the room. Every one looked about, and wondered if the audacious and foolish boy was there. Of course it could not be done, and the President had taken this means to punish him for his vain and idle boasting. As for Tom Stayboltt, he felt ready to sink through the floor. Something must be done about it, and in a moment he stood up, and said, in a clear, manly voice,

"I said so, sir; and if you will give me the engine, and Jerry Smith's Mogul, I'll do it."

The sudden appearance of little Tom Stayboltt, pale and yet calm, and the clear voice without a defect, caused a great sensation, and every one turned in wonder to look at him. Some of the ladies wanted to know what the boy meant by "Jerry Smith's Mogul," and the gentlemen with them explained that it was a heavy freight engine of the "Mogul" pattern run by Mr. J. Smith.

The President called Tom up to the platform, and for a moment or two there was a whispered conversation between Tom, the head-master of the school, and the President. Every one looked on with the greatest interest, and wondered what would happen next. Tom seemed to have convinced the two gentlemen that he knew exactly what he was talking about, for the President smiled and shook Tom by the hand, and then stood up and said to all the people:

"When I heard Master Stayboltt say yesterday afternoon he could run the engine, I resolved to give him a chance. I therefore ordered a train to be got ready, and I now invite the school and all their friends to go to the station. We will take the engine out on the line, and Master Stayboltt shall try for the prize by running the engine a mile without wood or water. The engine has never been used, except on its trial trip, and there is not a quart of water in the boiler or tank, nor a pound of coal, or so much as a match, on the tender."

This proposal was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the entire company, ladies and gentlemen, teachers, boys, and all, marched down to the station, and took a train of cars they found all ready for them. A heavy "Mogul" engine backed up and took the train over to the repair-shop yard, where the new engine stood. Several of the directors got out and examined the engine, and declared there was no fuel in the tender nor a drop of water in the boiler. The train was backed up to the front of the engine, and it was coupled on. Every one got on board, and the train hauled out of the yard, and took the main line, with the empty engine trailing behind. As for Master Stayboltt, they put him on the engine, and made him ride there all alone.

Tom didn't care; in fact, this was just what he wanted. The train ran at a good speed for about ten miles into the country. Then it stopped, and everybody hurried out to see the performance—or the failure. The road just here was perfectly level, and there was a switch and siding. The train was uncoupled from the engine, and run into the siding, out of the way, and flag-men were sent up and down the line to stop all trains that might interfere with the show. The people gathered round the cold and silent engine, standing in a crowd on the grass by the line. Tom still sat in the engine, and when everything was ready, the President said that Master Stayboltt might now try for the prize.

The idea of that boy making an engine go a mile! It was very silly in him, and no doubt he would now be properly punished for his vain boasting.

"Are you ready, sir?"

"Y-y-yes—yes, sir."

"Then go ahead."

The people stood looking on, and quite ready to laugh at the poor boy's failure. Ah! she moves. The big wheels turn slowly, and the cold and silent engine rolled slowly backward. For an instant there was a laugh. She was going the wrong way. She moved faster and faster, and the laugh died away. Ah! she's slowing up. She has stopped. It's a failure. No. Tom could be seen turning the reversing bar. The engine gave one loud whistle, and started ahead. Faster and faster! On it came, and rushed past all the people, at twenty miles an hour. How the people cheered and cheered! It was wonderful. Tom was looking straight ahead, like a good engineer. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the boys shouted until they were hoarse. Tom Stayboltt had won the prize.

The engine ran on about half a mile, stopped, and then came slowly back, and stopped just before the President's pretty daughters. Tom came to the window, and took off his hat and bowed politely to the ladies.

"How much pressure have you, Master Engineer?" said the President.

"T-t-twenty—twenty pounds, sir."

Then the school gave three cheers for Tom, and three more for the President, for every one said it was far better to do something than to write the best composition ever seen. Of course every one wished to know just how it was done, and to make it all clear, the President mounted a pile of sleepers, and told them the whole story.

"You all know that in a steam-engine is a boiler and a furnace, or fire-box. Water is put in the boiler, and a fire is made in the furnace precisely as in a tea-kettle on a stove. The water boils in the tea-kettle, and we see the steam escape. In the engine the steam is locked in, and can not escape, and very soon it becomes crowded, and if still kept locked in, it will burst the boiler. Before this can happen, the engineer opens a valve, and permits the steam to enter two oblong iron boxes, called the cylinders. Here it meets a piece of metal, called the piston, that fits the inside of the cylinder pretty closely. It can not get past, and so it pushes the piston away to the other end of the cylinder. As soon as this happens, the valves close of their own accord, and the steam escapes into the open air with a loud puff. Then the steam enters the other end of the cylinder, and drives the piston back again. In this manner the steam pushes the piston to and fro as it tries to escape from the boiler.

"Now there is a rod fastened to the piston, and passing through the end of the cylinder. Each cylinder has one, and these are connected by means of other rods with the great wheels of the locomotive. You now see that the piston, driven forward and backward, moves the wheels, and thus it is the escaping steam moves the engine. These rods you can see outside the engine; the piston and valves are inside, out of sight.

"Now the air is elastic, like steam, and it may be used in any engine in place of steam. If air is pumped into a tight box like a boiler, it may be locked up, or compressed, and if we were to go on pumping, we might burst the boiler with compressed air. Master Stayboltt knew all this, and he also knew that when an empty engine is dragged along the rails by another engine, as happened on our ride out here, the wheels will turn round, and these move the rods and the pistons, and each cylinder works like a pump. Instead of letting steam out, it pushes air back into the boiler, and very soon the boiler is full of elastic compressed air struggling to get out. Master Stayboltt, as soon as the train stopped, opened the valves, and the air rushed out the way it went in, making the pistons move, and the wheels turn round. Of course the air soon ran out, and the engine stopped. This made no difference to us, for Master Stayboltt clearly showed that he had learned his lessons well, and knew how to apply them."

Then the President's youngest daughter climbed up into the engine, and gave Tom the prize watch. The

Digitized by Google

boys took him on their shoulders in triumph to the President's car, every one got on board, the flag-men were called in, and the entire party went gayly home with the empty engine trailing behind.

BEES IN THE MEADOW.

BY MRS. SANGSTER.

Bees in the meadow,
Birds on the bough,
Bloom on the hill-side—
Play-time is now.

Stones in the pasture,
Weeds in the bed;
Haying and harvest,
Hard work ahead.

Loud sings the robin,
"If you'd be gay,
Take to the work, lad,
The *heart* of the play."

PUNCH AND JUDY IN A CONVENT.

ALTHOUGH convents are religious houses occupied by nuns, who, under the names of Sisters of Charity, Mercy, etc., devote their lives to doing good by helping those who are sick or poor or in trouble, many of them are also schools. Young girls are received within their walls as scholars, and although they must all dress just alike, and submit to the strictest kind of discipline, they are trained in habits of simplicity, obedience, and industry that prove of great value to them in after-life.

These convent scholars are only allowed to see their friends from outside the convent walls on one day of the week, and even then in many convents they may only talk to them through iron gratings, as you may see several of the girls doing in the picture on page 521.

Although the amusements of the girls are very few, sometimes they are treated to a simple entertainment, such as a Punch-and-Judy show, which they enjoy much more heartily than children who are accustomed to seeing such things very often. In fact, you can see that one of the little girls in the picture is represented as laughing so loudly that the Sister who stands beside her touches her on the shoulder, and tells her that such loud and boisterous mirth is not lady-like nor becoming.

THE DAISY COT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

BY MISS LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

PART I.

IT was in a children's hospital. All down the long ward ran two rows of little iron bedsteads, each covered with its own red quilt with the white cross in the middle; but one cot was different from all the rest. It was all of shining brass, to begin with, and it had a little canopy, which none of the others had, and pretty soft curtains of pale blue, with a pattern of white daisies scattered all over them; even the bands that caught back the curtains were wreaths of daisies; and the dainty blue coverlet had the bright little flowers raised on it so naturally that you wanted to try and gather them.

Just opposite it, on the wall, hung a picture of little fleecy lambs, and the Good Shepherd carrying the smallest and weakest in His arms; and the frame of the picture was of daisies too. All down the walls of the ward there hung bright pictures, but none was so pretty as this, and it hung just where any one lying in the cot could see it best.

Everybody in the whole hospital knew the Daisy Cot and its story: and the nurses had to tell it half a dozen times a day, sometimes; for every fresh visitor who came into the girls' ward was sure to say: "What a pretty little bed! What makes it so different from the others?" And then the Sister (they called the nurses "Sisters" there) would tell how the cot and the picture had once belonged to a dear little girl named Daisy, and how, when the angels came and took her away from this world, her heart-broken mother could not bear to look at the empty bed, but sent it here, that some poor sick child might always use it, and stay in it until she was quite well again. More than once, before Sister Theresa's simple tale was done, a bright round drop fell quietly down among the daisies, for some of the visitors were mothers themselves, and couldn't help thinking of the precious babies at home.

One day there was a small excitement all down the ward. Heads popped up from one bed after another, and black eyes and blue exchanged signals, while half a dozen shrill voices at once called across to each other: "Oh, I say, just look here! There's a new Daisy in the cot."

So there was; and such a queer little flower this time! A tiny, tiny girl, with a white still face—as white as any of the daisies on the quilt—and such a wonderful head of tight red-gold curls as none of them had ever seen in all their lives.

"Daisies oughtn't ter have red hair," said one small damsel, with a great idea of the eternal fitness of things.

"Oughtn't they?" laughed the Doctor, who was busy tying a card to the brass rail at the foot of the cot, with the new Daisy's name, and her illness, and the food she was to have, written on it. "But I've seen daisies with red tips in Scotland, I can tell you. All the same, I like the big white ones better. There, nurse," he went on, as Sister Theresa's noiseless step drew near, "there's your new patient; Mercy Trafford is her name, and I shouldn't wonder if a story went with it. What did the people say who brought her in?"

"Yes, there is a story, and a sad one too," said the sweet-voiced Sister. "It seems her mother died last winter, and her father, a poor artist, was killed in a street accident a few weeks ago. Since that, the people in the house where she was have taken some sort of care of her, until last night, when the place caught on fire, and she was just saved from death, poor baby! But there must have been a fall, you know, to account for that broken leg, and the other injuries."

"Humph!" said the Doctor. It was rather a favorite exclamation of his, and had earned him, with some of his lady patients, the character of being a regular bear; but the bear had a warm and tender heart under his great rough coat, and the smallest baby in the hospital would look up in his face with a laugh, and try to snatch at his shaggy locks, as he bent over its crib.

Many, many long days went by before the new Daisy could do anything but lie with closed eyes and a drawn white face. Ah! those were weary, sorrowful days; and sometimes they began to fear the poor wee mite would never run about again, and that made them very sad, for her sweet, patient little ways had taught them all to love her. But at last there came a day when the Doctor looked less grave, and the Sisters nodded to each other over the cot, and said, "I really think she'll do now, do you know?" And then, at last, two big blue eyes opened wide, and a sweet high voice was heard to say, "Oh, please, I *is* so hungry!"

I don't know why they should all have accepted her from that very moment as the pet of the ward, but so they did; and never did Queen reign with more gracious dignity than did Miss Mercy.

Not that she went by that name, however; for the very first time any one ventured to call her by it, she answered, with stately emphasis, "I not Mercy now; I Daisy." So Daisy it became with everybody from that time forth—except the Doctor, that is.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW DAISY.

"You a Daisy?" he said, standing before her, with both hands in his pockets. "Fiddlesticks! you're nothing but a white mouse. Mercy's a mistake—it's Mousie;" and Mousie he persisted in calling her.

It was not long before she began to catch up the little story she heard so often about her own cot, and "*My* lady, my *tind* lady," became her great interest and topic of conversation. She tied up her handkerchief into something like a doll, and called it "my pitty lady," and she would lie and talk to it by the hour together in low cooing tones. Her picture, in its daisy frame, was a great delight too; she had a name for each of the fleecy lambs, and wished them all "dood-morning" as soon as she awoke, in that clear ringing voice of hers. So sweet a voice it was, and so like a bird's, that the Sisters used to declare it was like listening to an angel to hear her sing grace; and you would sometimes see a Sister in white cap and apron speeding down a passage with suspiciously wet eyes, murmuring "Bless her!" as the last "Amen" sounded through the wards.

Christmas-eve came, and with it a grand stir and bustle in the hospital: something was going to happen, though nobody quite knew what. Many and varied were the surmises. "I guess it's going to be real bears and lions from the show," said one girl, who was blessed with a rich imagination; but several nervous little patients shrieked so energetically at the idea that she hastily added, "But perhaps they'll be dead and stuffed." Curiosity had full swing, for each bed had been carefully shut in all day by its own folding-screen, and not a glimpse could be got, even through the cracks, of what was going on in the middle of the room.

But at last, when the gas was lit, the Doctor's voice was heard to give a word of command, and all the screens were folded up as if by magic, while a cry of wonder and delight burst from every mouth. The walls were all festooned with evergreens and paper roses, and in the midst there rose a Christmas tree, the most magnificent and imposing tree any of them had ever beheld, lit up with countless brilliant candles, hung with toys and beautiful glittering things, and presided over by— *Could* it be the Doctor? Oh no; it was a real Santa Claus, who had borrowed the Doctor's voice for that evening only. And with what delightful jokes and funny speeches did he unfasten the strange, beautiful fruit from its tree, and distribute it to the rows of eager, excited little people! There was a present for everybody—even the Sisters were not forgotten; and when all the laughing and rejoicing had begun to subside, and tea came in on the tiny wooden trays, there was not only the usual mug of milk and the well-known pile of bread and butter, but real poached eggs, and actual baked apples too!

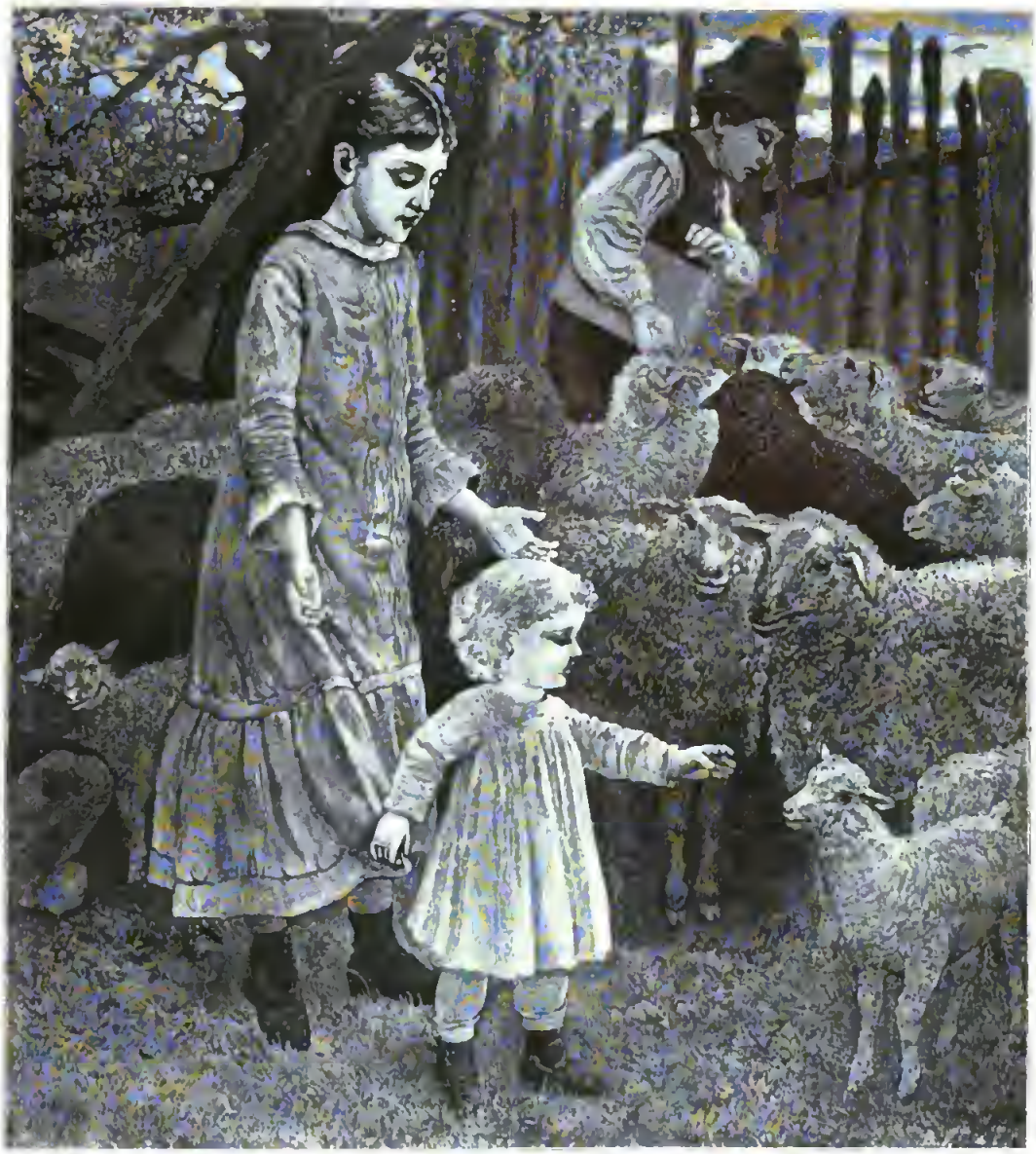
As for the little Daisy, she had, besides the toys from the tree, a box of great golden oranges, and a perfectly lovely doll, with eyes that opened and shut, and a head that turned round; and box and dolly were labelled, "For the Daisy Cot, from E. M. B."; and as she had already begun to know from past experience of similar gifts, "E. M. B." was "my *tind* lady."

Long, long after tea was eaten and cleared away, and the ward tidied up and settled for the night, wee Mercy's blue eyes were still wide open, as she lay with the queer shining rings of red-gold hair pressed into her white pillow. The fact was that the busy brain wouldn't go to sleep; for Mercy was trying with all her baby might to think of something she could give the lady who had been so "*tind*" to her. But she had nothing of her own—not a single thing; and while impossible visions of dolls and candy and all the possessions which seemed to herself most desirable flitted through her mind, she grew wearier and still more weary, until at last they all ended in the land of dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. SANTA CLAUS.

Digitized by Google



SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE.—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.

BITS OF ADVICE

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

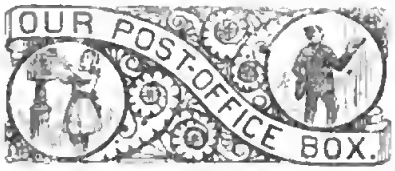
ABOUT GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

THERE are two things that all the boys and girls are fully agreed upon. One is, that bed time always comes too soon, and the other, that Bridget rings the rising bell shamefully early. Getting up in the morning is a great trial to many of us. We feel so rested and comfortable, and yet so uncommonly sleepy. It seems as though our eyes would never come really wide open, and as for dressing, it is a labor that is appalling. Oh for a good fairy to touch us with her wand, and set us, bright and resolute, right out into the middle of the morning!

The way to get up in the morning is just to do it promptly. The moment you are called, decide at once to rise. Do not wait until mother's gentle voice is tired, and Sister Lucy has determined that she will not call you again, and father comes to the foot of the stair, and calls, very seriously, "William!" "Ebenezer!" "Rebecca!" and you feel that you must rise in a hurry. Do not put off getting up until you can hardly take time to match buttons and hooks, and you can not find which strings belong to each other, and suspenders snap, and buttons fly off boots, and things are generally crooked.

When first you rise, let your thoughts go to God in thankfulness that you are alive and well, and ready to begin another day. Then wash from head to foot, with a sponge and cold water, and dry yourself with a rough crash towel, or take a rub with a stiff flesh brush. You will feel quite warm and glowing after this exercise, which is the better for being rapidly performed. Dress so neatly and entirely, to the last touch of shoe polish and the last flourish of the hair-brush, that you need think no more about your dress all day. Be sure to attend to your teeth. They are good servants, and have so much work to do that they deserve to be carefully looked after, not with irritating powders, but with a clean brush, pure water, and occasionally a dash of white Castile soap.

Digitized by Google



LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am one of a large party, and we sailed in the Cunard steamer *Atlas* from Boston for Liverpool, April 23, at 4 P.M. Our friends stood on the wharf till we could see them no longer, and they had brought us flowers, grapes, eggs, and fresh butter, which we shared with our fellow-travellers.

The next day was Sunday, and the ship's surgeon read the morning service in the saloon, the sailors dressed up clean and came in, and we sang "Greenland's icy mountains" and "Nearer my God to Thee."

Not many passengers could come to dinner after the first day, for the sea grew rough, the ship rolled, the dish-racks (called the "fiddle") were put on, and the people were pale and seasick. In a few days they began to come out again; and having good weather, we saw the coast of Ireland May 3. When we stopped at Queenstown we sent up the Stars and Stripes, the English flag, and the flag of the Cunard Line on our mainmast.

The next day we reached Liverpool. Our trunks were lifted out of the hold, and we landed at 8 o'clock A.M. by a tug, and in a rain. The custom-house officers examined the luggage, and we drove to a hotel. We were glad to get rid of ship clothes, have our baths, and go early into real beds.

In Liverpool we saw St. George's Hall, and the statues of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort Albert, and the lions on the gates. Hansoms were driving in the streets, and tulips were blooming.

The next day, May 5, we started for London, and I will tell about it in my next letter. HARRY G.

FARMER CITY, ILLINOIS.

My school was out last week, and I with some other boys have been sprouting potatoes for my uncle Sam, to earn some spending money. I earned one dollar and twenty-five cents this week. We have been building a cave in our yard to keep milk, fruit, and vegetables in instead of a cellar. The country is so flat here that the cellars have to be drained, and that makes them so expensive that a good many people make caves. In making ours we dug down about three feet, then sided up the hollow with heavy timbers which projected two feet above the ground. Then we put a steep roof of boards over the top. At one end we made a door and steps to go down, and at the other end we put up a long square box for a ventilator. Then the roof was covered with dirt about a foot deep and sodded over. The cave looked like a little play house inside. HARRY B. L.

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE about a funny little chicken. It was born with only one leg and part of another. Papa is going to make it a wooden leg.

I am twelve years old, and I have had bip-disease all winter. I still wear a heavy weight, and have to stay in bed all the time. My brother brings me YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I enjoy it so much! GEORGIE E. C.

The Post-office Box has received a long letter from little Johnnie F., of Warrenton, Missouri. It is all about a bird's nest with some dear little eggs in it, which he has found in the orchard near his house, and which nobody is going to disturb until the birdies are hatched and flown away. We can not read one word of his little letter, but his papa assures us that it is the whole story of the finding of the birdies' home, and Master Johnnie himself has drawn a picture of the nest with its five little eggs.

EDEN, GEORGIA.

I wish some of the little girls who write to the Post-office Box would tell me some of their games. I am nine years old. I live in the country, and I have two little sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is a dear little baby, not much more than a year old. She can say a few words. FAIRLEY C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I think what are called sea-beans are those large seeds known as ox-eyes. They are generally dark brown in color, but reddish and gray ones are also found. They do not grow in the sea, but in pods on large trees, which are found everywhere throughout the American tropics. They are very abundant, and the fact that they are often found strewn along sea-beaches, where they have drifted with the tide, may account for their name of sea-bean.

As they are very hard, they are capable of taking a high polish, and are often made into ornaments of different kinds.

In Cuba, where these beans are very abundant, they are the object of certain curious superstitions among the native Indian population. They are called *ojos de buey* (ox-eyes), or *cauchalas*, a word, the significance of which is evidently key-bean, the trees often growing on the keys and coral islands. The Indian women of Cuba boil these beans in a weak solution of ashes in water until they become soft enough to pierce with a stout wire, when they string them and make rosaries. They also string a bean in hang around the necks of their babies, believing that it will act as a charm against the evil-eye.

These beans grow very large in Cuba—as large as a good-sized horse-chestnut—and are so very abundant that in many places they cover the forest floor. R. R.

Letters about the sea-bean have also been received from Charles Uhler, E. Rowland, and others.

POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

Our cat has six counting babies down in aunt's wood-house. One morning, when they were only a few days old, pussy came very early to get her milk, and she acted so queer that we all noticed her. She would not eat, but kept going to mamma, and mewing real loud. Then she would start down the path, and mew louder than ever, and then turn back when she saw no one was following her. Finally, mamma said pussy must have been frightened by some naughty dog, and was afraid to go back alone. Mamma started to go with her, and puss seemed so happy. She kept frisking about, and rubbing her glossy head on mamma's dress. Mamma was in a hurry to finish some work, so when she had gone half way she turned to come back, but puss lay down in the path, and began to *mew* so piteously that mamma started on again. When she reached the wood-house, and looked at the kittens, puss was not satisfied, but acted as if she wanted mamma to help her about something. Come to find out, one poor little kitty had fallen into a hole where puss could not reach it. Mamma reached down, and got the cold, half-dead little kit, and put it with the t er, and then pussie's joy knew no bounds, and she expressed her gratitude in every way she could. I wanted all the YOUNG PEOPLE children to know about this wise, old mother-cat. GEORGE B. C.

I will give a genuine Indian bow and two arrows to any boy or girl who will send me the largest and most rare amount of stamps (no duplicates). Please send a postal stating how many, and what kind of stamps you will give, and I will accept the best offer.

FRANK K. THOMAS,
P. O. Box 16, Lansing, Allamakee Co., Iowa.

My stock of coins and shells is exhausted, but I have some stamps and postmarks for exchange. I will give twelve foreign stamps, for any foreign coin except English; or eight postmarks, for one foreign stamp.

W. M. WAITE,
36 Park Street, Lynn, Mass.

I will exchange a fac-simile of George Washington's signature, for twenty-three common or three rare stamps. It is a genuine fac-simile, for it is not engraved, but traced from his signature in a book given to my great-great-grandfather by General George Washington himself.

GEORGE C. BARRS, Comstocks, N. Y.

My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and we were very sorry when the story of "Toby Tyler" was ended.

We have five canaries, two old ones and three young ones. My sister's bird is as dark as any wild bird except a blackbird. His name is Bobby. One day mamma was passing through the hall, and heard him making a strange noise. She went to the cage, and found a chicken-snake twined in and out of the wires. She knocked the cage down, and killed the snake, but it had already pulled some feathers out of Bob's tail and neck.

I would like to exchange wild flowers, for sea-moss or shells—sea-moss preferred. JESSIE SHARP,
Madera, Fresno Co., Cal.

My stock of lava and fossilized fern is exhausted, but I have some cones and sea-shells that came from Wales, that I would like to exchange for a specimen of amethyst, iron pyrites, or other minerals. I would like to have correspondents write before sending specimens. HARRY C.,
Bergen Point, Hudson Co., N. J.

My supply of arrow-heads is exhausted, but I will send petrified wood, petrified moss, or postmarks to those correspondents I have not yet answered.

HERBERT ROWLINS,
P. O. Box 387, Mankato, Minn.

I will exchange ore, minerals, curiosities from Missouri, stamps, postmarks, pressed holly leaves, petrified wood from Colorado, and curious-shaped rocks from Hot Springs, Arkansas, for good agates, good specimens of ore, or any kind of minerals, or any curiosities except stamps and postmarks. I am especially anxious to obtain sea-shells and ocean curiosities, a good specimen of copper, zinc, or gold, and something from Mexico, South America, or Australia. Specimens must not be less than two inches square. I have a choice collection, and wish to obtain good things for it, and I will send the same in return.

CORA GRIFFITH,
Calumet, Pike Co., Mo.

I withdraw my exchange which appeared in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 81, and I now offer twenty-five specimens of minerals, twenty-five specimens of woods, five pieces of Indian pottery, a tomahawk, a stamp album which cost one dollar and twenty-five cents, a pocket mariners' compass, and the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE from 4 to 14, Vol. I., containing the stories of "Lady Primrose" and "Photogen and Nyctera," for a printing-press and type. Correspondents will please write describing press, and I will accept the best offer.

MADISON COOPER, JUN.,
Evans Mills, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Olive H. Causey, Putnam, Conn., withdraws her name from our exchange list, and requests parties who are owing her stamps to send them as soon as possible.

Lizzie Henston, Trempealeau, Wis., and Robert W. Sheridan, Toronto, Can., also withdraw their names.

We have received letters from S. Kelley, East Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio; George E. Wells, New York city; Minnie Miller, Cincinnati, Ohio; R. P. Snively, Columbus, Ohio; Kenneth McKenzie, Cambridge, Mass.; Harriette B. Woodruff, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.; and Will and S. Hawkins, Steubenville, Ohio—all asking for addresses of careless correspondents, in order that they may make return for favors received. We have no room to specify all the different things which have been received by these correspondents unaccompanied by any address; but if any boys or girls are waiting impatiently to hear from any of them, they must not accuse them of dishonesty or neglect, but blame themselves for carelessness, by which they cause trouble, not only to the correspondent who receives the nameless package, but also to the Post-office Box.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

One of Scott's International Postage-stamp Albums of 1880, and a collection of six hundred stamps, many rare, for a good foot-ball.

FRANK ALABASTER, P. O. Box 1423,
Ann Arbor, Washtenaw Co., Mich.

Stamps, minerals, and curiosities, including fossils, for postage stamps and coins; also, a few United States postal cards of the old issues, with printing on the back, but not otherwise used, for other postal cards or for rare stamps. L. H. A., JUN.,
41 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Fine flower seeds and pressed ferns and flowers, for minerals, shells, petrifactions, and other interesting curiosities. No stamps wanted.

FRANKY ANDERSON, Beaver, Beaver Co., Penn.

Sand and stones from the Falls of St. Anthony, and specimens of wood, cut two and a half inches square, of base-wood, red and white oak, red and white elm, black and white ash, cottonwood, iron-wood, cherry, red cedar, silver and bird's-eye maple, butternut, and white pine, for soil from the different States and countries, curiosities of any kind, or specimens of wood, same size as above. Foreign woods especially desired. Please state what is desired in exchange, and give name and locality in labelling specimens.

HOWARD S. AMORY,
1115 Fifth Street, E. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

Stamps. No duplicates given or taken.

A. P. BENNETT,
130½ Forrest Street, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Postmarks, for the same. Fifteen postmarks, for five foreign stamps (no duplicates). Also, postmarks and Kansas agates, for Indian relics or curiosities. MATTIE BUCK,
Holton, Jackson Co., Kan.

All kinds of ores, including iron ore from Egypt and Denmark, Irish heather, and foreign stamps, for old American coins.

A READER OF "YOUNG PEOPLE,"
P. O. Box 59, Cumberland, Md.

Thirty foreign stamps, for a good Indian relic. Twenty, for Indian arrow-heads. Or stamps, for stamps. EXCELSIOR,
108 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

Stamps from France, Italy, Germany, and England, for stamps from Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, and Argentine Republic.

JOHN H. FISHER,
Mount Washington, Baltimore Co., Md.

Rare stamps, minerals, coins, shells from China, insects, and curiosities, for stamps, coins, minerals, fossils, insects, Indian relics, or any good curiosities. Offers received for two Roman coins.

F. F. F., Lock Box 82, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A hand fret-saw, for a collection of minerals and Indian curiosities. ARTHUR D. PARKER,
Corner First and Simpson Streets, Lowell, Mass.

Twenty foreign stamps (no duplicates) from Denmark, Sweden, and other countries, for an Indian arrow-head. A 90 or a 7 cent United States, for a Shanghai. A Western and a Southern Australian, for an Orange State. A Luxemburg, three Danish, two Swedish, two Norwegian, and three German, for

Digitized by Google

a French colonies. Shells, for shells. Soil and stone from New Jersey, for the same from any other State.
EDWARD T. PERINE, Plainfield, N. J.

Postmarks, for pressed wild flowers. Correspondents will please mark name of flowers, and state how many postmarks are required in return.
IONA WATTS, care of O. Watts & Co.,
544 Macdougal Street, New York City.

A new Rogers scroll-saw (foot-power), for a good bow and arrows, or a stamp collection. Correspondents please write to arrange exchange.
JULIUS WIMAN,
P. O. Box 2149, New York City.

Foreign coins, for minerals and Indian relics.
CHARLES WELCH,
176 High Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Austrian, a German, a French, and a Bavarian stamp, for a stamp from Newfoundland with design of a fish, or for one from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, British Columbia, Mexico, Granada, or South America. G. B. WEBSTER,
P. O. Box 188, Webster Grove, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Two hundred postage stamps (no duplicates), and some very rare, including stamps from San Salvador, Hawaiian Islands, South and West Australia, Turkey, Egypt, and South Africa, together with a new standard stamp catalogue, for a new model yacht, with bowsprit, mast, jib, and mainsail, not less than twenty inches long, in good sailing order.
WALTER B. WYMAN,
108 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Twenty-five postmarks, for one Cape of Good Hope stamp. FRANK S. ALLEN,
Lock Box 18, Erie, Erie Co., Penn.

Rare and old United States postage stamps, for any other curiosity. Or type for exchange with any amateur printer. S. B. AYRES, JUN.,
Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

Texas soil, cottonwood, dogwood, or mesquite bark and wood, for rare pressed leaves and flowers from any State except Texas.
M. ANDERSON and H. PHILLIPS,
P. O. Box 41, Corsicana, Navarro Co., Texas.

Fifty foreign stamps, for any department stamps, except Treasury and Interior, or for stamps from New Brunswick. PAUL E. BONNER,
463 Waverley Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F. F. F.—There has never been a King or Pope of Rome called Francis.

H. P.—The signals given by steamboats are fully described in Chapter II. of "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" published in No. 81 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

W. H. K.—It is not true that horse-hairs thrown into a running stream become living snakes, although many people believe that they do. A little city boy of our acquaintance once, when in the country, collected a large quantity of horse-hairs in a barn, and was throwing them into a stream, when an old farmer came along, and asked him what he was doing. "Throwing in horse-hairs," answered the boy, "and to-morrow I'll find 'em all turned into snakes." "Ah, sonny," replied the farmer, "you may watch till you're gray, but you'll never make snakes out of those horse-hairs." The boy was sadly disappointed, but the old farmer was right.

H. H.—Many kinds of toys imported into the United States from Europe are colored by means of poisonous substances, which injure the health of children. The French government has decided to stop the manufacture and sale of such toys in France, and will not hereafter allow them to be imported into that country. They will be seized on the frontier, and confiscated. Children are very much in the habit of putting toys into their mouths, and the colors, if poisonous, are sure to make them ill.

THOMAS L.—The city of Brooklyn, Long Island, was originally called Breuckelen, meaning "marshy ground," after a town of that name near Utrecht, in Holland, whence the first settlers came. Instead of buying land on the high and healthy ground along the East River, now known as "Brooklyn Heights," these settlers selected the low and level land about Gowanus Bay, perhaps because it resembled the country of their birth. The first purchase of land was made in 1636, by Wiliem Arianse Bennet and Jacques Bentyn, who secured from the Indians a tract of 630 acres. The growth of Brooklyn was very slow. Up to the year 1820 it was only a provincial village, and in 1850 it had only about 97,000 inhabitants. It is now the largest grain dépôt in the world, and has a population, according to the census of 1880, of 566,689 people.

G. T. J. H.—See answer to C. N. C. in the Post-office Box of No. 67.

"SUBSCRIBER," KANSAS.—You can send soil by mail if done up securely in a paper box, or in a very stout piece of wrapping paper. An ounce is the quantity commonly offered by our exchangers.

ALICE L. R.—The egg of the Baltimore oriole is light brown, spotted with dark brown. That of the common wren is very small, and reddish-white in color. The bobolink builds its nest on the ground concealed among grass or grain. It lays five or six purplish-white eggs, which are spotted with brown at one end, and blotched all over with dark purple. The meadow-lark also builds her nest on the ground, usually in meadows where the grass is rank and tall. It is a very pretty nest, made of different grassy plants skillfully woven together.

A. A. B.—Crows' eggs are green, spotted with greenish-brown. The eggs of the redwing-blackbird are bluish-white, irregularly mottled with dark purple blotches. Its nest is suspended upon a bush or reeds in wet marshy meadows, often on tufts of cat-tails which are surrounded by water.

C. G.—All letters posted in the United States must be prepaid with United States stamps. Postage on all letters to Java and all other countries included in the Universal Postal Union is five cents for each half-ounce. The postage on a half-ounce letter to Australia, except New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, if sent *viâ* San Francisco, is five cents; to New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, *viâ* San Francisco, it is twelve cents for each half ounce.

G. A. M.—Wiggles are explained in the Post-office Box of YOUNG PEOPLE No. 79.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA—(*To North Star*).

In serpent, not in snake,
In river, not in lake,
In chisel, not in saw,
In rent, not in flaw,
In rule, not in reign,
In hair, not in mane,
In carriage, not in cart,
My whole a work of art. DOUGLAS.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

A letter. A metal. A medicine. An acid. A river in Africa. A vehicle. A letter. PRINCESS.

No. 3.

DIAGONALS.

Across.—A river in Switzerland. A number. A river in France. Void. An American emblem.
Diagonals.—Two rivers in Europe.
GOODY TWO-SHOES.

No. 4.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. An infant. 2. To affirm. 3. To pierce. 4. A pitcher. PICKWICK.

2.—1. A verb. 2. Also. 3. A pair of horses. 4. A girl's name. LAURA.

No. 5.

GEOGRAPHICAL CORNER ACROSTIC.

Cross Words.—A river in Spain. A lake in Minnesota. A river in Italy. An island in the Atlantic Ocean. A country in South America. A river in Spain. A mountain in South America. The capital of one of the United States.
Primals.—A lake in South America.
Finals.—An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
LADY BETTY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 82.

No. 1.

```
W H E A T     B I S O N
  H E A T       I R O N
    E A T         S O N
      A T           O N
        T           N
```

No. 2.

```
N E G R O
  C A I R O
    T I B E R
      F A R O E
      D R A V E
        U L M
          T
        A A R
      C O R E A
```

No. 3. Cricket.

No. 4. In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife.

No. 5. 1. Harvard College. 2. Maple sugar.

Throwing Light, on page 480.—Penn, pen.

Charade, on page 480.—Sinbad.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Abel Easter," *Ray R.*, E. A. Carteream, A. E. Cresingham, Frank C. F., Marion F., E. M. G., Benjamin Gomprecht, W. B. Hadley, Higginsport, Ohio, F. L. Long, Thomas Lanham, W. A. Lewis, Edith Leonard, Oscar A. Mueller, Bessie H. Moore, "North Star," *Harry F. Phillips*, "Pepper," "Queen Bess," J. W. Slattery, "Tel E. Graph," Mattie R. Upton, G. Linn Ulmer, Edward Weeks, J. F. Wells, "Will A. Mette," "Will Yum."

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

IN Mr. John Habberton's excellent and popular little book, *Who was Paul Grayson?*[1] young readers will find a story which is intensely interesting in itself, and at the same time full of instruction. No one can read it without feeling how much better it is to be kind and considerate toward others than to be teasing and thoughtless, especially toward the unfortunate and friendless. The volume is very prettily illustrated from original designs.

THE boy readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, those who are just approaching the important point when a profession must be chosen, will find much to interest them in a small, neat volume entitled *West Point and the Military Academy*,[2] of which a new and revised edition has just been published. In this little book are full answers to every question which arises in the mind of a youth wishing to gain admittance to the Military Academy. The manner of appointment and the physical and mental requirements are very clearly told, and a model is given of a preliminary examination. There are also some good words of advice to new cadets, and very pleasant pictures of the duties and pleasures of the four years' course. Any young man desiring to obtain a military education at West Point would do well to procure this book and read it carefully before asking his final decision, as it will show him in advance what will be expected of him, and what he must expect from others.

MR. KNOX has become well known to Young America as the author of two very popular books published by Harper & Brothers under the general titles of *The Boy Travellers in the Far East*; and we are confident that his new volume, *The Young Nimrods in North America*,[3] will find an equally warm reception. It is a story of hunting adventures on land and sea, and is designed to instruct the boys of America in the ways of the hunter's life. A large amount of natural history has been interwoven with the stories of hunting and fishing, the author having sought to instruct as well as to amuse his readers. The illustrations have been carefully chosen with a view to a correct representation of the objects described. The work is unexceptionable in its moral tendency, and it may be safely placed to the hands of boys and girls.

[1] *Who was Paul Grayson?* By JOHN HABBERTON, author of Helen's Babies, etc. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 169. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[2] *West Point and the Military Academy.* By EDWARD S. FARROW, U.S.A. Second Edition. Revised. 16mo, pp. 75. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

[3] *The Young Nimrods in North America.* A Book for Boys. By THOMAS W. KNOX, author of The Boy Travellers in the Far East: Japan and China; The Boy Travellers in the Far East: Siam and Java, etc. Copiously illustrated. 8vo, pp. 299. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

KIND-HEARTED OLD GENTLEMAN. "What are you crying for, Bub?"
POOR BOY. "Lost a dime."
K. H. O. G. "Did you drop it in the water?"
P. B. "No, sir. My little brother he dropped in with it."
K. H. O. G. "Gracious me! we must call for assistance."
P. B. "Yes, sir. I want them ten cents awful bad."

THE NAUGHTY ISLANDS IN NEW YORK STATE.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

THERE was a lady named Mrs.—(a city in New Brunswick), who had in her charge—(three islands in New York State), whose mother was—(a sea in Europe). The eldest was called —(a city in Virginia), and the two younger ones—(two cities in West Virginia). Their father and uncle were—(an island in Polynesia), and had, from time to time, sent them a great many presents. Among them was a beautiful—(islands off the western coast of Africa), a hat made of—(a city in Italy), and a—(a river in California) from the—(a city in France) of a—(a lake in Canada), and a scarf-pin made of—(a sea in Polynesia).

One (a lake in Minnesota) day Mrs.—(a city in New Brunswick) went out to buy three yards of—(a city in Hindostan), five pounds of—(an island in Canada), and two pounds of—(a river in Idaho). As soon as she had gone, these—(three islands in New York State) thought there would be some—(an island belonging to Denmark) making a—(an island in New York State). They could not start it, so they poured on some—(a country in Europe). Such a blaze! The younger ones were frightened, so—(the city in Virginia) threw on some (a spring in Nevada) water, that quenched the—(an island in New York State). (The city in Virginia) received a bad—(a city in Switzerland). When the fright was over, they all declared they would—(a cape in North Carolina), and never be found on such a—(river in Germany) again.

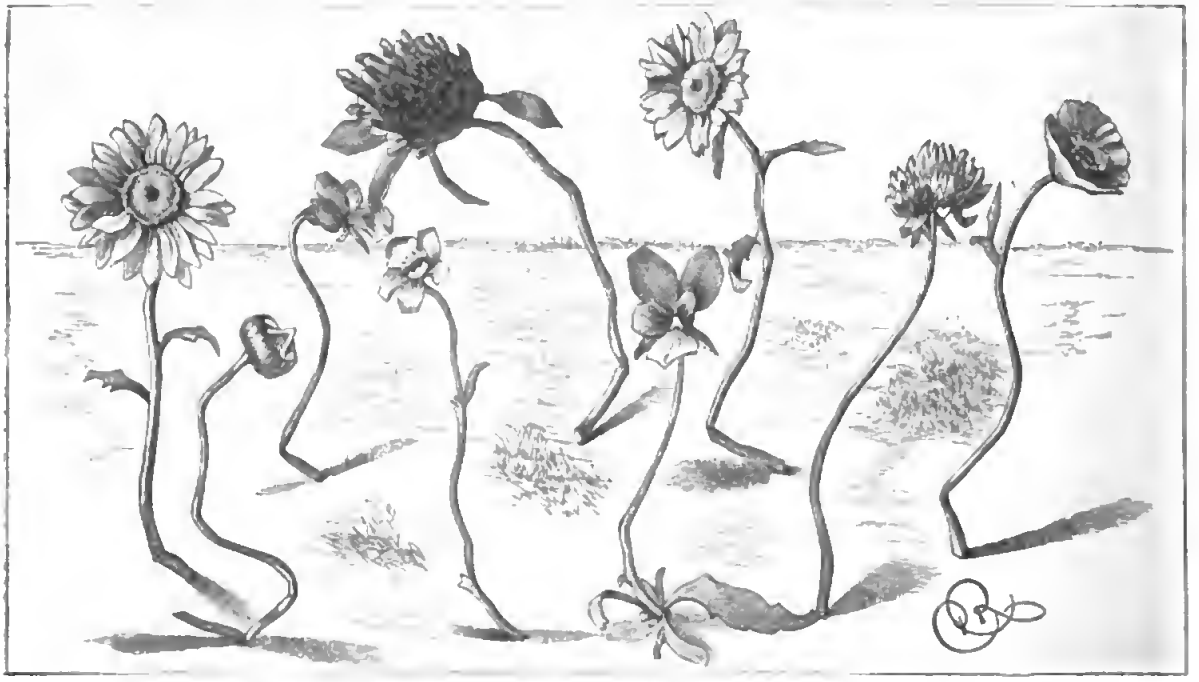
THROWING A LIGHT.

BY E. M.

AN object of fear and dislike, a boy's—nay, some men's—perfect delight, yet I am, in one sense, a slang word. Never abroad except at night, then I can no longer be used; yet instead of using me, people shun me, and I am of no use. Black and unsightly; yet, made of any wood, I can be as ornamented as my maker desires. I can't be made, for I am a living thing, and am now, as all my type have been before me. Though used in play, I can inflict a blow. I doubt if any one would ever venture to play with me; do not see how it could be done; and it is generally by a blow that I am killed. I can be broken, or lost, or burned, but not killed; but yet, having life, I die; am not lost nor broken. I live in dark places, and fly; do not walk. I can't move; am an instrument in the hands of others, but can make something else fly.

I am sensible to pain, and have always been an object of interest to naturalists. I am of wood—how can I feel?—and am used only in sport, though I can inflict pain. Thousands of me are made every year in this country, and I am the means by which people who become proficient in the use of me earn their living. I am of no use save to destroy insects, and it is somewhat doubtful whether I do that or no.

There are many varieties of me, and I am more often found in warm countries; the using of me is too heating to be much indulged in in the tropics, and hence it is only at the North and West that I am so popular.



A DANCE IN THE MEADOW.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 86. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, June 21, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE ARREST OF EMILY GEIGER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

THE FAIR MESSENGER.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

ON a warm, hazy day in January, 1849, I was at Orangeburg, South Carolina, eighty miles west of Charleston. My purpose was to visit the battle-ground of Eutaw Springs, on the right bank of the Santee River, forty miles distant. I hired a horse and gig for the journey. The steed was fleet, and the road was level and smooth most of the way. It lay through cultivated fields and dark pine forests, and across dry swamps wherein the Spanish moss hung like trailing banners from the live-oak and cypress trees.

At sunset I had travelled thirty miles. I lodged at the house of a planter not far from Vance's Ferry, on the Santee, where I passed the evening with an intelligent and venerable woman (Mrs. Buxton) eighty-four years of age. She was a maiden of seventeen when the armies of Greene and Rawdon made lively times in the region of the Upper Santee, Catawba, Saluda, and Broad rivers. She knew Marion, and Sumter, and Horry, and other less famous partisans, who were frequently at her father's home, on the verge of a swamp not far from the High Hills of Santee.

"We were Whigs," she said, "but the Tories were so thick and cruel around us, when Rawdon was at Camden, that father had to pretend he was a King's man to save his life and property. Oh, those were terrible times, when one was not sure on going to bed that the house would not be burned before morning."

"Did you witness any exciting scenes yourself?" I inquired.

"Yes, many. One in particular so stirred my young blood that I actually resolved to put on brother Ben's clothes, take our old fowling-piece, join the Swamp Fox, as the British called Marion, and fight for freedom to call my soul my own."

"What was the event?" I asked.

"You have read, maybe," said Mrs. Buxton, "how Lord Rawdon, after chasing General Greene far toward the Saluda, suddenly turned back, abandoned Fort Ninety-Six, and retreated toward Charleston. Well, Greene sent Harry Lee, with his light-horse, to get in front of Rawdon before he should reach the ferry on the Congaree at Granby. He was anxious to call Marion and Sumter to the same point to help Lee. Sumter was then encamped a dozen miles south of our home."

The venerable woman's dark brown eyes sparkled with emotion as she proceeded with the story. She said her cousin, on Greene's staff at the time, told her that when the General called for a volunteer messenger to carry a letter to Sumter, not one of the soldiers offered to undertake the perilous task, for the way was swarming with Tories. Greene was perplexed. Brave and pretty Emily Geiger, the young daughter of a German planter in Fairfield District, had just arrived at head-quarters with important information for the General. She rode a spirited horse with the ease and grace of a dragoon. Emily saw the hesitation of the soldiers, and Greene's anxiety. Earnestly but modestly she said to the General, "May I carry the letter?"

Greene was astonished. He was unwilling to expose her to the dangers which he knew awaited a messenger, for the Tories were vigilant.

"They won't hurt a young girl, I am sure; and I know the way," said Emily.

Greene's want was great, and he accepted the proffer of important service, but with many misgivings. Fearing Emily might lose the letter on the way, he informed her of its contents, that she might deliver the message orally. She mounted her fleet horse, and with the General's blessing, and cheered by the admiring officers, she rode off on a brisk gallop. She crossed the Wateree River at the Camden ferry, and pressed on toward the High Hills of Santee.

Emily was riding at a rapid pace through an open, dry swamp, at noonday, when one of three Tory scouts, who were on the watch, seized her bridle and bade her halt. With perfect composure and firm voice she demanded by what authority she was arrested. The young man was confounded by the appearance and manner of his prisoner. They had observed a woman riding in apparent haste from the direction of Greene's army toward the camp of Sumter, and suspected her errand. She proved to be a young maiden as fair as a lily, with mild blue eyes, and a profusion of brown hair. The young scout, smitten with her beauty and air of innocence, released his hold upon the bridle, when an older companion, made of sterner stuff, seized the reins, and led the horse to an unoccupied house on the edge of the swamp, and bade her dismount. The younger scout gallantly assisted her to alight, and she was taken into the house. With proper delicacy, the scouts sent for Mrs. Buxton's mother, living a mile distant, to search Emily's person.

"I went with mother," said Mrs. Buxton, "to see a woman prisoner. The door of the house was guarded by the younger scout, who was Peter Simons, son of a neighbor two miles away—and a right gallant young fellow he was. After the war he married my sister, and that youngster who took your horse when you alighted is their grandchild."

"Then you saw the young prisoner?" I said.

"Yes, and I helped mother search her. We were amazed when we saw, instead of a brazen-faced middle-aged woman, as we supposed a spy must be, a sweet young girl about my own age, looking as innocent as a pigeon. Our sympathies were with her, but mother performed her duty faithfully. We found nothing on her person or in her manner that would afford an excuse for a suspicion that she was a spy. She was released by the scouts, who offered her many apologies for detaining her. She had been too smart for them. While alone in the house, guarded by Peter Simons, she had eaten up Greene's letter, piece by piece. So secured from detection, she willingly submitted to our search, and told us frankly who she was.

"'My name is Geiger—Emily Geiger,' she said. 'My father is a planter near Winnsborough, in Fairfield, and I am on my way to visit friends below.'

"Wasn't she smart?" said the old lady. "She *was* going to 'visit friends below'—Sumter and his men; *our* friends likewise, for that matter. When the scouts dismissed her we took her to our house, gave her some refreshments, and urged her to stay with us until morning. But she could not be persuaded, saying the two armies were so near it might soon become impossible to reach her friends. Peter Simons had accompanied us home, and offered to escort Emily to her friends as a protector. She declined his offer, and rode away, bearing our silent blessings. We saw no more of her until some time after the war."

"Did she reach Sumter's camp in safety?" I inquired.

"Yes, and delivered Greene's message almost word for word as he had written it."

Sumter and Marion joined forces, and hurried to Friday's Ferry, at Granby. Rawdon, baffled, did not attempt to cross the Congaree, but fled before the pursuing Americans toward Orangeburg, on the Edisto.

"You say you saw no more of Emily Geiger until some time after the war," I remarked. "What was her fate?"

"A happy one. She had married a rich young planter on the Congaree named Thurwitz. They had been on a visit at her father's house in Fairfield, and went out of their way to visit the scene of her exploit in 1781. They crossed the Wateree at Camden, as she had done before,

Digitized by Google

visited the house in which she had been searched, and drove to our home to thank my mother for her kindness on that occasion. They had with them their sweet little baby, a few months old. Peter Simons was then my sister's husband, and at our house Emily stood face to face with her jailer of an hour. She freely told her story, and owned that she was much startled when Peter seized her bridle, but controlled her feelings. She told us of her dinner on Greene's letter, and thought how silly the young scout was in leaving her alone in the house while he guarded the door on the outside. Peter wasn't much of a Tory, and we all rejoiced that a kind Providence had protected Emily from detection.

"The ways of God are mysterious," said the venerable matron, laying her hand on my knee. "Peter's son married Emily's daughter—the sweet little baby she brought to our house—and their son owns a plantation a few miles from here."

HOW TOM JONES LOST HIS PROMOTION.

BY MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

TOM JONES began to wheeze and sneeze last spring, and pretty soon a cough set in that alarmed his mamma, and she was just making up her mind to send for the family physician, when Tom was seized one morning with a fit of coughing which ended in a prolonged, unmistakable whoop. No Indian on the war-path ever seemed better satisfied with a whoop than Mrs. Jones did with this one of Tom's.

"Why, Tommy's got the whooping-cough!" she exclaimed, joyfully, to her husband.

"Does a legacy usually come with it?" said Mr. Jones.

"Well, it's a comfort to know it isn't anything settling on his lungs," replied Mrs. Jones. "He's got to have whooping-cough some time, and it's a good time to have it now, when the warm weather is coming. Now we needn't wait for vacation to go to the country."

"You are in luck, Tom," said Mr. Jones. "You can take a long legal holiday, and need not play hookey any more."

"Catch me taking a holiday till the rest of the boys do, and you'll catch a weasel asleep: Joe Brown ain't going to get ahead of me," said Tom, whose father knew he never "played hookey."

"But, my son, you don't want to give away the whooping-cough? It's something nice to keep; you mustn't be too generous with it."

"There's nothing stingy about me," said Tom, who, in truth, was a whole-souled little fellow, always sharing what he had with his playmates. "If it's a good time to have it, why can't I go and give it to the whole class?"

"There's a prejudice against people being too generous," said Mr. Jones; and patting Tom's head, he went off to business.

Tom gathered up his books, but his mamma explained to him that he couldn't go to school with whooping-cough.

"How long does this thing last?" said Tom, impatiently.

"Oh, quite a while," said Mrs. Jones, cheerfully—"two or three months, perhaps."

"Two or three months!" echoed Tom, with dismay. "Why, Joe Brown 'll be away ahead of me by that time, and I sha'n't be promoted!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said his mamma; "it can't be helped, you know. You'll have to have it some time, and it's a good time to have it now."

Mrs. Jones began humming a tune, and went up stairs to pack her trunks, not dreaming of the tempest that raged in the bosom of her son Tom. He threw down his books, put both elbows on the table, and let his chin fall into his hands. It was all he could do to keep up with Joe Brown now. Joe was a sickly fellow, but he had great pluck and perseverance, and would do his examples with a handkerchief tied around his head—to keep it together, as he said. He lost many days by sickness, but always made it up by extra work, and the extra brains that he had stored away somewhere in that rickety noddle of his. Tom admired him and loved him. They had been neighbors, chums, and classmates as long as he could remember. Their wood sheds joined at the back of their yards, and every morning each climbed up to have a long talk with the other about the boy-business of the day. Tom admired and loved Joe, but he feared him too. Joe's delicate health and extra brains about struck a balance with Tom's rugged constitution and average intellect; but how about these extra months of whooping-cough? These would leave fearful odds on Joe's side. Tom could never catch up with him again—never! It was mean. It was hard. It was not to be borne. Why couldn't Joe get the pesky old whooping-cough too? But Tom thought of Joe's hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and put that temptation away from him. He made up his mind he would caution Joe at once, and ran out to Bridget for a yellow rag that he had seen about the kitchen. Taking it out to the wood shed, he hoisted it upon a hastily improvised pulley.

"What's that?" said Joe, who had been waiting for Tom.

"I'm in quarantine," shouted Tom. "Don't breathe this way. You know that cough of mine? Well, it's *whooping-cough!*"

Joe darted back. "Gracious!" he said; "I wouldn't have it for anything. I couldn't go to school. I'd lose all chance of promotion."

"That's my case exactly," said Tom, bitterly.

"It's too bad, Tom," called Joe, keeping well out of breathing distance. "But I say, old fellow, you can study all the same, you know. You're a sturdy chap; it won't hinder you. It would knock me higher than a kite. I can't afford to lose any flesh and blood. I'm next door to a skeleton now."

Tom remembered that. He was glad then he had hoisted the quarantine flag.

Joe went on shouting: "I'll keep you posted in the lessons, Tom, so you won't fall behind. I'll stick to you like bees-wax. Eh, Tom, is that all right?"

"All right," called Tom.

The quarter bell rang. Joe and Tom parted for many a day. Tom went out to his grandfather's farm with his mother, and Joe went to school.

To an indifferent observer it would seem that there was no comparison between Tom's luck and Joe's. To have a grandfather was a good deal, in the first place; Joe hadn't any. He hadn't even a father. But to have a grandfather that owned a farm! Here was what you might call downright good fortune. Tom did enjoy it. His whooping-cough was of a light variety, and didn't disturb him much. But he was all the while thinking of the boys fighting away at those examples, and how much easier it was to puzzle them out in the class-room than out there in the haymow. There was so much to distract a fellow. If the boys at school made as much fuss over doing a sum as the hens did about laying an egg, they'd drive the teacher mad. Then the swallows went circling around the top of the barn until it made a body's head swim, and that young rascal of a colt gnawed the manger, and kicked and coaxed to go afield with Tom, and if ever there did happen to be a lull in the racket, something in that hay made a fellow so sleepy—must have been some poppies dried in that grass. And, worst of all, Joe Brown had turned traitor. He had been as good as his word at first, and had kept Tom posted right along; but for more than a month he hadn't sent him a line. It was so hard to plod along almost in the dark. His father helped him when he came out on Saturdays, and Tom didn't give up.

Digitized by Google

BASHFUL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SINGER ("BINGHAMTON'S FOTOGRAPER").

He studied on out of spite; but it was harder work for a boy with a heart like Tom's to strive for spite than love. Tom felt that he might perhaps pass with the rest of the boys, and keep abreast with Joe Brown after all, but there wasn't much comfort in it.

His father took him back to the city the last week in June, and on the night of his arrival Tom went out to the wood shed to have it out with Joe. He made up his mind to tell him what he thought of him, and never speak to him again; but he felt very miserable over it, very miserable indeed.

Bridget was out there splitting wood, and called to Tom as he began to climb:

"You needn't rache up to see the boy beyant. He'll climb no more. He's lyin' in bed these three weeks, and they say he's wastin' away. That nasty 'hoopin'-cough wint bad wid the poor little craythur."

"Whooping-cough!" cried Tom. "Did Joe get it?"

"Av coorse he did, wid all the rest of the gossoons; but it wint wrong wid poor Joe's windpipe, bad luck to it, and ruined him intirely."

Tom ran out in the street. He felt so sorry, and so glad—so sorry Joe was sick, and so glad he was true. His heart leaped up to think he had found his friend again, and then sank because what Bridget said had given him a nameless fear. The very first boy Tom met told him the doctor said he didn't think Joe Brown would live to go to school again.

Tom ran in to his father, with so pale a face that it frightened Mr. Jones; but he was Tom's confidant, as well as his father, and soothed and comforted him.

"Come," he said, taking Tom by the hand, "let's go around and see Joe."

They found him in bed, and as white as the wall he was propped against. He held out his wasted hand to Tom. "You've come back in time for the examination," he said, with a little bitterness in his smile. "You've got all the odds now, Tom; go in and win. I told you this thing would cripple me. I'll never tackle an example again."

Tom grew almost as pale as Joe, and looked imploringly at his father. Big tears rolled out of Mrs. Brown's eyes.

"He's all I have in the world," whispered the poor woman to Mr. Jones.

"Well, please God, madam," said Mr. Jones, "Joe will be all right yet. With your permission we'll get him out in the country on Tom's grandfather's farm. What he wants is country air and rest, and to give up this wicked struggle for supremacy. There's a better victory, my boys, than that with mathematical problem—to do the best you can, and bid godspeed to the one that can honestly do better. There are some things far better than a class promotion, and you'll find them out there on the farm: health, contentment—

"And the jolliest colt you ever saw, Joe," broke in Tom, "and no end to dogs and pigeons."

Joe began to look so much brighter and better. "Wait till you go back and pass the examination, Tom," he said. "I've been awfully mean and envious, but I'd take as much pride in it now as you would if you; but I'd

"Wait till you're able to go with me," said Tom. "I've been mean and envious too; but we'll begin all over again, Joe, in grandpop's barn."

So the boys went back to the country together, and Tom lost his promotion; but when Joe was able to first set his foot in Tom's grandfather's barn, and see that colt, Tom was one of the happiest fellows in the world.

Oh, Charley would a sailor be,
And live for aye on the bright blue sea—
Yo ho!

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter VII.

THE next morning the sky was gray, and filled with flying clouds. The wind was blowing fresh and cold from the northwest, and the boys shivered, until their morning bath set their blood racing through their veins.

"What do you think of the weather, Tom?" asked Charley, as they were drinking their coffee.

"I don't think much of it," interrupted Joe. "It isn't half as good as the weather we had last summer."

"Junior officers will please not give their opinions until they are asked for," said the young Captain, in his severest official manner.

"I think," replied Tom, "that we're going to have a windy day, and I shouldn't be surprised if it rained before night."

"Not unless the wind backs around to the southwest," said Charley. "I think it will blow hard; but it doesn't very often rain with a northwest wind."

"Never mind if it doesn't rain," said Joe; "we'll get wet somehow, you can be sure."

"I think," said Charley, "that we'd better get up our anchor right away, for after awhile it may blow so hard that we'll have to run into some harbor for the rest of the day."

The *Ghost's* jib and mainsail were set, and with the wind on her port quarter she began to pile up the foam under her bow. In spite of the gloomy appearance of the sky and water, the speed of the boat put the boys in high spirits. The bay was covered with white caps, and in some places there was quite a heavy sea; but as the *Ghost* was running before it, no spray came on board, and Joe, in spite of his conviction that he must get wet, was dry and comfortable. The wind steadily increased, and before long Charley saw the necessity of reefing. So he brought the boat with her head to the wind, let go the anchor, and lowered the sails.

"Do you mean to say that we've got to anchor every time we reef?" asked Harry, as he was knotting the reef-points of the mainsail.

"It isn't necessary to anchor. We could put in a reef if we had no anchor with us; but with as much wind as we have now, it makes the work of reefing a good deal easier if we are lying at anchor."

"Why couldn't we reef while the boat is running under her jib?" inquired Tom.

"You can't tie the reef-points unless the sail is down, and you can't get the sail down while the boat is before the wind, and the sail is full. We could throw her head up into the wind, and get the sail down, and then let her run off under the jib until we get through reefing; but then we'd have to haul down the jib, and pull her head around with an oar, before we could set the mainsail again. Anchoring saves a whole lot of trouble, and there is no reason why we shouldn't anchor when we are where the anchor will take bottom."

With the reefed mainsail the *Ghost* behaved better than she had done. She rolled less, and steered more easily. The boys were delighted with the way in which she raced over the water, but occasionally, when they looked at the curling seas which followed her, and seemed to just miss breaking over her stern, they were a little uneasy.

"There is no danger from those seas as long as we can carry all this sail," remarked Charley. "The boat is moving faster than they are, and they can't overtake her."

But it was soon evident that sail would have to be shortened again. The wind was now blowing a gale, and not a sail was visible on the bay. Charley did not care to come to an anchor, for he had noticed a point of land about a mile ahead, and intended to run under the lee of it, and put in a second reef. So he was about to order Joe to slack the peak halyards, when, without the slightest warning, the *Ghost's* mast went over the side with a tremendous crash, tearing up part of the deck, and very nearly dragging Joe overboard with the halyards, which caught him around the neck.

"Keep cool, boys," cried Charley. "Let go the anchor, and then get hold of the jib, and try to drag it in clear of the wreck."

A few vigorous pulls brought the jib on deck, where it was thrown into the cockpit, and an effort was then made to get the spars alongside, and lash them together. The boys worked hard, but the weight of the mainsail, soaked as it was with water, made their efforts unsuccessful. While they were still working, the sea suddenly swept the wreck away from them, and to their dismay they found that the one rope which had attached it to the boat

"UNDER A HEAVY PRESS OF INDIA-RUBBER BLANKET."

had parted, and that the mast and mainsail had started on an independent cruise. Harry would have jumped overboard in chase of it, but Charley forbade him, and assured his comrades that the wreck would drift quietly across to the beach, where they could find it after the wind went down.

"And have we got to stay here all day?" exclaimed Harry. "I don't like the notion at all. Why shouldn't we drift down to the beach after the wreck?"

"Because the seas would fill us full of water long before we could get there. I'm not sure, though, but what we can sail there."

"I'd like to know how we can set a sail without a mast?" said Harry.

"Suppose you and Tom take hold of the ends of a rubber blanket, and stand one on each side of the deck, so as

Digitized by Google

to spread the blanket out as wide as possible. Joe could stand between you, and let the blanket blow right against him. If you fellows could hold it, I believe we could run down to the beach in a very little while."

"Come on," exclaimed Harry; "let's try it. I'll get out a blanket, while somebody gets up the anchor."

"And I'll try to get her round before the wind with an oar," said Charley. "Be ready with the blanket as soon as I give you the word. You must stand up near the bow, about the same place where the mast used to stand. Now, are you ready with that anchor, Tom?"

"Ready, sir."

"Then up with it as quick as you can. Now go forward with that blanket, and the minute I get her head off a little, help her to swing clear round before the wind."

The crew obeyed orders perfectly, and in a very few minutes the *Ghost* was running under a heavy press of India rubber blanket for the distant beach. She had fully two miles to go, but as she was sailing fast enough to keep out of the way of the sea, there was no doubt that she would cross the bay safely. It took all the strength which Harry and Tom possessed to hold the blanket, while poor Joe, with his back braced against it, had the satisfaction of knowing that if it blew out of the boys' hands, it would carry him overboard.

As they approached the shore, having passed the drifting spars on the way, the prospect was not encouraging. The sea was breaking heavily on the low edge of the meadow which lay between the bay and the sand-hills of the beach, and there was no cove into which the boat could be run. There was nothing to be done but to anchor and wait for pleasant weather. Accordingly, the blanket was taken in, and the anchor dropped about thirty yards from the shore.

"Now if the anchor holds as it ought to," said Charley, "we are all right."

"And if it doesn't hold," said Harry, "we shall be all wrong. It's going to hold, though, for there's a good sandy bottom here."

"I wish it was a mud bottom," said Charley. "The anchor would hold twice as well in mud. However, I'm not afraid that we shall drift, unless it blows a regular hurricane."

"Now's the time to mend the deck," remarked Tom. "We've got nothing else to do."

"What in the world made that mast go overboard?" asked Joe. "It didn't break, did it?"

"No," answered Charley. "Either something gave way at the step, or else it wasn't properly stepped. We ought to have made absolutely sure that we had stepped it right that day we got through Coney Island Creek. We weren't careful enough about it, and this is the way we are paid for it."

There were some small pieces of pine board stowed away in the boat, which Harry had taken along in order to split them up for kindling wood. With the aid of the few tools which the boys had brought with them, they contrived to mend the deck, so that with the help of a piece of canvas and a little white lead it would shed water. An ugly scar remained to show where the mast had torn its way out; but for all practical purposes the deck was as good as ever.

This work finished, dinner was made ready, and the boys began to think that riding out a gale at anchor was not half so tiresome as they had supposed it would be.

"There are our spars at last," exclaimed Joe. "I had made up my mind that they had missed the way, and had given up looking for us."

"There they are, sure enough," said Charley, "and a great deal too near us. First thing we know they will drift right down on us." So saying, he sprang forward and seized the cable, with the hope of giving the boat a sheer that would keep her out of the way of the wreck.

He was too late, for the spars drifted against the cable, and their weight, added to that of the boat, was more than the anchor could hold. The *Ghost* began to drift slowly toward the shore. Nothing could be done, and the boys could only wait for the inevitable moment when the boat would strike.

"I told you I was bound to get wet some time to-day," said Joe. "You see I was right."

"Let's be glad that we've nothing worse than a wetting to dread," said Charley. "The water can't be more than three or four feet deep here, and we couldn't drown ourselves if we were to try. Why, it isn't up to my waist," he added, as he measured the depth with an oar. "Come, let's get overboard, and shove those spars out of the way. We may save the boat from going ashore yet."

They all instantly sprang overboard, and tugged manfully at the wreck; but it was too heavy and unwieldy for them, and they were too near the shore. The *Ghost* struck while they were still in the water, and the sea instantly began to break over her.

"No help for it, boys," said Charley, cheerfully. "We're shipwrecked, and we must grin and bear it. Hurry up, and let's get these spars out of the way, and perhaps we can tow the boat off again."

The spars were finally shoved away from the boat, and then the boys tried to get her afloat by hauling at the cable, and by putting their backs against her and shoving with all their might. It was all in vain. She was hard and fast on the shore, and could not be moved.

Such things as could be easily taken out of her were carried ashore, to prevent them from getting any more wet than they already were. The mast, with the boom, gaff, and sail attached, was then dragged ashore, and the sail spread out to dry. While this work was in progress, Charley had noticed that the wind was gradually changing its direction, and was evidently about to back to the southwest. Before the afternoon was over it had done so, and as a result, the sea ceased to break on the shore where the *Ghost* was lying, and she was finally got afloat, and bailed out.

"We're going to have rain before dark," said Charley. "I can feel it in the air. We'd better rig up our cabin, and get the things on board again, before the rain catches us. If we don't take care, Joe will get wet again."

"No, he won't," replied Joe. "He can't get any wetter than he is. Do you know, boys, I believe I'm getting to be like a sponge. I shouldn't wonder if I weighed two hundred pounds, with all the water that has soaked into me since the cruise began."

The *Ghost*, in the position in which she was now lying, was to a great extent sheltered from the gale by the sand-hills, and it seemed to the boys as if the wind had gone down. So strongly did Harry insist that the gale had blown itself out, that Charley proposed that they should all walk over to the sand-hills, which were not more than an eighth of a mile distant, and settle the question whether the wind had gone down, or was, as he asserted, blowing as hard as ever. So they made their way through the rank beach grass, and climbed the sand-hills. The first blast of wind convinced them that the gale had increased rather than diminished. The sea was a magnificent sight, and the surf was breaking on the beach with a noise like thunder. There were only two sails visible in the distant horizon, and the sky in the southwest was black with approaching rain. There could be no doubt that a wild and terrible night was at hand, and the boys went back to the boat feeling awed at the might of the elements, and somewhat oppressed by a feeling of loneliness and helplessness.

They had everything in order before the rain reached them, and though it came down in sheets, they managed to keep dry. They were not sleepy, and so they talked over the events of the day as they lay in their narrow but warm and comfortable cabin.

Digitized by Google

"By-the-bye, Charley, we haven't heard you say anything about Nina to-day," said Harry, mischievously.

"Who's Nina?" said Charley. "Oh, I remember—the girl we met yesterday. Why, what should I say about her?"

"Oh, nothing; only I was thinking that you'd probably forgotten all about her. Now Joe thinks that it would be a nice thing to get her to come on a cruise with us."

"That's nonsense. She couldn't go without her mother, and her mother wouldn't go without her father. We'd have to get a regular yacht, with state-rooms, and all that. Don't let's talk about girls, Tom. Did you ever see a canoe?"

"I've seen birches, if that's what you mean."

"No; I mean a wooden cruising canoe, such as the fellows that belong to the American Canoe Club have. Do you know that you can sail or paddle anywhere in a canoe, and sleep in it at night? That's the sort of thing to cruise in."

"I've seen one," said Joe. "It was a perfect beauty, all decked over, and with water-tight compartments to carry things in, and two masts. If you'll believe it, the whole thing, masts and all, didn't weigh over seventy pounds."

"Now if we had canoes," continued Charley, "we could cruise in any kind of water. We could come down a shallow river all full of rapids, or we could sail in deep water, and keep dry in any sort of sea. I'd like nothing better than a canoe cruise, and I wish you'd all think about trying it next summer."

The conversation was successfully turned from girls to canoes, and the boys discussed canoes and canoeing until they finally fell asleep, with the rain beating heavily on their canvas covering, and rattling like a constant shower of peas on the deck. They had been asleep for several hours when they were suddenly awakened by the heavy report of a cannon, fired apparently but a little distance from them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

How do the robins build their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers too and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across:
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep.
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

RECKLESS SPARROWS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

ONCE upon a time, perhaps this summer, perhaps last, four reckless young sparrows lived in Central Park. Of course there were very many more of their kind there, but these four had formed a sort of club by themselves, and all the staid, respectable sparrows were really shocked by the way in which these youngsters behaved.

They would fly in on to the paths, picking up crumbs almost from beneath the feet of the visitors, and then fly back among the bushes, as if they believed they had displayed a wonderful amount of bravery. They twittered and chirped around the heads of the sacred cattle, and darted back and forth past the ostriches, until it was a wonder they were not killed.

Now these young sparrows never would take the advice of their elders, but continued in their wild ways, with a twitter that was very like a laugh whenever any of their relatives lectured them on the folly of recklessness and foolish daring.

Finally the time came when they felt they needed a change, and one of them proposed, while they were making an early breakfast from a fat worm that had come in their way just in time, that they all go down to the city for a regular lark.

With such a party as that, the idea was a good one, for it not only promised plenty of sport and adventure, but would show younger or more sedate sparrows what could be done by fellows who had the proper amount of courage.

At the risk of indigestion the worm was eaten hastily, and stopping only long enough to use a blade of grass as a napkin, they started on their journey, just a trifle confused by the noise and bustle, but determined that no one should know they had never been around the town before.

The busy sparrows in the streets, who were obliged to work industriously all day in order to get sufficient food, had very little to say to these young fellows who assumed so many foolish airs and graces, flying about first this way and then that, as if they had taken leave of their senses.

They flew down the streets among the horses, until they came near getting run over two or three times; darted around among the boys, until one came so near being caught that he lost two of his tail feathers in the struggle; and then the party seated themselves on the roof of a house to decide what was best to be done.

In a window almost opposite where they were sitting was a stuffed sparrow, mounted so skillfully that it looked as if it was alive.

It was not many moments before the party from the Park saw the motionless bird, and without a thought that it was dead, proposed to have some sport with the stranger.

"He's a terribly glum-looking fellow," said the youngest of the party. "Let's go over and wake him up."

"He sits there as if he owned the whole city," said another, "and it will do him good to let him know that there are some in town who amount to as much as he does."

"Let's all fly down at once, and scare him," proposed the third; and no sooner was the idea suggested than it was carried into execution.

Down the four flew with a rush, directly past the solemn bird; but instead of showing signs of fear, he never winked.

Then the visitors perched on the ledge of the window, daring the stranger to come out and knock them off, and making use of a great many unsparrowly remarks; but no reply was made.

"I'll go up and flirt my wings in his face," said the most reckless one of the party; "and if that don't make him speak, I'm mistaken."

Full of the idea that he was about to do some brave thing in thus attacking one poor lone bird, this impudent sparrow did as he had said he would, and great was the surprise of all four when the stranger tumbled over as stiff as a poker.

At first the party were afraid they had carried their sport too far, and committed murder. For a moment they were so frightened that their only thought was of flight; and then they noticed that the stranger had not moved a muscle since he had been struck, but lay with raised wings just as he had been sitting.

There was something strange about it all, for it surely did not seem as if a little blow like the one given could

Digitized by Google

"HAVE WE KILLED HIM?"

have killed the bird, and they ventured in to examine the supposed victim. So intent were they upon the examination that they did not notice that any one had entered the room, until they heard a low voice say, "Oh, Nellie, get some salt quick, and we can catch them all."

Their recklessness was gone as they looked up, and saw a little boy and girl coming directly toward them. How their hearts beat, and how frightened they were! They had heard their mother say that if they got salt on their tails they would surely be caught, and fastened in a cage, and they dashed around the room wildly in their efforts to escape, too much excited to fly directly out of the window at first.

They did manage to get out after a time, however, and when they went back home they were anything but a jaunty-looking party. One had scraped his wing against the wall until it bled, two others had lost nearly the whole of their tails, while the youngest had his feathers firmly glued down by syrup from the bread the little girl had in her hand.

It was a hard lesson for them, but it did them good; and to-day, if it were possible to find those young sparrows, they would tell you, if they could, that they had decided to listen to the experience of their parents rather than bear the possible suffering by trying to find out for themselves.

LANDING A RIVER-HORSE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"'WHAT were we there for?'" said Uncle Marbury. "Why, we wanted to kill a hippopotamus."

"Was Mr. Lloyd a great hunter too?" asked Cal.

"Yes; he'd hunted all sorts of wild animals, and so had I. We could each say we'd killed lions and tigers and elephants, but we had never before gone after any hippopotami."

"Hippopotamuses? Were there any there?"

"That's where they belong. But don't say 'musses.' One is a hippopotamus. I killed five while I was there, and as soon as I had two of them, they were hippopotami."

"My!" exclaimed Robert, "I never heard that before."

Cal had his school atlas out on the table, and his finger was already pushing along up the west coast of Africa.

"There's Angola."

"Now find the river Coanza. There's any number of them, and they're all alike. Where are my spectacles?"

"I've got it," said Cal. "Was that where you found 'em?"

"They live along all those rivers. The banks are all woods and swamps and mud, and the rivers are just about fit for river-horses to wallow in."

"River-horses!" exclaimed Rob, who was staring at a cut of one in his Natural History. "He's no more like a horse than this house is."

"Well, no," said Uncle Marbury; "there isn't much horse about them, but they spend most of their time in the river, so half their name is correct. The first one I killed tipped over all our boats, so we had to swim for it."

"Did he get a bite at any of you?"

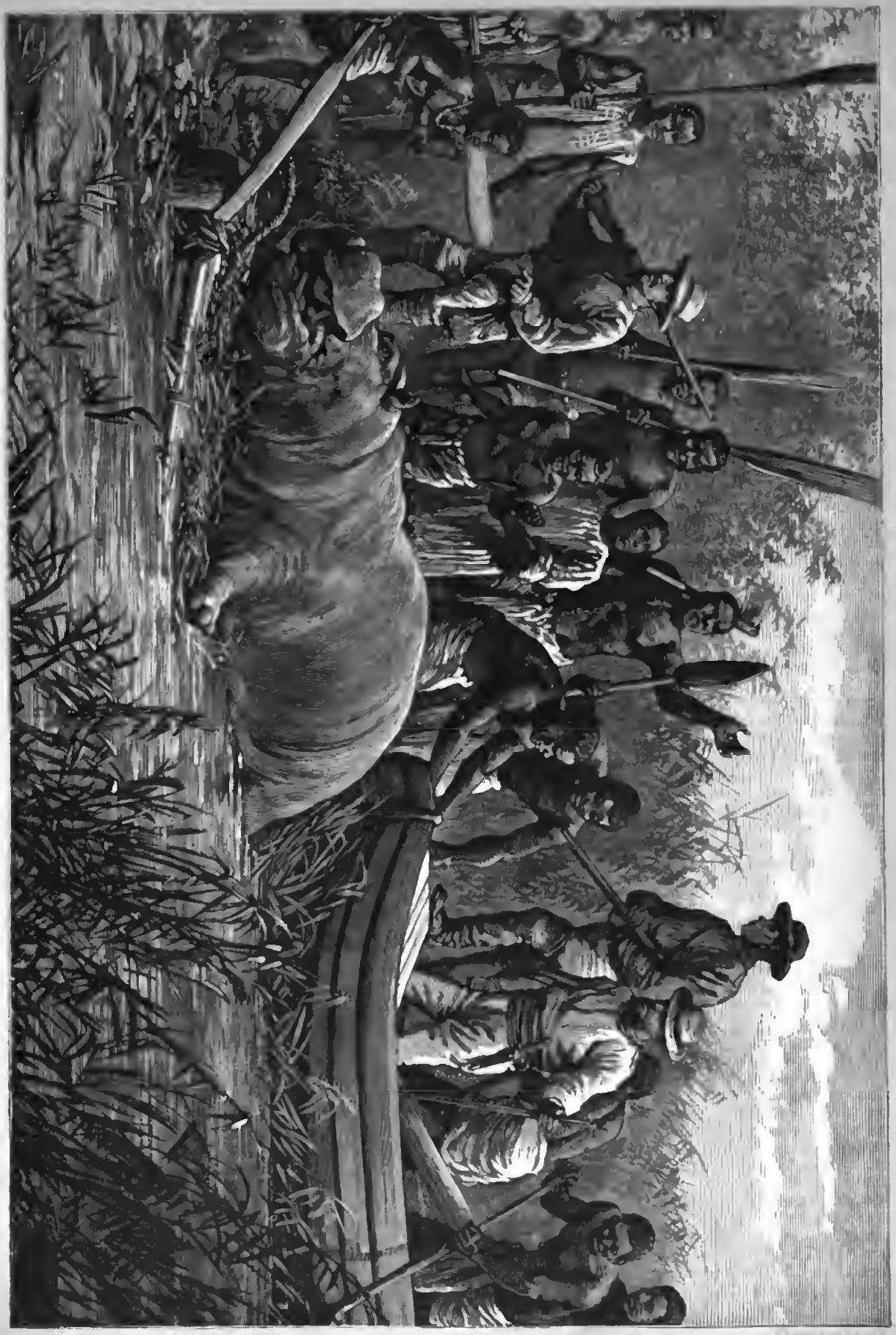
"It wasn't his fault that he didn't. We found out that fishing for river-horses was a serious piece of business."

"Fish for them? What! with a hook and line?"

"Not exactly. It was a good deal more like fishing for whales. Mr. Lloyd and I went after them with a lot of black hunters. We took our guns, and they took their harpoons, and such a time as we had you never saw."

Cal and Rob were getting a good deal waked up on the

Digitized by Google



KILLING A HIPPOPOTAMUS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

river-horse question, and their mother dropped her book in her lap, although she had heard that story once or twice before.

"Now, boys," she said, "don't interrupt your uncle. Let him tell it all his own way."

Cal and Rob looked at each other. Cal had at least three questions in his mouth, and Rob had two, all ready to ask, but they shut their lips hard, and Rob took a tight grip of his chair, so he shouldn't let go of those questions.

Uncle Marbury leaned back in his Sleepy Hollow chair, and went right on:

"The black men go for them in boats, with harpoons that they make themselves. They take a stout pole, of a hard, heavy wood that grows there, and cut it to about ten or twelve feet long and three or four inches thick. That's the shaft of the harpoon. The head is made of a tough piece of iron, thicker than my finger, and about a foot long. It has a barbed spear-head at the end, and when those barbs get under the tough hide of a hippopotamus, all the plunging and struggling he can do won't make them pull out.

"They bore a hole in the end of the pole just big enough to take in a few inches of the iron foot of the barbed head, and it fits loosely, so it 'll come out. That's just what they want it to do. I'll tell you why. Just as soon as a hippopotamus is wounded, he turns to bite at the thing that hurt him, and if his great jaws and sharp teeth shut down on a piece of wood, they'd grind it to splinters, no matter how hard and strong it might be. If it was a rope, they'd cut it right off, and the hunters would lose their harpoon and their game too. So they leave the iron head loose, to come out, and fasten it to the pole by a sort of long band that is made of ever so many tough strong cords, not very large, any one of them, and these slip around among the teeth, and if some of them do get cut off, there are always enough left to hold by.

"The other end of the pole has a long rope, like a whale line, tied to it, and that is coiled up in the boat, and they let it run out or pull it in, just as they see fit.

"We had two of those harpoons in each of our boats, and all of the black men had spears, and Lloyd and I had double-barrelled rifles, and our first river-horse was almost too much for us in spite of them all."

"Did he fight hard?"

"Calvin!" said his mother.

"I'll tell you. Lloyd and I had a good yawl boat we had brought with us, and half a dozen black men to paddle, and there were two canoes, each with three black men in it, but we didn't bring any canoes home. Mr. Lloyd and I and my black servant were the only men in those boats that had any clothes on to speak of.

"Now, you see, boys, the hippopotami are a good deal like you—they have favorite spots along the river where they go in swimming, and sometimes a good many will go in together, and have a good bath of mud and water. The black hunters find out these places, but it wouldn't do to go straight for them. You'd only scare them away if you did that.

"Mr. Lloyd and I let the black hunters do things their own way; and they had made our camp, the night before, two good miles above one of these wallowing-places. So, when we started, we let the boat and the two canoes float down with the current, just steering them a little, and you never saw so many men keep so still. It was dreadfully warm, and we'd have envied the black men if it hadn't been for the mosquitoes. They didn't seem to mind them, but we were glad enough there were some spots on us where the ugly little scamps couldn't bite to do any harm. I believe, though, that my black servant would have stripped off his clothes if he hadn't been so proud of them. Suddenly one of the black hunters in my boat put his hand on my arm, and pointed at something a little ahead of the canoe on the left.

"It was something big and black coming slowly up through the water. A little pair of ears very wide apart; then the great eyes that seemed to stick right out; then the nose—there was no use in asking whose head that was. Just enough of his body followed above the surface to give the black hunter in the prow of that canoe a fair mark for his harpoon. He was close up when he threw it; and he drove it in good and deep, now I tell you. I felt sure it would stick, but it must have astonished that river-horse. He gave a tremendous angry sort of grunt and a great jump, and the head of the harpoon came out of the socket, just as it was meant to, and off he started down stream. He pulled that canoe along fast enough, and the rest of us paddled for dear life.

"I tried hard to get a shot at him, and so did Lloyd, whenever any of him showed above water, but our bullets must have glanced from his hard wet hide, if any of them hit him, and I'm not half sure they did.

"You've no idea at what a rate he managed to travel. It was hot work to keep anywhere near him. We wanted him to go ashore or into shallow water, where we could get at him. They're a good deal more dangerous in the water than they are out of it.

"He was more scared than hurt, though, and he didn't care a copper what we wanted; but in one of his turns he gave me a chance to put a rifle-bullet into his side."

"Did it kill him?" Both boys had spoken at once.

"No, it didn't kill him, but it made him angry, and just then one of the black hunters drove a spear into him.

"Then the fight began. He was furious with pain, and didn't seem to care any more for spears and bullets after that than I did for the mosquitoes. He dived and rose, and dived and rose, and tried every way to get at us, and the black men had to ply their paddles more than their spears.

"He snorted and squealed with rage, and made the water fairly foam for a few minutes, and then he tried a piece of cunning. He swam around under water for nearly a minute, and the harpoon rope was out so loose and long that we couldn't keep very close track of him.

"Suddenly the black hunters in one of the canoes gave a frightened yell, and sprang out. I saw a great gaping pair of jaws shutting down over the side of that canoe, and they crunched it in pieces as easily as you would bite through a brittle ginger-snap. He had spoiled the canoe at one bite, and then he dashed fiercely around in all directions, looking for the men. They swam well, but he'd have caught some of them if it hadn't been that the harpoon in him belonged to the other canoe, and the crew of that were hauling on it with all their might. The upset men scrambled into my boat, and Lloyd and I got some shots at the hippopotamus that weakened him. It was well we did, for they pulled too hard on the harpoon rope, and got too near, and in a moment more they too were in the river, and their canoe was being bitten to splinters. It was hard and dangerous work to save those men, but we did it, and our yawl was terribly crowded when they were all in. It began to look like a doubtful fight, for we had lost hold of the harpoon rope; but the hippopotamus had managed to bring us all nearer the bank, where the water was not so deep, and he had no notion of running now. He stood at bay a minute or so later, half out of water, and the black hunters sprang out, and went at him with their spears like heroes. I never saw such daring fellows; but Mr. Lloyd and I were doing all we could with our rifles, and the river-horse hardly knew which way to turn. Something was hitting him from every direction. I was just beginning to wonder if he could be killed at all, when he made a sudden turn and a rush, and over went our boat, and we too were sprawling in the river. I must say I felt a little queer when I went under; but when I got my head out again, there was the hippopotamus within ten feet of me, his mouth wide open for a bite, but staggering and falling over on his side.

Digitized by Google

"He went right to the bottom, but we didn't lose him. Some of the black men righted our boat, and some dived and searched for the guns and things, and found them, and some of them worked away at the hippopotamus till they got a strong rope hitched around his lower jaw. Then we all tugged and pulled till we had him half out of water, at the shore of the river. He was an enormous fellow, and more like a big black hog than like any horse I ever saw."

"Did the natives carry him home?" asked Cal.

"Well, yes, a good part of him. But they cooked and ate him first. They built a big fire on the bank, and kept on cutting off slices and roasting and broiling till I wondered when they'd stop."

THE DAISY COT.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

BY MISS LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

PART II.

WEEKS and months went by, and each week found Mercy better and brighter and stronger, until her tongue used to go like a mill clapper, and a continual stream of chatter overflowed from the Daisy Cot.

One bright day Sister Theresa and the Doctor were in close consultation as they walked from the boys' ward to the girls'.

"You see," the Sister was saying, "little Mercy is nearly well now; indeed, she ought to go into the country for change of air, and we really ought not to keep the cot from some other patient who may need to come in."

"Humph!" said the Doctor. "That's true enough, and I quite agree; but where's the poor baby to go?"

"Oh, I don't know;" and she looked very sorrowful. "That's just the trouble. There's no one to take her: and, poor wee pet, I don't want to sound as if I wanted to get rid of her. I don't know how we can bear to let her go; but—"

"Humph!" growled the Doctor, very crossly; and he turned sharply on his heel, and entered the open door. The happy little voice was singing some nursery song, and Mercy was sitting bolt-upright in the cot, and watching with all her eyes and all her attention Sister Agnes, as she was filling the vases in the ward with violets. There had been a great basket of flowers sent to the hospital that very morning, and everybody was rejoicing over the lovely blossoms.

"Why, Mousie," was the Doctor's greeting, "you're as bright as a young butterfly."

"See! see!" and she held up a bunch of daisies, which had come among the other flowers, and had been voted, by universal consent to the Daisy Cot; "dey *is* so pitty!" and then—no one knows how the happy thought struck her, but a quick gleam came into her merry face, and she put out her hands eagerly toward him. "Take dem to my lady," she said.

For one moment the Doctor was too much surprised even to say "Humph!" Then, "By the bones of Æsculapius, I'll chance it!" was his remarkable reply, as he dropped the daisies into his great pocket, and crushing his hat down on his head, turned and bolted out of the hospital. He went through the streets at the same rapid rate, and never stopped until he rang the bell of a big house in a distant square. The sunshine was so bright that for the first moment after he was ushered into a shaded drawing-room he could see nothing at all, but stood blinking and winking like a great owl that had been awakened in broad daylight.

It was a very pretty room, all furnished in the newest high-art style of mouldy greens and bilious-looking browns, but looking like a room which people used to sit and read and work in—a home-like-looking room. There were a few choice pictures on the green walls, among them a copy of Mercy's Good Shepherd, and the air was heavy with the soft breath of the flowers in a conservatory which opened out at the back; but the windows were shaded and darkened until there was hardly a ray of light that had the audacity to venture through. The Doctor's first act was to march across to the nearest blind and draw it up.

There was a smothered cry from a soft faded green chair by the tiled fire-place, where a lady was sitting, half hidden by the heavy folds of the black robes that seemed to throw into relief her white hands and pale sad face. It was "E. M. B.," Mercy's "*tind* lady."

She covered her face with her hands, with a little cry of protest, as the blessed sun streamed in; but the Doctor never left things half done; so up went another blind, and the window-sash too, before he came over and stood beside her, looking down at her with a compassionate expression that would have surprised more than one lady if she had seen it on "that old bear's" face.

"Oh, Doctor, how could you?" murmured Mrs. Braithwaite, reproachfully. "It is so bright."

"Well, madam," said the eccentric Doctor, "the world *is* bright. I can't help it, as I didn't make it; but as it was made so, I suppose it wasn't meant to be wasted;" which made the lady smile, though it was a smile that soon faded.

Then came a little professional talk, and feeling of pulse, over which the Doctor looked grave.

"I'll tell you what it is, madam," he said at length, "you're out of tone and tune. You just go on getting weaker and weaker, and if you don't mind, you'll die from sheer indifference."

"I wish I could," she answered, with a sigh. "Oh no, I didn't mean to be so wicked. I know we must live; but, oh dear! life is so empty!"

"My patience, madam! do you find it so? I always thought it overcrowded," was on the tip of the Doctor's tongue; but he stopped himself, and said, instead, quite gently, "Life's pretty much what we make it ourselves, I fancy."

"And how is the hospital? how is the cot?" asked Mrs. Braithwaite, willing to change the subject.

"Oh, going on all right. By-the-way, I'd like you to see the last young one in it. A small monkey that's won all our hearts somehow. And I'm rather bothered about her just now. She's well enough to go out, but not quite well yet either; and the plague is, what's to be done with her. Her parents were respectable people—artists, or such like—but they're both dead, and she hasn't kith nor kin. Where's she to go?"

A sudden stiffness came over Mrs. Braithwaite. "I dare say she can go to an orphan asylum," she said; "I think I can get her into one."

"Oh, botheration!" broke out the Doctor. "I beg your pardon; but as to that, we at the hospital could raise enough to keep her somewhere. But that's not what I want. That poor little chick in a great bare asylum! No; what I want for her is a home." And he looked narrowly at her, but she avoided his gaze.

"There's a children's home in Wainwright Street," she began, uneasily.

"No, no; she wants change of air."

"Oh, as to that, I am going out of town next week myself, and I can take her with me to the sea for a month if you like."

"By all means; it will do you both good." He pushed back his chair, and stared at a distant corner of the frescoed ceiling. "But what's to become of her when the month's up?" and he tried to speak innocently.

Mrs. Braithwaite faced round upon him indignantly. "I know what you mean; I understand you perfectly well," she cried. "You want me to adopt this child.

Digitized by Google

THE MESSAGE OF THE DAISIES.

How can you be so cruel? But I won't. Don't ask it. I never will do it."

"Why not?" asked the Doctor, unmoved.

"What! put another child in my own precious darling's place? I couldn't."

"I don't see the need of that. There are such things as sisters."

"And to see her about the house, and to hear her voice, just as I used to hear Daisy's! And perhaps there'd be something about her like my treasure. What color is her hair?—black?"

"Red," said the Doctor, grimly.

"*Red hair!*" with a sort of gasp. "Oh no, you must not ask me. I can't do it. I'll pay anything you like to get her a home—you know I always feel as if the Daisy Cot children had an especial claim on me—but I can not take her for my own."

"As you please," said the Doctor, gruffly, rising to his feet. "Only you needn't trouble yourself to pay anything for her. We're not over-rich at the hospital, but I rather think we can raise enough ourselves for our little girl. It wasn't money I asked you for, but love."

"What is her name, Doctor?" she asked, more quietly.

"Mercy. (Hallo!" thought the Doctor, "I almost said Daisy, and that would have ended the last chance, and no mistake.) 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' you know; 'it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,' and all that sort of thing. Well, madam, I'm disappointed, I confess; but saying so won't mend matters. Keep on taking that quinine." And he moved toward the door. "By-the-way," he said, coming back again, "I nearly forgot. What put it into the baby's head no mortal knows; but just as I was coming out of the hospital this morning she gave me these, and asked me to give 'em to you from her;" and he laid the little bunch of daisies on her lap.

There was a sound between a sob and a cry, as she caught the poor faded little flowers to her lips; then both hands went up to hide the sudden storm of tears.

"I thought you'd take 'em as a message, or a what-you-may-call-'em," said the Doctor, clearing his throat; "they seemed so to me." He turned to the door again, but paused before the Good Shepherd picture. "Did you ever notice," he said, "that the Good Shepherd's arms here are full, and yet there's a wretched, sickly, lame little beast that's coming on behind! I rather think it's about as good a job as any one can do to lend that little animal a hand." And this time he really went.

Two hours later, as he reached the hospital on his afternoon round, a well-known carriage stood before the door. He smiled as his eye fell upon it, and stole on tiptoe up the stone staircase. Outside the girls' ward he stopped to take an observation.

There by the Daisy Cot sat a lady in a black dress. Her back was toward the door, but a white hand was smoothing back the red-gold rings of Mercy's hair, and a gentle voice said, just as the Doctor came within ear-shot, "And what do they call you, dear?"

The Doctor felt a cold chill go all over him. "Now if the baby says 'Daisy,' it's all up," he gasped.

But surely the same wonderful instinct which made Mercy send the flowers prompted her now; for she looked up with her pretty smile, and the sweet clear voice laughed out, "I's Mousie."

"And would you like to come home with me, and be my little girl, and have pretty toys, and learn to love me?"

"I do love oo," said the little voice again; and the Doctor, who was new to the business of eavesdropping, turned away so abruptly that he ran up against Sister Theresa, and nearly knocked her flat on her back.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," he said, recovering his balance; "but I know you won't mind, under the circumstances. Mousie has found a home at last, and the Daisy Cot is ready for an incised wound or a compound fracture as soon as you like to put one into it. That's all."

"I'S MOUSIE."

THE END.

Digitized by Google

THE KITTENS DOOMED.

"I want you to drown them all the first thing in the morning, James."

THE KITTENS SAVED.

When James looked for them, early in the morning, he found that they had mysteriously disappeared.

Digitized by Google

TERRY'S LANDING, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I want to tell YOUNG PEOPLE an adventure I met with. I was crossing the Yellowstone River in an ambulance on a ferry-boat, with mamma and papa, when a sudden gust of wind blew my hat into the river. I thought it was gone for good, but a little Pigeon Indian boy jumped in after it. He swam a mile before he caught it, and when he brought it back you would hardly have known it had been wet. Papa gave the boy a silver dollar, and I think he deserved it.

We are in the Yellowstone Valley, and the river runs right by our camp. The boats land here in the summer when they can not get up to Fort Custer, and each summer an officer is sent down here to take charge of the government stores which the boats bring. This summer it was papa's turn to come, and although our quarters are not so handsome as at the fort, still we were all glad to have a change. We have large cottonwood-trees here, and beautiful green grass running down to the river, which is very pretty. The water is clear, and we have nice fish.

My sister Nan and I have fun hunting flowers, and moss-agates and other stones. We are going East on the first boat, and I expect to have lots of fun with Nannie, as she has never been away from Custer, and she will see so many wonderful things. When she saw the first "Mackinaw," she clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, here is the boat to take us away!" and she cried when it went past. E. M. G.

GREECHE, NEW YORK.

I am almost nine years old, but I have never been to school. My mamma has taught me at home. I have no brothers or sisters, but Jessie, my cat, is a nice playmate. She sleeps up stairs in papa's store, and this morning she did not come down to breakfast as usual, so I thought I would go and see what was the matter. I hunted for her, and at last I looked into a barrel, and what do you think I saw? Three lovely little kittens! Oh, how proud their mamma was! I excused her from coming down to breakfast, and carried her up a cup of milk. Now what puzzles me is to find names for my kittens. I have a family of thirteen dolls, and they have each a name, and there does not seem to be any pretty names left. EMMA M. DUB.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The first thing to interest me after we arrived in London was the Zoological Gardens, where we saw many monkeys. One was very funny, and swung himself by his tail to a branch that was fastened into his cage. I think he was handsomer than any monkey I ever saw. He had long black fur, and did not look so horribly like a shriveled old man as most monkeys do. We afterward went into the antelope house, and saw some large and some small ones; the small ones were the prettiest, and had slender legs, and gentle brown eyes. We saw sea-lions, bears, lions, and tigers, pretty little birds, and more animals than I can tell you about.

We went to Westminster Abbey, and saw the coronation chair, and the old stone on which the Scottish monarchs were crowned. Edward I. brought the stone from Scotland, after he had conquered that country. We also saw the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots, and Shakspeare's tomb, and a statue of him above it. Then we went to see Queen Elizabeth's tomb, which has a statue of her lying down; in her left hand she holds a globe, and in her right hand a sceptre; she was very ugly in comparison with her cousin Mary Queen of Scots. Then we visited Madame Tussaud's wax-works. There were wax men put there for guides, and some of us thought they were real, and asked one of them to tell us the way to go. We saw figures of the royal family and Martin Luther, and Napoleon's cap that he used two or three years in St. Helena, that lonely, dreary little isle in the ocean.

Then we took "hansoms" and drove to St. Paul's Cathedral. There were little boys dressed in white robes, like priests, and the singing was perfectly lovely. St. Paul's Cathedral is built on the same spot where once stood a temple to Diana.

We visited the Royal Academy, and I liked two pictures very much—one, of a stream with trees on its banks, and black crows flying near; and the other, of some sheep in a snow-storm. In the afternoon we drove in Hyde Park, and saw fine carriages and horses, but none of the royal family, as it was very early in the London season.

We had a present of some lovely wild flowers from an English gentleman in Essex. There were daisies, cowslips, primroses, bluebells, and ferns.

The next day we went by rail to Portsmouth; there we were met by a steamboat for Ryde, on the Isle of Wight. Then again we had a short rail ride to Ventnor, where we stopped at a hotel called "Crab and Lobster." HARRY G.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

I think YOUNG PEOPLE is the paper every child in the world ought to have. I like "Toby Tyler," and all the Jimmie Brown stories. My papa is an editor, and I can set nearly a column of type. I am ten years old. I tried the recipe for making yellow ink, which was given in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 77, and I was very successful. JOHN C. B.

BIG BEND, WISCONSIN.

I live out in Wisconsin, on the Fox River. I have a little sister three years old. We call her Nellie Bly. I want to tell you of a funny thing she said. One day a large bumble-bee came into the house, and she told me to catch it and take away its honey. I told her bumble-bees kept their honey in their nests. "Yes," she said, "I have found bumble-bees' nests." "No," I said, "you never did." "Yes, I have, too." "Then," said I, "why didn't you get the honey?" "'Cause," said she, "the old bumble-bee was on!" H. H. C.

I am making a log-cabin quilt, and I have not half enough pieces. When this quilt is finished, it will be sold, and the money taken to buy a tombstone for my dear boy, who, as many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will remember, was frozen to death in the woods at Muskoka last winter. It is hard to leave him buried there, for his is a solitary grave all alone on the shore of the lake; but we trust that he is happy in heaven.

I thought that perhaps some of the mothers of the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would kindly send me a bundle of pieces of silk, cashmere, or merino to help in finishing my quilt. Any such favor would be thankfully received, and, as far as we can, we will send to return deer horns and any other curiosities we can obtain. MRS. ELLEN A. LOCKMAN,
Scotland P. O., Ontario, Canada.

I wish to inform my correspondents to whom I am indebted that, owing to the fact that exchanges arrived in such quantities, I disposed of my stock of agates and amethysts in a much shorter time than I anticipated. I am making every effort to procure some more, and I beg their kind indulgence, for, should I not succeed in obtaining the article desired, I will do all in my power to recompense the favors I have received.
WILLIAM J. MORRIS, Manistee, Mich.

I have no more sulphate of iron or gold ore. I would like now to exchange stones from two States, for an Indian arrow-head. R. C. CRE,
1715 North Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

We live on the Mississippi River. We are taking the names of boats as they pass. We have the names of sixty-four boats that have passed this year. There are lots of wild flowers here.

We will give ten postmarks, for two stamps from Canada, except the 1 and 2 cent, and the half-cent, for two South American stamps, and a stamp from Japan and China.
WILLIE COLARES and CHARLIE GRANT,
P. O. Box 90, Lansing, Allamakee Co., Iowa.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the Christmas number, and I think it is a lovely paper. "Toby Tyler" and "Susie Kingman's Decision" are the prettiest stories.

I go to school, and I try to study pretty hard, and be a good girl. I am going to the country this summer, and I expect to have a nice time. I have a little black kitty, and it has a little red collar with bells on it. Its name is Jetta, and I hope it will not die, for I have no brothers or sisters, and I call my kitty my sister. I am ten years old.

I have some pretty shells I gathered on the seashore, which I would like to exchange with some little girl, for stamps. JESSIE M. P.,
2403 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Louie E. Almy, Newport, Rhode Island, and F. R. Satterlee, New York city, withdraw their names from our exchange list.

V. Moger, Morrisania, New York, and more than a dozen others, are anxiously inquiring for addresses of careless correspondents. We have no farther comments to make upon this constantly recurring trouble.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Two hundred and fifty rare stamps, for a good young Newfoundland puppy. D. T. A.,
336 North Eden St., Baltimore, Md.

A foot-power scroll-saw and saws, for a self-inking printing-press and furniture in good working order. MATT AUBREY, JUN.,
128 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

United States and foreign stamps, for all sorts of curiosities. A stone and soil from New York, for the same from any other State.
JOHN H. ACKERMAN,
162 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Any number of United States due and revenue stamps, and old issues, and foreign stamps, for the same number from Mexico, Central and South America, Africa, Oceanica, Asia, Denmark, Holland, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Canada (excepting the common 3-cent), or any department stamps. No duplicates.
JAMES W. BOLTINGER,
718 Western Avenue, Davenport, Iowa.

Minerals, relics, and curiosities.
C. L. BROWN,
900 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Foreign postage stamps, for maps. From five to twenty stamps, for one map of any State, according to condition and size.
CHARLES F. BAILEY, San José, Cal.

United States silver and copper coins, stamps, Indian implements and relics, and curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Correspondents will please write to arrange exchange.
P. O. Box 75, Chesterville, Me.

Ten postmarks, for three stamps of any country except the United States. No duplicates given or taken. GEORGE L. BROCKMAN,
Mount Sterling, Brown Co., Ill.

Internal revenue and foreign stamps, for stamps from any country except Europe.
GEORGE BARBOUR,
42 Avery St., Allegheny, Penn.

Minerals, for minerals or any other thing suitable for a cabinet. A stone from Vermont, for one from any other State or Territory.
FRANK H. BROOKS,
P. O. Box 167, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Three Mexican stamps (no duplicates), for one Indian arrow-head. THOMAS BARRON,
Tarrytown, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A "Centennial" printing-press in good order, with two fonts of type, leads, furniture, etc., for a pair of No. 19 roller skates and a pair of fencing foils. Please write before sending package.
C. E. BUSY, 6 Whipple St., Fall River, Mass.

Curiosities, for foreign stamps.
BERTIE BARRETT,
406 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Pressed ferns, for the same. Pressed leaves, for foreign postage stamps. LENA S. BEARDSLEY,
Yreka, Siskiyou Co., Cal.

Twenty-five arrow-heads, petrified shells, and other fossils, and specimens of quartz and ores, for a small stationary engine with cylinder about eight inches long, which can be used for a little boat.
LOUIS K. BRITTING,
River Road, West Covington, Ky.

Gypsum, limestone, cement-stone, French and Bermuda stamps, and postmarks, for minerals, petrifactions, or relics. H. BROWN and W. BOYCE,
200 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

A Japanese stamp, for a 90-cent stamp of 1870 or 1871. A Hong-Kong stamp, for a 12-cent of the same issue. SEVERANCE BURRAGE,
P. O. Box 308, West Newton, Mass.

A miniature yacht, thirty inches long, including bowsprit, and mast eighteen inches high, for a self-inking printing-press and outfit. F. E. BROWN,
125 Rutledge St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Choice foreign stamps, for stamps from South America. Ten different postmarks, for five varieties of monograms. J. R. BURROUGH,
77 Christopher St., New York City.

Iron ore from Pennsylvania, for other minerals, or for sea-shells. WALTER C. BOCIT,
P. O. Box 1002, Altoona, Blair Co., Penn.

A 1-penny English stamp, for a stamp from Holland. DAVID CLARKSON,
165 East Forty-ninth St., New York City.

Specimens of corundum, for sea-shells. Corundum is a rare mineral. These specimens are from the Unionville mine, and very pure.
EMMA S. CHAMBERS,
Unionville, Chester Co., Pa.

Five hundred foreign stamps, twenty postmarks, and a boat eighteen inches long, for a three-wheel velocipede. CLARENCE E. CARNEY,
Sheepscot Bridge, Lincoln Co., Me.

Specimens of orange, olive, pomegranate, red cedar, and eucalyptus wood, for foreign stamps.
EDDIE C. C., P. O. Box 215, Jacksonville, Fla.

Forty stamps, for forty others. No duplicates.
STARR CARLETON,
P. O. Box 764, Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

One halfpenny, two 1-penny, and one 3-penny English stamps, a 10-cent and a 15-cent Canadian, a 10-centimes Belgian, and a 5-centavos Mexican, for

Digitized by Google

stamps from Siam, China, Liberia, Turkey, and Russia.
W. P. Chesney,
Kenton, Hardin Co., Ohio.

A piece of rose quartz and a stone from New Jersey, for silver ore and a stone from any other State. Please write before sending specimen.
Lulu Craft,
Bergen Point, Hudson Co., N. J.

A postage stamp from Bavaria, Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, or Canada, for one from Turkey, Greece, Egypt, or Mexico.
Noah T. Coleman,
Corner Gifford and Niagara Sts., Syracuse, N. Y.

A piece of onyx from South America, a piece of petrified lava from Italy, and a small piece of mosaic from the old palace in Rome, for rare postage stamps.
Louis Crondal,
361 Garden St., Hoboken, N. J.

Stamps and old coins, for dressed humming-birds and other birds, or for minerals, fossils, and other curiosities suitable for a museum.
A. M. C.,
447 West Twenty-second St., New York City.

Stamps, woods, and coins. Stamps from Siam, Japan, and China especially desired.
Fred H. Christy,
P. O. Box 1233, Moline, Rock Island Co., Ill.

Baden, Freiburg, Turkish, Roman, and some other seals, for a few rare postage stamps.
H. Durnell,
6 Untere Olga Strasse, Stuttgart, Germany.

One hundred and ninety-eight monograms and an album, for a printing-press, or for two hundred foreign stamps. Please write before sending.
Millie Dodge,
141 North Nineteenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Five coins, dated 1835, '51, '54, '59, and '64, for three genuine Indian arrow-heads. Stamps from England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Norway, and Cuba, for stamps from the Fenjee Islands, or United States locals.
Jack Duff,
Burroughs St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Petrified moss or Indian arrow-heads, for specimens of lava or fossilized fern. A flint arrow-head, for one of obsidian. A stone from Ohio, for pipe-stone from Dakota, or for a stone from any other State. Please write before exchanging; and if not answered, correspondents may know the stock for exchange is exhausted.
Eugene Fletcher,
P. O. Box 252, Bryan, Williams Co., Ohio.

An ounce of soil from New Jersey, for the same from any other State.
L. D. Cowen,
204 Broad St., Trenton, N. J.

A perfect specimen of a cecropia moth, for a perfect specimen of a luna or a death's-head moth.
William Hill, New Brunswick, N. J.

Spear-heads and other Indian curiosities, for South American stamps and Southern and Western post-marks.
C. S. Goodwin,
P. O. Box 748, Mankato, Minn.

A pair of new roller skates, for either a French five-franc piece, an English crown, or a Mexican dollar.
F. G., care of Dr. A. Flint,
418 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Pressed flowers, ferns, and leaves, flower seeds, Indian arrow-heads, pine burrs, China berries, soil, pebbles, white clay, and many other curiosities from South Carolina, for stamps and curiosities.
Joseph W. Hawkins,
P. O. Box 6, Prosperity, S. C.

Soil and a stone from Connecticut, for the same from any other State.
Sense D. Huntington,
Care of Mrs. J. M. Huntington,
P. O. Box 256, Norwich, Conn.

A Chinese coin, for some genuine Indian beads.
F. Storrs Hassell, Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

A collection of three hundred and forty different stamps in one of Scott's albums, for books in good condition. The stamps are mounted on adhesive paper, and can be taken out, if desired, without injury to stamps or album. Please send names of books and author before sending package.
Daniel F. Hickey,
93 Leverett St., Boston, Mass.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Julia.—The custom of wearing gloves is very ancient, but their use was not common among all classes until the Middle Ages, when gloves became a necessary part of the costume of both men and women. At that period gloves were often embroidered with gold and silver, and richly ornamented with jewels. They were then used as symbols of many things. A knight would wear a glove, spangled with pearls, fastened on his helmet, at a tournament, as a sign of favor from some fair lady; to throw down the glove at the feet of a rival was considered a challenge to fight a duel; and other significations were familiar to the people of those days. The manufacture of gloves is one of the most important industries of Europe at the present time. It is estimated that no less than two million dozen pairs of gloves are made annually, and in the town of Grenoble, in France, this work alone gives employment to thirty thousand people. The above estimate does not include the vast quantities of ordinary woven gloves of cotton, silk, and other fabrics, but only those made of fine skins.

J. T.—The name of Jew's-harp probably came from the French word *jeu*, which signifies toy; so that toy-harp is undoubtedly the real meaning of the name of that common plaything, which has a home in the pocket of almost every boy and girl.

Lizzie B.—The rock of Gibraltar, which is one of the strongest fortresses in the world, is connected with Spain by a low sandy isthmus, which is constantly guarded by English and Spanish soldiers. There are many natural caves in the rock, which are the home of large numbers of very small monkeys. It is the only place in Europe where wild monkeys live. The original name of Gibraltar was *Gebel al Tarik*, which signifies Tarik's Mountain, and it is said that in 711 a Saracen warrior named Tarik ben Zeyad landed there, and built a fort, which, after passing several times from the hands of the Saracens, or Moors, to the Spaniards, and back again to the Moors, was at last captured from the Spaniards by the English in 1704, and since that time has remained a British possession.

Jennie L.—Tragacanth is an odorless and tasteless gum which exudes from the goat-thorn, a shrub found in large quantities in Asia Minor. A very adhesive paste is made from it, and it is also used extensively to stiffen calicoes and other cotton goods.

Little Housekeeper.—The common pea, which is a favorite vegetable at this season, is not a native of the United States, but was brought from Europe by the early settlers. It was used by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was not introduced into England until the beginning of the sixteenth century. It would take too much space to give you directions for preparing this vegetable for the table, but in all good cook-books you will find recipes for several kinds of delicious soups, omelets, and other savory preparations.

E. A. De Lisa.—The home of Miss Louisa Alcott is in Concord, Massachusetts.

A Green-Mountain Boy.—Washington is probably the most common name for towns in the United States, and we believe Union to be the next. There are about two hundred and fifty towns and cities bearing the name of Washington, and about two hundred and twenty that of Union, and many States have counties known by those names. Adams, Lincoln, Warren, and many other names are also very common, and are often repeated over and over in the same State. Our young exchangers who read this paragraph will perhaps realize the importance of always adding the county to their address. For example, if your letter was addressed to Washington, Ohio, it might make a very long journey before it reached you, for there are more than forty post-office stations in Ohio named Washington, and if the letter waited at each one until it was discovered that that particular little boy or girl did not live there, it might be many months before the letter reached the town where you were impatiently waiting for it.

A Reader, and other Exchangers.—We have no rule forbidding any boy or girl from sending an exchange to the Post-office Department more than once. Where the space is limited, the preference is always given to those whose name and address have never been printed before; but if there is room, we print a second exchange from the same correspondent, provided it is for something good and new, and not a mere repetition of his first request. If any one wishes to make a second offer of exchange, he should be considerate enough not to send it too soon after his first has appeared. Some boys send a new one nearly every week, which has but little chance of being printed, as a large number of new names are always waiting their turn, and must have the first place.

If your exchange is neatly written and correctly spelled, it is much more likely to receive attention than if it is on soiled and rumpled paper, and so badly expressed that the editor is doubtful about the meaning. Then, too, if you are so disorderly in your offer of exchange, you are not likely to be neat and punctual and careful when making your exchange with other correspondents. Always remember to mark your specimens, and to give your name and address.

Wiggles.—Will the author of the wiggle signed H. E. C. kindly send his or her address to the editor?

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Ajax," Jemima Beeston, *Bertie A. B.*, J. W. Bullinger, Clara Carteron, Emma DeBois, *Edith E.*, Louis Lee Gamble, Edith Hardie, *Marie Louise Hodgson*, Florence Hubbard, "*Lodestar*," "North Star," "*Pepper*," Sylvie E. Rowell, "School-Boy," "Somebody," *Freddie W. Shelley*, Mabel Thompson, "Tel E. Graph," "Will A. Mette."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY HALF-SQUARES.

1. To intertwine. Destruction. Purpose. A preposition. A letter.

2. A sweet sound. One. A verb. A pronoun. A letter.
T. G. M.

No. 2.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—(*To Pepper*).

To solace. Certain animals. A circle. A letter. An animal. A girl's name. To arraign. Centrals.—A fish.
Will A. Mette.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

In give, but not in keep.
In wake, but not in sleep.
In cloud, but not in sky.
In laugh, but not in cry.
In bright, but not in gay,
In night, but not in day.
In good, but not in best.
In friend, but not in guest.
My whole is a time of rest.
Marion.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 8 letters, and am always a large and important edifice.
My 7, 7, 2, 6, 8, 5 is an article of household furniture.
My 4, 8, 8 is an article of dress.
North Star.

2. I am composed of 17 letters, and am a celebrated patriot.
My 5, 7, 11, 16 is dark.
My 15, 2, 8, 5 is a fish.
My 12, 10, 4, 6 is a system of laws.
My 1, 14, 8, 5 is part of an elephant.
My 9, 13, 17, 3, 15 is a Turkish edifice.
Lodestar.

3. I am composed of 10 letters, and am a range of mountains of Europe.
My 1, 2, 3 is a vehicle.
My 4, 5, 6, 7 is a road.
My 4, 8, 9, 10 is not pleasant.
H. K.

4. I am a lizard composed of 6 letters.
My 6, 2, 4, 1, 5 is a second time.
My 3, 2, 5 is a weapon.
Baby Lizzie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 23.

No. 1. Chautauqua.

No. 2.

P	A	I	R
A	L	O	E
I	O	T	A
R	E	A	P

S	I	G	N
I	S	L	E
G	L	E	E
N	E	E	D

W	A	R	P
A	R	E	A
R	E	A	D
P	A	D	S

F	A	D	E
A	G	E	D
D	E	E	D
E	D	D	Y

No. 3. Sugar, Candy, Honey.

No. 4. Harebell.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Single Copies, 4 cents; One Subscription, one year, $1 50; Five Subscriptions, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

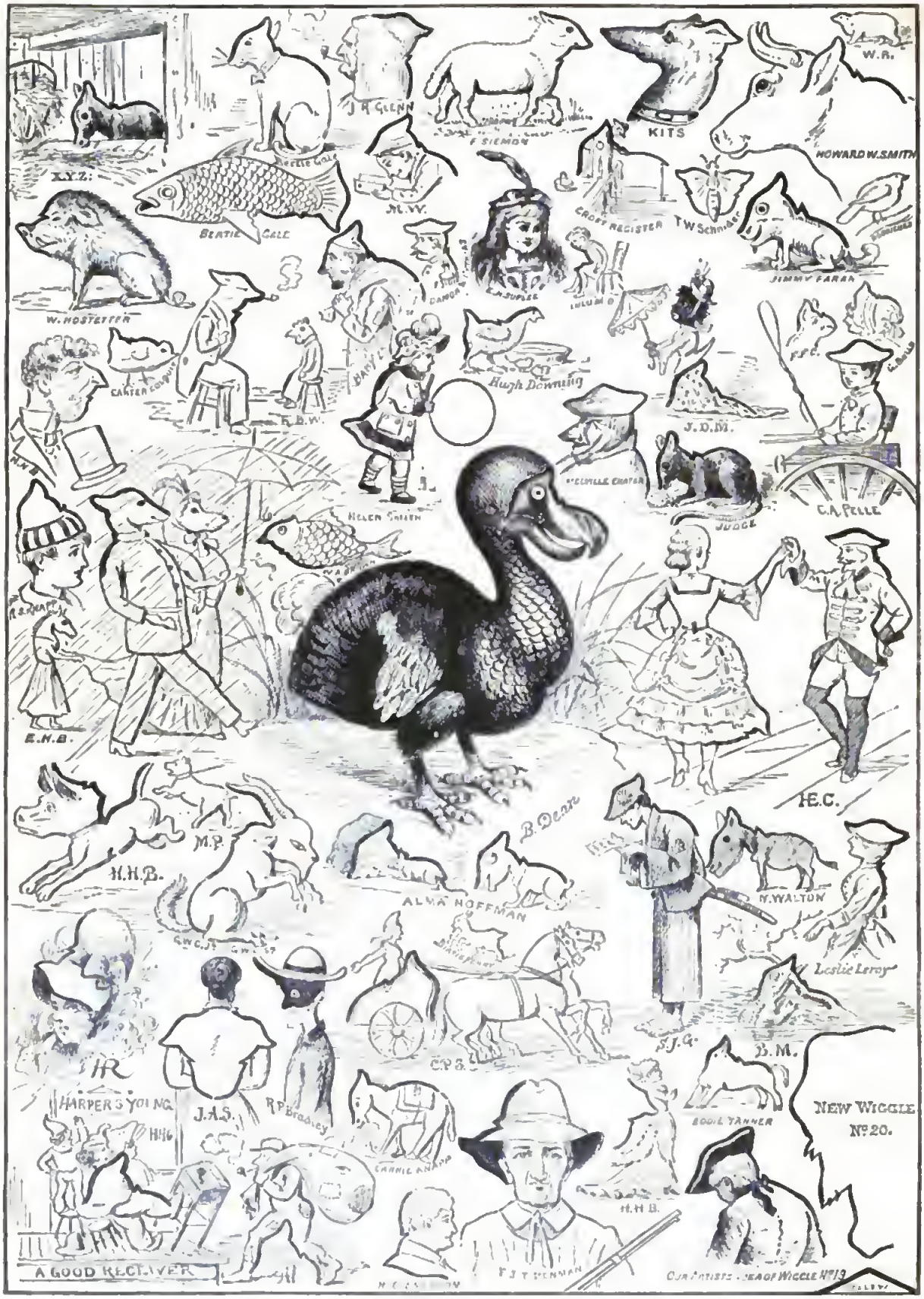
The Volumes of Harper's Young People commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money-Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google



SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 19, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 20.

Digitized by Google

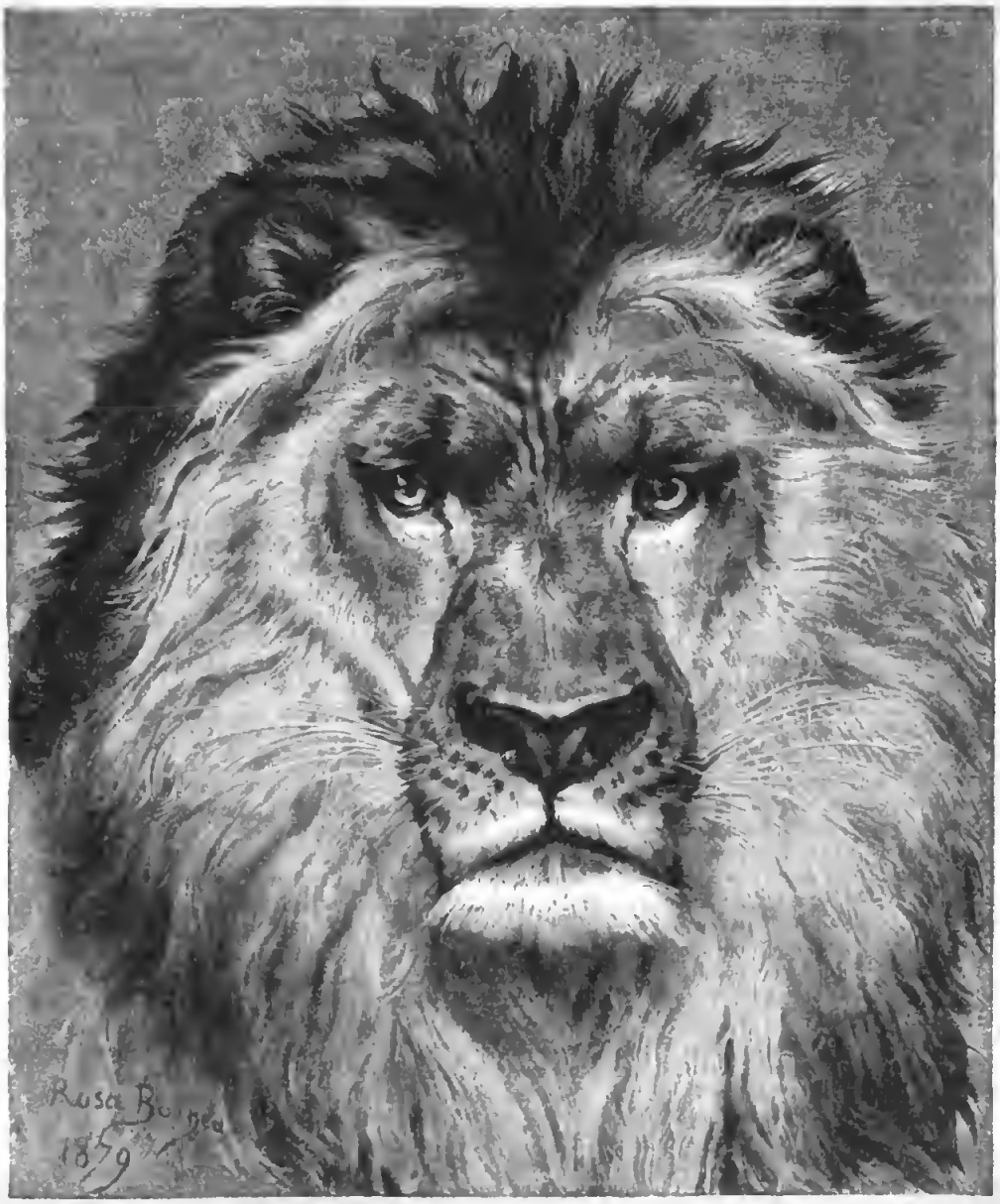
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 87. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, June 28, 1881.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



DEAR ME!

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

A GRASSHOPPER lay in the garden one day,
Near a cabbage—I mean cabbage-rose—
And his eyes had no snap, and his legs they were stiff,
And turned very much up were his toes—
Dear me!
His funny, incurvated toes.

Along came a bird—Mrs. Sparrow her name—
And she paused and shook sadly her head,
And said, "*Once* at hops none could beat you, but now
Even *I* could—because you are dead—
Dear me!
Alas! you're doornailedly dead.

"But you shall not lie there unburied, for oft
Through the night have you sung loud and shrill,
And watched while I slept; so if nobody else
Will bury you, G. H., *I* will—
Dear me!
'Tis a sad thing to do, but I will."

Wide she opened her mouth—he was gone in a trice—
Then she quietly hopped out of sight;
And the cabbage-rose laughed till half its leaves dropped,
As I think with good reason it might—
Dear me!
With the very best reason it might.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.—THE RAILROAD.

SWIFT as is the steamer, the rail-car is doubly and trebly swift. Some trains in England run at the rate of seventy miles an hour. This is as fast as a balloon moves through the air, or a storm wind. It is the most rapid means of travel ever known among men, and it is only within the past thirty or forty years that the railroad has reached this rapid rate of speed. The engine used on the rail-car is smaller and more compact than the machinery of the steamer. Its piston, crank, and boiler must all be confined within a very limited space. It is the most wonderful and elegant of all the labors of the mechanic. Small, low, almost insignificant, it possesses a giant's strength, and may often be seen rushing with its long train of cars along the banks of the Hudson or over the New Jersey flats, swift as the wind.

Its inventor was Oliver Evans, an American, born at Newport, Delaware, in 1775. In 1804, he built a steam-engine that ran on the road a mile and a half to the Schuylkill River, where it was placed on a scow, and made to work its own passage to Philadelphia. But the man who first placed the locomotive on rails, and showed how it could be made to draw a train of cars, was George Stephenson, an Englishman, born in 1781. His father worked as fireman in a colliery. The son was brought up in poverty, destined to a life of labor. He was a tall, stout, healthy boy, industrious and sober. He had no education but what he gained at a night school. Rough, scanty fare and constant toil were the companions of his youth. But his mind was always active, and he was always inventing some rare machine. He was a fireman at fifteen; he learned to make shoes; he became a brakeman, and at last an engineer. He married at nineteen, but was so poor that when his father fell into distress, and he had paid his debts, he thought of emigrating to America, but was prevented by his want of money. Had he succeeded we might have had no railroads and engines for another century. He staid in England making clocks, engines, and various machines, and found employment in James Watt's factory. There he began to study the steam-engine. He lost no opportunity of study and improvement. His remarkable intellect was eager to get knowledge, and he became, when he was about forty, a well-known engineer, and the maker of steam-engines. As early as 1812 he had planned a railroad, and even built an imperfect locomotive, but many a year was to pass before his plan could be carried out, and lines of railway laid from city to city.

In 1812, Fulton's steamboats were running on the Hudson, and travel by water was shortened. On land, the stage-coach went from Jersey City to Philadelphia in a day, and the journey from New York to Boston was a long one. In 1881 we go to Albany in four or five hours, and to Boston in six or eight. If our railways were more firmly built, it would be possible to reach Philadelphia in one hour, and Boston in two or three. But when George Stephenson, the author of these wonders, proposed his plan for a railway, he met with few to aid him. His locomotive of 1814—very imperfect, but a great improvement over that built by Evans—was ten years afterward employed on a railway eight miles long at Darlington. The railway succeeded, and the next step was to project one to run from Liverpool, the famous sea-port, to Manchester, the centre of manufactures. A huge bog or swamp, called Chat Moss, lay between the two cities. It was thought impossible to build a track over its treacherous surface; but Stephenson and his friends persevered, and at last, to the wonder of the age, in 1830 a firm road, the first of the railways of any importance, lay ready for use. But how was it possible to move a train to so great a distance? The locomotives were still so imperfect that they seemed almost worthless. Stephenson alone was able to overcome the difficulty, and when in 1829 the directors proposed a prize of £500 for the best and swiftest engines, he produced his Rocket.

The Rocket was the first of those wonderful machines that now almost run around the globe. It was a small, imperfect, awkward locomotive; but it was the first to prove successful. It is still kept for exhibition in the museum at Kensington, London, as a memorial of the maker and his work. Stephenson now set himself to improve and enlarge his engines and railways. He became the founder of a new system of travel. He produced new inventions constantly, and his great and powerful mind placed him at the head of the railway interests of England. He grew famous and wealthy, but was always honest, modest, and true. Nothing could be more unpopular than his railways. They were called "nuisances" by respectable lawyers. Every one foretold their failure. It was asserted that they would soon be abandoned and fall to ruin. Some said they would starve the poor, destroy canals, close the taverns, crush thousands in fearful accidents, and cover the land with horror. It was, said others, attempting a thing nature had forbidden, and on which Providence would never smile. But Stephenson went on building railways. They proved very profitable, and were soon adopted in Europe and America.

It is only fifty-one years since George Stephenson's Rocket began to run from Liverpool to Manchester. Since that time the whole civilized world has adopted his invention, and travels and traffics by its aid. The locomotive climbs up the Andes in Peru, runs beneath the Alps at Mont Cenis, is imitated in Japan, and mobbed in China. The Chinese recently tore up a railway because they thought it the work of evil spirits. Fifty years ago, English mobs threatened to destroy Stephenson's railways, and his men worked under the protection of a guard. There are now twenty thousand miles of railway in England alone, and eighty thousand in the United States.

Stephenson lived until 1848, and died honored by his countrymen and all the world as one of its chief benefactors. Like Watt and Fulton, he was the son of a hard-working father. He inherited a clear mind. He educated himself, going to school at night. He was never discouraged and never repined. He never lived for money alone, but was chiefly anxious to be useful to his fel-

Digitized by Google

low-men. Every one who sees the railway train rush by, laden with food, goods, and passengers, should remember George Stephenson. With Fulton and Watt and Evans he has made steam the most potent servant of mankind.

OH, WHAT A DUCK!

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"IS that the duck, Joe Biddle? The little stone on top of the big one?"

"That's the duck. Do you s'pose you could hit him from here, and scare him off his nest?"

"Nest? Why, it's bigger 'n a peck measure, and the stone on top isn't bigger 'n my two fists."

"The big stone's the nest. You're the first fellow I ever knew that didn't know duck. Guess you don't have much fun in the city. Charley McGraw, Sid Wayne never played duck in all his life."

Sid blushed in spite of himself, for he found that he was being "looked at" with a kind of wonder; but he had some help right away from Charley McGraw.

"Well, maybe he didn't. But we wouldn't play it with such a rig as that over in Putney."

"Putney!" sneered Bob Wilson.

"Over in Putney!" echoed Fred Babbitt. "What do they know about duck?"

"Go ahead with your ducks," responded Charley. "That one might about as well have been nailed on. Why, it's flat-bottomed, and the nest is a'most flat on top, and the duck-stones you've picked out ain't fit for cobble-stones."

"Missed him!" shouted Bill Eaton, as Mort Senter's duck-stone struck the edge of the nest, and glanced away a few feet on the ground. In an instant more Mort was standing by his duck-stone, with his hand out toward it, waiting his chance to seize it and "run home" to the pitching line. It was Bill Eaton's duck on the nest, and Fred Babbitt was watching his own stone, almost under Bill's arm. Jake Potter was already on a clean run home, without being "touched," having made his escape while Bill was watching Mort Senter's throw.

"You see," said Joe Biddle, in pity for Sid's ignorance, "Bill Eaton can't get his duck away and have another chance to pitch till it's knocked off; and he can't then unless he grabs it, puts it back on the nest, and touches another fellow that's made a miss before that fellow can get away home. If one of 'em tries to take his duck-stone, though, any time, and Bill can touch him before he gets in with it, then that fellow has to be 'duck-tender' in Bill's place. Don't you see? Jake Potter's just got away. Now he can throw again. It wouldn't take you long to learn."

"Guess not," said Sid, confidently.

"Well, if you're going to stay here this summer, we'll teach you lots of things. You'll know a good deal when you go home."

Sid was aching just then for a chance to speak of some other things he felt sure the Rockville boys did not know, but Charley McGraw once more got in ahead of him.

"Stay here! He'd better come over to Putney. We'd show him how to play duck. We wouldn't teach him to use such a duck-stone as that, either."

"Do you mean mine?"

"Yes. Why, it's just ragged. Knocked it out of a stone wall, didn't you? It's all corners."

"What do you want more'n that? Isn't it big enough?"

"Yes; only you fellows stand too near. A little nearer, and you could poke the duck off its nest with a stick. Why don't you get some smooth clean round stones that 'll throw straight, and that 'll just balance and teter when they're ducks. Why don't you get a decent nest, with a smooth round top, that a duck 'll scare from easy? We don't do things in any such way as that over in Putney."

The Rockville boys felt that there was something awful in being lectured after such a fashion, right before Joe Biddle's city cousin. Just as if they didn't know how to play duck!

Nevertheless, there sat Bill Eaton's duck, solid as ever, and twice as ugly. Every duck stone that was pitched at it tumbled to the ground in disgrace, and lay there with an increasing look of being unfit for its business.

"I say, Charley McGraw," exclaimed Jake Potter at last, "where do you Putney fellows get your duck-stones? Make 'em?"

"Wade for 'em in the creek. You've got as much creek as we have. 'Fraid of getting your feet wet?"

"Boys," suddenly shouted Mort Senter, "tell you what. Let's leave Bill Eaton to watch his duck, while we go down to the old hole and have a swim. Get some new stones to pitch with. Lots of 'em there—smoothest kind."

"Better get a new nest too," said Charley. "Get a good one."

"Well; and Bill he can stand there and watch the old one till somebody comes along and knocks it off."

Bill had heard it all, in spite of his eager watching, and he had been by that "nest" about as long as he cared to. So at that moment one of his feet went straight for his despised "duck," and he came forward on a run, and joined the rest of the boys.

"No you don't. I'm out of that. Let's get some ducks that won't stick as if they were setting hens. I know a place, just above the old hole."

Every boy of them seemed to "know a place," somewhere down that way, supplied with pebbles of marvellously perfect finish. It looked for all the world as if they had studied the question all up before they heard any news from Putney.

It did not take a very long walk to bring them from the vacant lot where they had been playing, back of Snider's grocery, down to the bank of the creek, and it was only a quarter of a crooked mile to the swimming hole.

The "creek" was a shallow stream where it was wide, and deep only where the banks rose a little and squeezed it narrow, so that all you had to do, for ordinary wading, was to roll up your trousers as far as they would go; that is, for any boy over twelve who was not small for his age. Any boy big enough to pitch a two-pound duck-stone for thirty feet could wade for one in that creek almost anywhere. Very small boys would have to keep near shore, and do their pitching with pebbles suited to their own size.

"We use the biggest kind over in Putney," said Charley McGraw.

There was fun in wading, but under the rigid inspection of the self-appointed teacher of the great game of duck the best pebbles of that creek bottom were fished out only to be despised and thrown away.

"I've got one," shouted Sid Wayne, as he lifted a dripping arm just high enough to let the water trickle down toward his neck, under his rolled-up sleeve.

"That!" said Charley. "Well, now, that 'll almost do. Some of our fellows 'd take that, if they couldn't find anything better."

"They'd have to hunt, then," said Joe Biddle. "Keep it, Sid."

Just at that moment Mort Senter was whispering to Jake Potter, slyly: "Don't tell him, Jake. Pass it round. He's only a rod to go. Don't let him know about the hole."

Charley was too busy over Sid's really remarkable duck-stone to take note of the winks and nods and whispers that were firing off around him, and as soon as he discovered that there was no fault to be found with the size, smoothness, roundness, or weight of Sid's pebble, he was again wading on down stream.

"Sh, boys!"

Digitized by Google

PLAYING "DUCK."—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

Fred Babbitt was raising his hand as if warning somebody, when Charley McGraw suddenly caught his breath with an astonished "Oh!" and went clean under the water. He made hardly any splash; but in a moment more his head came to the surface, and he recovered breath enough to ask, "I say, boys, what's this?"

"Didn't we tell you we were going for a swim?" said Joe Biddle. "That's the hole. It begins with an old rock, and it's ten feet deep. Best kind of a hole."

"Better 'n anything you've got over in Putney," said Bill Eaton. "Why didn't you wait and take your clothes off? We always do."

Charley was a good swimmer, and he was on his way to the shore before they had said half they had to say about that hole, and the duck-stones there were at the bottom of it. All the rest were on their way to the bank, but they were a little careful about their footing until they got there.

"Wring 'em out, Charley, and hang 'em up to dry while we're in," said Bob Wilson. "I should hate to live in Putney, though, if that's the way you fellows always go in swimming."

Charley's pluck was good, for he not only set his wet clothes a-drying, but went right in again. It was first-rate swimming, and the search for jewels of duck-stones went on at intervals, until a set had been provided which it would have been hard to beat.

"Oh, but won't they pitch!"

"They'll just sit and teter."

"Scare off if they're touched."

The science of it was dawning on the Rockville boys, and when they finally dressed for the back trip, their eyes were all around them for the right kind of a "nest" for those ducks.

Charley McGraw got his wet clothes on, with some difficulty, and the boys started toward home.

The right kind of a setting stone was discovered before they were half way home, and the very weight of it suggested that the river-bank was as good a place as any to try their new pebbles.

"Besides," said Jake Potter, "it'll give Charley McGraw a chance to dry. Hang your coat on the fence, Putney, and pitch your level best."

Sid Wayne went into the game with as much enthusiasm as anybody, but he found that, for some reason, his duck-stone had more work to do as "duck" than any other geological specimen in that crowd.

"If you spend the summer here," remarked Joe Biddle, "you'll know how to play first-rate by the time you go home."

A STRANGE CAT-BIRD.

In the dear old cedar-tree that stands
Before my cottage door
A bird's nest 'mid the topmost boughs
Has been a year or more;
And looking from my window, I
This morning chanced to see
The queerest bird upon that nest
In that old cedar-tree.

For wings, an extra pair of legs
He had; for feathers, fur;
For beak, a little pinkish nose;
And for a song, a purr.
A cat-bird he, but no cat-bird
That ever hopped or flew
Would own him as a brother-bird,
Or greet him with a mew.

But there he was upon the nest,
A-blinking in the sun,
And thinking to himself, no doubt,
"Oh! this is jolly fun."
And anything much cunninger
I'm sure could never be
Than that gray kitten playing bird
In our old cedar-tree.

A STRANGE CAT-BIRD.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter VIII.

"IS that thunder?" cried Harry, starting up, and knocking his head against the canvas.

"No; it's a gun," replied Charley. "There's a vessel in distress somewhere near us."

As he spoke, the gun was fired again. "That was close by," exclaimed Charley. "Boys, let's run across to the beach, and see if there's anything to be seen."

It had stopped raining, but the boys were too excited to care whether it rained or not. They hauled up the anchor, pushed the boat ashore with an oar, and made their way rapidly across the meadow to the beach. It was already beginning to grow light, and they could dimly make out the form of a vessel stranded on the bar that lies a few rods distant from the beach.

"There's a wreck, sure enough," said Charley.

"Can't we do anything to help the men?" asked Tom.

"I don't see how we can. If the coast patrol was here, they might do something; but they don't patrol the beach in summer."

"Let's make a fire, anyhow," suggested Tom. "It may encourage them to know there's somebody here, and besides it will keep us warm."

"I'll go back and get the matches," said Harry, "if you'll get some wood. The fire may help the poor men to see where the shore is."

While he was gone, the rest hunted eagerly for firewood, of which they collected a large pile, and soon a bright fire was blazing on the beach.

"We don't hear the gun any more," said Joe. "That must be because they see us."

"Or else because they can't fire it any more. They must all be in the rigging now, trying to keep from being washed overboard. They probably fired the gun before they struck on the bar," said Charley.

"Will they all be drowned?" asked Tom.

"They will, unless the wind and the sea go down very soon," answered Charley. "No vessel can hold together long on that bar in such weather as this."

"There's a light!" exclaimed Joe. "Somebody is coming this way."

The light proved to be carried by one of a party of four men from the mainland, who had heard the guns some time before the boys had heard them, and who had rowed across the bay. They went to one of the coast-patrol houses, which stood in a hollow sheltered by the sand-hills, only a rod or two from where the boys had built their fire. The boys followed them, anxious to lend their aid if they could be of any service.

The house was full of ropes, life-buoys, and other apparatus, besides two large boats. Into one of these the men threw coils of rope, cork-jackets, rockets, and a quantity of articles of which the boys knew neither the names nor the uses, and were about to run her out through the open door, when the leader said: "Leave that boat here, and get out that there mortar first. We can come back for the boat if we have to use her."

There was a small mortar in one corner of the room, and the men proceeded to drag it out. Charley spoke to the man who seemed to be in command, and said, "If we can do anything, please let us know."

"You can help drag the mortar, if you want to," replied the patrolman, "and one of you can build a fire in the stove in the next room. Take one of them lanterns, and you'll find wood and shavings alongside the stove."

Tom instantly volunteered to build the fire, although he was very anxious to be on the beach. The other boys helped as best they could in dragging the mortar, which was soon planted close to the surf, and opposite the wreck.

It had now grown so light that they could clearly make her out. She was a large bark. The crew could be seen in the fore rigging, where they had taken refuge. Her masts, with the exception of the foretop-gallant-mast, were still standing; but as the sea was making a clear breach over her, it was not to be expected that she would hold together long.

The mortar was loaded with a shot, to which a thin cord was attached. It was hoped that the shot would pass over the vessel, so that the crew could get hold of the cord, and that communication between the wreck and the shore could thus be established. The shot, however, fell short, and a second trial only made it more certain that the mortar would not throw a shot the required distance, against the wind.

"It's no good," said the patrolman. "If the government won't give us a mortar big enough to carry five rods, we can't be expected to work miracles. Come on, men, and get out the boat. We'll have her on the beach, though I don't believe we can do much with her."

CAPSIZING OF THE LIFE-BOAT.

Everybody went back to the house.

"We'll want all you boys to help this time," said the Captain of the coast-guard, for such he proved to be. "It's hard work dragging a boat through the sand."

Tom's fire was now blazing nicely, and he left it to lend a hand with the boat. It was hard work until the loose, deep sand at the foot of the sand-hills was passed, after which the boat was moved more easily, until she was finally brought opposite the wreck.

"Now, men," said the Captain, "what do you say? Can we do it?"

"We can try," answered one of the men; "but I say, wait till daylight. If that bark has held together so long as she has, she'll last an hour longer, and by that

Digitized by Google

time the sea may go down a little. Anyway, we'll have light to work by."

"There ain't but four of us here," said another man. "I'm ready to launch her whenever Captain Raynor gives the word; but we ought to have another oar."

"Take me," said Charley. "I can pull an oar, and I've been drilled in landing through the surf. It's a part of the navy drill now."

"Are you in the navy, young fellow?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

"You shall come along if we launch the boat. It's no fool's play, though, you understand. Every man that gets into that boat takes his life in his hand."

"I shouldn't offer to go if I didn't think I could do my duty with the rest of you," replied Charley, "and I don't think my life is any more precious than yours. Tell me what oar to pull, and you'll find that I can obey orders."

"We'll be proud to have you along with us," exclaimed one of the men. "If the rest of the Annapolis boys are like you, they're a good lot."

While they were waiting for daylight, the little party sat down by the remains of the bonfire, and talked about the wrecked vessel.

"She's an Eyetalian, or something of that sort, by the looks of her," said the Captain. "Those fellows know about as much about navigation as a canal-boatman. Now I'll bet that fellow didn't know where he was within two hundred miles. Do you remember that Frenchman that came ashore down by Fire Island light three years ago, and thought he was steering all right for to enter Long Island Sound? So he was, if Long Island hadn't happened to be in the way. John, how many men are there in the rigging?—you've got the best eyes of any of us."

"I can count seven," answered the man.

"That ain't crew enough for her," said the Captain. "Some of them have been washed overboard when she struck. There'll be more of the poor chaps overboard before long. Look at that sea once. It buried her whole hull."

"She won't stand many such seas," said the man who had been called John.

"What are you boys doing on the beach at this time in the morning?" asked Captain Raynor. "Did you row across the bay?"

Charley told how he and the other boys happened to be in the neighborhood of the wreck. The men listened with much interest, and Charley was beginning to wonder how they could be interested in anything but the fate of the unhappy men on board the wreck, when the Captain rose up, and said:

"Well, there ain't no use in waiting. The sea ain't going down, and we've got light enough. Now, men, if you're ready, get on your cork-jackets, and we'll launch the boat."

Every one of the boat's crew, including Charley, put on cork life-preservers, and then shoving the boat close to the surf, waited for the order to launch her. Charley had been told to pull the oar next to the stroke oar, and with one of the men was seated in the boat. The rest of the crew stood with both hands on her gunwale.

The Captain waited until he thought he saw a favorable chance. "Now—away with her!" he cried, and the men, rushing into the surf with the boat, leaped into her, and bent to their oars, while the Captain managed the long steering oar. For a few moments they fought manfully with the waves, and had nearly succeeded in getting through the breakers, when a tremendous sea whirled the boat around, rolled her over and over, and flung her violently on the beach. The men, who were, of course, thrown out of her, luckily managed to reach the shore unhurt, and Charley, to the great joy of his friends, was among them. The boat, however, was so seriously damaged that it was out of the question to think of trying to launch her a second time.

"You've had a narrow escape," said the Captain to Charley. "I didn't much think we'd get through the breakers, but we had to try it."

"I'm none the worse for it," said Charley. "But there's another boat in the house. Can't we launch that?"

"She's so heavy that we couldn't haul her down here without a team of horses; and if we had her here, there ain't enough of us to launch her. No, my boy; we've done all we can do. Our only chance now is that we may fish some man out of the surf before he is drowned."

"There goes a fellow up the maintopmast-stay, Captain," called out one of the men. "That foremast must be getting shaky."

A sailor was making his way along the maintopmast-stay with the agility of a monkey. When he reached the topmast cross-trees, he stopped a little while to rest, and then descended the rigging. Those on shore watched him closely, wondering what could be his object. When he had descended the main rigging as far as he dared to go on account of the seas which were constantly washing over the bark, they saw him lean over and catch the signal halyards, that were rove through the truck at the royalmast-head. He cut the halyards, unrove them, made them up into a coil, threw it over his shoulder, ascended to the cross-trees, and sliding down the stay, went into the foretop.

"He's a-going to try to swim ashore," said the Captain.

But such was not the man's intention. He was presently seen to make the end of the signal halyards fast to a billet of wood, which he threw into the sea.

"That fellow's got some sense into him, if he is an Eyetalian," exclaimed Captain Raynor. "He's going to try to send us a line, and I shouldn't wonder if he did it."

They watched closely for the billet of wood, and after a while saw it tossing in the surf. Joining hands, the men formed a line, and waded out until the foremost one caught the float, and with the help of the others pulled it ashore.

Not a moment was lost in bending the end of a stout coil of rope to the signal halyards. When this was done, the shipwrecked men all climbed into the foretop, and hauled in the rope, making the end fast around the head of the foremast. The shore end was then carried to the top of the sand-hills, where it was securely anchored, and hauled taut. There was now a strong rope connecting the bark with the shore, and at a good height above the water.

Over this rope the shipwrecked crew made their way to the land. All of them arrived safe, and they were immediately taken to the house, where they warmed themselves by Tom's fire, while the patrolmen made hot coffee for them, and then set about getting breakfast.

Not one of the rescued men could speak English, and little beyond the fact that the bark was bound from Genoa to New York could be drawn from them. They were, however, bright, cheerful fellows, and seemed full of gratitude for their escape.

"Now after we've fed these men," said Captain Raynor, "we'll go down to the bay, and help the boys step their mast. Boys, you've got to have some breakfast with us. You've done about as much as we have, and the government can afford to feed you."

The Captain kept his word, and after breakfast he and two of the men went down to where the *Ghost* was lying, and stepped the heavy mast. Without their aid the boys would have been in an unpleasant predicament, for they could not step the mast alone, and they did not want to row a heavy sail-boat two miles across the bay. When the *Ghost* was once more ready to set sail, the patrolmen shook hands with the boys, wished them a pleasant voy-

Digitized by Google

age, and told them how to steer to avoid the shallows in the south side of the bay, and to reach the mouth of the creek which connects the Great South Bay at Westhampton with Quantuck Bay, which lies further east. The wind had gone down very much since sunrise, and with a single reef in the mainsail, the *Ghost* displayed her sailing qualities to great advantage.

All that day the *Ghost* was kept on her course, and at the end of the afternoon she was moored to the shore within sight of the Westhampton bridge, and very near the beach. It promised to be a beautiful moonlight night, and had not the boys been tired out, they would have kept on, and sailed until midnight. They felt, however, that they needed sleep, for they had slept very little the preceding night. So, after a hearty supper, they turned in, and were soon nearly asleep.

"Boys," said Joe, suddenly, "I can't go to sleep. I know I have done wrong."

"What have you done, old fellow?" said Charley, rousing himself. "Let's hear about it."

"I haven't been wet all day," answered Joe, solemnly.

"If you say another word, we'll get up and throw you overboard," exclaimed Harry.

After which there was silence in the cabin of the *Ghost*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE CHILDREN CAUGHT SOME QUEER FISH.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"OH, Uncle Harry, I've got another dog-fish!" shouted Charley Newton, as he pulled in a small specimen of the genus *Squalidæ*.

"Keep on," laughed his uncle. "We'll soon have enough for dinner."

Harry Ferris had taken his nephews and niece out fishing on Long Island Sound. They were a jolly party: there was Uncle Harry himself, who, to use the language of one of his appreciative nephews, "had been everywhere, and knew everything," Tom and Charley Newton, two fine boys aged sixteen and fourteen, and Alice, their sister, a young lady of ten. Charley had distinguished himself so far by catching only dog-fish, a small species of shark.

"What do people call them dog-fish for?" asked Alice.

"I don't know," answered her uncle, "unless it is because they are so tough that a dog can't eat them."

"How rough their skins are!—just like sand-paper," remarked Tom, touching the fish Charley had just caught.

"The skins are sometimes used for making shagreen," said Uncle Harry. And then added, in answer to an inquiring look from Alice: "Shagreen is a sort of leather generally made from horses' or mules' hides. The genuine article comes from Turkey, and is used for covering small boxes, instrument cases, and the like; but the imitation made from sharks' hide is almost as good for all practical purposes."

How much more he might have told them about shagreen I do not know, for he was interrupted by Alice shouting, "Oh, Uncle Harry! what kind of fish is this?" as she held up for his inspection a queer-looking fish of a brownish color, with two pectoral fins of a size out of all proportion to its body. She put it into a tub of water, and watched it as it folded and opened its fins like fans. "Is it a flying-fish?" she asked.

"It is a sea-robin, Alice, sometimes known as a pig-fish," answered Uncle Harry.

"Why is it called a sea-robin?" inquired Tom.

"On account of its fins, I suppose," answered Uncle Harry. "It is called a pig-fish because it makes a noise like a pig." Then picking up the fish, he tapped it lightly on its head. "Ugh, ugh, ugh," said the fish.

The children laughed, and begged Uncle Harry to make it repeat its performance.

"What pretty eyes he has!" said Alice.

"Yes," chimed in Charley, "they are green, just like mamma's emerald."

"And what a funny flat square nose!" added Alice.

"A sort of a flat square circle, eh?" said Uncle Harry, mischievously.

"You know what I mean: its mouth is broader and its nose is not so round as a black-fish," explained Alice.

"Do they make that noise when they are in the water?" asked Tom.

"Some species do. I have never heard these in the Sound make any noise until they are caught. Sir John Richardson and Lieutenant White tell strange stories about the noises made by these gurnards, as they are called, and Baron von Humboldt says that the noise made by a school of *Sciænoides*, which is the name of a branch of the same family inhabiting the Indian Ocean, resembled a brass band. There are many species of fishes nearly related to the sea-robin in different parts of the world. One in the Mediterranean is called by the French the noisy maigre; by the Italians, the corro, or crow. It makes a strange cooing moan that can be heard to a depth of 150 feet. It is supposed that the sounds of bells and singing which occasionally issue from the Mediterranean, and which have given rise to so many legends about sunken convents and the like, are produced by the corro. It was known as early as the time of Aristotle, who mentions the *Choiros*, or pig-fish, as inhabiting the river Clitor, and speaks of its power of emitting sounds. A species in the Gulf of Mexico is called by the Spanish 'el soncador,' and by the Americans the 'grunt.' The little ones are very playful, and I have often watched them at their games of 'hide-and-seek,' or 'tag,' and have landed them with a hook and line; but they made such appeals to my compassion with their short quick groans of pain, and longer and more plaintive ones begging for release, that I generally threw them back. There are other kinds of fish that can make a noise as well as the genus called by naturalists *Prionotus pilatus*, to which the sea-robin belongs. Even the eel will squeak when caught, and the porpoise sometimes grunts very much like the sea-robin. The drum-fish, too, which makes a noise not unlike a drum. But here is another curious fellow," he added, as he pulled in a small brown fish about as long as your finger.

"What is it, Uncle Harry?" asked Charley.

"It is a swell-fish, as it is called here. I do not know any other name for it, but swell-fish is a very appropriate one."

"It looks like one of those New Orleans cigars that you used to have," said Tom.

Uncle Harry laughed, and turned it over.

"Old gold underneath," exclaimed Tom. "That fellow is gorgeous with his seal-brown coat and old-gold vest; he is certainly a swell fish."

"That is not the reason that he is called so," said Uncle Harry. "You would not believe he would take up as much room as the sea-robin. Look," he continued; and as he rubbed the rough under side of the fish, it slowly began to expand and puff out with air, until, instead of a small cigar-shaped fish, Uncle Harry held in his hand a ball as big as an orange, with a head at one side and a tail at the other.

"It looks like an apple with a sardine for a core," said Charley.

The children laughed.

"Now watch," said Uncle Harry, as he tossed it into the tub.

"It's gone," said Alice and Charley at the same time.

"No, it has only shrunk again," said their uncle. "But I guess we had better start for home. It is 'most

Digitized by Google

THE CLOWN

supper-time, and if we don't get home, your mamma will think that I have taken you off to be pirates."

As they skimmed over the water toward home, Tom asked, "Are there other kinds of swell-fish in foreign waters?"

"I suppose so," said Uncle Harry. "While in Florida, I formed quite a friendship with a pair of porcupine-fish that lived behind an old log. They would eat worms from my hand, and would even allow me to take them up, but as this was accompanied by an immense puffing up of their bodies, I seldom attempted it."

"What became of them?" asked Alice.

"I do not know," answered Uncle Harry, with mock solemnity. "The pleasantest friendships, like the pleasantest days, must come to an end, and so our acquaintance was stopped short by my leaving for home, as to-day's sport was."

The children reached home in time for supper, tired and happy; but, hungry as they were, they could scarcely stop to eat so eager were they to tell mamma about the sea-robin and the wonderful swell-fish.

Digitized by Google

'S AUDIENCE.

ODIN'S FEAST AND BRAGI'S TALE.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

A GREAT battle had been fought on earth, and Odin's feast was now waiting in Valhalla to welcome Hakon, a brave Norwegian King, with many other heroes who had been engaged in the war. Around the hall went the war-god Tyr, polishing the shield-hung walls, and rehanging the coats of mail. Great buckets of mead stood about, milked from the she-goat Heidrun, which always browsed on the life-tree Igdrasil. Freya, Goddess of Love, had woven wreaths for the approaching guests, while Heimdal, the warder, standing at the gate, waited with his huge trumpet to announce their arrival. At the head of the feast sat Odin, with Friga his Queen, while around him were the gods and goddesses. The other seats were filled by an immense host of warriors, among whom were Hakon's eight brothers, who were overjoyed at his coming. Suddenly, at a loud blast from Heimdal, the doors flew open, and in came the Battle-Maidens, bearing the heroes on their shields. The place of honor was given to Hakon, and when the rest

were seated, the feast began. You may know this was a merry scene. Beautiful maidens poured out the mead, while the roasted boar Sachrimnir tasted very good after so much hard fighting on earth. At last, Hakon remarked how happy they all were in Valhalla, and Bragi (God of Song) answered that they had been so ever since the punishment of Loki and his children. As Hakon knew nothing of the matter, Odin promised that Tyr should tell the story after Bragi had related the stealing of Iduna (Immortality), which showed how well Loki deserved to be punished. All being quiet, Bragi began, while his wife, Iduna, leaned over him:

"Once while Odin, Hœnir, and Loki were travelling, they saw some oxen feeding, and being very hungry, killed one, but could not roast the flesh, no matter how hot a fire they made. Soon they heard a strange noise, and looking up, saw an enormous eagle perched on a tree close by.

"'If you will give me a share,' said the eagle, 'the flesh shall be roasted fast enough.'

"On their agreeing to this, down flew the bird, and snatched a great piece of the meat. Loki, enraged, seized a pole, and struck the eagle over the back, thinking to kill him.

"It was no bird, however, but the fierce giant Thiassi in his eagle disguise. Loki soon found this out, for while one end of the pole stuck fast to the feathers, his hands were glued to the other. Away flew the eagle-disguised giant, trailing Loki over mountains and forests, until, almost bruised to death, he called for mercy. But Thiassi would not let him go until he promised to bring Iduna and her apples to his castle. Then Thiassi released him, and back Loki went to Asgard in a sad plight. These apples that Thiassi desired so much were very rare; but Iduna had a casket full, of which the gods ate to keep young. Finding the goddess, Loki told her he had just seen better apples than hers in a forest near by. Deceived by his word, she took her casket and went out to the wood with him; but no sooner had they entered than down swooped Thiassi, and catching up Iduna, flew off with her to Giant-land. The gods were terrified by her loss; the apples gone, they were becoming gray-haired and wrinkled, while the flowers withered and diseases appeared. They at once held a council, and at length found out that Loki had done the mischief. Threatening him with instant death if he failed, they ordered him to bring back Iduna and her apples. Loki borrowed Freya's falcon plumage, and hastening to Giant-land, found that Thiassi was away fishing, while Iduna sat alone in the castle. Quickly changing her into a nut, he flew back as fast as the wind with her between his claws.

"Just then home came Thiassi, who at once seized his eagle wings, and gave chase. He sped like lightning, and soon gained on them, but the gods, who were watching, laid huge bonfires on the walls. As soon as Loki had flown over safely with the nut, they fired the piles. Now Thiassi, being in full flight, could not stop in time, so his wings were burned, and he fell among the gods, who immediately killed him. Thus youth returned to Asgard, and the gods were saved."

STUDYING WASPS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

WE had a lecture at our place the other day, because our people wanted to get even with the people of the next town, who had had a returned missionary with a whole lot of idols the week before. The lecture was all about wasps and beetles and such, and the lecturer had a magic lantern and a microscope, and everything that was adapted to improve and vitrify the infant mind, as our minister said when he introduced him. I believe the lecturer was a wicked, bad man, who came to our place on purpose to get me into trouble. Else why did he urge the boys to study wasps, and tell us how to collect wasps' nests without getting stung? The grown-up people thought it was all right, however, and Mr. Travers said to me, "Listen to what the gentleman says, Jimmy, and improve your mind with wasps."

Well, I thought I would do as I was told, especially as I knew of a tremendous big wasps' nest under the eaves of our barn. I got a ladder and a lantern the very night after the lecture, and prepared to study wasps. The lecturer said that the way to do was to wait till the wasps go to bed, and then to creep up to their nest with a piece of thin paper all covered with wet mucilage, and to clap it right over the door of the nest. Of course the wasps can't get out when they wake up in the morning, and you can take the nest and hang it up in your room; and after two or three days, when you open the nest and let the wasps out, and feed them with powdered sugar, they'll be so tame and grateful that they'll never think of stinging you, and you can study them all day long, and learn lots of useful lessons. Now is it probable that any real good man would put a boy up to any such nonsense as this? It's my belief that the lecturer was hired by somebody to come and entice all our boys to get themselves stung.

As I was saying, I got a ladder and a lantern, and a piece of paper covered with mucilage, and after dark I climbed up to the wasps' nest, and stopped up the door, and then brought the nest down in my hand. I was going to carry it up to my room, but just then mother called me; so I put the nest under the seat of our carriage, and went into the house, where I was put to bed for having taken the lantern out to the barn; and the next morning I forgot all about the nest.

I forgot it because I was invited to go on a picnic with Mr. Travers and my sister Sue and a whole lot of people, and any fellow would have forgot it if he had been in my place. Mr. Travers borrowed father's carriage, and he and Sue were to sit on the back seat, and Mr. Travers's aunt, who is pretty old and cross, was to sit on the front seat with Dr. Jones, the new minister, and I was to sit with the driver. We all started about nine o'clock, and a big basket of provisions was crowded into the carriage between everybody's feet.

We hadn't gone mornamile when Mr. Travers cries out: "My good gracious! Sue, I've run an awful pin into my leg. Why can't you girls be more careful about pins?" Sue replied that she hadn't any pins where they could run into anybody, and was going to say something more, when she screamed as if she was killed, and began to jump up and down and shake herself. Just then Dr. Jones jumped about two feet straight into the air, and said, "Oh my!" and Miss Travers took to screaming, "Fire! murder! help!" and slapping herself in a way that was quite awful. I began to think they were all going crazy, when all of a sudden I remembered the wasps' nest.

Somehow the wasps had got out of the nest, and were exploring all over the carriage. The driver stopped the horses to see what was the matter, and turned pale with fright when he saw Dr. Jones catch the basket of provisions and throw it out of the carriage, and then jump straight into it. Then Mr. Travers and his aunt and Sue all came flying out together, and were all mixed up with Dr. Jones and the provisions on the side of the road. They didn't stop long, however, for the wasps were looking for them; so they got up and rushed for the river, and went into it as if they were going to drown themselves—only it wasn't more than two feet deep.

George—he's the driver—was beginning to ask, "Is thishyer some swimmin' match that's goin' on?" when a wasp hit him on the neck, and another hit me on the cheek. We left that carriage in a hurry, and I never

Digitized by Google

stopped till I got to my room and rolled myself up in the bedclothes. All the wasps followed me, so that Mr. Travers and Sue and the rest of them were left in peace, and might have gone to the picnic, only they felt as if they must come home for arnica, and, besides, the horses had run away, though they were caught afterward, and didn't break anything.

This was all because that lecturer advised me to study wasps. I followed his directions, and it wasn't my fault that the wasps began to study Mr. Travers and his aunt, and Sue and Dr. Jones, and me and George. But father, when he was told about it, said that my "conduct was such," and the only thing that saved me was that my legs were stung all over, and father said he didn't have the heart to do any more to them with a switch.

AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER I.

IF you don't know Aunt Ruth, I can scarcely expect you to understand just how lovely she is: the most unselfish, good-hamored of women. She is not very tall, but there seems to me something queen-like in her manner. She is very pretty, but the charm of her face is its sweetness. When she smiles, her eyes grow very tender; when she is serious, a look comes into them of a peace I can not describe.

Aunt Ruth lives in a big old-fashioned house in the country, at which her many nieces and nephews are always welcome, and all the country people adore her. Though there is so much of what papa calls *personality* about her, yet she never seems to be thinking of herself, and one day when the girls and I were clustering about her in her own sitting-room, I exclaimed: "Aunt Ruth, do you ever think about *yourself* for one moment? You seem just made for other people."

Now a sudden strange look came into Aunt Ruth's face. It was not pain exactly, but of some recollection that seemed to grieve her for a moment even as she smiled. I know Aunt Ruth thinks me rather the spoiled child of her little circle of nieces, and when she looked at me and smiled, and said, "Why, Kitty dear, we can make ourselves what we like, with help," I felt a little conscience-stricken. I supposed I was lazy and selfish; but how could Aunt Ruth know what it was to take care of three little brothers and sisters; get up early in the morning to study; stay in-doors, lovely June weather, sewing and patching and mending? Everything came easily to Aunt Ruth that was for other people. Perhaps she read my thoughts in my face. Her own brightened, and she said, pleasantly: "Girls, I wonder if you would like to hear a story—a chapter out of my own experience. I have often thought of telling it to you."

Aunt Ruth's story-telling is as famous as her gentle charity; and we were soon in comfortable attitudes, listening. The story had a peculiar charm, because it was about her early girlhood, and as she is only our aunt by marriage, we knew less of her young days than of the older life so happily associated with our own.

Now, to begin with (said Aunt Ruth), you know that my father was a country doctor. We lived in C——, a pretty town not far from Albany, and when I was nine years old my mother died. There were three children younger than I—one a mere baby—and we were all left to the care of my step-sister Winifred. You know her now, girls; and can you fancy what she was at fourteen, when she assumed the charge of our sad little household? A sweet, motherly little body, with so many loving, gentle ways that it seemed strange she was only our step-sister. But we never thought of her as such. Gradually she stepped into the *mother* place left vacant, and by the time I was nearly fourteen, and Winny in her nineteenth year, it had come to seem natural that she should direct and govern, pet and humor, us all, as if she was really our mother. But admirable as was Winny's household management, her care for us all, her orderly ways, and tenderness for our wants, there was one mistake in her system: she completely spoiled me, and from being inclined to indolence, I grew selfish and exacting. It seemed to me in those days perfectly right that Winny should have the work and I the play; that if a new material was bought for Winny's dress, and I liked it, it should be made up for me: that I should go away for change of air now and then, while Winny staid at home; that I should go out to tea as often as I was invited, and Winny have to hesitate over every invitation. In fact, it never seemed to occur to me to question my right in all sorts of things of which my selfishness deprived her. Winny loved me so devotedly, that if she saw my faults she tried to cover them up. Mrs. Judson, the minister's wife—your grandmother, Fanny—used to come over to our house a great deal, and I remember hearing her scold Winny for spoiling me. "Never mind, Mrs. Judson," Winny would say, with her sweet little laugh, "Ruth will be a big girl one of these days, and then she'll take her share of disciplining."

One fall, soon after my fourteenth birthday, I remember that papa began to talk about Winny's looking pale and thin. She certainly did not look well, but she maintained that she felt quite herself. It was a warm autumn, and Winny said that the cold weather would do her good. Papa, like the rest of us, I think, always took what Winny said without analyzing it; and so, when Mrs. Judson came over to see if Winny could go down to her mother's for a few days' change of air, I recall his saying, "Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Judson; I've given her some quinine, and she says she is very well."

It was two or three days after this that, at tea-time, papa came in with a letter in his hand, which he read aloud. It was from a cousin of ours in New York, a Mrs. Ludlow, and she wrote to invite either Winny or me to spend a fortnight with her. There was to be a wedding anniversary party; several young people were to be in the house, and she said she knew it would be a pleasant gathering. Now I am ashamed to say that it never for an instant occurred to me that I should not be the one to go. Papa read the letter, and then looked at Winny, who was sitting at the tea table, I recollect, with a small brother on either side of her. I can see the home picture now: our comfortable tea table; the pretty, cheerful room; the window at Winny's back, showing our bit of lawn and cedar-trees; the cozy gleams of fire-light; and Winny's face, just a trifle paler and thinner than its wont, but the dark eyes as lovingly watchful of us all as ever.

"Well, lassie," papa said, looking at her fondly, "you'll have to go, I think. Just what you need. Dear me!"—and he looked again at the letter—"so it's Mary Ludlow's twentieth wedding-day. They have a fine house down there. You'll see something of New York society."

Winny's face glowed. "Oh, thank you, papa," she exclaimed; "I shall be so glad," and then her eyes fell upon me. I know just how I must have looked—vexed, disappointed, and chagrined; indeed, the tears were nearly in my eyes.

"It will be a good chance for Ruth to learn housekeeping," papa went on. "Let us see if you can do as well as the lassie," he added. He had a fashion of calling Winny that, because of her Scotch ancestry. He laughed, and went away without noticing either my down-hearted look, or the change that had come into Winny's face. Singular though it may seem, it never occurred to me that it was Winny's *right* to go, and my

Digitized by Google

duty to help her. I had grown accustomed to receiving all and giving nothing. Winny said nothing more about the visit just then. We passed our usual hour in the parlor before the children's bed-time rather quietly. It was Winny's custom to go up every night to the nursery, see the children undressed, hear their prayers, and perhaps talk to them a little before they went to sleep. Sometimes—when I felt like it, that is—I assisted at this little tender office, but I usually did so when I had some of my own concerns to discuss with Winny.

To-night I followed her up to the nursery, and sat down in the window, looking very haughty and self-restrained, while Winny put Joe to bed, talked Annie into a peaceful frame of mind, and made sleep less repulsive to Dick, whose theory was that beds were wicked tortures invented by grown people expressly to aggravate boys. While Winny went from one tiny bed to another, I sat thinking what a fine thing it would be to tell the girls at school I was going to the Ludlows'. I should certainly have a new dress, and perhaps my hat retrimmed. There was to be a party, so I must take my white muslin and kid slippers. Gradually my mind was not only absorbed by these delights, but by the feeling that Winifred would actually be robbing me of my own were she to accept Cousin Mary's invitation.

The children were at last in bed. Dick, in spite of his theories, was snoring loudly; Joe was declaring from the depths of the clothes that he never, *never* meant to be good again, because the cook had taken away his marbles; Annie was asleep in her little cot, a picture of pretty dimpled babyhood; and Winny was looking, if a little tired, at least glad that in spite of naughtiness, not one had gone to bed without kissing and hugging her fondly. Even Joe supplemented his terrible resolve with, "I'll just be good *sometimes* for you, Winny, but I'll *always* be bad *all* the rest of the time." His voice reached a kind of a wail. It was a sepulchral voice for a little boy. "I'll be bad—very bad—and perhaps I'll be *hung*—"

WINNY AND RUTH.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

Winny was down on her knees at Joe's side.

"Yes, I will," he persisted, in a louder but more melancholy key. "I will go off where there are wild beasts, pottermusses, and lizards—I will."

"Winny," I exclaimed, sharply, "how can you put up with that naughty boy? Joe," I continued, looking at him severely, "let Winny alone, and go to sleep this *minute*. I want to talk to her."

"Oh, you do, miss, do you?" Joseph returned, with round eyes fixed on me over the sheet. "I'll never be good for *you*, Miss Greedy, I can tell you *that*."

But in a few moments Joe's curly head had drooped, and he was fast asleep. Winny turned to me the gentle sisterly look I knew so well.

"Ruth dear," she said, sitting down, "I've been thinking it over, and it *seems* to me"—Winny's eyebrows drew together, she clasped her hands closely—"you had better go to Cousin Mary's. I don't think I can leave home just now"—Winny was a little flurried—"so we will get you ready nicely, and you shall go."

I was ready enough then to hug Winny, and tell her she was a darling, but during the days that followed I forgot the sacrifice she had made. She easily made papa see that it was I who should go. "Joe is not well," she pleaded, "and he never does anything for Ruth; he must be taken care of." One such excuse after another was made, greatly to my delight, and the only drawback to my satisfaction was Mrs. Judson's disapproving air. She came over more than usual, and several times remarked upon the injustice of this arrangement. "Why, Winny is quite a young lady," she said once to me, "and really ought to see something." But it was always Winny who silenced her, and prevented papa's discussing the question further.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

PINAFORE RHYMES.—*(Concluded.)*

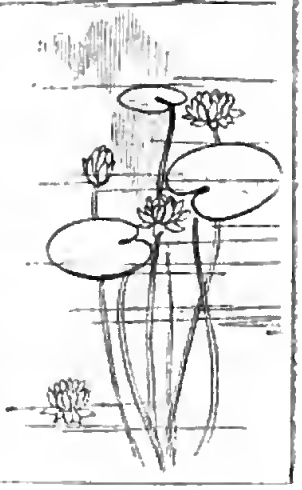
Fly away, you naughty bee,
With your ugly sting,
Buzzing round my sister's head,
Such a little thing!

If you hurt her, naughty bee,
With your ugly sting,
I will catch you in my apron,
And pull off every wing.

Four pretty lilies, just as white as snow,
Just out of reach in the water grow;
Four little children standing on the shore—
Four little children want the lilies four.

"White little lilies," cry the children four,
"Little white lilies, can't you come ashore?"
White little lilies answer not a word,
Though they nestle softly, just as if they heard.

Four little lilies staid right where they were;
Four little children couldn't make them stir.



What are you staring at, idle Fritz?
The baby alone is lying.
What if she is? She won't be a bit
The worse for a little crying.

Potato-booby, I want you to say
If I shall be smart at school to-day?
You shake your head, and now I know
Down to the foot of the class I'll go.
I'll be kept in school till supper's cold,
And mother will fret and father scold.
I won't get anything fit to eat,
And a lively whipping, too, for a treat.

Now we blow kisses
To all our friends,
For now our Pinafore
Concert ends.
But if we have pleased you,
Only say,

And perhaps we will come
Some other day.
So take down the curtain,
And fold it away;
We will put on our hats,
And out to play.

Digitized by Google

WE wish to say to the boys and girls who are sending requests for exchange to the Post-office Box that they must never expect to see their offer printed in YOUNG PEOPLE the week after it is sent. This is impossible. We know it takes more patience than boys usually possess to wait three or four weeks, or even longer, as many of you do, before your offer appears, but there are so many of you that the delay is unavoidable. We have received a large number of letters recently from boys and girls wishing to exchange only to a certain date, when they would leave home for the country. Those letters we have been unable to print, as they could not possibly appear in time to suit the convenience of the exchangers.

We hope our correspondents will notice this explanation, and endeavor to wait with more patience for the appearance of their letters of exchange.

CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write to ask the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE if they remember the story of "Cooshy," in No. 50 of Vol. I. Well, I am little Beasie Rathbun, but that is not all my name. I am eleven years old. I want all the little readers to know that "Cooshy" was a real true story. I am at the farm now. Our farm is called Locust Hill, and is just a little bit over a mile from the village. I have lots of "Cooshy" lions now, but none that I love quite as well as my pet that Mr. Beck killed.

I have a little kitten that has spots all over it like freckles, so I call it Toby Tyler. I have lots of other pets that I will write about some other time.

BESSIE RATHBUN H.

LAKE EUSTIS, FLORIDA.

I live on the banks of a beautiful lake in Florida. I go in bathing, and I have a boat of my own, and go out boating and fishing, and catch lots of fish. Sometimes we catch a turtle. There are lots of land turtles here, but the people call them gophers, and the real gophers they call salamanders. They look like a rat. They dig holes in the ground with their fore-feet, and they bite off the roots of the orange-trees. That kills the trees. There are lots of oranges and pine-apples growing here. We never have any snow, and we hardly ever see ice. The land is very sandy. It is almost all covered with woods, and there is a lot of moss.

I went out alligator-hunting with a man. He shot eight times at one alligator without hitting him. I am nine years old. CHARLIE K. S.

WHITEBOY, CALIFORNIA.

My papa has a saw-mill on the Pacific Coast, and you ought to see the large redwood trees they cut down here to saw up into lumber. Papa's lumber landing is about half a mile from our house. It is on a large rock out in the Pacific Ocean, about two hundred and seventy-five feet from the mainland. The lumber is carried to the rock on a suspension-bridge, and vessels come and take it to San Francisco and other ports.

We have a great many different kinds of lovely ferns here. I am eight years old. ETTA M.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICHIGAN.

That little boy who was anxious for a new crop of rattlesnakes ought to come out here. Last summer we killed six, three of which were in our orchard. I came very near stepping on one, and another struck my shoe.

At school one day one of the girls heard a buzzing in the ventilator, and put her hand down to find what it was, and there lay a big rattlesnake. It crawled away, but at noon the teacher put a piece of bread and butter in the ventilator, and it came up after it, and the boys killed it. MARY S.

GREENWOOD, COLORADO.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like it very much. I have a kind of a pet. It is only a cow, but I can ride on her. I live on a farm, but I wish I could live in the city. There is no fun in the country but running foot-races, and I have never seen a circus since I can remember. ROBERT C. W.

If our little friend could have his wish fulfilled, and exchange his beautiful country home for a city residence, we are sure that the experience of a few weeks would entirely cure him of his delusion. Thousands of young men and boys flock from the country into our great cities every year, in the hope of making money, and having a good time at the theatres, circuses, and other places of amusement. And what do they find? They may make higher wages, but their living costs them more; and instead of a healthful country home, they are compelled to live in some close, stuffy boarding-house, to work from early morning until late at night, perhaps, in shop or store, until the fresh country color is bleached out of their cheeks, and their faces wear a tired, jaded look. The very amusements of the city, unless a boy is discreet and steady, are a source of great danger. It is far better to play ball, or run foot-races in the country, than to spend the evening in a billiard saloon, where boys are too apt to learn to drink and gamble, and to use low and profane language; and our young friend need not consider his life wasted if he should never see a circus. There are hundreds of boys in New York who would gladly give up the excitements and amusements of city life if they could exchange the counter and the boarding-house for the greater freedom and healthier life of the country. There is a society in this city which every year sends large numbers of boys and girls to country homes, and we believe that none of them wants to come back. Let Master Robert take this lesson to heart, and learn to be happy in the healthful work and sports to be found in his native fields.

There is no reason why country life should be dull. In every village a club of young people can be found to play base-ball, cricket, croquet, lawn tennis, or practice archery—a most healthful and delightful kind of sport. In almost every German village there is a bowling-alley, simply constructed, where young people of both sexes meet on evenings or on holidays, and enjoy themselves a great deal more than city young folks do in billiard saloons and bowling-alleys hot with gas-lights, and reeking with the fumes of intoxicating drinks. If Master Robert will join with the boys and girls of his acquaintance in getting up a club or society for such amusements as these, he will soon find that country life is very far from being dull.

I do not wish to exchange any more woods. I will now exchange rare foreign stamps, for any foreign coins except those of China and Japan.

FRED L. PARMELEE,
Maryville, Nodaway Co., Mo.

Correspondents will please take notice that my stock of shells is exhausted. I will exchange stamps, minerals, or postmarks, for stamps, minerals, sea-shells, Indian relics, or other curiosities. Correspondents will please label specimens.

A. EDWIN CONOVER, JUN.,
50 West One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth St.,
New York City.

I will print the name of any reader of YOUNG PEOPLE on twenty-five pretty cards, for any nice specimens, Indian or Mound Builders' relics, ocean curiosities, coins, etc. My stock of rare stamps is almost exhausted, but I can still exchange common stamps.

I have received many nice things in answer to my other letter, and although my collection is not so large as that of some of the boys and girls who write to YOUNG PEOPLE, still it is a source of great amusement and pleasure to me. My brother is in Europe this summer, and when he returns he will bring me many nice things for my collection.

SAMUEL CARPENTER, JUN., Oswego, Kan.

I have no more oil-sand to exchange, but will send to those who write to me. I will now exchange specimens of white spar and quartz, and a rock and soil from West Virginia, for four foreign or old United States coins. I particularly desire some copper cents and half-cents coined previous to 1830.

WILLIE B. PINCKITT, Volcano, Wood Co., W. Va.

My stock of sharks' teeth is exhausted. I will now exchange earth or stone from New Jersey, iron ore, stones from Nevada and Leadville, sandstone, and some other minerals, for stamps from Lubeck, South Australia, or Baden. LOUIS W. MCLEAN,
Room 37, Hackettstown Institute,
Hackettstown, N. J.

I wish to inform correspondents that my stock of South American stamps is exhausted. I will now exchange postmarks, and pieces of an idol found in an Indian Indian grave, for insects. Butterflies, moths, and a burying-beetle specially desired.

RICHARD B. KIER, 13 Grand St., Newark, N. J.

PARSONS, KANSAS.

I wish to notify correspondents that my stock of curiosities for exchange is exhausted. If any have sent me specimens, and have received no answer, I wish they would inform me.

JENNIE HARRINGTON.

I have no more minerals to exchange for silk scraps. I have a collection of from sixty to eighty different kinds of rare bugs, which I will exchange for something of equal interest. Correspondents will please write what they will give.

FLAVEL S. MIXER, Kirkwood, St. Louis Co., Mo.

Since my request was printed in YOUNG PEOPLE I have added nearly two hundred new varieties to my collection. I will now offer the following exchanges: Twenty-two postage stamps and ten postmarks, for one genuine and perfect Indian arrow-head; thirty postmarks and two postage stamps, for a nice specimen of any kind of ore; three foreign stamps, for one foreign copper coin; two foreign stamps and ten postmarks, for one stamp from South or Central America, Mexico, China, or any African country.

C. L. HOLLINGSHEAD, 72 Grant Place, Chicago, Ill.

I have only five arrow-heads left, and I will give them for the seven stamps which form the set of Alsace and Lorraine; or for the same set I will give two Italian and three French stamps, and one from each of the following countries: Canada, Spain, Finland, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Queensland, and the Netherlands.

CAPTAIN COLQUITT,
Wilcox Place, Sand Hills (near Augusta), Ga.

E. C. P., Winona, Minn., desires to inform correspondents that he has arranged an exchange for his stamp collection with a boy in St. Louis, and accordingly withdraws his name from our exchange list.

Exchangers will please take notice that the address of Carl Wagner is changed from Atlanta, Ga., to 1136 Twelfth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Wrelon M. Kenny, Pineville, Mo., and G. E. Standish, Columbus, Ohio, withdraw their names from our exchange list.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Horned frogs, tarantulas, centipeds, or snakes, dried, for any kind of curiosities. Pressed flowers or leaves, for the same. HERMAN J. ANGIS,
Corsicana, Navarro Co., Texas.

Two very rare English revenue stamps, used in 1765, for stamps from the Agricultural, Justice, State, Executive, or Interior Department of the United States. CHARLE B. AYTON,
P. O. Box 139, Haddonfield, N. J.

Curious stones, for ocean shells or curiosities.
GRACE C. ATHERTON,
West Milton, Miami Co., Ohio.

Forty-eight foreign stamps, for two nickel eagle cents of 1856. ROBERT ANDREWS,
298 Spring St., New York City.

A large variety of rare postage stamps, for rare seeds and bulbs. FRED A. C. ASCHER,
Rutherford, N. J.

Fifty foreign stamps, and some Louisiana moss, for some object of equal interest.
MARY ANDERSON,
771 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.

Stamps from Denmark, Austria, and other foreign countries, for South and Central American, African, Asiatic, and other rare stamps.
FRED W. ADAMS, Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio.

Curiosities. Correspondents will please send only within one week from date of this number of YOUNG PEOPLE. OTTO HARNETT,
Glencoe, Cook Co., Ill.

A very superior compound microscope (Orange Judd's tea-he 's microscope), with camera attached, for one hundred good specimens of Florida or California ferns, or sea-weeds from the Pacific coast. Sea-weeds must be well mounted.
P. O. Box 241, Shelbyville, Ky.

Foreign postage stamps, for ores, Indian relics, coins, minerals, shells, and curiosities.
GEORGE M. BRENNAN,
148 East Thirtieth St., New York City.

A pair of roller skates, for Paraguay, Cashmere, or United States department stamps, or for old United States or English coins. H. BAYTON,
4 Lloyd St., Providence, R. I.

An English florin, for some rare shells of different colors, or pretty curiosities. MILLIE BENNITT,
18 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Postage stamps, for sea-shells.
EDWARD G. ROGERS,
Flushing, Queens Co., N. Y.

Twenty-five different foreign stamps, and several internal revenue stamps, for stamps from Turkey, China, Japan, Arabia, Sandwich or Indian Islands, Natal, or South America.
HELEN A. BROWSELL,
Elmhurst, Du Page Co., Ill.

Rare United States and foreign stamps from Natal, Straits Settlements, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Buenos Ayres, Ecuador, United States of Colombia, Brazil, Peru, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Sandwich Isl-

Digitized by Google

lands, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, for other rare foreign stamps, or for very rare United States postage or departmental stamps. F. W. Brown, care of T. Clark,
519 East One-hundred-and-nineteenth St.,
New York City.

A stamp from Greece, for one from Paraguay.
Charles Beardsley, Jun.,
214 Fourth St. S. E., Washington, D. C.

A large assortment of good minerals, petrifactions, ocean curiosities, and relics, for a printing-press in good order, with ink, type, and general outfit. Correspondents will please write for list of specimens before sending press.
Harry R. Bartlett and Brother,
P. O. Box 8, Greensburg, Green Co., Ky.

Five-cent Cuban stamps, issue of 1881, and other foreign postage stamps, for foreign stamps.
R. R. T. Collins, P. O. Box 82, Fryeburg, Me.

Pressed flowers, leaves, ferns, and mosses of Vermont, for sea-shells or sea-weed.
M. E. Cutts, Barre, Washington Co., Vt.

Ten foreign, United States, or department stamps, for any mineral or other curiosity.
William E. Chase, Franklin, Essex Co., N. J.

Foreign postage stamps, for a foreign coin, an Indian relic, or shells. Clara Chapman,
146 East Seventy-first St., New York City.

Stones and Spanish iron ore, for ores, minerals, relics, and curiosities. William T. Chase,
124 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

Gypsum, red chalk, or Texas soil, for Indian relics, Florida shells, specimens from the Mammoth Cave, or small ocean curiosities.
Raymond L. Carothers,
Giddings, Lee Co., Texas.

White coral, for foreign stamps and foreign postal cards. No French or German desired.
Vernon Cheshleigh,
14 Caroline St., New York City.

Foreign stamps, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, and all kinds of minerals, or anything interesting for a collection. All varieties of ore desired, especially gold ore. Claude V. Martineau,
Care of Vernon Cheshleigh,
14 Caroline St., New York City.

Arrow-heads, for any kinds of ore. English stamps, for sea-shells or coral. Curiosities, for anything interesting for a museum.
Charles H. Carr, 41 Elm St., Covington, Ky.

One hundred postmarks (no duplicates), for any one of the following United States stamps: 90-cent, issue of 1851-'60, 1861, 1869; 24-cent, 1851-'60, 1869; 30-cent, 1869; 5-cent and 10-cent, 1847.
Hallett Chapman,
P. O. Box 543, Flushing, Queens Co., N. Y.

An English stamp, for a leaf from any of the trees mentioned in the article entitled "Historical Trees of the United States," in Harper's Young People No. 80. Exchangers please write before sending exchange. William B. Dunnovan,
Bolivar, Polk Co., Mo.

Old issues of United States postage stamps, and stamps from Cuba, Japan, and Europe, for stamps from Asia and Africa. Eugene D. Durrell,
P. O. Box 166, Bound Brook, Somerset Co., N. J.

Twenty postmarks, for an African and a Peruvian stamp.
Walter Devlin,
2039 Lambert St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Indian arrow-heads, for rare postage stamps (no duplicates). Stamps from Mexico, South America, and Africa especially desired.
Harry Fenner,
Alcorn University, Rodney, Miss.

A stone from Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Massachusetts, or a stone from Lake Champlain, for the same from any other place.
Jennie J. Edwards,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Five stamps, for one from Iceland, Egypt, or Turkey. Ten stamps, for one from Shanghai. Foreign stamps, for others. J. Nelson Elliot,
11 Abingdon Square, New York City.

Chinese coins, red-cedar wood, or copper ore from Lake Michigan, for Indian arrow-heads, and soil from any State except New York.
Herman F. Ficke,
26 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Curiosities from Bermuda, grain from the banks of the Nile, and rare stamps from Egypt, Peru, Chili, Brazil, United States of Columbia, Mexico, Belgium, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Japan, and other countries, for good curiosities. Please send a description of the articles you have to exchange before sending package. B. P. Chase,
207 Fourth St., Jersey City, N. J.

"Columbia County diamonds," for other minerals, or for ocean curiosities. Edwin H. Ent,
Bloomsburg, Columbia Co., Penn.

Rare stamps, for autographs of noted people. Correspondents wishing to exchange will please state what autograph they will give, and what stamps they are most desirous of having in return.
Mary French,
336 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.

Sets of stamps from Greece, Brazil, Bermuda, Netherlands, Spain, Saxony, Heligoland, and other countries, for minerals and foreign coins.
H. B. Adriance,
P. O. Box 37, Williamstown, Mass.

Flint, and foreign and United States stamps, for coral, shells, Indian relics, minerals, or anything suitable for a museum. Guy A. Bryant,
Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Little Mabel.—Flying-squirrels are found in many localities in the United States. They are beautiful little creatures, about as large as a small chipmunk, with soft tawny fur above, and white below. They can not fly like birds, for their "wings" are only a kind of fur-covered skin stretching from the hind to the fore feet, which enables them to sail in the air in a downward direction. When they pass from tree to tree they spring, at the same time spreading their feet, and the extended skin acts as a sail, enabling them to go a great distance. They can climb up tree trunks, and scamper about among the foliage as gracefully and easily as other kinds of squirrels, but they have no power to fly upward, except when propelled by the force of an upward spring, or when going down they turn suddenly in the air, and the force with which they are going enables them to maintain an upward angle for a short distance. The flying-squirrel builds its nest in decayed holes in old trees. It is very easily tamed, and makes the prettiest pet imaginable. It lives happy in a cage, with an occasional hour of liberty, in which it will fly and scamper all over the room, and hides in its master's pocket for a nap when tired out; and it will eat all kinds of nuts, bits of bread and cake, apples, and corn or any seeds. Never try to keep one flying-squirrel alone, for it is the most sociable little creature in the world, and needs a companion to play with in its cage. If it is happy, and feels at home, it will build itself a cunning little nest of woollen ravellings, or any other soft material. We remember a very funny surprise and disappointment which once befell a pair of pet flying-squirrels. A lady visitor was sitting near their cage, when she felt a little tug at her shawl. She looked around, and there were two little squirrels, their cheeks puffed out with the woollen fringe which they had pulled through the wires of their cage, and which they were vainly striving to carry away to their nest. The little boy who owned them thought a pair of scissors would make everything right; but the lady had no desire to ruin her shawl just to please two squirrels, and she pulled the fringe away from them. You never saw such amazed little creatures. They peered through the wires of their cage in blank astonishment. Their tender-hearted little owner soon brought a handful of woollen scraps filched from his mother's piece-bag, and the squirrels contentedly scampered off with them to their nest.

Sehan S.—Enigmas for publication in our puzzle department must not only have an acceptable solution, but must be in rhyme.

Miss H., and others.—We can not give addresses in the Post-office Box except of those correspondents who desire to exchange.

Simon C., and many others.—Your puzzles are very neat, and we thank you for your attention; but puzzles requiring diagrams are not, as a rule, available for the Post-office Box, as they occupy too much space.

William S.—Both of your stamps belong to the issue of 1869.

E. H. L.—The amusing game you kindly send us was given in Young People, Vol. I., page 296, under the title of "Misfits."

Harold W. H., and others.—The introductory paragraph to the Post-office Box of Young People for March 1, 1881, explains why your requests for exchange are not printed.

Frank H.—The address of your exchange correspondent was given in the Post office Box of No. 83.

Lizzie Meyers.—Your kind intention shall be faithfully carried into execution.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. D. Brown, Jemima Beeston, F. T. Calder, Maggie Dutro, Lily F., William R. Hadley, "Lord Hiemalvan," Florence Millard, Robbie Noble, "North Star," Augusta Low Parke, "Pepper," "*Queen Bess*," Daniel A. Slatery, Charlie Trimble, "Unknown," Annie Vrickhausen, R. H. Washburne, "X. L. C. R."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

In bugle, not in horn.
In aurora, not in morn.
In railroad, not in sleeper.
In woodbine, not in creeper.
In apples, not in cherries.
In plume, but not in berries.
In equator, not in pole.
In mouse, but not in mole.
In mingle, not in blend.
In favorite, not in friend.
In girdle, not in belt.
In Norman, not in Celt.
A river I, upon whose banks of old
Lived many a warrior chivalrous and bold;
And massive ancient towers still frown on me
As I rush onward to the restless sea. Owlet.

No. 2.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

Two familiar proverbs:

1. —o—o—s—t—i—t—o—o—h—r—f—n—o—t—o—.
2. —o—k—n—v—n—n—o—n—i—i—g—o—.

Bolus.

A quotation from Scott:

3. C—m—o—o—o—o—l—i—l—r—c—s—s—l—l—
F—o—l—s—l—m—s—o—s—o—n—s—.

Henry.

No. 3.

PI.

A verse from a poem by an American poet:

Eb lietl, dsa atehe, ada secae hipengl;
Nbiehl etis nsiedo si ite usn sltil gistuin;
Yth teaf si lite mocnous tefa to ial,
Niot calse feil moes nira stuu laff,
Eosu yaed tuns sb kdra dua rynsed.

Mettie.

No. 4.

FOUR EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A mineral. 2. A sickness. 3. Shapeless. 4. An animal. Goody Two-Shoes.

2.—1. A famous mountain. 2. Afterward. 3. Cleanly. 4. Certain insects. School-Boy.

3.—1. A coin. 2. An image. 3. A family of plants. 4. Others lie. Albert.

4.—1. A word often flippantly applied to school-girls. 2. Across. 3. To measure. 4. Spoils. Florence.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 84.

No. 1. Across.—1. Kite. 2. Mica. 3. Pine. 4. Long. 5. Left. 6. Lion. 7. Shad. 8. Club. 9. Boss. 10. Pear.
Zigzags.—Kingfisher.

No. 2. Strawberry.

No. 3. 1. Hornpipe. 2. Necklace.

No. 4.

E I M
L ion A
E ave S
P ur T
H al O
A d D
N er O
T exa N

Elephant, Mastodon.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Single Copies, 4 cents; One Subscription, one year, $1 50; Five Subscriptions, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of Harper's Young People commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money-Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

TRAPS.

[From W. H. Gibson's *Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping.* Harper & Brothers. *In Press.*]

MOUSE-TRAPS.

VERY effective traps may be set up in a few minutes by the use of a few bowls. There are two methods commonly employed. One consists of the bowl and a knife-blade. An ordinary table-knife is used, and a piece of cheese is firmly forced on to the end of the blade; the bowl is then balanced on the edge, allowing the bait to project about an inch and a half beneath the bowl. The odor of cheese will attract a mouse almost anywhere, and he soon finds his way to the tempting morsel in this case. A very slight nibble is sufficient to tilt the blade, and the bowl falls over its prisoner.

In the second method, a thimble is used in place of the knife. The cheese is forced into its interior, and the open end of the thimble inserted far beneath the bowl, allowing about half its length to project outward.

The mouse is thus obliged to pass under the bowl in order to reach the bait, and in his efforts to grasp the morsel the thimble is dislodged, and the captive secured beneath the vessel. Where a small thimble is used, it becomes necessary to place a bit of pasteboard or flat chip beneath it, in order to raise it sufficiently to afford an easy passage for the mouse. Both of these devices are said to work excellently.

FLY-TRAP.

Take a tumbler, and half fill it with strong soap-suds. Cut a circle of stiff paper which will exactly fit into the top of the glass. In the centre of the paper cut a hole half an inch in diameter; or, better still, a slice of bread may be placed on the glass. Smear one side of the disk with molasses, and insert it in the tumbler with this side downward. Swarms of flies soon surround it, and one by one find their way downward through the hole. Once below the paper, and their doom is sealed. For a short time the molasses absorbs their attention, and they, in turn, absorb the molasses.

In their efforts to escape they one by one precipitate themselves into the soap-suds below, where they speedily perish. The tumbler is soon half filled with the dead insects; and where a number of the traps are set in a single room, the apartment is soon rid of the pests.

It affords plenty of exercise.

The men sometimes wear spike-soled shoes; the ladies, however, prefer to be shod with rubber.

"Twist balls" are often deceptive, and you can not always tell where they will strike.

Failure to excel in the game should not lead to sulks—

Nor to undue exhibitions of ill-temper.

So long as the ground is free from snow, some enthusiasts consider it a fine sport for winter as well as summer.

LAWN TENNIS.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 88. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, July 5, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

CANOEING IN NEW YORK BAY.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

CANOES AND CANOEING.

BY NAUTILUS.

ON the preceding page are several spirited pictures illustrating scenes during the annual regatta of the New York Canoe Club, which took place last week in the Upper Bay, off the club-house on Staten Island. The central picture is of the sailing race, with several of the leading canoes passing the light on Robbin's Reef. The tiny craft, none of which is over fifteen feet in length, carry enormous sails for their size, and only the greatest skill and care on the part of their skippers prevent them from upsetting. A few years ago, only leg-of-mutton sails were used on canoes; then came various forms of spritsails, lateens, and lug-sails; until now, for racing purposes and light winds, the sail known as the "balance-lug," and shown in the illustration, is the most popular. Although it is a large sail, it is very easily handled, and can be quickly reefed or lowered. It has two battens, or thin strips of wood, sewed into pockets running horizontally across it, and these cause it to set very flat, so that the canoes can sail close into the wind. With these large sails, the racing canoe must, of course, carry heavy ballast, which is usually in the form of several bags of shot of from twenty to fifty pounds weight each, and often the ballast carried weighs as much as the canoe itself. Sometimes the skipper sits up on the windward gunwale of his canoe; but as a general thing he is content to sit as low down in the bottom of his little craft as possible.

The small illustrations show the other races of the regatta, the paddling, and the upset race. The latter is a race in which, at a signal, all competing canoes must be capsized so that they are completely upside down. The owners, who are thus left struggling in deep water, must right their boats, get into them, if possible, and paddle to the float, the one who reaches it first winning the race. This race not only affords much amusement to the spectators, but is excellent practice for the canoeist, who may thus teach himself how to act when accidentally upset while on a cruise.

Canoeing is a sport which is rapidly increasing in popularity in this country, and early next month the Annual Convention of the American Canoe Association will be held on Canoe Island, in Lake George, where a large number of canoeists will gather. Much business will be transacted, a number of races will be contested, and canoes of every known model will be exhibited during the three days of the Convention. During their stay the canoeists will camp out on the island, and they expect to have a jolly good time.

Canoes are of many styles, and range in price from $20 to $100. The former are canvas canoes, and the latter are of cedar and oak or birch, beautifully finished in every detail.

A number of boys have already written to the editor of this paper asking him what style of canoe is the best. This question can only be answered when it is accompanied by a description of the water on which the canoe is to be used, and the purposes for which it is wanted. For paddling on inland waters, and large carrying capacity, the birch is a good canoe; but being open, and without a keel, it is a "wet" craft, and not adapted for sailing. The canvas canoe, of which a description and directions for building have already been given in YOUNG PEOPLE, is also good for inland waters, is easy to paddle, can carry sail, and being decked over, will keep a cargo dry. The "Racine" and "Nautilus" canoes are the best for both paddling and sailing, and will stand heavy weather. The "Shadow" and "Jersey Blue" canoes are the best for sailing, and are generally preferred for salt-water cruising.

Any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who desire further information concerning canoes may address "Nautilus," and he will try to furnish it through Our Post-office Box.

THE BELL-RINGER OF 1776.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Up from the gateway of the dawn
The great sun lifted slow,
And touched with fire the State-house spire,
To eyes that watched with strong desire,
A hundred years ago.

The ringer's foot was on the stair—
A gray-haired man was he,
But firm of step and strong of arm,
With heart that, warm through night and storm,
Beat time to liberty.

"I'll climb the tower," he said. "My son,
Stay thou to bring me word,
And ere the glorious page be dry,
My bell and I, 'twixt earth and sky,
Shall bid the news be heard."

The boy's face from his father's eyes
Reflected radiance wore:
Hour after hour, the annals tell,
Young sentinel, he guarded well
The Senate-chamber door.

Hour after hour the shadow crept
Along the State-house wall:
The old man from his lofty seat
Saw in the street the people meet,
And looked upon them all—

Looked down upon the waiting throng,
And up with burning eye
To where the great bell silent hung,
And from the tongue a spider swung
Her slender thread on high.

He read the legend graven there—
His trembling lips were pale—
"Freedom through all the land proclaim."
"God keep its name and spotless fame,
Or rend it with His gale!"

The gray-haired ringer called aloud,
And backward thrilled again
A low vibration on the air,
As if, aware of that wild prayer,
The bell had cried, "Amen!"

Still crept the lengthening shadows on:
Hope from his sinking heart
Had well-nigh fled. He shook his head;
"Alas! they will not sign," he said;
His clasped hands fell apart.

But hark! a step that spurned the stair,
Glad hands that clapped for joy,
And upward still, and yet more near,
A young voice shouting full and clear—
"Ring, father!" cried the boy.

He sprang aloft; with both his hands
He grasped the iron tongue;
The strength of ten was in them then.
He swung it once—again—again,
And suddenly there rung

From every steeple round about
Such answering triumph-note,
It seemed that all the world must hear,
And cheer on cheer, afar and near,
Went up from every throat.

Was never such a glorious peal!
As when a cloud somewhere
Has burst around o'er all the ground,
So little rills of mellow sound
Went trickling here and there.

And still the people shouted loud;
No soul had room for fears:
Even she whose son at Lexington
The patriot-martyr's crown had won
Smiled through her falling tears.

The ringer's hand has turned to dust,
His hoary head has low,
But still the Independence Bell
Is left to tell who rang so well
A hundred years ago.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Great South Bay, the eastern half of which is often called Moriches Bay, is separated from Quantuck Bay by a neck of land less than a mile wide. Through this neck a narrow channel was cut many years ago, and the ebb and flow of the tides have scoured it out, until it is now ten or twelve feet deep in many places. The *Ghost*, after passing Sunday at anchor, sailed gayly up the channel on Monday morning, until she was unexpectedly stopped by a bridge, and her crew found themselves again compelled to take the mast out. She was brought close to the side of the bridge, and made fast, for the tide was running rapidly, and the boys went ashore to devise means for unstepping the mast.

"It's going to be hard work," said Charley, "but I think we can do it. We can take the throat halyards and use them for a tackle, and we ought to be able to hoist that mast out."

"Let's try the plan we tried at the Coney Island bridge," said Joe.

"We had two colored men to help us then," said Charley, "but they're not here."

"Somebody will be here before long. Look at the road. There's a great deal of travel on it, and if we wait a while we'll be sure to have some help."

"But we don't want to ask people to help us," urged Charley. "We ought to be able to get along without help."

"If people want to help us, why shouldn't we let them?" said Harry. "Let's get everything ready for hoisting the mast out, and then if anybody comes along and offers to help us, it would be ridiculous for us to say no."

By the time the halyards were unrove, a wagon-load of men on their way to the beach drove up, and stopped to look at the *Ghost*. "You can't get that mast out alone," said one of the men; "we'll just lift it out for you." They did so, and then, after the boat had been brought to the other side of the bridge, they were about to step the mast, when one of them said, "If you boys are going right through to Shinnecock Bay, you'd better not step that mast till you get to the other side of the Quogue bridge."

"Is there another bridge that we've got to go under?" asked Charley.

"There's one on Quogue Neck, about a mile from here, and it won't be worth while for you to try to sail that distance, and then have to get your mast out again."

This was so evident that the boys at once decided to pole across Quantuck Bay. The mast was therefore laid along the deck, and after rowing the *Ghost* through the deep channel into the shallow water of Quantuck Bay, they poled her swiftly toward the entrance of the channel that led to Shinnecock Bay.

It was easy enough to see where the entrance to the channel was, but it was not an easy thing to reach it. The water was so shallow that the boat continually ran aground. A dozen times the boys had to turn back and try a new route, and more than once they had to get overboard to push the boat clear of a sand-bank. It took them nearly four hours to cross a bay that was less than a mile wide, and when they at last reached the entrance to the Shinnecock ditch, it was long after their lunch-time.

"There's another fog coming up," exclaimed Charley, looking toward the southwest. "This is too bad."

"And what makes it worse is that the wind has all died out," remarked Tom.

"We have had all kinds of weather since we started on this cruise," continued Charley. "Now I made sure that after the gale we had yesterday, we should have clear weather for a while."

"Let's get through to Shinnecock Bay, anyhow," said Harry. "We may be able to get as far as the light-house before the fog shuts down on us."

The oars were immediately got out, for the water was now too deep for poling, and Tom and Harry rowed the *Ghost* slowly up the ditch. It was literally a ditch, having been lately dug to connect the two bays, between which there had been no water communication for many years. Half way to Shinnecock Bay was the Quogue bridge. Here too the boys met some gentlemen, who had been snipe-shooting, and who helped them step the mast. It was not, however, worth while to set the sail, for there was not a breath of air stirring, and so the oars were resumed, and through the thick fog the *Ghost* proceeded into Shinnecock Bay.

"We might as well keep on till six o'clock," said Charley. "If we steer about north-northeast by compass, we will get somewhere. I don't know exactly where, but at any rate we can't go far out of our course. The chart doesn't show any inlet into Shinnecock Bay, so we can't possibly get out to sea."

"The tide is running into the bay, and it was running pretty strong at the bridge. We can drift along with it, and row very easy," said Tom.

"How far down is the light-house?" asked Joe.

"Well, it's half way down the bay, so it can't be more than five miles from where we are. We can certainly get there before night."

So the two oarsmen rowed easily onward, without bending their backs enough to tire themselves, and frequently resting altogether and letting the boat drift. Joe grew restless after a time, and threw himself down on his back on the bottom of the boat, and began to sing. This was more than Harry could stand, for Joe's singing reminded every one who heard it, of the singing of a cat on the back fence. Harry tried to poke him gently with an oar, but unluckily he hit the compass, knocked it over, and broke it.

"Now we're in a nice fix," exclaimed Charley. "We won't find the light-house to-night, and the best thing we can do is to try to find the shore."

"Here's a little cat's-paw," said Tom. "Sha'n't we get the sail up!"

"I suppose we might as well. The wind is probably from the southwest, for that is the way it was blowing this morning."

The sails were set, and as the breeze increased, the *Ghost* began to skim over the water.

"What are we going to do when we reach the east end of Shinnecock Bay?" asked Charley, after a while.

"Why, I suppose," Harry replied, "we'll have to turn round and sail back again."

"Why not get over into Peconic Bay, and come home through the Sound? According to the chart, the two bays are only a mile apart at Canoe Place, and there is a pond half a mile wide lying just in the middle of the neck of land that separates them, so we should only have to make two carries of a quarter of a mile each."

"But how do we know that there isn't a big hill, or something of that kind, in the way?" asked Harry.

"The reason why it is called Canoe Place must be that the Indians used to carry their canoes across from one bay to the other. Now if canoes can be carried across, the road can't be very hilly. The chances are that we should find nothing worse than a level meadow, and if we could get a team of horses, I believe we could get the *Ghost* into Peconic Bay."

"It strikes me," interrupted Joe, "that we'd better find out where we are now before we lay plans for what we're going to do next week. We may sail around in this fog

Digitized by Google

and never find the shore for three or four days. This must be a pretty big bay, for there's a regular long swell here."

"Oh, nonsense, Joe! we'll come to land in a few minutes now," replied Charley.

"You weren't with us the time we were lost in a fog on Brandt Lake. That's a little bit of a lake, but we rowed nearly all night before we struck the shore."

"Never mind about that now, Joe," said Tom. "We want to talk about Charley's plan for getting into the Sound. I'm in favor of it if it can be done, for it would be a great deal better than sailing back over the same ground twice."

"Same water, you mean," suggested Joe.

"Of course I do. Boats don't sail on the land, do they? Hullo! here is a young squall."

"And a very lively one it is. I wish it would blow the fog away," exclaimed Charley.

"It's getting chilly," said Harry. "I should like to get ashore and build a good fire."

"What do you say about going home through the Sound, Harry?" asked Charley.

"I say let's do it by all means, if we can."

"What do you say, Joe?"

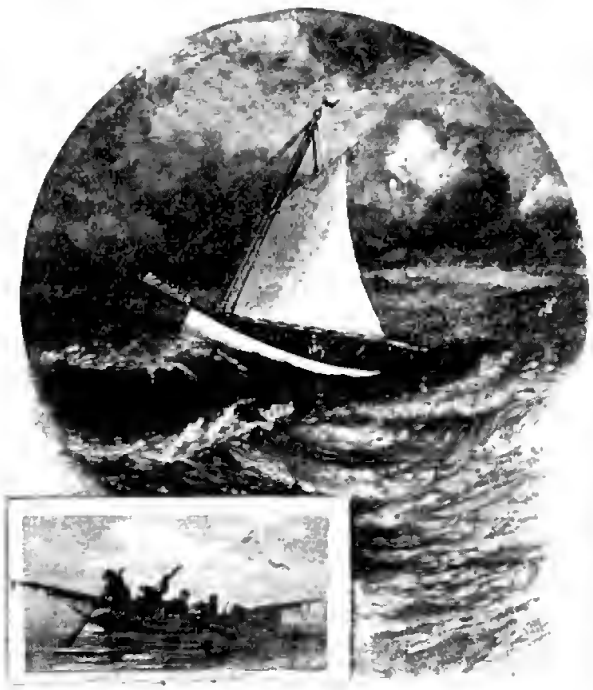
"The Sound can't be any wetter than the South Bay, so I'm in favor of trying it," replied Joe.

"Then we'll consider it settled that we sail to the end of Shinnecock Bay, and then go to Canoe Place and cross over to Peconic Bay. Slack those peak halyards a little, will you, Tom. If this squall lasts, we shall have to put in a reef."

The wind was now blowing so fresh that in almost any other circumstances the young Captain would have reefed the mainsail, but he was in constant expectation of reaching the shore. The long swell which gently rocked the boat was very unlike the short swells of the Great South Bay. "There's something very strange about this," said Charley. "We must have sailed at least ten miles, and the bay is only ten miles long. Why haven't we struck the shore?"

"How long ago was the chart made?" inquired Tom.

"I've had it—or rather father has had it—over three years," said Harry.



OUT AT SEA.

"An inlet may have opened into Shinnecock Bay since that chart was made," said Tom. "New inlets do open into these bays in winter storms, for I've read of such things in the newspaper."

"Try if you can touch bottom with an oar. I'm pretty sure you can't," said Charley.

Tom tried, but could find no bottom.

"Then, boys, we'll haul down the mainsail and jib, and let her drift for a while."

The *Ghost* came up in the wind, and the sails were dropped and furled. "Now," resumed Charley, "I want you to keep cool, and not to let yourselves get frightened. The truth is, boys, that we are out at sea."

"But we can't be," cried Harry. "There isn't any inlet."

"There must be an inlet," Charley replied, "and we've drifted out through it. This swell is the swell of the Atlantic. It's impossible to have anything like it in a little shallow bay."

"What shall we do?" asked the boys, all together.

"We can't do anything till the fog lifts, and we find out where we are. The compass is gone, we don't know which way the wind is, and we can't even hear the surf. The only thing to do is to wait for clear weather."

While they were talking, the sea had begun to break into white caps, and Charley ordered the mainsail to be set close reefed. "If we don't get some sail on her," he explained, "we shall have the water coming aboard."

"But we may be running further away from the land all the time," said Harry.

"Very likely; but we can't help ourselves, for we must keep steerage-way on her, and keep her from getting swamped. We'll sail as close to the wind as we can. If the wind is southwest, and if we keep it on our port bow, we shall be drifting in toward the shore, and if it's blowing from some other direction, we sha'n't be making headway enough to do much harm."

"You know best," said Tom. "We'll do as you say."

"I would give almost anything," continued Charley, "if the fog would only lift. However, the wind must blow it away."

"We must have gone out of the inlet when we were letting her drift with the tide; but why we didn't notice it I can't understand," remarked Harry.

"There was no wind at the time, and we were busy talking," said Charley. "Come to think of it, we never noticed that we couldn't hear the surf until just now. I remember hearing it when we were in the ditch, but I haven't the least idea when we lost the sound of it."

"The fog is breaking," cried Joe. "It's clear overhead."

"And the wind is rising fast," added Charley, "and the sea is getting up. In another half-hour we sha'n't dare to keep the mainsail on her, for there will be too much of it, even though it is close reefed."

Joe and Charley were both right. The fog was growing thinner, and the wind was rising, but the wind rose even faster than Charley had predicted. In the course of the next twenty minutes it was blowing so hard that it was no longer safe for the *Ghost* to carry her mainsail. Charley ordered it to be hauled down, the jib to be set, and the boat to be put before the wind. The moment the jib filled, the *Ghost* started away like a runaway horse, but whether she was heading for the beach or for the Bermuda islands it was impossible to guess. For another half-hour the fog hung around them, and then all at once it vanished like a curtain that is suddenly drawn up. The boys eagerly looked in every direction for land. None was visible except in the northwest, where the low gray line of Long Island, and the slender tower of a light-house, could be faintly seen at a distance of at least twelve miles. The wind blew directly from the land, and the impossibility of beating back to the shore was manifest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

"AND BLEW AS HE'D NOT BLOWN SINCE HE WAS BORN."

JEREMY BLACK'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

"I'LL make a noise," said Jeremy Black,
As the days drew nigh
To the Fourth of July;
"I'll make more noise than a cannon, or pack
Of fire-crackers, or pistol, or gun,
Or cannon-cracker; I'll have more fun,
With fifty cents, than the rest of the boys
With a dollar's worth of powder and things—
With fifty cents I will make more noise
Than all the rest of the town, by jings!"

So he went down
To Abraham Brown,
The tinker back of the Blue Bell Inn,
Who mended the pans for all the town,
And he got him to make a Thing of tin.
Then both of them tinkered and talked and planned,
Between the mending of pot and kettle,
And drew the patterns with chalk in hand,
Until they managed the thing to settle;
And all the boys were eager to know
What kind of a Thing they kept tinkering so.
Was it anything like a cannon, or rocket,
Or Roman candle, or pin-wheel, or gun?
Was it small enough to go into his pocket?
Or could he lift it when it was done?
Would the thing go off, or would powder go in it?
And a dozen of such like questions a minute.
But Jeremy Black just gave a sly wink,
And they could not tell what in creation to think.

So Fourth of July came around at last,
And the day was fresh and the sun was bright;
Then just as soon as the night was passed,
At the earliest dawn of the dewy light,
The boys turned out
With noise and rout,
And loud halloo and lusty shout,
And racket of crackers, and boom and pop,
And ringing of bells, and sizz and splatter,
Till good folks trying to sleep would stop,
And get up and close the window and shutter.
But Jeremy Black just turned in his bed,

Digitized by Google

And down in the pillow he nestled his head,
And thought, with a grin,
How the Thing of tin
Would make enough noise to drown the din.
At length he arose and dressed himself,
And afterward managed his breakfast to eat;
Then took the Thing from the wood-house shelf,
And carried it with him out in the street.
Now all the boys came running to see
What ever the wonderful Thing could be—
And, lo! 'twas a fish-horn six feet long.
"Now stand a little away," said he,
"And you'll hear a noise so loud and strong
And deep and mighty that it will drown
All popping of guns and cannons in town."
Then all the boys stood back, while he
Stepped up to the fire-plug under the tree,
And rested thereon the end of the horn,
Then took a breath that was long and deep,
And blew as he'd not blown since he was born;
And out from the Thing came—never a peep!
He stopped, and wiped his mouth for a minute,
Then blew as if the dickens were in it.
He blew till the hair stood up on his head;
He blew till everything swam around;
He blew till his forehead and ears grew red;
But out of the horn came—never a sound.

At first the boys were half afraid
Of the terrible sound that would soon be made;
But after a while they began to chaff,
And then to giggle, and then to laugh.
Poor Jeremy knew that the noise was there—
It only required a little more air.
Once more he blows, till his muscles strain:
Not a sound. And then he began to know,
Though he had endeavored with might and main,
The horn was too large for *him* to blow.

L'Envoi.

As one goes over this world of ours
One frequently finds a Jeremy Black,
Who overrates the natural powers
The Fates have granted him—somewhat slack.
Those people who build, though they may not know it,
A horn so large that they never can blow it.

WAS THE DAY A FAILURE?

BY KATE R. McDOWELL.

HAD you known the Oliver family, many things would have shown you that Fourth of July was near at hand. Especially did the Oliver wood-shed herald its approach. That heap of tin cans in the corner had accumulated by Maggie the cook's promising the boys that she would open all winter the vegetables, soups, and fruits with greatest care, and see that not one of the cans found its way into the ash-barrel.

"We can't have too many," said Hugh, taking one from the pile; "for you know we all agreed that sending them up was the most fun of all last year. How we did keep them whizzing!"

In another corner stood a good-sized hand-cart.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Hugh; "you've got that on hand in good season. Now are you sure of the place, Dug? If we go so very early, it may be rather dark, you know."

"Oh, I can find it. I was there with Eugene the day before he went away. It's where a basket shop used to be, and the chips are in piles, some of them three feet high. We couldn't ask anything better—ash, too, regular blazers. They'll make a glorious bonfire."

"And as we are going in to Boston in the evening to see the fire-works, why, we must have it early as we can in the morning," remarked Hugh.

The next morning, as Douglas fancied himself on the point of lighting a huge fire-cracker that was to send up an enormous can with a picture of thirty-eight tomatoes on it, Hugh substituted a sound shaking for the expected explosion.

"Hush," said he, in answer to Douglas's remonstrances. "It's been raining."

"*Raining!*" repeated Douglas, in a tone as though rain on the Fourth of July were an impossible occurrence, and as unseasonable as a snow-storm. "Raining!"

Five minutes later, Hugh and Douglas were out of sight and hearing, as, each with a hand on the cart, they ran lightly down the hill, and turned off at the first side road, walking and running by turns until Douglas announced, "Here we are!"

"And so evidently is somebody else," added Hugh, as two little figures were noticed by the chip pile, rapidly filling a large basket.

"They've come!" the boy had just whispered to his sister.

"Halloo!" cried Douglas. "Goin' to celebrate?"

"No, sir," in a girl's voice; "we uses 'em, sir."

Whether the announcement that any one could be gathering chips without intention of celebrating was a revelation to Douglas, or whether the "sir" pleased him, is uncertain, but something had the effect of making him ignore Hugh's "Do come ahead, Dug, and help fill," as, suiting action to word, his brother threw an armful of the light wood into the cart.

"You don't get up so early as this every morning?" queried Douglas, with surprise.

"Only since the day we heard you and another talk of coming here to get wood for to-day. Since then we've worked pretty steady," said the girl, with a weary smile.

"Hear this, Hugh, will you!" cried Douglas. "They overheard Eugene and me planning to come here, and we're taking their wood."

"Oh no, you're not," said the girl, quickly. "It's nobody's but those as gets it."

"Of course, Dug," frowned Hugh, impatiently. "Don't stand talking there. Come on and fill, can't you. They've probably their wood-house crammed by this time, anyway."

"Oh no," said the girl, turning to Hugh. "It's so far, sir. We can't lug more nor ten baskets a day."

"Far!—where?" still questioned Douglas, as Hugh went to work again.

"You'll see when the fog lifts. The red cottage by the brook."

"What! not 'way down by the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl, as she shook the basket, and piled some more chips on top. "Come, Dick, this is your side," and off they started in the light rain that was beginning to fall.

"Poor little things," said Douglas, "I haven't the heart to take their wood," and he threw some chips indifferently into the cart. "Oh, Hugh, I've a plan," and his face lit up. "Let's give 'em a lift—this cartful; will you?"

Hugh deliberated. It was raining. The bonfire might as well be given up. As the cart was filled, the mill children might as well have it. He only wished it had been his plan instead of Douglas's.

It seemed but an instant later that the chips were shaking merrily in the cart, as the boys started to overtake the little laborers; and they were not entirely quieted when both children were carefully lifted to a seat and told to hold on firmly.

"Ain't it splendid!" whispered Dick Ransom, loudly, to his sister. "Now I can play on me bones and hunt fire-crackers all day; can't I, Jinny?" almost losing his hold in delight at thought of a holiday. "Oh, *ain't* it splendid! We're 'goin' as fast as Dr. Phisterer, ain't we, sis?"

Jenny smiled. "Won't granny be pleased?" was all she said, while the chips seemed to dance again at her thought.

As you may have guessed, more than one load found its way to the red cottage that morning. Three times did the Oliver boys heap the cart, and three times did little

Digitized by Google

Dick Ransom fancy he was Dr. Phisterer as he sat perched up on the chips, having the best Fourth of July he had ever known.

As the Oliver family was breakfasting it commenced to rain hard.

"The day is going to be a perfect fizzle," announced Hugh. "It 'll be no fun staying out; besides, nothing will go off. Imagine being cooped in the house all day!"

The twins looked disconsolate.

"Cheer up," said Douglas. "We can put off some torpedoes in the attic if it comes to the worst; and, best of all, we'll be back with the two Wills in less than no time, and they always think up something."

The boys were at the station soon after, Hugh keeping two bombshells in readiness to be fired the moment the two Wills got off the train.

"I'll signal," said Douglas, his eyes on the off-coming passengers; but he had no need, for there was no Will Edson and no Will Hammond aboard.

"Missed the train," decided Douglas, a shadow on his usually happy face. "Let's see if there's a telegram. Good! there is," as the operator handed him an envelope.

Both read it, and each looked blankly at the other.

"Well, I never thought of their *not coming*."

"A perfect fizzle," said Hugh, pocketing the bombshells with a frown of disappointment. "The whole day—just as I told you."

"We may as well go home"—in Douglas's voice, but without its usual ring, as they slowly left the waiting-room.

"We mustn't let the weather get the best of us," said Douglas, as they reached home. "We can at least give the others a good time."

So they went up stairs, and played nine-pins with the boys, and were targets for their torpedoes, until the attic rang with merry shouts.

"The little ones are having quite a day, after all," thought Mrs. Oliver, a pleased smile on her face, "and Bridget at last has that long-promised *morning out*."

Another disappointment came with dinner—a dispatch from Mr. Oliver, stating that he was called on urgent business out of Boston, and preferred the boys did not come into town alone.

"That caps the climax," said Hugh, abruptly leaving the table. "And it's clearing up, too. I should think papa might take one holiday in the year for a change."

The boys had their heads together after dinner. Hugh had made up his mind to accept the situation; indeed, he had done more than that in going on with the train of thought that Douglas's unselfish suggestions of the morning had opened to him.

"Why, it's a splendid idea, Hugh," Douglas was saying. "Maggie will get us cloths and water, and we'll lock the library doors."

"They're fixin' the magic lantern," said the twins, as the children stood three or four deep outside the door.

"P'r'aps tabberlows," ventured little Edith, remembering her success at the Child's Hospital benefit, and determining to stay within call all afternoon.

"Listen," advised the twins.

"Shakspeare here," they heard in Hugh's voice, "and Dickens there. That's just exactly as they were."

"It's tabberlows," sobbed tired Edith on nurse's shoulder, as they all went up for an afternoon nap.

"Yes," said the twins, as they toiled up the stairs after her. "We remember that very one."

It was about four o'clock when Mrs. Oliver came to the door. "What is going on?" she inquired. "Can not you let me in? I've some news for you."

"We're just about through," they called, and a moment later opened the door.

The mother's face expressed just the surprise and pleasure the boys had looked for.

"If you knew how I had been dreading it," said Mrs. Oliver, after they had talked it all over, "I could give you some idea of the relief I feel. I'd been thinking that I must send for Mrs. Sanleitner, and give a day right up to it, have every book taken out, the shelves dusted, and—But you've done it all," her eyes again on the boys' work of a few hours past; "and now that the children are asleep, Bridget can come in with her chamois, and polish the doors."

"Yes, do have her," urged the boys, "and give papa a thorough-going surprise."

"To match the one I have for you," said Mrs. Oliver. "Dr. Phisterer has been here, and asked if I had two boys that would answer to his description, and I had to confess I had. He then went on to say that he and Freddy were going into town at half past four, and asked if he might take charge of my boys as well."

"You don't mean it! Hurrah!" they cried, waving their dusters. "Hope he'll take the bays; they're awfully fast."

"I don't care what he takes, so long as we get in town in time for the fire-works. Dr. Phisterer evidently thinks it is going to clear."

"Clear!" exclaimed Mrs. Oliver, throwing open the blinds. "You're so shut up in here, you don't know the state of the weather."

The sun had come out.

"I wonder if we'll have time— But there he is this minute;" and Douglas rushed out on the piazza, calling, "Dick! Dick!"

The boy approached slowly, his hands behind him. "It's one as has been used," he said, producing a fire-cracker he had picked up in the yard.

"I didn't call you for that," said Douglas, hurriedly. "Didn't know you had it. Here are some good ones—wait; these too. Give some to—"

But two bare feet were flying in the air. The putting into Dick Ransom's hand of three unopened packs of crackers had deadened his sense of anything else. He gave a sort of a whoop as he darted down the mill road, which had the effect of rousing the neighborhood, and of making scores of flying feet the principal things to be seen.

The Oliver boys talked in something of this strain when they got back from town that night:

"Didn't those horses fly!"

"Isn't Dr. Phisterer splendid!"

"I never knew Fred was so nice a fellow."

"Will you ever forget the surprise of the two Wills as we dashed by the Edson's?"

"'Twas rich; and then our meeting father before we'd gone a mile."

"And with Colonel Yale! I thought of the library right away."

"So did I; and you heard how delighted papa was; said he'd been thinking all the way out if he'd only attended to having those books straightened; for Colonel Yale has one of the finest collections, you know."

"Oh yes; but do you know," interrupted Douglas, "that we haven't yet touched upon the best thing of all?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hugh.

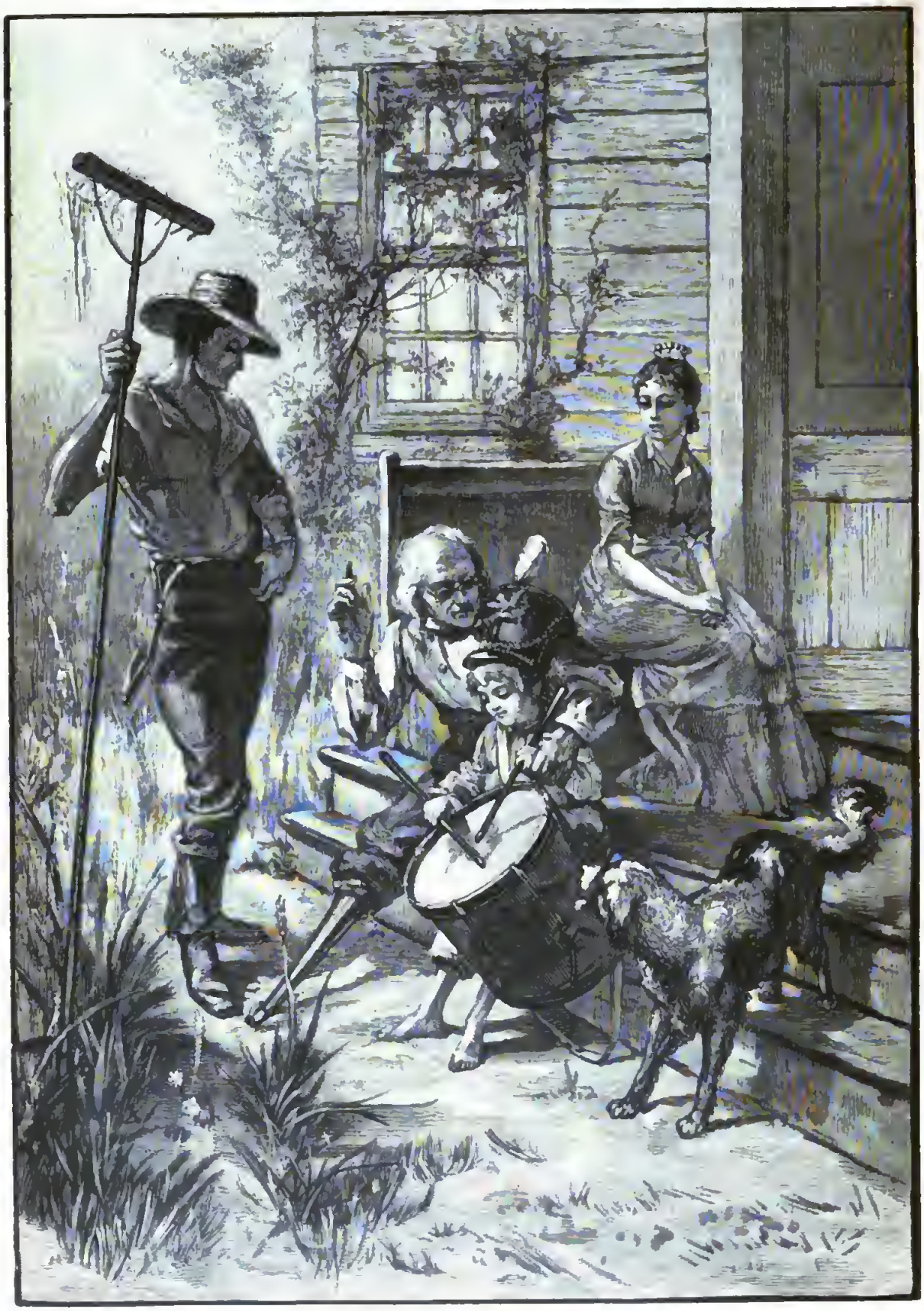
"Why, when they put off that big piece of 'General Washington on his Horse,' and the crowd were all 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' over it, I thought, 'If mamma could only be here!' for 'twas so much grander than I expected; and then to look up, and see not only her, but papa and Colonel Yale, each holding up one of the twins, why, I just joined in the hip-hip-hurrah with all my might."

"The twins' verdict of the day wasn't bad?"

"What was it?"

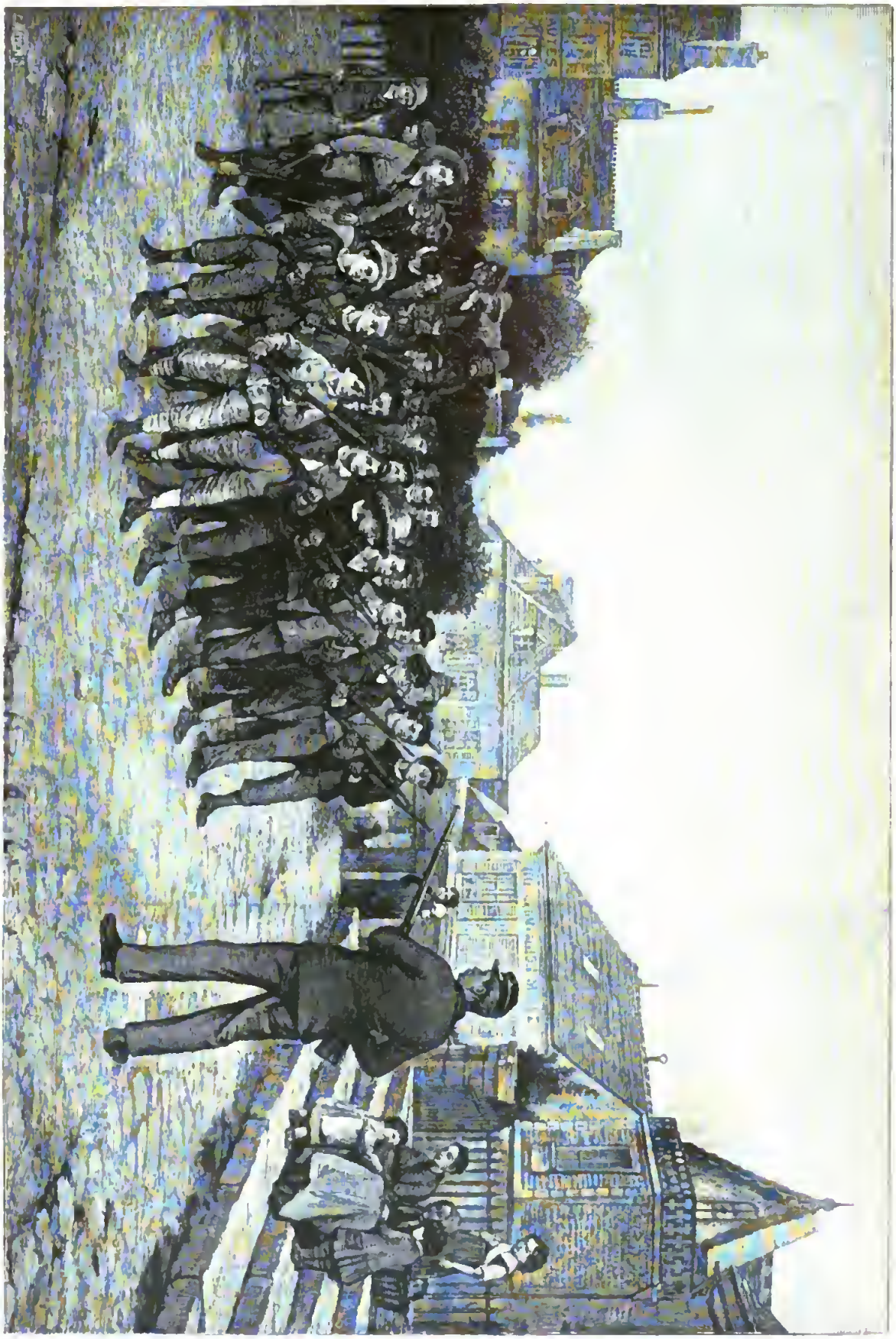
"That they didn't believe anybody could ever have a better *Fourth o' Ju' New-Year's*."

Digitized by Google



GRANDPA'S DRUM.—Drawn by J. E. Kelly.

Digitized by Google



YOUNG SOLDIERS.—"CHARGE BAYONETS!"

Digitized by Google

FOURTH OF JULY IN KERIM.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"NOW, you boys, what on airth are you a-doin' with that there ellum?"

"Is that you, Squire Garnsey?" responded a very youthful voice from the darkness, many feet above the pile of rubbish at the foot of the tree, and against which more was at that moment heaping. "Now, Squire, don't you think this dead wood has stood here long enough?"

"What are you a-doin' with it?"

"We're going to let all Kerim know Fourth of July's come, quick as it strikes twelve."

"That's it, is it? I declare! what a swarm of 'em there is, and how they do work! Never saw the like of it. It's a fact, though, that old dead ellum's been an eye-sore on the green these three year."

It was not far from the centre of the broad but somewhat ill-kept open space in the middle of the village of Kerim, and the fact of its deadness may have been due to its use as a hitching-post for country people coming to church on Sundays, and for the academy boys to try their knives on of week-days. It was about thirty feet high, but it had never borne any fruit. Elms rarely do, but there were boys enough in that one now.

"Squire Garnsey," piped another voice at his elbow, "they're a-greasin' the tree so's it 'll burn good."

"I declare! And I kem out here on purpose to put a stop to bonfirin'. It 'll make the tallest kind of a blaze, it will."

He was a tall man himself, and broad-shouldered, and grim-faced, but he was puzzled for once. What should he do? All the great men of Kerim had solemnly decided that there should be no Fourth of July that year; no fire-works; no bonfires; no parade; no cannonading; no anything. People with too much patriotism were free to go over to Plumville, three miles east, and join the goings on there; but Kerim was to be a quiet village all day.

The boys had not been taken into that council of great men. Not one of them had been permitted to utter his voice in it; but they all uttered as much voice as they had as soon as the tyrannical decision was made public. Even now another of the shadowy speakers in the dead elm-tree defiantly announced:

"Yes, sir. We've been a-gatherin' of grease and tar and things these three weeks. It's after 'leven o'clock, now. Just you wait and see."

"I declare! Here's another lot of 'em comin'. There's a heap of public spirit into our boys. My grandfather he fit at Bunker Hill. I say, boys?"

"No, we won't. It's pretty nigh greased now, and the branches are tied full of things. It 'd be a shame not to fire it off."

"So it would—so it would. Washington was a great man. I say, boys, there's a half-bar'l of tar over in my wood shed, and it's more'n a quarter full. If you'd git it, and paste the trunk of that ellum with tar—"

"Hurrah for Squire Garnsey!" shouted a pretty deep voice near him. "That's the talk. We're going to have a celebration to-morrow, Squire. None of our boys are going over to help the Plumvillains have a good time."

"I like that. I'm for home industry myself."

Four boys and a wheelbarrow were already on a clean run toward the Squire's front gate, across the green; but just then the sharp piping note at his elbow broke out again with, "Yes, sir; and Mr. Mortis is going to give us a 'dress, and Bill Allen's going to read the Decoration of Inderpendence."

"Good!" again remarked the Squire. "I don't know exactly what to make of myself, and I don't know what folks 'll say, and somehow I feel as ef I was beginnin' not to keer. Boys, it 'll be Fourth of July in less 'n half an hour."

"We're 'most ready. We've kept still about it, Squire, but we've laid up stuff to burn, we have."

The pile at the foot of the old elm looked like it, and no one could guess how they had daubed the branches. That, too, was nothing to the way they daubed the trunk of it after the tar came.

"Look a-here! how are we to get down? We can't climb over all that tar."

"Stay up there," responded the deep tones of Mr. Mortis, the "speaker of the day" that was to be. "You'll look first-rate when you're lighted up."

"I declare!" exclaimed Squire Garnsey. "Boys, throw a rope around that lower limb. They'll have to come down sailor fashion."

So they did, and no less than seven boys, of different sizes, were compelled to make use of that rope. There was evidently a good deal of "public spirit" among the younger generation of the people of Kerim.

The older people, with the single exception of the broad-shouldered Squire, had gone to bed at a healthy hour that evening, well assured that for once no patriotic racket would disturb their open-windowed slumbers. A quieter village there was not in the whole United States until just before the town clock prepared for the duty of telling them it was midnight.

The clock got ready. So did the Kerim boys. Squire Garnsey remarked, "I'll walk away a little, boys, so's I can see it burn."

Then a dozen matches were scratched at the same moment, and as many wisps of tarred paper were lighted and put in positions to do the most good.

How they did flash up, and how the fire did run! It was well there were no boys in that tree.

Bang! bang! bang!

"If they haven't managed to git out three anvils!" remarked the Squire. "Hear them guns. Crackers, too. Tin horns. They're workin' a hoss-fiddle on the back fence. There never was sech a racket in this 'ere town before. No, nor sech a blaze either. It beats a house a-fire."

So it did, but there was no insurance on the old elm.

When the good and quiet people around that square, on all sides except the one where the meeting-house and the academy stood, sprang out of bed and rushed to their windows, you could have read print, if it were large enough, anywhere about the middle of the green. And every head out of every window had something special to say about "those boys."

Up shot the flame over the pile of boxes and barrels, and the heap of broken boards and fence rails; up the well-tarred trunk, with a fierce fizzing and spluttering, and then it sprang along the boughs, and mounted and mounted, until every head at the windows was compelled to remark, also, "What on earth's got hold of that there tree?—it burns as if it was rosin."

Fourth of July had come, and all Kerim knew it; but before breakfast-time it was equally well known that the boys were going to have a "celebration," with all the regular honors.

"Mr. Mortis?" said everybody; "why, he can't make a speech. Bill Allen? It ought to have been one of the trustees, or somebody."

Perhaps so; but the old folks had thrown the day away, and the boys had picked it up, and they worked at it like a swarm of bumble-bees.

By noon there was a big lumber wagon pulled out close to the spot where the elm-tree had been.

It was a curious fact, but there were numbers of other wagons pulled up near that one before two o'clock, and a good many of the Kerim people had unexpected visitors of country friends from beyond Kerim, who said "they'd

Digitized by Google

a sight rather stay and hear the home doin's than go on to Plumville."

There was public spirit in them, and the thing spread so fast that when two o'clock came, and Mr. Mortis climbed into the wagon, followed by Bill Allen, and as many more of the boys as could get in, every man in Kerim who thought himself at all eloquent envied them the very respectable audience gathered around the elm-tree ash heap and the "celebration."

Mr. Mortis was barely twenty, but he was studying law, and the boys had picked him out because, as Bill Allen said: "He's got more voice than a hull. What we want is noise."

They got it from Mr. Mortis, and the whole crowd got a big surprise with it, for the "'dress" was wonderfully good. Bill Allen, too, did his part well, and read the "Decoration of Inderpendence" as if it were something in which he took a personal interest. Old Squire Garnsey stepped right forward at the end of it to say,

"Bill Allen, you read that thing just prime."

"I didn't make it up, though."

"And, Mr. Mortis, I'm proud of you. All Kerim is. We'd no idee you could do it."

"I knew it was a good one," said Mr. Mortis, calmly. "It's one Governor Skyward made ten year ago. There wasn't any use of me trying to get up a better one, so I took his'n. Guess I made everybody on the green hear it."

That was precisely what he had done for the great speech of Governor Skyward, and it was more than anybody else had ever done for that crowd.

As for the boys, they had won the day. That is, they had kept it from the very minute it began—only there was no dead elm-tree left in the middle of the green.

"There'll be heaps of public spirit in Kerim after this," said Squire Garnsey to the other trustees: but they all shook their heads very solemnly, and made no reply.

CHERRIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

WHO can tell how cherries grow,
From the blossoms' fragrant snow;
From the balls of green that hide
Under glossy leaves, spread wide,
Till they glisten, every one,
Red as rubies in the sun;
Swelling, warming, till they shine,
Filled with summer's rosy wine?
Five little babes in a basket,
Up on a swinging bough:
"Open your mouths," said the mother,
"Here is a feast for you now."
Mother and babies think it prime
That cherries ripen in robin-time.
Five curly heads at a window,
Watching the merry crew:
"Don't you wish we were birds in a nest,
So we could have some too?
Wings are better than legs to climb,
And robins are thickest in cherry-time."

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 87, June 28.]

AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER II.

THE final morning arrived at last, and as I drove away in papa's gig all the children crowded the gateway, and Winifred, in their midst, strained her eyes to see the last of me, and smile and wave a good-by.

Mrs. Ludlow's brother-in-law was to meet me at the station: he was on his way from Albany to New York, and had agreed to look out for me at C——, as the train passed through our town. The cars had hardly stopped, when a tall young man appeared on the platform, and was soon shaking hands with my father.

"I haven't seen you since you were a boy," my father said; "but I don't see that you have changed much. Now, Mr. Ludlow, will you take charge of my little girl?"

Mr. Ludlow declared himself well pleased to do so, and he was so genial and good-humored that I quickly got over the sudden shyness which had taken possession of me, and in half an hour I felt as if I had known him all my life. He seemed a little old, it is true; he was twenty-eight, and he had a dark, handsome face, with bright eyes and a merry laugh. I was perfectly astonished when I heard he was preparing to be a clergyman. I was soon chatting comfortably with him, and had told him all about our home and the boys, and Winny and my father, and how delighted I was to go to New York.

"And is Winny the housekeeper?" Mr. Ludlow asked. He knew that mamma was dead.

I started and laughed. "Why, she is our sister," I said. "But then," I added, "she does everything for us."

How well I remember our arrival! It was nearly dark, and the city confused me with its many sights and sounds, the endless streets, and lamps, and throngs of people. A carriage was waiting for us at the dépôt, and we drove through a great many streets, stopping finally before a big brick house with a low doorway, near Washington Square.

I had never been in New York before, and could not remember my one visit to Albany, so the fine town house, the long beautiful hall we entered, seemed to me like something I had read of or dreamed about. There was a great staircase winding away to the left, and down this Cousin Mary came hurrying, and I remembered having seen her at my mother's funeral—a sweet, gray-haired lady, with a faded pretty face, a great deal of old lace about her dress, and a quiet, friendly voice. Other voices sounded in a room near by; young voices laughing and talking; and Cousin Mary took me into a large beautiful room with fire-light dancing on the walls, and where half a dozen gay people were playing some merry game: they all stopped short as we entered.

"This is Ruth Grahame," said Cousin Mary; "your cousin from C——, Milly."

Upon this, Milly Ludlow came forward and welcomed me kindly. She was a tall girl about my own age; not so fashionably dressed as I had expected a New York cousin to be, but very lady-like and gentle in her manners. She soon introduced the others—Gray Roberts, Nelly and Jessie Price, and Jack Ludlow; they were all cousins, and all seemed delighted to see Mr. Ludlow, who was soon discussing the game with them, and entering into all the fun like a school-boy. What an evening that was! I was soon thoroughly at home, and very talkative, I assure you, for in our own house I had been encouraged to talk a great deal too much. I was to sleep with the Prices in a big room up stairs, and I was very much struck by their fine clothes and city-bred manners when we were dressing for the late dinner at which we were all to be present. The Prices were rather silly girls, but good-natured, and they seemed interested in all I had to say, though they criticised me very freely, and one said I must "friz" my hair, and the other asked if I wore French heels, and openly lamented the fact that I did not.

After dinner there was a most fascinating hour. Mr. Ludlow whispered to Milly, and then she came up to me in the parlor, saying that we were all to slip up to the attic, where they were rehearsing a little play intended for a surprise to Cousin Mary and Cousin Henry on their wedding anniversary. The elder sisters, Kate and Mary, were in it as well, and we found them in the attic, lighting it up, and putting away some of the costumes. That attic seemed to me a wonderful place: it extended over the entire house, and the roof was higher than in most

Digitized by Google

RUTH READING HER LETTER.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.

attics, for it had been built with a view to being a playroom, long ago, when Kate and Mary Ludlow were small. At one end a temporary stage was erected, and preparations made for the curtains at either side and in front. All the final work was to be done the day before the performance. As soon as we were in the attic, Mr. Ludlow suggested that some part should be found for me. Kate Ludlow had written the play, and there was a part adapted specially for each person; but she very good-naturedly told her uncle (young as he was, he was her uncle) that she would insert something for me. I was fluttered with delight, and had sufficient confidence in myself to feel sure it would be an easy matter to perform with credit to all concerned. The story of the play was a domestic one. Kate introduced a part for me with Jessie Price—a dialogue between two friends of the heroine, rather artfully contrived to give me something to do, and at the same time work out the plot. Jessie acted very badly, so that my awkwardness showed the less, and I was rather well satisfied with the prospect, and wildly delighted by the idea of wearing one of Kate's longest silk gowns, and a white bonnet with a yellow bird in it.

We spent a merry enough hour in the attic, and were summoned there the next morning and evening. All this time the novelty of town life, the fascination of the theatricals, the talks with girls like the Prices, filled me with a sort of intoxication of delight. Sometimes I used to find Mr. Ludlow watching me very closely; sometimes I half fancied he looked disapprovingly at some of my manners and my remarks; but I was too full of self-conceit to think he could really find fault with anything about me. It was all so delightful: the little councils in the attic, sometimes about the acting, sometimes about the dresses; then, as the day approached, the innumerable suggestions for "stage effects." We were always scampering up there for this and that, and the fact of concealing our purpose from Cousin Mary lent a new zest to our delight. Now all this time I could not help feeling what a strong influence Mr. Ludlow was in the little circle: with all his fun and good-humor, he had a certain dignity which made people turn to him with a peculiar respect. If ever I felt abashed, it was when I met his grave kindly glance; if ever I stopped for an instant's criticism of my silly selfish self, it was when I thought of what he would think of me. The secret of it was that with all his love of honest fun and pleasure, he had higher lights: he was seeking something of which I had never thought; he had a purpose in his life which dignified it, so that in his lightest moments I felt that his influence was a strong and serious one. At times he encouraged me to talk to him, and I was startled one day by overhearing him say to Kate, "I think you don't do Ruth justice; I believe there is more in her than that."

I fancied directly that this referred to my acting, and the only result was an increase of effort when it came my turn to appear at the rehearsals.

The morning of the eventful day arrived. It had been agreed that we were to marshal our forces at ten o'clock in the attic, and all help in the adjustment of curtains, seats, lights, etc. It was a time of intense fascination. We girls talked and laughed gayly, enjoying everything; and I can hear now the sound of the hammer as Mr. Ludlow nailed up this and that; the creaking of the boards as we ran across them before the drugget-ing was tacked down; the voices of one and another asking questions, offering advice, expostulating, criticising: it was a most enjoyable morning. We had a luncheon sent up to us in the attic, and I think that was the best of all: it was like a picnic, except that there were hot dishes, and a servant to run up and down. There was to be a dance after the play, and a supper; but that luncheon seemed to me a far more delightful banquet than the one to be spread that evening in the beautiful dining-room down stairs. Yet in my mind I kept anticipating the glories of the evening, the dress I was to wear, my speeches, the whole effect, finally the dance, with a real band of musicians, and the supper, at which we young people were to have a table all to ourselves. By three o'clock our luncheon was over, and Kate, who was arranging the stage for the first scene, found she needed a book which was in the parlor. She turned to me. "Come, Ruth," she said, a little sharply, "you are doing nothing. Will you run down and get me that big book on the parlor table?"

I assented willingly enough, and ran down the four flights of stairs, scarcely thinking what I was doing, until I reached the parlor. I was just going into the room, my hand was on the handle of the door, when I saw through the glass of the front door the postman's figure outside. Even now I can see the street with its covering of snow, the wide heavy doorway, the dim hall with the winding staircase at the back, and I can picture in fancy my own girlish figure standing there, not knowing that one of the most important moments of my life had come. The postman dropped a big letter into the box. I went forward, and taking it up, was pleased to find on it papa's handwriting addressed to me. No one was about the hall, the parlor into which I hurried was equally desolate, and I sat down to read my letter before going up with the book Kate wanted.

I opened my letter with feverish haste, but the first glance dashed my good spirits. I read the few lines with a sinking heart, and I can almost see them now hurriedly traced across a bit of paper:

Digitized by Google

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—You will know that I feel very sorry to cut short your visit, but Winny is not well, and Joe is ailing, and I am afraid you must come home at once. You will get this letter about three o'clock on Tuesday, and Mr. Barlow is coming up from New York on the six-o'clock train; so if Cousin Mary will see you safely to the dépôt, Mr. B. will look out for you.

"In haste, your loving FATHER."

For a moment I sat still in the big arm-chair, staring at the letter, not realizing just what it meant. Then I glanced at the clock. Yes, it was only half past three. There was time to say good-by to them all, and get down to the dépôt long before six; and as I said this mechanically to myself, I burst into tears—selfish tears, I regret to say; tears not for Winny and Joe at home, but for my great disappointment. It was while I was crying that I began to think it would not really be *necessary* for me to go—no one knew of papa's letter; why need I tell them until to-morrow? Surely twenty-four hours more or less could make no difference. Winny would be the last person in the world to wish to spoil my pleasure this way; and then she could not be *very* ill, or papa would have said so. There was Hester, our old nurse, always ready to come up from the village when she was needed. As the temptation to conceal my letter and disobey papa came upon me, I grew more sharply conscious of everything around me. The fire burned more brightly, the ticking of the clock seemed louder, and the snow-flakes fell against the windows of the long room whiter and softer. Five minutes of selfish reasoning passed, and then I had begun to see in myself only an injured and reasoning person. I would wait until the morning.

With this decision, I crushed the letter into my pocket, seized the book Kate wanted, and hurried out into the hall. But I never shall forget how like a watched and guilty being I felt. The stairs looked shadowy; I almost longed for courage to go into the attic, read them all my letter, and say good-by; but the first sight of the gay little company, the mimic stage, Milly seated on a ladder sewing curtain-rings, Jessie Price trailing up and down the "boards" rehearsing her part, Kate and Mary and Mr. Ludlow arranging candles, dispelled my conscience-pricks: it was too fascinating to be left.

Milly looked up from her sewing. "Well," she exclaimed, "what has kept you down stairs so long, Ruth?"

I felt confused, but tried to answer carelessly: "Oh, I was in the parlor."

Mr. Ludlow turned around suddenly. "Why, was that Ruth's voice?" he exclaimed.

I felt my cheeks flame, but I laughed a little defiantly.

"Certainly, sir," I answered. And then Mr. Ludlow looked at me gravely for a moment, but said no more.

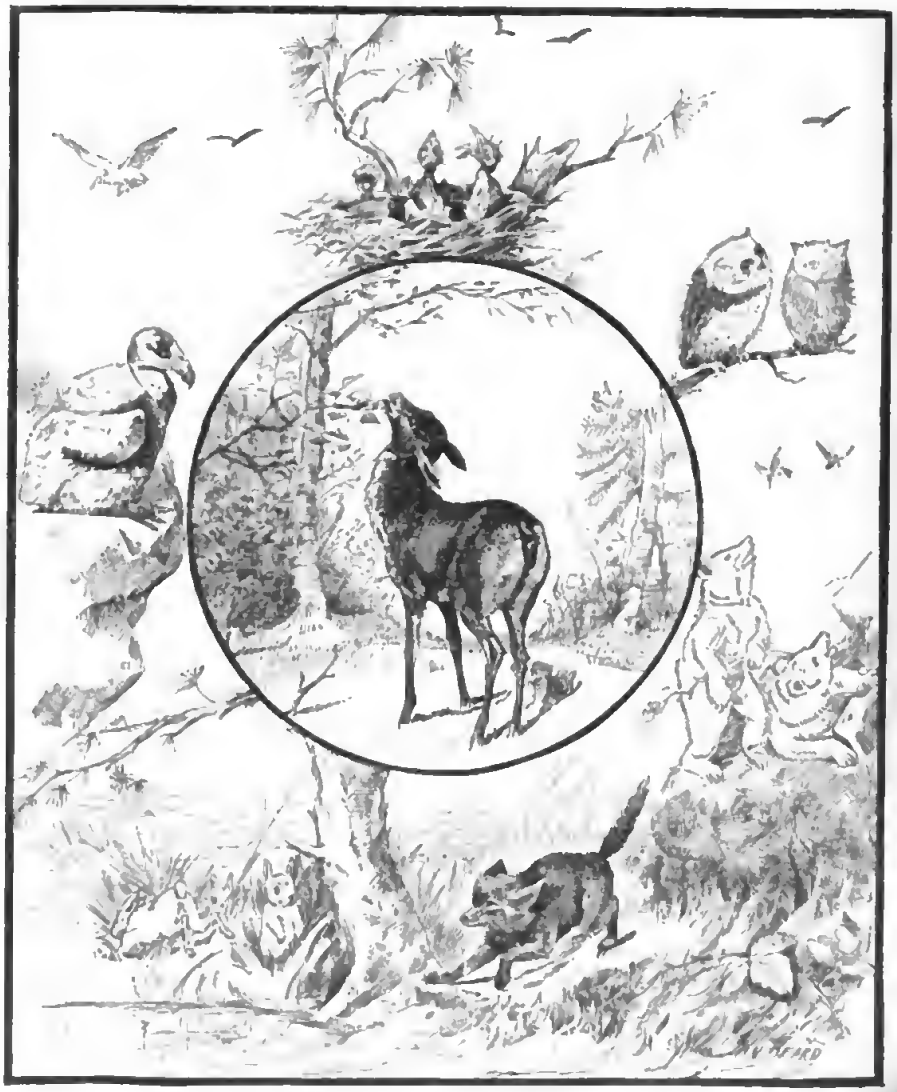
"Here, Ruthie," Kate said, "go and find that other red curtain, will you, like a dear?"

I was searching for it behind the scenes, when I heard the voices outside discussing some expected letters. Then Mr. Ludlow called out, "Ruth, did the postman come while you were down stairs?"

For an instant my heart beat so wildly that I could not speak; but one idea possessed me: I must not admit to having received papa's letter. All my moral courage fled, and scarcely knowing what it was that I was saying, I answered, "No, sir."

There was a silence which it seemed to me I could not endure. Everything seemed to stand still. I had told my first and last lie, and the words burned my tongue. I had found the curtain, but I had no power to move. Finally I roused myself, and rejoined the others. Their voices rose and fell; they were laughing over some joke of Mr. Ludlow's; but to me everything was changed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WILD BABES OF THE WOOD.—DRAWN BY DANIEL C. BEARD.

Google

YELM, THURSTON COUNTY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a little boy not quite seven years old. I can read YOUNG PEOPLE, and have been a subscriber to it since the nineteenth number. I am delighted with it, and, as I told my papa to-day, wish it were a *daily* paper. I too like "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies" best of all the stories, though I am interested in everything in it, especially the Post-office Box. Although I can read YOUNG PEOPLE quite well, I can not write, so I have got my papa to write this for me.

My home is on the Yelm, the Indian name for a beautiful prairie in Washington Territory. From our house we have a splendid view of the Cascade Range, and of its grand snow peak, Mount Rainier. It is forty miles distant "as the crow flies," yet so clear and pure is the atmosphere (except in our "rainy season") it seems scarcely a third of that distance from the observer looking at it for the first time. Rainier was no doubt once an active volcano. Several years ago two adventurous travellers climbed to the summit, and spent a night there, having been unable to ascend and return to the base of the mountain in one day. They found an ancient crater, and warmed their benumbed limbs by the small jets of hot vapor they found rising from one side of the crater. Smoke and steam are sometimes seen rising from the summit, and this has occurred quite frequently during the present season. After rising some distance above the summit, the vapor condenses partially sometimes, and forms a great cloud that for a time conceals the summit; at other times the vapor hangs above the mountain-top like an immense inverted bowl or Chinese hat; and again it is blown rapidly away by strong winds. My papa calls Rainier a great natural barometer, as when it emits vapor that condenses to clouds about its summit it almost surely indicates "lalling weather" within two or three days. The Indian name for Rainier is Tacb-bona, the meaning of which I do not know. Some of the Indians are very superstitious about Rainier—will not hunt the mountain sheep far up the snow-line, and think its summit is the abode of an evil spirit.

I would like to inform the little boy in Ohio who boasted of his early chickens, hatched March 28, and Fred D. M., of New York, whose ten chickens were hatched on the 11th of March, that I have a hen that hatched twelve chickens on the 21st of *January*. I raised them all, and the pullets (Cochins) are now—June 2—almost as large as common hens. The little chicks sometimes scampered over the snow-crust in February when wandering from their home in the wood-shed.

I do not know whether Mr. Editor will think my letter worthy a place in the Post-office Box, but I have derived so much pleasure from what I have each week read there that I felt like attempting something for its columns. HARRY S. V. T.

COLCHESTER, VERMONT.

I go to school, and we have an exercise of spelling the school down. We also speak pieces. I have been at school four terms, and have not missed a day. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I think "Toby Tyler," "Mildred's Bargain," and "Susie Klugman's Decision" all just splendid. I live on a farm a little way from Lake Champlain, and it is very pleasant here. We went boating a few weeks ago. My little cousin, two years old, was up from Burlington, and she thought it a treat to play in the sand and water. I have a little sister who is seven years old, and I am nine. C. S. F.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have one bound volume of YOUNG PEOPLE with my name on it. The next is to be sister's. We have read almost all the stories, but I have not read any that I liked so well as "Toby Tyler." I want to see the end of "The Cruise of the Ghost."

I have a little fox. He will eat almost anything, but prefers raw lamb. I love him dearly. He follows me around. I am nine years old.

GEORGE H. H.

BRUNSWICK, NEW YORK.

I do not take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but my cousin, who is making a long visit here, does, and I like it very much. I want to tell you about a dog I had last summer. As soon as you began to scold him, he would sit down and look up at you so pitifully, and put first one paw up and then the other, as though he were begging you to stop. His name was Sam, and he was such a good dog! He is dead now. I am eleven years old, and I have a cat that is ten, and looks just like a tiger. I hope you will print this, for I have never seen any of my letters in print. Please tell me if you let others than subscribers write and send "Wiggles." DAISY.

All little readers, whether they are subscribers or not, may send "Wiggles," and write to the Post-office Box.

ATHENS, ALABAMA.

I have never written very many letters, but then I am only eight years old. When my grandfather was in Washington as a Senator, my letters were a source of great amusement to him, and he made a very prompt correspondent. The story of "Toby Tyler" was a fine thing. I was sorry when it ended. I have a lot of pets, and a splendid little garden that I cultivate myself. Tom McClellan, my cousin and constant companion, has gone to the country, and I am lonesome. My pony's name is Ribbon. I have six geese, fifteen chickens, and one pig. My dog is dead. I am your champion friend.

WILLIE S. P.

LEBANON, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eight years old. My sister and I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the eighth number was printed, and we like it very much. Our school closed last week with an exhibition. We had a piece called the "Union Tea Party." Columbia, Uncle Sam, and Brother Jonathan received the States, Territories, and Boys from the West. All were dressed in costume, each wearing a sash with the name of the State upon it, and carrying a flag. Each brought an offering to Mother Columbia. My sister, dressed as a Quaker, was Pennsylvania, and I was Rhode Island, and dressed like a Dutch girl.

The fourteen-year locusts are here, and I wish you could listen to them calling "Phar-a-oh! Phar-a-oh!" It sounds as if a thousand toads were singing all at once.

Papa magnified some of the eggs, and they looked larger than grains of rice. He covered one of his fine trees with mosquito net to keep them from it.

I have caught some locusts, and if any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE want a pair, I will send them, if they will give me something in return from their home. I send the editor a little box with some split twigs and two locusts in it. NETTA SEBE.

CROW AGENCY, MONTANA TERRITORY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published. My aunt Georgia sends it to me from my old home in Columbus, Ohio. I like "Toby Tyler" the best of all the stories yet. My papa is the physician here, and when the camp is in, there are about thirty-five hundred Indians here. It was as good as a circus to see the Indians receive their annuities, May 11. On this occasion you might see three Indians riding the same pony; and some chiefs would tell of their brave deeds, such as killing a Sioux, or stealing horses from their enemies. The other day I saw a young bear at the trader's store; one of the Indians had brought him in. The Crows call my papa Ete-bar-ee, which means Doctor. I often play ball with the little Indians. There are six white children at this agency besides myself. We see the mountains covered with snow the year around. HARRY W.

We hope the boys who have no little Indians to play ball with will try not to be envious of Harry.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I saw in YOUNG PEOPLE that there is a prospect of a Natural History Society. I am very much in favor of this, and I hope it will succeed. I would like to know if those who do not take YOUNG PEOPLE can become members. I have a friend who does not take it, but she reads mine whenever she comes to see me, which visit occurs every other evening. I going to see her on other days. If the society is formed, every member should possess a book on natural history; also, if the reports were printed in a special department, it would be very nice. GRACE B.

EVANS' MILLS, NEW YORK.

I am in favor of having a Natural History Society, not to contain more than one hundred members, none to be admitted under ten or over fifteen. I think there should be no initiation fee, but members should pay ten cents each month for the purpose of buying books. I have a book which treats of animals, birds, insects, and fish. MADISON C., JUN.

BARNES, INDIANA.

I am in favor of the Natural History Society proposed in No. 83 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but I have no suggestions to make. I will be very glad to hear from others on the subject. EDDIE M. W.

WINONA, MINNESOTA.

I was very much pleased with the letter from the president of the Young Chemists' Club. I am interested in entomology, and I hope that the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will organize a Natural History Society. I propose the following plan. Let a number of boys and girls living in the same neighborhood meet together, adopt a constitution, and elect officers. Each society thus formed might send its address to the editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and as he is a very obliging gentleman, I think he would publish them for us. C. E. P.

WARWICK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think the idea advanced by Charles H. Williamson is a splendid one, and in so widely circulated a publication as YOUNG PEOPLE, correspondence could be obtained from all parts of the world, and a great deal of useful knowledge might be gained. E. G. K.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Seeing Master Charles H. Williamson's letter with reference to forming a Natural History Society, in No. 83 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I beg leave to offer my opinion to him with regard to the same.

I think that it would be a very good thing, and I also think that a great deal of interest would be taken in it. I hope that it will prove successful. PERRY W.

The letters we print in reply to Charles H. Williamson's proposal in Our Post-office Box, No. 83, show that his idea meets with general approval. The boys and girls think they will enjoy the study of nature. The summer vacation will give a famous opportunity for using eyes and ears out-of-doors, and so we recommend that the society be organized at once.

Let it be called "The Young People's Natural History Society," having its head bureau of information in Our Post-office Box.

All boys and girls over ten and under fifteen may be allowed to join it, provided only that they are readers of this paper. The number shall not be limited.

For convenience' sake, we will imagine that the editor of YOUNG PEOPLE is in the chair. The chair in this case assumes what is called the appointing power. He will appoint Charles H. Williamson, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., who was the original mover in the matter, president of the society.

Branches may be formed in any city, town, or village where there are intelligent boys and girls.

No initiation fee shall be charged, and no money shall be paid for any purpose whatever. Owners of books about natural history may take them to the club meetings, which ought to be held once a fortnight, at a designated time and place.

The only officers necessary to a good organization shall be a president and a secretary. It is always a good plan to have as few officers as possible in such societies as these.

It shall be the duty of members to find out all they can about the special department of natural history pursued by their branch. Of course their studies must depend somewhat upon the place where they live, whether inland or by the sea, in a warm or cold climate, etc.

Books are very helpful, but we advise you to try to *discover facts* through your own observation.

On the first Monday of every month the various secretaries may send reports to Our Post-office Box, telling what they have done. Please tell the name of your president in the first report you send.

If difficulties arise, they will be adjusted by President Williamson; and if any questions are too perplexing for him to settle, he may refer them to the Editor, who will of course remain in the chair.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A history of Montreal, two colored pictures of the city, and a picture of the American Falls, and a pantograph, with full directions for enlarging pictures, for a foot-power scroll-saw. Please write to arrange exchange. CLARENCE MABBS,
392 North La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Soil and stones of Ohio, for the same of any other State. KITTIE O. MATSUPETE,
P. O. Box 103, Greenville, Darke Co., Ohio.

Chinese coins, for foreign and United States postage stamps. An ounce of soil from California, for the same from any other State.
E. R. MANZY,
Lock Box 19, Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Rare minerals, books, sea-shells, pressed flowers, and flower seeds, for rare foreign stamps, fossils, old coins, or Indian arrow-heads or pottery. Offers of exchange for a magic lantern solicited.
JOHN MCKEAVER,
212 East 113th St., New York City.

Solid lead ore, for foreign stamps (no duplicates).
JOS. S. MCKINNEY,
Care of Pennsylvania Vaccine Company,
Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Penn.

Foreign and United States stamps and postmarks, for old coins or stamps. Nicaragua stamps especially desired. GEORGE W. MCFARLAND,
121 Stockton St., Trenton, N. J.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, for an Indian arrow-head and a few good United States stamps. Old issues of 2-cent stamps especially desired.
THOMAS F. MANAGAN,
P. O. Box 388, New York City.

Ten foreign stamps, for one foreign coin.
CHARLES H. OBLER,
Mechanicstown, Frederick Co., Md.

Stamps from Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, Holland, England, Belgium, and a few other countries, for stamps from other countries than those

Digitized by Google

above named. Please exchange several stamps at a time. DOUGLASS H. MOORE,
Care of Tom Moore,
Livingston, Polk Co., Texas.

A piece of wood from the "Drake" well, the first oil well ever put down, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, minerals, rare stamps, or anything suitable for a museum. FRANK MCFARLAND,
Titusville, Penn.

Foreign stamps, for old coins.
ROBERT NOBLE, 221 North Twelfth St.,
Richmond, Wayne Co., Ind.

Minerals, moss, and flower seeds, for a bracket-saw or an Indian bow and arrows. Please write before sending any package. C. H. NICHOLS,
Cumming, Forsyth Co., Ga.

Postmarks, for minerals. Pressed ferns from Illinois, for ocean curiosities.
WINNIE NEEDLES and BERTIE ELLIS,
Nashville, Washington Co., Ill.

Insects, postmarks, foreign stamps, stones from Indiana, small shells from White River, different kinds of woods, and flints from Texas, for foreign coins, sea-shells, and all kinds of curiosities. African, Asiatic, and South and Central American coins especially desired. CHARLES E. OLDACRE,
P. O. Box 341, Noblesville, Hamilton Co., Ind.

Ten United States postmarks and a rattlesnake rattle, for any kind of ore except gold. Soil from Nebraska, for ocean curiosities.
LEE O'DONNELL,
St. Edward, Boone Co., Neb.

Rare stamps, for stamps and coins. Please send list before exchanging. HANAY MATTZEL,
49 West Livingston Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Moss, for sea-shells.
MARY J. MANSFIELD, Merrill, Powell Co., Ky.

Sand of eight different colors from Minnehaha Falls, put up separately in bottles, for foreign stamps, ocean curiosities, Indian arrow-heads or relics, minerals, woods, or anything pretty and curious.
BERTIE W. MCCRACKEN,
1016 Western Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

I will exchange rare postage stamps, coins, or good books nicely bound, for a genuine Indian bow and arrow, a genuine Indian tomahawk, or Indian relics. Please state, when you send, what you want in return. C. HALL,
318 West Thirty-third St., New York City.

I will exchange a printing-press and complete outfit, for a magic lantern and slides, or a foot-power fret-saw. W. T. DEMAREST,
106 Varick St., New York City.

Spanish and Florida moss, for stones from Europe, Asia, or Africa. A few stones from Lake Erie, to exchange for same from other lakes or rivers; and stones from New York, for same from other States and Territories. A foreign coin, for an American newspaper printed previous to 1830; also old American coins, for others. Please send postal describing coin before sending the coin itself.
H. F. KANE, 164 State St., Auburn, N. Y.

I will exchange foreign or domestic stamps with any other collector. WILLIE A. KUHN,
330 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Twenty-five foreign stamps, for a United States 5-cent newspaper stamp; fifty, for a 10-cent newspaper; 100, for a 25-cent newspaper. No duplicates given. EDWARD I. THRETTS, Sedalia, Mo.

Ocean curiosities and shells from South America, for any curiosities valuable for a museum.
JOHN TECHARNEY,
P. O. Box 3, Ghawville, Washington Co., Ill.
[For other exchanges, see third page of cover.]

Julia F. Ehrman, Lillian E. Adams, and Walter C. Boult withdraw their names from the exchange list.

CONSTANT READER, AND OTHERS.—Asa Gray's *Botany*, Springer's *Forest Life*, Browne's *Trees of America*, Ingersoll's *Friends Worth Knowing*, and Rennie's works on Natural History (three volumes, on Birds, Elephants, and Quadrupeds), will prove useful to you. These books are published by Harper & Brothers.

SAM D.—Gillespie's work on surveying will probably meet your need.

F. A. L.—RED INK.—Boil two ounces of Brazil-wood, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of crystals of tartar, in sixteen ounces of pure water till the water is reduced one-half. Dissolve in the strained liquor half an ounce of gum-arabic, and add one and a half drams of cochineal powder digested in one and a half ounces of alcohol. This will make a beautiful, permanent ink. But if you prefer, you may take this somewhat easier way: Dissolve an ounce of cochineal powder in half a pint of hot water. When cold, add a quart of spirits of hartshorn. Dilute with three ounces of water. Let it stand a few days, and then pour off the clear liquid.

INTERESTED FRIEND.—Gordon's *Electricity and Magnetism*, the last edition of Ganot's *Physics*, Deschanel's *Physics*, and Guthrie's *Electricity and Magnetism* can be comprehended by the ordinary high-school boy. The school text-books on natural philosophy, as, for instance, Cooley's *New Natural Philosophy*, give much that is easily understood.

HEARTY DEBTY.—The earliest posts for carrying letters between Brussels and Vienna were established in 1516 by Franz, Prince of Thurn and Taxis. His descendants enjoyed the monopoly until 1806, on the dissolution of the German Empire. The present Prince has a palace in Ratisbon, a very ancient city of Bavaria. It is sixty-nine miles north of Munich, on the right bank of the Danube. Its cathedral was founded in 1276, and completed in 1875. The abbey of St. Emmeram, the patron saint of the city, was enlarged by Charlemagne. In the rear of his palace the Prince of Thurn and Taxis can see a monument to Kepler, the astronomer, whose remains lie in the Protestant burial-ground.

E. T.—FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.—The diocese of Liverpool was recently formed mainly out of Chester. Its bishop is the Rev. John Charles Ryle, D.D. He was nominated by Lord Beaconsfield, and was consecrated in 1880. He is known as the author of some excellent books of a devotional tendency, and as a commentator on the Gospels.

COUNT NO ACCOUNT.—The address for which you inquire was published in the Post-office Box, No. 82, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

BICYCLING.

All boys who have asked questions concerning the price of bicycles are referred to the advertisements of the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston, and E. I. Horsman, of New York, on the last page of the cover of YOUNG PEOPLE.

R. B. SWEET.—You can buy bicycles with front wheels of from 28 to 42 inches in diameter, with rubber tires and steel spokes, for from $12 to $35.

GEORGE L. HALL.—See preceding answer for your first question. Only bicycles with rubber tires and careful finish can be driven up hill.

A SUBSCRIBER, PHILADELPHIA.—Several of your questions are answered in the preceding paragraphs. You can get a bicycle on the installment plan from either of the dealers advertising in this paper if your references are sufficiently good. You should not ride a wheel of less size than 44 inches, of which the price is $65.

D. R. ALLEN.—Send to G. W. Simmons & Son, Oak Hall, Boston, for samples and price of L. A. W. suit.

HARRY N. NICHOLS.—See advertisements on cover.

EMANUEL SENN.—You would doubtless derive much pleasure from a bicycle, and I should advise you to get one if you have friends of your own age who own bicycles, and with whom you could ride.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS.—I can not answer the question as to which is the best make, as every style of bicycle has its own peculiar merit. Either the "Columbia" or the "Horsman" is a good bicycle. It is almost impossible to ride a bicycle against a strong wind. Bicycles can not be used to advantage on rough, hilly streets. To dismount, you wait until the left pedal is *down*; then imagine it a stirrup, throw the right leg backward over the backbone of the bicycle, and dismount exactly as you would from the back of a horse.

E. A. HOARE.—A good bicycle, such as you want, will cost about $25, to which you must add $1 for a crate and the express charges on a fifty-pound package from New York to your place of residence.
"THE CAPTAIN."

THE NAUGHTY ISLANDS.—Answers to this puzzle have been sent by Frank S. Davis, Marion, Bessie, Sam and Will, Julia E. Smith, and Richard Norton.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Frank S. Davis, "North Star," Henry Elkens, William B. Hadley, "School-Boy," Eddie S. Hequembourg, Effie W. Rhino, "Tel E. Graph," Louis Leo Gamble, O. Volckhausen, "Leadville," Harry Phillips, Mary A. Gibbons, "Queen Bess," Isabel Jacob, Maude Wilson, Edith Thurman, "VIO. Let," Jemima Beeston, Rupert Norton, and Edward N. Smith.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

A STANZA AND THE AUTHOR'S NAME.

Svel fo aregt cnm lal nimdre au
Ew acu nekin rno lysel lauilcu,
Dun, edaptrgnl, nelve tinehh so
Toforpulat no bet sisod to cmil—
Toforpulat lntt spaherp onsitre,
Lisaign e'en e'ell nenosh mnie,
A rofnori dna pehlrweekle rinitre,
Nigese lalsd nlek nelstr lgnan.
YEMAN THROWDSAW WORDSLEFT.

No. 2.

ZEBRA.

In cat, but not in kitten.
In gloves, but not in mitten.
In cot, but not in bed.
In lavender, not in red.
In paper, not in cloth.
In custard, not in broth.
The whole a careful cook will take
To flavor a delicious cake. NETTIE J.

No. 3.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A celebrated mountain. 2. Contact. 3. Gain in money. 4. Bitter. 5. Shelters for cattle.
LADY BETTY.

No. 4.

TWO EASY HALF-SQUARES.

1. An ambush. 2. Moved quickly. 3. An article. 4. A letter.

1. A fruit. 2. To masticate. 3. Near. 4. A letter.
PERCY.

No. 5.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1. A letter. 2. A fish resembling a snake. 3. A tree and its nut. 4. A boy. 5. A letter.

1. A letter. 2. To place. 3. Part of a musical instrument. 4. To strike gently. 5. A letter.
SARAH K.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 65.

No. 1. Picture.

No. 2.

V
T I N
T O N I C
V I N E G A R
N I G E R
C A R
R

No. 3.

R E U S S
T H R E E
L O I R E
I N A N E
E A G L E
Rhine, Seine.

No. 4.

B A B E B I T E
A V O W I T E M
B O R E T E A M
E W E R E M M A

No. 5.

T aga S
I tasc A
T ibe R
I celan D
C hil I
A rago N
C otopax I
A tlant A
Titicaca, Sardinia.

Throwing Light, on page 528.—Bal.

By filling up the blanks in the "Naughty Islands in New York State" you will obtain the correct solution of the puzzling lesson in geography on page 528: The Three Brothers, St. John, Three Brothers, Dead, Chesterfield, Moorefield, Winfield, Navigators, Canary, Leghorn, Heather, Brest, Swan, Coral, Rainy, Cashmere, Sugar, Salmon, Three Brothers, Famen, Fire, Greece, Chesterfield, Boiling Spring, Fire, Chesterfield, Berne, Lookout, Spree.

We regret that an error crept into our puzzle, but we are sure the whole geography class has already found it out.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

SUBMARINE EXPLOSIONS.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

AT the back of an old farm-house, in a shady little grove, through which rippled a shallow stream, which stopped on its way in the grove to make a deep pool, we had some royal fun one Fourth of July in submarine blasting. Our methods

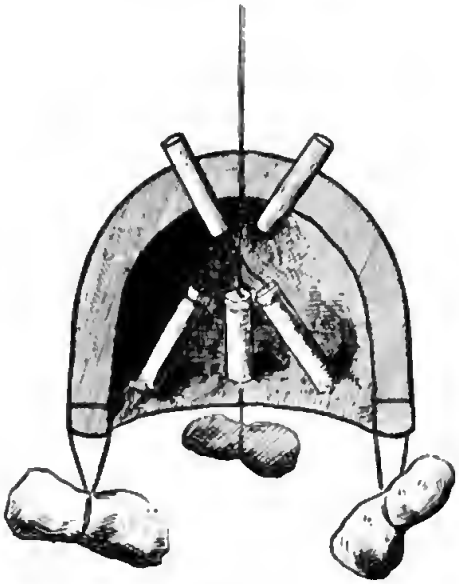


FIG. 1.

and materials were simple, but the result very gratifying to us. In the first place, we made a rude cup of clay, to the bottom of which we attached a string; then we stuck a fire-cracker to the soft clay inside; and when all was ready, lighted the cracker, and quickly but carefully lowered the cup, bottom up, into the water. Presently we saw a puff of smoke away at the bottom of the pool; the diving-bell was overthrown, and then hidden from view by the small cloud of smoke as it came curling up and burst upon the surface. One side of our diving-bell was blown out, but not sufficiently shattered to satisfy us; so we set to work to construct one on a more extensive scale. We procured half of a small water-melon, and scooping out the inside, passed a string through the top, and weighted it heavily round with stones; then we arranged three fire-crackers inside, with their heads pointing together, all of which is represented in Fig. 1. We also bored two holes in the top, and wedged a couple of crackers through them. Then, taking care that all the fuses were in perfect order and of the same length, we got our tackle ready, and prepared to lower our diving-bell. At the right moment all the fuses were lighted at once, and down she went to the bottom of the pool. It was an anxious moment as we watched the result. Presently puff; then puff, puff, in rapid succession; and then up come puffs of one at a time and two together, and then a big one came to the surface. We had seen our diving-bell turn white side up, like a shark, and now we hauled it up, to find it a good deal blackened inside, and, if my memory serves me right at this length of time, with one of the sides split. We were in hopes of blowing it to pieces, but still, as it was, we pronounced it a glorious success.

After this we tried some further experiments, the result of which astonished me not a little. We simply attached small arrow-shaped pieces of clay, like this (Fig. 2), to the ends of fire-crackers, lighted the fuses, and then, waiting until they were on the point of explosion, threw them into the water. Down they went, and exploded at the bottom, and up came the little puffs of white smoke. I confess I was astonished, for I certainly expected the water would extinguish them before they were half way down. It was glorious fun, and we avoided the noise of the crackers, and they burned nothing—except, perhaps, the fish.

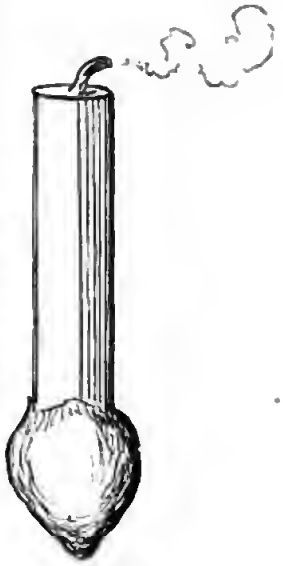


FIG. 2.

BIG FOURTH THIS TIME.

"Oh, look! what's coming with Pop! George Washington! won't we have a Fourth of July this time!"

JUST SO.

BY M. E.

A YOUNG calf saw one day a circus pass,
And cried at once, "Oh, *I* must join that show;
Just as they run to see the elephant,
The folks would run to look at me, I know."
"You're quite mistaken," said a sheep; "for while
In this great land the elephants are few—
And therefore wonders are—the world, my dear,
Has seen a multitude of calves like you."

A TROUBLED DREAM.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 89. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, July 12, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE DUNCE'S SEAT.—Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

Digitized by Google

A PALACE UNDER THE SEA.

BY DAVID KER.

FOR any one who wants to take a month's holiday, there are few better places than the islands of Orkney and Shetland and Faroe. They are a long way off, to be sure, and in the midst of a very rough sea, that plays sad tricks with any one who is not a good sailor; but there is plenty to be seen when you once get there. The great black cliffs rising straight up out of the sea for two or three hundred feet, with thousands of sea-birds fluttering and screaming around them; and the wide, bleak, gray moorlands, without a single tree to relieve their grimness—for on most of these Northern islands no trees will grow; and the bright blue sea dancing and sparkling in the sunshine, or flinging itself up against the rocks in flying gusts of foam; and the little red-tiled cottages, inhabited by hard-faced old sailors, who have chased the whale in the far Northern seas, through many a floating "ice-pack," and many a fearful storm; the Shetland ponies, with their funny little black faces and shaggy manes, frisking about the lonely hill-sides, and many other objects of interest.

But in the Shetland Islands there is one sight worth all these put together, and, by good luck, it is close to the town of Lerwick, where all the steamers from the South put in. But for all that, it is no easy matter to see it properly. To begin with, you can only go there in a boat, and you must go at low tide, and you must take all sorts of things with you—ropes and boat-hooks and pine torches, and sometimes food as well; and perhaps, after all this, you may have to come back again without seeing anything at all.

And what *is* this wonderful sight, then? you will ask. Wait a little, and you shall hear.

Early on a fine spring morning, when the March gales seem to have fairly blown themselves out, and the sea is smooth as glass, I come tramping down to the shore through the straggling streets of Lerwick, which, with its little one-storied cottages, and its narrow windows, and its tiny fort, and its pavement of slippery cobble-stones, and its quaint old-world aspect, looks quite like a town in a fairy tale. So close does it lie to the water's edge that many of the houses have boats drawn up under their very windows; and beside one of these boats I find two old acquaintances of mine standing together. The one is a tall, handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, the other a grim old "salt," with a voice as hoarse as a raven, and a face like the figure-head of some storm-battered vessel.

"Good-morning, Hay; good-morning, Peter. Can we go to Bressa Head to-day?"

"We can try't," growls old Peter, in his broadest Scotch, "and *maybe* we'll do't, if the wind dinna get up."

"And if it *does* get up, what then?"

"We'll a' be at the bottom in twa minutes."

This is certainly comforting; but "nothing venture, nothing have." I jump into the boat, the two sailors get out their oars, and off we go.

Away, away, over the smooth bright water, with the green sunny slopes of mainland on one side, and the huge gray cliffs of Bressa on the other. We are soon round the point, right out into the open sea; and to our left a sheer wall of black frowning precipice towers up against the sky for six hundred feet, while to our right, far as eye can reach, extends the great waste of dark water, which may at any moment lash itself into rage, and ingulf us all. Looking from it to that tremendous cliff, on which not even a cat could find footing, I begin to see that Peter was right as to what might happen should the wind rise.

But for the present all is going well. Not a ripple on the water, not a breath in the air, not a cloud in the sunny sky. And now we turn our boat's head, and steer, as it seems to me, straight into the rocks, for look as I will no sign of an opening can I see.

Ha! what is this dark line that suddenly shows itself in the face of the cliff? At first it seems no broader than the stroke of a pencil; but the line soon widens into a rift, and the rift grows into a deep shadowy archway like the mouth of a tunnel. We shoot into it, and instantly the bright sky and the golden sunshine and the sparkling sea vanish like a dream, and around us is the blackness of midnight, while far within we hear the dull boom of unseen waves, rolling through the sunless caverns where no man has ever been.

Suddenly Peter lights a pine-wood torch, and a blaze of splendor bursts upon us, dazzling as a tropical sunrise. Roof, walls, archway, every point and every corner, are one great rainbow of blue, and crimson, and yellow, and green. Pillars stand ranged along the sides, polished and shapely as if carved by a sculptor. Long icicle-like points of rock hang from the roof, glittering like diamonds in the sudden light. There are tapestries, too, such as no Norman castle ever had—tapestries of purple sea-weed, smooth and glossy as the finest velvet. And instead of a floor, this strange place is paved with smooth clear dark green water, upon which the red glare of our torch comes and goes like the light of a magic lantern.

This is the sight for which we have come—our "palace under the sea." And a palace indeed it is, which might suit the Sleeping Beauty herself. For all we know (for in such a place any wonder seems possible) she may be dreaming out the last of her hundred years behind these heavy folds of sea-weed, which are undoubtedly a curtain worthy of any princess. Aladdin may be sitting in yonder corner industriously rubbing his wonderful lamp; Tom Thumb may be peeping slyly at us over the edge of that pointed rock; the "Little Mermaid" and her sisters may have been swimming in this pool when we entered, and fled at our approach. And as we glide into the smaller cave that opens out of the larger, what is this queer-looking creature that scurries off along the nearest ledge? Puss-in-Boots? Hop-o'-my-Thumb? one of Gulliver's Lilliputians? Alas! no—only a big crab.

At the farther end of the second cave a wide cleft in the rock seems to offer us an easy passage, but another look shows me two sharp rocks planted within, like huge teeth, threatening certain destruction to any boat that may venture between them.

"Mony a mon has tried to pass yon place," says old Peter, shaking his gray head, "but naue ever did it, nor ever will. And noo, Maister Ker, the tide's risin', and I'm thinkin' the sooner we're oot o' this the better."

A BOY'S ROW-BOAT.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

THE building of a round-bottomed boat requires more skill in using tools than most boys possess, and some experience besides, but a very serviceable bateau, or flat-bottomed skiff, is easily built by any one who can use a saw, plane, and hammer.

Our boat must be of light draught, capable of carrying three or four boys, and adapted for rowing, hunting, and fishing on rivers and ponds. So we will take a flat-bottomed bateau, twelve feet eight inches long (so as to use thirteen-foot boards, the common size) and of three feet six inches beam.

But one mould will be needed, of the shape of Fig. 2, thirteen inches wide, three feet four and a half inches on the top, and two feet ten and a half inches on the bottom. It may be of rough board, as it has no permanent place in the boat. A strip one inch square is nailed on the upper edge, projecting over each end, and making a guide in setting up the sides.

The bow is a piece of oak three by four and a half inches, and sixteen inches long, its shape being shown in Fig. 5. It can be hewn out with a hatchet and finished

Digitized by Google

with a plane, the rabbets or recesses on each side for the ends of the side boards being cut with a mallet and chisel, and finished up square and true with a rabbet-plane. Too much care can not be taken to have all the joints true and close, leaving no seams to be stopped with putty. The square should be used constantly, as small errors at the start have a way of ending as very great ones.

Before going further, let us look at one very important difference between the work of most amateurs and that of a finished mechanic. The amateur generally *cuts out* his guide lines, while the other cuts *just to them*, and no more. For marking, a sharp pencil or the point of a knife should be used, the rule or square being held firmly, and but one steady stroke taken.

Now we are ready to mark out our two side boards of pine, thirteen feet long, fifteen inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick. First plane an edge of one up straight. Then draw lines across with the square as in Fig. 8—one, *a c*, as near to the end as possible, *f i* at six feet six inches from it, and *b h* at twelve feet nine and a half inches; and also the lines *a d* and *b g*, the distance *d e* being three inches and *g h* four inches, laying off eight inches from *b* to the point *c*. To draw the curves at top and bottom, a piece of straight-grained wood half an inch square and thirteen feet long is needed. Such a piece is called a batten, and is used in ship and boat building when it is desired to draw any curve other than small circles, as when bent it will take of itself an even, regular curve, with no flat spots or breaks. One end of the batten is tacked at *e*, and the centre at *f*, and the other end is bent up to *c*. A few nails may be driven at intermediate points until it coincides with the line from *e* to *f*, and thence curves gently up to *c*. After the line is drawn, the same process will give the upper curve, *i* being an inch and a half from the edge. The board so marked must now be laid on the other, and a few nails driven to hold them together, when both are ready to be sawn to shape, as shown by the heavy lines in Fig. 8, except that the end beyond *b c* must be left for the present. After sawing and planing up the fore end and two sides, the lines *b c* and *i f* are marked on the second side also. The stern (Fig. 4) is cut from an oak or ash board an inch thick, and is eight and a half inches wide, two feet four and a half inches long on the top, and one foot ten and a half inches on the bottom. After painting the rabbet in the bow with thick white lead, one side is laid in place, and secured with-one-and-a-half-inch No. 9 or No. 10 iron screws, first boring the holes with a gimlet and countersinking the heads, the screws being dipped in white lead before inserting. Then stand the board on edge, and screw on the other side, when they will resemble a large V. Now take the mould, and nail it to one side board at the centre mark; then, with some one to help, draw in the other side, and nail it to the mould, making a letter A.

Place this frame-work on a level floor, and measure carefully to ascertain that it is all right—the sides at the same angle, etc.; then place a rope around the projecting ends beyond *b c*, and draw them together until the stern-board will just fit between them. Now the ends of the stern being cut square, and the side boards not being parallel, there will be an opening of perhaps a quarter of an inch between the sides and the inner edges of the stern. Fasten the stern exactly in place, and taking a pair of compasses, set their points a little farther apart than the greatest width of the opening; then keeping one leg of the compasses flat against the side board, move them so that the other point will draw a parallel line on both sides of the stern. Mark each end in this way; then remove and cut to the marks, and on returning the piece to its place it will fit exactly, except that, being now a little shorter, the sides must be drawn in to it, when they can be screwed fast.

Remove the rope; saw off the projecting ends, and plane them down; and turn the boat over, when it will be ready for the bottom. Now apply a straight-edge, as in Fig. 6, and it will be seen that it touches only along the outer edges, *n o*, which must be planed down until it lies flat on each board; then starting at the stern, nail on the bottom boards of three-quarter-inch pine, eight to ten inches wide. Eightpenny finishing nails are the best, three in each board, the heads being driven in to admit of puttying. The holes must be bored with a brad-awl, and the nails driven very carefully, or they will run out at either side. The joints between the boards must be planed very neatly, as the boat is not to be calked. When all are nailed on, the bottom is planed over. A skag, *m*, Fig. 7, is then put on, and nailed from the inside, and a piece of oak nailed down the stern and its after-end to stiffen it. Turn the boat over once more, and screw in a cleat on each side, ten inches long, seven inches above the bottom, and just forward of the mould; fit the seat on it, and nail fast, and then remove the mould. A board five inches wide is now nailed the entire length of the bottom to stiffen it, sixpenny clinch nails being used.

The seats in bow and stern are of three-quarter-inch pine, supported by cross-pieces, shown by dotted lines in Fig. 1; or a locker may be made instead in the stern, with a hinged lid. A gunwale of oak or ash two inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick is next nailed around the edge on each side. Two pieces of oak, twelve inches long, one and a half inches wide, and one inch thick, are screwed on to take the rowlocks: iron ones are best, and cost but little; if wooden ones are used, they are of oak or hickory, seven inches long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick, mortised into the bed-piece and gunwale, the centre of the opening being eleven inches from the after-edge of the thwart.

Two pieces of oak, with notches, forming a rack, are nailed to the edges of the bottom piece, and a strip of oak an inch square is laid across to form a brace for the feet. The oars are of spruce, seven feet long, and the blades five inches wide; leather is tacked around them where they rest in the rowlocks, and a strip of copper protects each end. After punching in all the nails, the boat may be planed off where it needs it, and then sand-papered all over.

The first coat of paint should be white lead mixed with boiled oil, enough black being added to make a lead-color. When it is dry, all the holes should be puttied over, and a second coat applied. White looks well, with a red stripe around the gunwale; but it is difficult to keep clean, and green makes a less noticeable color, and is better for hunting. Any light tint will do for the inside.

Should the boat leak after being in the water for a day or two, the seams must be calked with cotton, forced in with a blunt knife. A ring-bolt in the bow and fifteen feet of three-eighths inch rope complete the equipment, unless a chain is needed for security.

The cost of the materials will be from five to seven dollars.

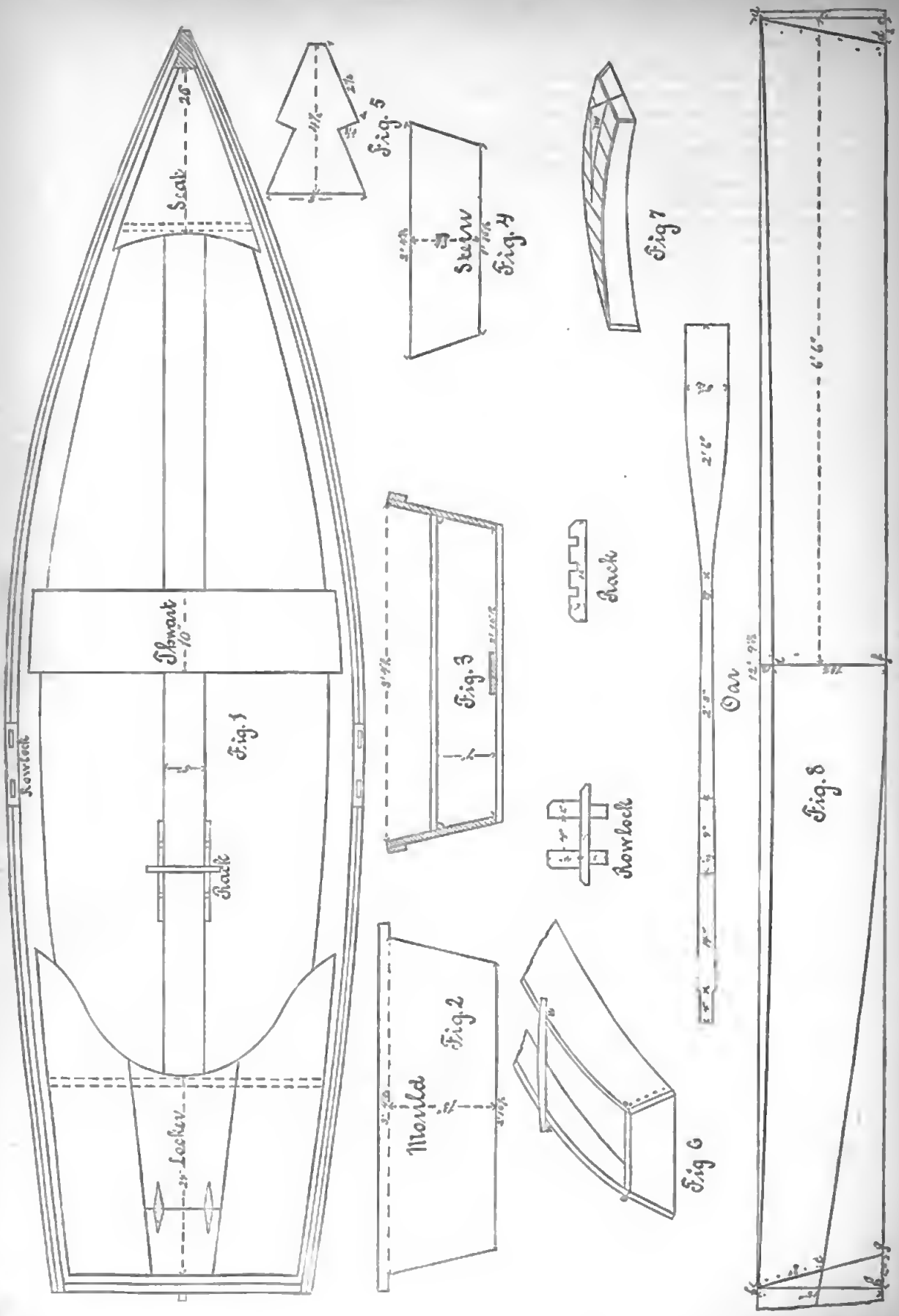
A MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

THERE'S a flush in the sky of crimson deep;
From a waking bird there's a drowsy cheep;
There's a ripple of gold upon the brooks,
And a glitter of dew in dusky nooks.
And this is the way
A midsummer day
Bids the world good-morning.

There's a tremulous cry from a tree-toad hid,
And the husky plaint of the katydid;
Then the fire-flies wink, now high, now low,
Like a sudden flurry of golden snow.
And this is the way
A midsummer day
Bids the world good-evening.

Digitized by Google



WORKING PLANS FOR A BOY'S ROW-BOAT.—(See Page 576.)

[Begun in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"GET out the hammer and nails, and take a couple of the bottom boards and nail the canvas over the cockpit," ordered Charley. "We must keep the water out, or we shall get into trouble."

The boys silently obeyed him. The canvas cabin was laid across the cockpit; the boards were placed over the edges of the canvas and nailed down to the deck. An opening was left close to the tiller, so that any one could creep into the cockpit, but with the aid of a cord even this small opening could be closed.

"Now, boys," said Charley, when this work was done, "I want Tom and Harry to go below and go to sleep. We are in no danger just at present, but we may have hard work before us, and we can't afford to have everybody fagged out at the same time. Joe will stay here with me, in case I want him to help me. So go below, the port watch, and sleep while you can."

"Do you think we shall be drowned?" Harry whispered to Tom, as he prepared to follow him into the cabin.

"I hope we shall come through all right," replied Charley. "With that canvas over her cockpit, the boat ought to live through a pretty heavy gale. Keep up your courage. The wind may blow itself out in a little while. Anyway, we'll do our duty like men, and leave it to God to take care of us. By-the-bye, how are we off for water and provisions?"

"The water keg is full, for we filled it this morning, and we've provisions enough for three or four days, if we don't eat much."

"That's all right, then; but mind and don't drink a drop of water while you can get along without it."

Harry disappeared below the canvas, and Charley, after lacing up the opening, took two pieces of rope, one of which he passed around his waist and made it fast to the rudder-head, and the other of which he handed to Joe, and told him to lash himself to a ring-bolt in the deck. "Now, Joe," he said, "we're safe and comfortable."

"And I'm going to get wet again," replied Joe.

The two boys sat quietly munching the biscuits that Harry had passed up to them when he went below, and which were all the dinner they cared to eat. As night came on, the weather grew decidedly worse. The *Ghost* fairly flew before the wind, and Charley was compelled to abandon the tiller, and to steer with an oar. Luckily he had placed a socket for a rowlock at the stern of the boat when he lengthened her, and this enabled him to use a steering oar now that the *Ghost* kept pitching her rudder almost out of the water, and frequently refused to answer the helm. She rolled a good deal, and occasionally a shower of spray would fly over the stern, drenching Charley and Joe. Neither of them felt much like talking. Charley's whole attention was given to the work of steering, for the least carelessness or mistake might have led to the instant swamping of the boat, and Joe was too much occupied with thinking of the dangerous situation they were all in. The *Ghost* was certainly in an alarming situation. She was hurrying further and further out to sea, in a storm that would have tried even a stanch sea-going yacht. So far from showing any signs of improvement, the weather was constantly growing worse. The sea was heavy, and rolled after the boat as if it was about to pour over her stern, and beat her down into the depths of the ocean. At about ten o'clock Charley saw plainly that the danger was very great in continuing to scud before the wind. Had the *Ghost* been able to carry the close-reefed mainsail, she could have lain to with perfect safety; but he had already found that she could not bear that amount of sail. More than once the sea swirled up around her stern, and buried the after-part of the overhang. Should a rough sea fairly come on board over the stern, the *Ghost* would fill and sink in a moment.

"Call the other fellows, Joe," said Charley.

Tom and Harry did not wait to be called, for they were wide awake, having been far too nervous to sleep. They instantly crept out of the cabin, and stood hanging on to the main-boom, which was lashed amidships.

"We can't scud much longer," Charley said, in his cheerful voice, "and we must try to make a drag. Get out your knives, and cut the gaff loose from the sail; but mind you don't let the sail get adrift. Joe, you find one of the rubber blankets, and a lot of that heavy blue-fish line."

When the gaff was cut loose, and the mainsail made

BOARDING THE WATER-LOGGED BRIG.

snug around the boom, Charley ordered the spare oar to be lashed at right angles across the middle of the gaff. He then showed the boys how to lash the India rubber blanket over this frame-work, so that when finished it resembled an enormous black kite. Next the cannon was lashed firmly to one end of the gaff, and finally the cable was cut loose from the anchor, passed through a hole in the middle of the blanket, and made fast to the gaff and the oar just where they crossed each other.

"Now, boys, what I'm going to do is this," said Charley, when the drag was finished. "I'm going to try to bring her head up to the wind, and let her ride, with the drag as a sea-anchor. The danger will be when she gets broadside to the sea, but it will only last a minute or two. It will be a very ticklish minute; but if she lives through it, we shall probably ride the gale out safely."

"Have we got to try it?" asked Tom.

Digitized by Google

"It is the only thing we can do. If we keep on scudding, we are certain to be swamped; but if she doesn't ship any heavy sea while the drag is bringing her up, we shall be pretty safe."

"Then we'll do it," said Tom; "and I suppose the sooner we do it, the better."

"All right," returned Charley. "Take the halyards, and take a turn around your waists, so that you won't get washed overboard. Now, when I give the word, heave the drag overboard, and stand clear of the cable, for it may catch you by the legs. Are you all ready?"

"Ready," answered Tom and Harry.

"Then haul down the jib, Joe, just as quick as possible, and the minute it's down, hang on to the mast as tight as you can. Heave away that drag."

The drag was overboard just as the jib came down. The cable ran out swiftly, and the moment the boat felt the strain of the drag, she began to swing around toward the wind. Charley helped her with his oar, working at it with frantic energy. A kind Providence befriended them, and during the long minute—which seemed at least five minutes to the anxious boys—while the *Ghost* was in the trough of the sea, hardly a drop of water came aboard her. The danger was over when the boat's bow was presented to the gale, and Charley, ceasing his efforts with the oar, exclaimed, in a reverent tone, "Thank God!" and then called the boys to come into the cockpit and make themselves comfortable.

"As long as the cable holds, and the drag doesn't break up, we are as safe as if we were ashore," said he, gayly.

Taking in the now useless oar, and lashing the helm amidships, Charley crept into the cockpit, where his companions joined him. They got out a box of sardines, and with the remains of a loaf of bread, they made a comfortable supper. The spray occasionally flew over the bow, and slapped the canvas, but the cockpit remained perfectly dry.

"What do you think about the drag? Is it going to hold together?" asked Tom, when the supper had made him feel a little more comfortable, and the gale seemed to his imagination less terribly dangerous.

"It's well made, and the only danger about it is that the oar may break. Even if it does, the weight of the cannon will keep the gaff perpendicular, and there will be enough of the drag left to keep us head to the sea. The cable is strong, and I don't believe we are pulling hard enough on it to snap it. I think we can feel perfectly easy, and I'm going to turn in and have a good sleep. Tom, will you keep your head out of the cabin, and keep your eyes open for the next two hours, and then call Harry to relieve you? We must have somebody on the look-out."

"Don't we need a light too?" asked Tom.

"Of course we do. Will that lantern of yours burn in this wind, Harry?"

"It ought to. It's warranted to burn in any weather: at least that's what the advertisement says."

"Then light it, and hang it up alongside of the mast. You'll have to lash it to the mast, or it will swing round and smash against it. Call me if you see a ship's light anywhere, or if the weather gets worse, or anything happens. Come on, Joe; let's have four hours of good sleep, and we shall turn out in first-rate spirits."

So saying, the young Captain wrapped himself in his blanket, and was asleep long before Joe yielded to weariness, rather than sleepiness, and sank into an uneasy slumber.

When Charley was called four hours later by Harry, he found that there was little change in the weather. The wind was still howling as fiercely as ever, and the sea was at least as heavy as it had been, although the effect of the drag was to break the seas that were sweeping down on the *Ghost*, so that she really felt them rather less than she had when running before the wind. Charley refilled the lantern, which had nearly burned out, examined the cable and the ring-bolt to which it was fastened to see if he could find any signs of weakness, and then, going aft, sat down and thought over the situation. He felt confident that the gale, which had come up so suddenly and fiercely, would blow itself out in the course of the next twelve hours, and he had little doubt that the boat would live through it. But the morning would certainly find the *Ghost* far out of sight of land, without a compass, and with only a small supply of food and water. If the sky should be clear, he could judge of the points of the compass by the sun; but it would be impossible to get the gaff on board again, and without it the boat would hardly be able to beat to windward in case the direction of the wind should not change. There was, however, a good chance that some vessel bound to New York would pick the boys up, and perhaps tow in the *Ghost*. While he felt that the danger of foundering was probably over, Charley could not conceal from himself that the situation was not a very encouraging one, but he never thought of losing his courage; and though he felt the responsibility of his position as the one to whom his young comrades looked for counsel and orders, he was calm and cheerful, for he knew he was doing his duty to the best of his ability.

He did not call Joe, when the latter's turn came to come on deck, for he was anxious to see the sun rise, and he knew that Joe needed sleep.

The sun rose just where he had supposed it would, and a short time afterward the wind perceptibly lessened its violence. At six o'clock he called the other boys, and told them the welcome news that the gale had broken, and that fair weather could not be far off.

"Where does all this water come from?" demanded Harry, as he awoke to find that he was lying in a pool of water. "Did we ship a sea last night after I went to sleep?"

"She may be leaking a little," replied Charley. "Pump her out, somebody, and we'll soon find out if she leaks."

Tom pumped for ten or twelve minutes, and freed the *Ghost* of water; but before breakfast was over, the water again made its appearance.

"She's sprung a leak sure enough," said Harry.

"The pump throws the water out faster than it comes in," replied Charley, "and that kind of a leak will never sink her. She has strained a little in this sea, but I don't think she will leak any worse than she is leaking now."

But the leak was a more serious matter than the boys supposed that it was. It increased slowly but surely, and by ten o'clock it became necessary to pump the boat out every half-hour.

"Don't be worried about it," Charley said to Joe, who was becoming alarmed at the rapidity with which the water flowed into the *Ghost*. "If the pump won't keep her free, we can all get to work and bail. A boat that four fellows and a pump couldn't keep afloat would be worse than a sieve."

Still, the leak was not a pleasant thing, and Charley was not quite so careless about it as he seemed to be.

Both the wind and sea had now gone down very decidedly, and the boys were hoping that before long they would be able to set the mainsail. It is true that they had no gaff, but by hooking the throat halyards into the corner of the sail, it could be converted into a rude leg-of-mutton sail, with the peak dangling and flapping in the air. Toward noon a two-masted vessel came in sight, directly to leeward of them, though too far off for them to make out her rig. They watched her carefully for an hour, and could not see that her position changed in the least, except that the distance between her and the *Ghost* was diminishing.

"Boys," said Charley, "I think we can venture to cut loose from the drag, and run down to that vessel under the

Digitized by Google

jib. I think I can make out her jib-boom now, and if I'm not mistaken she's steering westerly. Very likely we can get her Captain to lend us a compass, or perhaps he can give us something that will do for a gaff."

"And have we got to abandon our own gaff, and the cannon, and the rubber blanket?" inquired Harry.

"There is too much sea for us to run the risk of trying to get them on board again," answered Charley. "I'm sorry to lose the cannon, for it did us good service in Hempstead Bay; but we shall never see it again. Run up the jib, Joe, and, Tom, you get hold of the cable and walk aft with it, so as to give the boat a sheer to port. We want to be quick about it, and Joe must have the hatchet ready to cut the cable the moment the jib fills."

The manœuvre was successfully accomplished, and the *Ghost* ran down toward the strange vessel. As she neared the stranger, the latter proved to be a deserted brig. Her sails were all furled except the maintopsail, which had blown out of the bolt-ropes, and she was evidently water-logged, for she was very low in the water, and occasionally a wave seemed to wash clear over her, as she rolled in the trough of the sea.

"We've wasted our time," cried Tom. "She's worse off than we are."

"That may be," said Charley, "but I think we had better try to get on board of her. She isn't going to sink, for she must have had all the water in her that she will hold a long while ago. Let's board her anyhow, and see if we can get a compass."

It was a delicate matter to board the brig with the sea that was still running. The *Ghost* was brought around her stern, and near enough to her main-chains for Tom to leap into them with a rope in his hand, while Charley, using an oar as a fender, prevented the brig and the boat from coming together. The rope, which was the peak halyard, used as a painter, was made fast to the brig, and then the *Ghost* was carefully hauled up, until Harry was near enough to jump. The same process was repeated until the other two boys had joined Tom and Harry, and then the *Ghost* was permitted to drift away as far as her painter would let her. Climbing into the main-rigging, so as to be out of the reach of the water, the boys remained long enough to see that the seas which came on board the brig were not heavy enough to be dangerous. She was apparently a French vessel, and Charley thought that she was probably loaded with timber. The quarter-deck was dry, except for the spray which now and then flew over it, and the boys felt no fear in coming down from the rigging, and looking into the binnacle to see if the compass was still there. The moment Charley saw the compass, he cried out: "Boys, the wind has changed, and is very nearly southeast. What do you say to sailing the brig into New York, and getting a pile of salvage money?"

"Will she sail?" asked Tom.

"Can we sail her?" asked Harry.

"She's awfully wet," remarked Joe.

"I think we can sail her into port if the wind holds, and her steering gear is all right, as it looks to be. I say let's try it. We can tow the *Ghost*, and she will always be ready for us if we want to abandon the brig."

"Don't let's decide in a hurry," said Tom. "It will be slow work getting this water-logged vessel into New York, and I don't believe we have fresh-water enough to last us more than two days longer."

"There's a water cask on deck right in plain sight," exclaimed Charley. "I can see from here that the bung is in, so it must have fresh-water in it. Hold on till I try the wheel. There! I told you so. The rudder and steering gear are all right. Now if you'll agree to try what we can do with the brig, I'll jump up and loose the fore-topsail, and we'll have it set in a jiffy. Come, now, it's a splendid chance for us, and we ought not to lose it."

"Go ahead, Charley," cried the boys, catching their leader's enthusiasm. "Give us our orders, and we'll sail the brig in if we can do it."

"Then come forward with me, and we'll set the head-sails, and get her out of the trough of the sea."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'TIS HARD TO BELIEVE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

VERY warm was the day, very drowsy and still,
And the farmer sat reading the news;
And the wife of the farmer was milking the cow,
And his eldest son blacking his shoes;
And the ma of the farmer was on the back porch
Making apple and blackberry pies,
With the farmer's wee girl in a chair by her side,
Looking at her with sleepy blue eyes.
And the maid in the kitchen was washing the plates,
With many "Oh, dears!" and "Oh, mys!"
And the house-dog was lying upon the door-mat,
A-lazily snapping at flies,

When some Naps, just escaped from the country of Nod,
Came noiselessly flying that way;
And the funniest pranks that small Naps ever played,
In a moment they managed to play.
From the hands of the farmer the paper they snatched,
From his head jerked the kerchief of silk;
And they tumbled his wife from her stool 'gainst the cow,
And away went the pail of new milk.

They jogged the boy's elbow, and up flew his arm,
And the blacking splashed over his nose;
And they charmed the poor maid with a nice little dream,
And then dropped a big plate on her toes.
Close together they brought Pompey's teeth with a bang,
Just catching the tip of his tongue;
And the ma of the farmer they teased, till at last
Half her fruit in the garden she flung.
And they closed Baby's eyes, and she slid from the chair,
And lay on the floor in a heap;
And yet these same Naps, though 'tis hard to believe,
Are the children of quiet Dame Sleep.

TAKING HIS PLACE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"OH, Charlie! Why did you do it? On my birthday too! I am so sorry, for now you will miss all the fun of the Fourth." And as she spoke, Mary sat down, dangling her broad hat by one string, and looked disconsolately at her brother, who had been sent to bed as a punishment.

"How was I to know that just a little bunch of fire-crackers like that was going to smash the goblet? I did not think it would do anything but just lift it up some."

"Who told you to do such a thing, Charlie?"

"Nobody; I thought of it myself. Oh dear! I wish I had a grandma, or an aunt, or somebody like that!"

"What for, Charlie? I am sure nobody could be half so good as mamma."

"I like grandmas and aunts. Eddie Bates has a grandmamma, and she always gets him out of scrapes; and Tom Taylor has an aunt that does lots of things for him. People ought not to get married if they don't have mothers and sisters to make grandmas and aunts for fellows who are always getting blamed for nothing at all."

"But, Charlie, you did break the glass."

"No, I didn't either; the fire-crackers broke it. Oh, dear! dear! I wish there wasn't any Fourth of July, nor fire-crackers, nor nothing! What's the use of fire-crackers, if a fellow can't fire them off? It was real mean to let me spend all my money on fire-crackers, and then not let me have any fun with them. There's my pin-wheel too. I promised Bates to fasten it to the top of the highest clothes-pole in his back yard to-night."

"I am so sorry, Charlie dear!"

Digitized by Google

"A FAIR EXCHANGE."—FROM A PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN.

"And, Mary, I am so dreadfully hot. I have got a raging fever; I know I have."

"Why do you not say you are sorry?" suggested Mary.

"Didn't I say so?—over, and over, and over. And father just said he thought bed was the best place for boys who exploded fire-crackers under goblets. If I was a father, and wanted to kill a boy, I'd do it out and out, and not roast him to death in bed on a Fourth of July. I wouldn't for millions of dollars send a poor boy to bed on his sister's eighth birthday." But what particular attention was due to his sister's eighth birthday Charlie did not explain.

"You knew the crackers would break the goblet."

"No, I didn't; I never saw them smash one. Didn't they bang, though?" And at the recollection Charlie's eyes grew bright, and a delighted expression illumined his sombre little face. The next moment, however, he was crying bitterly, and Mary, having watched him a moment, ran down stairs, just in time to stop her father as he was going out.

"Papa, please forgive Charlie. He is so sorry, and he wants to go out so much!"

"He must have a lesson, Mary, that will teach him not to be so destructive." But he added, smiling, "If you choose to take his place, Charlie may go out."

Mary bounded away to her brother's room. "Papa says you may go out, Charlie. Get up, dear."

Charlie needed no second bidding, and he asked no questions. Five minutes later he was explaining to Eddie Bates the principles upon which he had blown a goblet all to smithereens in his back yard.

What a glorious Fourth it was! Charlie did not go home until tea-time. He would not have gone then, but that his pin-wheel and the rockets were under his clean shirts in the bottom drawer of his bureau, and must be gone for.

Up stairs he ran, as gay as a cricket, and burst into his room. "Let me see; they are in this one. Bother! Where did I put them?"

"What are you looking for, Charlie?"

"What are you doing in bed?"

"Taking your place."

"What!"

"Papa said if I would take your place, you might go out; and girls do not care much about the Fourth of July," said Mary, cheerily.

"And you have been in bed all day?"

"Of course; papa said you were to stay in bed all day, and I am taking your place."

"But you are not me."

"But I am your substitute."

"Oh, Mary, you dear, dear, darling sister! you are better than all the grandmothers and aunts in the world; catch them going to bed a whole day for a fellow!" cried Charlie, kissing her proudly.

"I am very, very glad I took your place, Charlie."

"You get up now, Mary, and I'll give you my pin-wheel and my rockets, and you and Ella Bates can fire them all off. I wouldn't be so mean as to let you lie there any longer," said Charlie, beginning to remove his coat.

"That will do, Charlie," said papa, coming into the room. "Get up, my little daughter; Charlie has learned his lesson, I am sure."

"Indeed I have, papa, and I am real sorry."

That same evening Eddie Bates was boasting to a crowd of boys about his grandmother having saved him from an evening of sorrow in his own room, when Charlie spoke up:

"Grandmas and aunts are all well enough, boys, but sisters are a heap better. You just listen." And in a voice of pride and love he related his sister's generous act.

And the gay little crowd gave Mary three cheers and a tiger, besides firing off nine starry rockets simultaneously in her honor.

Digitized by Google

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY MILLAIS.—[SEE PAGE 586.]

Digitized by Google

BOBBY BOY AND ROBIN BIRD.

BY KITTY CLOVER.

"Oh, Robin, Robin bird,
Wise as wise can be,
Why do you sit on the chestnut bough,
Nodding your head at me?
Haven't you any work to do,
Hopping about all day?
Is it the whole of a Robin's life
To whistle, and eat, and play?"

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby boy,
Why shouldn't I look at you?
If I am only a little bird,
I have plenty of work to do.
Don't you whistle, and eat, and play,
And play, and whistle, and eat?
Don't I see you at breakfast-time,
And out in the sunny street?"

"Yes, but Robin, Robin bird,
I study as well as play;
I'm half-way through my spelling-book,
And many a lesson I say;
But you don't have any books to read,
A life that you must enjoy:
I wish I was only a Robin bird,
Instead of a Bobby boy."

"Ah, Bobby, Bobby boy,
You don't know what you say;
There's nobody longing to eat you up,
Whenever you go to play;
There's nobody ready to hunt your nest,
And steal your innocent brood,
Or shoot you at sight with a horrid gun
If you venture into the wood.

"But yonder the cat sits blinking
Her great green eyes, you see;
She'd break every bone in my body
If she got her claws on me.
I never can be any other
Than only a Robin, you know,
While you, perhaps, from a little boy,
A tall, strong man, will grow,

"And maybe win fame and honor,
Wherever your name is heard,
While my greatest-grandson Robin
Will be nothing but a bird.
So don't be idly wishing,
For God knew best, you see,
When He made you a pretty Bobby boy,
Instead of a Robin like me."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S YOUTH.

ELIZABETH TUDOR, the famous Queen, was born September 7, 1533, at a beautiful palace on the Thames, at Greenwich. Her father was the cruel Henry VIII., the husband of six wives in succession; her mother, the fair, unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Her birth was the occasion of a splendid ceremony. At her baptism the Lord Mayor of London and his officers came in state to Greenwich, clad in gold and purple. The nobility and the clergy assembled, and brought rich gifts of gold, silver, and jewels. The trumpets sounded, the people cheered, and the infant princess was brought back to the palace with blazing torches by a crowd of gayly clad attendants. For nearly three years she was looked upon as the heir to the crown; a palace was given her, and she seemed destined only to good fortune. But now her cruel father cut off her mother Anne Boleyn's head, and married another. Elizabeth was neglected, and was left without clothes, and almost without food. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess of her, and "no meat at home." Her father forgot his child, and seemed almost to desire that she might die, like her mother.

His third wife, Jane Seymour, died, leaving a son Edward, who was to be King of England. Elizabeth was now treated with kindness, and formed a strong affection for her young brother. She was about four years older than he was. As they grew up, they were educated together in the same palace, and had the same tutors. They studied Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and learned to write well. At twelve, Elizabeth could compose in French and Italian; and when Edward was about twelve, he began to keep a journal, which is still read with pleasure. Their elder sister, Mary Tudor, afterward the cruel Queen, was sometimes with them. Their father, Henry VIII., gave them excellent teachers, and they lived in happiness together for several years. But Henry had in the mean time divorced one wife (Anne of Cleves), cut off the head of another (Katharine Howard), and finally married a widow, Katharine Parr, who outlived him. He died in 1547. When the news of his death was brought to Elizabeth and Edward, who were in the room together, they burst into floods of tears.

Edward went up to London and became King at nine years of age. Elizabeth fell into bad health, grew pale and thin, and for many months seemed scarcely to hope for life. She wrote sometimes to Edward, and their fondness for each other still continued. She grew up tall, fair, her eyes blue, her hair red or auburn, her nose prominent, her manners pleasant and attractive. She played on the viol, danced, sang, read Greek, spoke Latin easily, and was fond of literature; she made translations from the Italian, and was one of the most intelligent persons of the time. At this period she dressed very plainly, and lived a studious life. In 1553 Edward died, at sixteen. Mary, his elder sister, became Queen, and at one moment wished to put Elizabeth to death. She was carried to the Tower, passed through the Traitor's Gate, and was a prisoner for many months. At last Mary relented, and set her free. Mary died in 1558, and Elizabeth became Queen of England.

Her life can scarcely be called a happy one, for she was in constant danger of assassination, and her enemies on all sides threatened to deprive her of her crown. Her chief rival and foe was her second cousin, Mary Queen of Scots. Mary was Queen of Scotland, and claimed to be Queen of England. She said Elizabeth had no right to the throne. Mary was suspected of murdering her husband Darnley, was driven from Scotland by the people, and became Elizabeth's prisoner for nineteen years. She was always plotting against her cousin; sometimes she planned the assassination of the Queen with the discontented English, and sometimes she called upon the Kings of France and Spain to invade England, and place her on its throne. Mary's long captivity and various misfortunes have made her an object of lasting interest. Like all the Tudors, she was very intelligent and very cruel. Elizabeth kept her for nineteen years a state prisoner in different castles. At last, when some new plot was discovered, it was thought necessary to put her to death. Elizabeth signed the order for her cousin's execution with tears and hesitation. She had, no doubt, some humanity.

Soon after, Philip II. of Spain sent the great Armada to conquer England and destroy Elizabeth; but the brave English sailors defeated the Spaniards, and the great fleet was dashed to pieces on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Elizabeth's reign was a very famous one. Shakspeare and Spenser were its poets, Bacon, Cecil, and Raleigh its active leaders. The Queen was always fond of reading, and spoke Latin to the students at Oxford. But she grew vain, proud, and forgot her early simplicity. At sixteen, she had worn only plain clothes, and lived in quiet study; at sixty, she covered herself with laces, brocades, and satins, and left, at her death, three thousand costly dresses and eighty wigs. She never married; and when she died, in 1603, James I., the son of her cousin and rival, Mary Queen of Scots, became King.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in Harper's Young People No. 87, June 28.]

AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER III.

I SUPPOSE it was the excitement of the performance which, a little later, roused me to some enjoyment of the evening. We had a merry tea party in our costumes before the play began, and when it came my turn to appear, I found employment enough for all my senses. I must own to no small discomfiture when I found myself upon the stage. I had expected to make quite a success, but the crowd of faces, the lights, the consciousness of being listened to, perhaps the guilty burden on my heart and soul, confused me. I spoke and acted very badly, and tears of vexation were in my eyes when I left the stage.

"Don't be so frightened, Ruth," Mr. Ludlow whispered. "It really is of no *great* consequence what people think of it, you know."

So the play continued. The great success of the evening was Kate's, and it was due to her playing a part which all the audience knew was like her own: a loving, unselfish, charitable woman, whose part it was to bring about a happy ending to the little play. Kate had thought so little of herself and her own part in the play that she seemed surprised and confused by the applause and congratulations. Everybody was in good spirits when we went down to supper, and all had so much to say to each other about the play that for a few moments I felt somewhat neglected. I stood near a window in the supper-room, concealed from view by heavy curtains, and now that the play was over, I realized fully the wickedness of the thing I had done. As I stood there, bitterly regretting that I had not obeyed my father's instructions, I could not help overhearing a portion of a conversation that was held just outside the heavy draperies behind which I stood. A lady's voice, that was at first unfamiliar to me, said, "Yes, she has wonderfully fine qualities, but she is eaten up with selfishness. I think it such a dreadful shame. Why, all C—— talks of the way Winifred is sacrificed to her."

"I can not believe she is naturally so selfish," the other voice said, and I recognized it as Mr. Ludlow's. "It is true, she never seems to consider any one but herself, but I think it is the fault of her education."

"But," persisted the other voice, which I now remembered was that of Mrs. Judson's sister—a lady who lived in New York, and was a great friend of Cousin Mary's—"but you don't know the life poor Winny leads, so shut up, hard-worked with those children, never given any sort of amusement, while Ruth grasps everything; and now I hear that Winifred is very ill...."

More was said, but I lost the words. The lady moved away; Mr. Ludlow remained standing by the table. I could hear the music in the distance, and the sounds of laughter and merry-making jarred upon me painfully. Finally I thrust back the curtains, and stood before Mr. Ludlow, the tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Ludlow," I exclaimed, brokenly, "it is all true; I am just that—a miserable, selfish girl." And flinging myself into a chair, I put my head down upon the table, giving way to a fresh burst of tears.

Mr. Ludlow did not speak for a moment; he let me weep silently. Then I felt his hand on my head.

"I am not sorry you overheard us, Ruthie," he said, in his kindest voice. "Perhaps, dear child, this was the lesson you needed."

I shook my head, and sobbed freshly. "Oh, but you don't know all!" I exclaimed. "I have been so bad! I am not only selfish, but a liar."

He started, but his hand on my head only moved slightly; then its gentle pressure was renewed, and he said, quietly, "Tell me all about it, Ruth. Stop: come up stairs to my own sitting-room. You can talk quietly there."

I followed him gladly enough. Mr. Ludlow's little den was a very sacred place to all of us. There we knew that he read and wrote and studied. I had only seen the room once from the doorway. I did not remember what I now noticed, with a start, that above the mantel hung an exquisite crayon of Hunt's "Light of the World." There were candles lighted on either side of it, and their gleam touched the Divine face tenderly. I never forgot just that moment. I needed so to feel His mercy, and here I seemed to read it, with love and compassion as well. Mr. Ludlow made me sit down, and I told my story, and then I wrung my hands, and asked, miserably, what was I to do. He was very grave and earnest and kind, and said words which I yet hold as counsels for daily life; but he took the case into his own hands kindly. Of course, he said, I must go home at once. He asked me if he might call Kate up stairs, and counsel with her. I assented gladly, and I think he told Kate all about it before she came into the room, for she had her advice all ready. She said that I could go home by an early morning train, and leave her to explain my sudden departure to the girls. "And another time, Ruthie," she said, "you will come and have a longer visit." She said very little of my fault; but late that night, after all the merry-making was over, she came and knelt beside me, and we prayed a little together. After all, that miserable day had held moments which were to be life-long influences. It was arranged that Mr. Ludlow should take me home, and after a few hours' sleep, Kate wakened me. I went down in the early morning to a little breakfast, and then started off with my kind friend. I never shall forget that journey. My heart beat with nervous apprehension as we neared home. Mr. Ludlow had telegraphed ahead, and the boy with papa's gig was waiting. In answer to my inquiries, he said Miss Winny was very ill, and at the house door papa's face confirmed my fears.

Shall I ever forget my feelings as I entered Winny's room, and saw her lying on her bed, so changed that she turned nearly sightless eyes upon me. Oh, how I hated myself for all the trouble I had given her! Days and nights passed as though in a dream, and through God's mercy Winny lived, but never to be very strong and well, never to entirely resume her old place at our head. Kate Ludlow came up and nursed her through those many weeks. She taught me many things to do, and contrived to place a great deal in my hands.

I think it was a year later, when Winny had gone off to the country with the Ludlows, that I received a package from Mr. Ludlow containing an engraving like the one in his room. With it were the following lines:

"DEAR RUTH,—Will you keep this from me in remembrance of last year, and as a sign that I *believe* you will keep your high resolves? When I bring Winny home, I shall have something to tell you."

And so he had. A week later he and Winny arrived, and almost the first thing she did was to put her arms about me and tell me the news. She was engaged to be married to my kind friend.

Aunt Ruth paused in her story. Evening had come on while she finished it, and the room was too dark for us to see her face.

"And so she married him?" I asked.

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Ruth, "and you all know what happiness she has had. So you see my temptation ended in Winny's peace."

Digitized by Google

IN MR. LUDLOW'S STUDY.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

We were silent a moment, and then Aunt Ruth said: "My story ought to help all of you a little, girls, one way or another. Try, resolve, and you can all conquer."

THE END.

COOKING CLUBS.

THIS is a fac-simile of a dainty note that I received one afternoon last month. As I looked at the wee, plump cook, in her cap and apron, tossing a ball in a frying-pan in the upper corner of the invitation, and the tiny cook merrily footing a jig in the lower corner, and then spied along the bottom the guests and musicians running for the special midnight train. I wondered whether these little Jersey maids were going to prepare us a wonderful supper, dance while it was baking, boiling, and cooling, invite us to partake of it, and then vanish, leaving us to scurry home like belated fairies fearing the dawn.

A few days afterward I was being borne rapidly along toward Morristown in the train, now flying past loveliest stretches of woodland, catching glimpses of brown pools and flushes of silver brooks, and anon past meadows golden with buttercups, and fields snowed under by daisies: and was there ever so pretty a sight?

Yes, in the dressing-room of the hall where the five-and-forty "young maidens," white capped and robed like daisies—or, no, they made me think of doves—were cooing and preening their white feathers—beg pardon, their white ribbons—for their ball: *that* was a prettier sight.

Among the hundreds of pretty girls who attended the ball we knew our cooking maidens by their caps, and a sign, for each one wore a tiny griddle or a frying-pan or a toasting-fork fastened to her dress, and besides that a great ball of red and white roses hanging from her belt.

This was their first ball, and how do you think the young maiden cooks trimmed their ball-room? With bunches of roses and radishes, leeks and lilies, and all sorts of homely herbs twisted and twined around pots and kettles, griddles and saucepans, all full-sized, and shining new from the tin shops. Now don't laugh: it was very pretty and proper too that these utensils should be raised to their ancient dignity. Why, once upon a time, very long ago, of course, cooking utensils were made of bronze and silver and gold, and Kings and Queens delighted to cook their own meals, and professional cooks rode in carriages, as I hope these young cooks may—or do.

What I wish to tell is how this association originated, and something about other cooking clubs. Well, about five years ago, a dozen school-girls put their wise young heads together for a grave consultation. I will not tell you what solemn things were said on this occasion, but they decided that it was the duty of every girl to know how to cook, especially such things as éclairs, puffs, tarts, and jellies, so necessary to the happiness of every well-ordered household; and also, because learning to peel potatoes, prepare vegetables and meats, and to dress salads—all important things, too, in a household—would be very dull and dry work, it was moved and carried that, after eating supper, they should always have music, dancing, charades, or tableaux to cheer them up.

The first meeting was held at the home of one of their

Digitized by Google

"TWO EGGS, WELL BEATEN, ONE CUP SUGAR—"

"DON'T LET IT BURN."

number; the lady of the house and Dinah the cook amiably giving up the kitchen and the dining-room, with their treasures, for the purpose.

It was a pleasant sight to see a dozen young girls in snowy caps and aprons, note-book and pencil in hand, with a grave expression on their rosy countenances as they seated themselves to listen to their acknowledged leader, who was to announce the orders of the day.

I am not going to tell you much about their disappointments. I will only say they were determined to master one of the most important duties in life for girls—so they all said. At first too many girls would "put their fingers in the pie" at a time, so to speak; consequently the "méringues" would not froth properly, the "croquettes" would fall apart, and the biscuits resemble dough.

But they had the dancing to encourage them, added to the thought of duty; so they persevered, until at last one might peep into one of the loveliest dining-rooms, now their head-quarters, and really feel tempted by the goodly array of dishes.

The head cook not long since declared to me that she could peel potatoes, prepare vegetables and salads, and—But there, I can not give a list of all her culinary accomplishments; it would be too long.

From a small club of school-girls the affair has assumed the dignity of an association numbering nearly fifty young ladies. But what has all this to do with the ball? you may ask.

The ball was the crowning event of the association's long existence of five years; in fact, it was a sort of culinary Commencement, and the graduates now commence life as Maidens of Arts—culinary arts, of course.

They have made their courtesy to the world, and now retire. Early in September or October a new Maidens' Association will spring up; but, as these dignified ladies of eighteen patronizingly declare, they will only be little girls—beginners. What a wonderful advantage it is to be so elderly and dignified!

Similar societies exist in various parts of the country: among others may be mentioned the Boston Saturday Morning Cooking Club, which has won considerable fame by its culinary exploits; the Young Maidens' Cooking Association of Savannah, Georgia; the Philadelphia Cooking Club; the New York; and a number in the West.

Indeed, wherever those famous lady cooks Miss Juliet Corson, Miss Parlon, and Miss Dodds have travelled, giving their interesting lectures, cooking clubs have sprung up like flowers in their wake.

I wonder, with all their knowledge, whether any of these coming cooks will ever equal that famous Roman master of his art who could serve at table a whole pig, one-half of which was boiled, and the other roasted, and stuffed with spiced birds, eggs, and delicious nuts?

LAYING THE CLOTH.

WASHING DISHES.

Digitized by Google

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

I have been thinking that some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to hear about Uncle Pete, and perhaps to help my sister M—— and myself in the little school which we began with Pete's eight children for the first pupils. Four years ago we moved back to the old farm which had been my father's. The place is now worked by tenants. One of them is a colored man, who was once our slave, and has never left us a single day. He used to be a good servant, and in the years since he has been free he is still the same honest, faithful man. In the sickness and troubles we have had he has been the kindest of friends, always doing everything in can for us. When we came back we found a great deal to do, and many things very much run down, and Uncle Pete was our best helper. There is no school here for colored children to attend, so we asked him to send his little flock to us on Sunday afternoons. The little things came gladly, and learned so well that we told them they might invite any other children who wished to learn to come with them. In a month our school numbered twenty-seven pupils. Among them they have only six A B C primers, and two New Testaments. They are very anxious to learn to read and write.

If we had the money, we would like to build a little school-house, where M—— would teach these little folks three times a week, except in the season when they are busy in the cotton field, and every Sunday as well. We could then take a great many more, who are now sent away for want of room. We will gladly give the land, all the timber needed, and the use of our wagon and team, and Pete with the other fathers will give labor; but some money is necessary too, and we have none. We would now be very glad to receive books, even old and worn ones, reward cards, papers, and slates, as well as copies of the Testament. If we had a small instrument, M—— would teach them to sing.

Any gifts of money or books which may be sent to me will be acknowledged promptly and thankfully. Who wants to help Pete's little kids, and her friends?

MRS. ALICE RICHARDSON.

We have no doubt that many of you will look about the house to see what school-books and cards you have finished using, and what story-books and Testaments you can send to these ladies, who are trying to make the little dark-eyed children on the farm happier and better. Very likely some of you will deny yourselves a treat of some kind, or save money from candies or toys, that you may lend a hand to Uncle Pete in building a little school-house. And if some of you help to buy the little cabinet organ, why, if you listen very hard, you may hear the sweet voices singing, if not with your ears, in your hearts.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

I was seven years old on Christmas-day. I can not write well yet, but mamma is writing this for me. I have two sisters, Isabel and Constance, and I have three cousins here, so that we have great fun when we play together. We have drives very often out on the lovely green prairies. Mamma reads us the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE, and we are so delighted with them all. We were very sorry when Mr. Stubbs died, and my sister and I hope Toby got some other pet in his place. I go to school every day. We had games in the Park on the 24th of May. Papa and mamma took us to see them. The funniest was the fat man's race.

ETHEL WYNNE.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Last fall papa bought a pig, which we called Mattie. This spring she had eight little pigs, and they all died but one. Mattie was sick, and could not take care of it, so we kept it up stairs, and fed it from a bottle. One night it got out of its basket, and ran all over the room, squealing, until I got up and gave it some milk. I put it in the basket, covered it up with its blanket, and thought it would stay there for the rest of the night; but I had hardly crept into bed, and was just falling asleep, when I heard it squealing again. I said to my sister, "I believe that pig is out again"; and so he was. He did not want to go back in the basket, and we had a great deal of trouble. Mamma and papa both had to get up to feed him before morning.

HARRIET S.

P.S.—The above letter has been lying some time in one of my books, but I think I will send it. After I wrote it the pig died, and we buried him in the garden.

BEDFORD STATION, WESTCHESTER CO., N.Y., JUNE 11, 1881.

Will some of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE help me to obtain (alive) some of the caterpillars of the Cecropia, Polyphemo, Luna, and Promethea moths? They are found from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The eggs of the first of these are found in the Southern States in May, and in the Northern States in June, are kidney-shaped and white, and are found on the leaves of apple, cherry, and wild plum trees. The caterpillar measures from three to four inches in length, is light green, with *red warts* or knobs with black hairs on them. It is about the size of a woman's middle finger.

The caterpillar of the second variety is found on oak, elm, and lime trees in July and August. Its body is blue-green, with orange and purple warts, its head and feet black.

The caterpillar of the third variety is much like the second, but is found on walnut and hickory trees.

The caterpillar of the fourth variety feeds on sassafras-trees. It is large, like the others, bluish-green, except the head, feet, and tail, which are yellow. There are sometimes small wart-like spots on it, either red or blue.

I want the cocoons, the caterpillars, and the eggs. The caterpillars can be sent safely by mail, I think, in a perforated box, with some of the proper leaves inclosed with them, unless the distance is too great.

MRS. L. LEQUER.

HAVANA, ILLINOIS.

We had an evergreen bell for Christmas, and this spring we hung it out in the porch, when some little birds came, made a nest in it, laid eggs, and hatched out little birds. We could stand in the porch and watch the mother bird bring worms to feed her little ones. I am six years old. JEWELL A.

They were "cute" little birds, to choose so cozy a place for housekeeping.

BRIDGETON, NEW JERSEY.

I have just the sweetest little sister, who likes me to play on the piano while she runs around in a circle or dances. But she will dance to only one tune, and if I play any other she sits down on the corner of the sofa, and waits for me to get through.

HATTIE L. S.

MARTINVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I am eleven years old, and my brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I think Jimmy Brown is a very funny boy. I liked "Susie Kingman's Decision" and "Mildred's Bargain" very much. Please, Mr. Harper, tell Jimmy Brown to relate another of his sad experiences soon. ANNIE B.

PUEBLO, COLORADO.

My brothers and sisters and I like to read YOUNG PEOPLE. I think Jimmy Brown's monkey must have been a remarkable one. ROBERT C. W.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. At school one Friday two girls, my sister and myself, read "Susie Kingman's Decision," and our teacher thought it very good. We began YOUNG PEOPLE with No. 31, but as my cousin had all the numbers from the first, I read the stories in them. We have made out many of the puzzles, but have never sent any. I enjoy the letters in the Post-office Box. E. and L. B.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

I can hardly wait till my grandma, who lives in Titusville, Pennsylvania, sends me my YOUNG PEOPLE. I am nine years old, and my sister Mattie is seven. We have a darling little canary-bird. It can sing very sweetly. We have taught it to eat from our mouths. Its name is Billy. We think a great deal of our pet. CLARITE B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the paper was published, and I can hardly wait for Tuesday morning to come I am so anxious to get it. I think that "Toby Tyler" and the "Daisy Cot" are the prettiest of all the stories. Next week I am going to the country to spend the summer at my grandpa's, and I expect to have a very nice time there. They have horses and cows and chickens and guinea-fowls. I go down to the pasture lot every evening, and the cows come to me and I feed them.

Last winter I went to school for the first time. I studied quite hard, and I took the second prize. It was a dear little silver fan.

I am almost eight years old, and I hope to take YOUNG PEOPLE until I grow to be a woman.

JENNIE P. M.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am eleven years old. I have been confined to my bed five weeks to-day. I was out hunting, and was climbing over a fence, and as I was handing the gun over, it slipped out of my hands, and off went Mister Gun! It made a hole in my leg, and one in my arm. It was a pinfire gun. I hope the boys who read this will not handle guns or pistols until they are old enough to take care of them. I will not be able to walk, even with a crutch, for six weeks. I do not know what I would do without HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. I liked "Toby Tyler." I am making a collection of shells, coins, and stamps. We have four little kittens, and my sister calls the mother cat Mamma Lillie or Mayer Lillie.

My father and mother carried me to the Indian this morning at three o'clock, and I saw the comet. J. T. M.

We too hope that the boys who read this letter will heed its warning, and let fire-arms, and even toy pistols, alone. They are dangerous playthings. Boys who go on hunting excursions should be accompanied by their fathers or elder brothers; but while we do not condemn hunting altogether, we think there are many safer ways of finding out-door pleasures, without taking the lives of innocent animals, or periling your own.

STAMFORD, NEW JERSEY.

Before the idea was mentioned in YOUNG PEOPLE a society had been started in New York to collect all sorts of things, such as preserved sea-weed, dried grass, iron, gold, and other ores—in fact, everything except postage stamps. We hold meetings in the fall, at which all the collections are placed in the society's cabinet, to be lent for a while. I am the secretary, and will be happy to give full particulars to any one who may write to me inclosing a three-cent stamp. No girls are admitted, nor any persons residing out of New York State for over three months at a time. JOHN H. BLAKE,
Secretary N. Y. Chapter C, Agassiz Association.

Although you appear to have anticipated our Young People's Natural History Society, we will be pleased to have you become a branch of it, if you wish to do so. Your rule with regard to girls seems to us rather arbitrary. Girls make good working members of such societies, and their presence adds much animation to the meetings.

It may perhaps be interesting for your readers to know with how much pleasure HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is welcomed in far-away countries such as Holland, and how even a Dutch girl is interested in its pretty stories and engravings. I await its arrival as eagerly as any American boy or girl, and the Post-office Box is one of its greatest attractions. Perhaps some of your readers would like to have photographs representing views from Holland. I will send them in exchange for any American pictures. If correspondents have a special desire for views from particular places of Holland, they will please state it in their letters, and I will try to satisfy their demands. E. MOLKWATER,
Villa Duna, Scheveningen, Holland.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Postmarks from Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, for postmarks from any other State, or for Indian relics.
EDWARD HUNTER, Wauseon, Ohio.

Indian arrow-heads, lead ore, and mica, for half-cents and large copper cents of all dates.
W. F. WOODARD, Fairfield, Ill.

Specimen of rock and earth from the State of Ohio, for the same from any other State.
CALVIN K. RISSMAN,
Care of B. F. Seigley, Melmore, Ohio.

Stamps, for same.
GEORGE S. MEREDITH, Oakland, Cal.

Periwinkles, small mussel shells, and petrifications, for foreign stamps. FRANK STIVERS,
Liberty, Union Co., Ind.

Indian tomahawks, for curiosities of any kind. No foreign stamps wanted. DELLIE H. POTTER,
Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Soil from New Jersey, for minerals, fossils, or anything good for a museum.
ARNOLD GREEN, JUN.,
Box 63, Englewood, N. J.

Sixteen foreign postage stamps, for silver or gold ores. F. MILL,
1627 Mount Vernon St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Stamps, postmarks, butterflies, or moss, for seashells, or any curiosity suitable for a museum.
FRANK FORD,
Middlefield, Geauga Co., Ohio.

Belgian and French, for stamps from Russia, Norway, Turkey, Sweden, Italy, Spain, and Greece. No duplicates. ARNOLD LAYMAN,
411 South Fourth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

Two good books, for a young spaniel puppy.
MOSS P. FULLER,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Cryolite from Greenland, pure limestone from Crystal Cave, Bucks Co., Penn., stamps, postmarks, and coins, for Indian relics, curiosities of all kinds, and old United States cents and half-cents.
FRANK H. EARP,
1825 Green St., Philadelphia, Penn.

I will give the following collection of minerals for a good Indian bow and arrows, or for a foot-power scroll-saw, or a good printing-press: Agates (carnelian), agates (moss), asbestos, chalcedony, clay-stone (concretions), copper ore, copper pyrites, cryolite, crystals (quartz), feldspar, flint, fossil wood.

Digitized by Google

fluor-spar, galena, gypsum, granite, garnet, Iceland-spar, Mammoth Cave (formations), marble, mica (quartz), pebble, satin-spar, shale-fused rock (rare), jasperized wood, sandstone formations, iron pyrites, petrified moss; also six shells from Sandwich Islands, three shells from Feejee Islands, four shells from Bermuda Islands, six petrified shells, a trilobite, a piece of mussel chalk (Austria), and some other curiosities. Correspondents please write before sending anything.
C. H. Leadsetter, Jun.,
Box 787, Hamilton, Ohio.

Quartz crystals, iron ore, and flint, for sea curiosities, or stamps from Iceland, Greenland, any country in Africa except Egypt, Argentine Republic, and Central America. Charles Lansing,
Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

Offers invited for a pair of base-ball shoes, size No. 6, very little worn. Thomas T. P. Luqueer,
Bedford Station, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Stamps from Asia, Africa, South America, Gold Coast, Gambia, Mexico, etc., also Chinese coins, copper ore, beautiful art cards, and cards with my name, for department stamps, or any besides European; foreign coins, good ocean curiosities, or cards, in any even exchange. Indian arrow-heads for twelve stamps, or anything named above.
Lock Box 88, Little Falls, N. Y.

Two-cent blue and red United States internal revenue stamps, for foreign stamps and curiosities. Correspondents will please send postal, stating what they have to exchange, and the number of stamps they wish. If the exchange is agreeable, we will forward ours immediately.
B. Soren and G. Harman,
Room 25, 16 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thirty foreign stamps, for five pieces of Indian or Mound Builders' pottery—good specimens.
Box 35, Atwater, Ohio.

Soil from Pennsylvania and water from the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, for soil and water from any other State and river. Katie E. Smith,
2130 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Sand from Lake Ontario, for different sorts of woods. An ounce for each kind.
Roscoe Bacon, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

Three hundred postmarks, all different, for one good font of type weighing not less than two pounds.
H. F. Sheridan, Craigsville, Orange Co., N. Y.

Stamps or postmarks, for stamps. Those from Mexico, Cuba, Peru, and Iceland especially desired.
Harry W. Dennon, Godfrey, Madison Co., Ill.

Ten postmarks, for the 7 or 90 cent stamp of any United States department except the Interior; or stamps, for stamps; and stamps, for curiosities. No duplicates. John R. Blair,
Peninsula House, Seabright, N. J.

One of Scott's stamp albums, containing one hundred and forty rare stamps, some unused, for a pair of roller skates, in good condition, or a miniature yacht or schooner not less than twenty-two inches long, with a mast and bowsprit.
Charles E. Develin,
2019 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Stuffed humming-birds, for good specimens of gold, silver, zinc, tin, lead, and copper ore, or petrified terns, Indian pottery, amethysts, stalactites, and stalagmites. Please write and arrange exchange first. George L. Osgood, Jun.,
2 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Shells, pebbles, and coral from the Atlantic Ocean, for foreign stamps; or stamps, for stamps.
Fred Horton,
Monmouth Beach, Atlantic ville P. O., N. J.

One setting of pure breed golden Polish hens' eggs, for stamps. P. O. Box 256,
Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Pressed ferns, for foreign stamps.
Etta Miller, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal.

Ocean shells, for flower seeds or foreign stamps. A specimen of copper ore, for foreign stamps.
W. D. Miller, Westport, Mendocino Co., Cal.

A piece of petrified wood, a piece of flint, and spear and arrow heads, for foreign stamps.
Ralph Clay, Jamestown, Va.

A stamp from Bavaria, Austria, Germany, France, England, Italy, Belgium, or Canada, for the same from Turkey, Brazil, Mexico, Greece, Spain, Cuba, Egypt, or Russia. Noah T. Coleman,
Cor. Gifford and Niagara Sts., Syracuse, N. Y.

Old issues of United States stamps especially desired for a triangular Cape Colony or an 8-cent registered Canada stamp; five stamps of Italy, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Bavaria, or a Luxemburg and four other kinds, for any South American stamp. Fred H. Wilson,
P. O. Box 1975, Joliet, Illinois.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Until September 1, exchangers will address A. Edda Conover to the care of Mrs. Breinerd, Harrison, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Annie C. Smith, Binghamton, N. Y., and Harry C., Bergen Point, N. J., withdraw their names from our exchange list.

Adele R.—Read answer to N. B. A. S.

Mary H.—Write again to Susie F., who perhaps failed to receive your letter. Tell her what you have told us, and ask her to explain her delay.

Mary S.—We felt very sad when we read in your letter that your dear sisters Helen and Sophie Scoulier had both been taken away by death. Your home must be very lonely without them. You will always love the paper for little Helen's sake, and it is a very sweet thought of your mamma to go on taking it in her name, so that whenever it comes you will be "reminded of dear little Helen in heaven."

Joseph W. Hawkins died suddenly on June 20. His brother requests that no more letters be sent to his address on the exchange list.

Lottie G. N.—Centipede and Tarantulas.—The tarantula, or wolf-spider, is a hunter, running over the ground with great swiftness. It makes no web, but hides in holes in the earth, and in crevices, which it lines with its silk. Its poison is active, but it confines its ravages to insects on which it preys, and seldom attacks man. This poor spider has been very much maligned.—Centipede inhabit the tropics. They are yellow, brown, or rusty red, and are extremely venomous. They are often the length of a man's little finger, but are flattened like tape. They bite by means of a strong forceps placed horizontally at their mouth, nearly as large as the hooked thorns on a blackberry bramble, causing fever, pain, and inflammation. They creep into gloves and pipes, and are a source of great annoyance to people in India. The English centiped is something like a glow-worm, emitting a phosphorescent light. These creatures possess from fifty-one to fifty-five pairs of legs.

"Adhering Friend."—John G. Whittier resides in Amesbury, Mass.; Thomas Nast, in Morristown, N. J.; John G. Saxe, in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, in London, Eng.

L. G. C.—It would be a very difficult thing, and almost an impossibility, for a boy to build a boat like the *Whitewing*.

E. A. A.—Full directions for making a canvas canoe were given in Harper's Young People No. 26, Vol. I.

N. B. A. S.—Perhaps your tardy correspondent is waiting to receive a new supply of the articles he has offered in exchange. We can only advise you to be patient, and if you do not hear from him soon, to write again, requesting the favor of a reply at least, and the return of your own articles, if he can not fulfill his part of the contract. We believe the invention of which you inquire has not been put to any practical use.

Robert.—You can get a very good nickel-case watch at a price varying from $6 to $10.

H. S. P.—The *Boys' Illustrated News*, London, Eng., is edited by Captain Mayne Reid. A reply to your other question was given in Post-office Box No. 88.

M. D.—The address you request is 113 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York city.

J. S., R. C., and Others.—Your best course would be to write for the information you desire, to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., inclosing a stamped envelope for his reply. Appointments to the Naval Academy are made by members of Congress for their respective districts.

Young Trapper.—We think it would be a pity to make war on the sparrows, which are no doubt pugnacious, but which were brought to our country for a good purpose. Before they came, our city streets were in the summer a terror to ladies by reason of the worms which fell from the trees at every step. In Central Park orioles and robins build their own, without trouble from the sparrows. Please give up your idea of a snare. The *Taxidermist's Manual*, published by the American News Company, New York, will tell you all about stuffing birds, etc. Price $1.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from *John* and *Alice Southworth*, T. M. Armstrong, "School-Boy," "Phil I. Pene," Thaddeus Kosciusko, T. M. Armstrong, "D. E. Cember," J. W. and D. A. Slattery, Bessie H. Moore, A. E. Hance, *Jesse D. Burns*, "Damon and Pythias," J. J. Bellman, Frank Lomas, and Ella Hosford.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first in obstinate silence stands,
With never a word to say.
My second clamors on sea or land
Many a time in the day.
My whole, dear fellows, will make you strong,
Unless you play with it quite too long.
Dick.

No. 2.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a time-piece, and leave something by which treasures are protected. 2. Behead a prickly resinous, and leave a graceful tree. 3. Behead a preposition, and leave a letter of the alphabet. 4. Behead a rheumatic affection, and leave a pile of hay. 5. Behead a brave champion, and leave a period of darkness. 6. Behead a hard and valuable wood, and leave a quality which belongs to a delicious fish. 7. Behead a snare, and leave a knock. With the beheaded letters form the name of a cheery little visitor and a nice rest for the feet. C. S. R.

No. 3.

HALF-SQUARE—(*To Belva*).

1. A precious metal. 2. Conception of a thing. 3. A taxt. 4. A cistern. 5. A suffix. 6. A letter of the alphabet. Damon and Pythias.

No. 4.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am something your readers are always waiting for, and I am composed of 18 letters.
My 6, 2, 16 is to knock.
My 1, 15, 10, 7, 5 is a habitation.
My 4, 9, 17, 18 is a stick.
My 12, 14, 11 is an abbreviation.
My 13, 3, 8 is to peep. H. K.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

In ale, but not in beer.
In lord, but not in peer.
In rain, but not in fall.
In cellar, but not in hall.
In flee, but not in rain.
My whole is a maiden's name, 'tis plain.
J. D. B.

No. 6.

WORD SQUARE.

My first is a wild animal. My second is repose. My third is the plural of a small venomous serpent. My fourth is peace. Vi O. Let.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 86.

No. 1.

```
B R A I D     M U S I C
  R U I N       U N I T
  A I M         S I P
  I N           I T
  D             C
```

No. 2.

```
      C G N S O L E
        B E A R S
          O R B
            D
          P I O
        A O N E S
      I M P E A C H
```

No. 3. Vacation.

No. 4. 1. Cathedral. 2. Thaddeus Kosciusko. 3. Carpathian. 4. Iguana.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Single Copies, 4 cents; One Subscription, one year, $1 50; Five Subscriptions, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of Harper's Young People commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money-Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

MUD PIES.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SWEETENED with sugar, and sprinkled with spice,
Apple turn-overs are really nice;
But make-believe pies are a great deal more fun,
When little cooks bake them out here in the sun.

With soft coaxing touches they mix up the dough—
Brown flour is said to be wholesome, you know:
And if little fingers shall gather a stain,
Why, water and soap will soon wash them again.

And after the wonderful baking is done—
The droll jolly baking out here in the sun—
The sweet little cooks will be happy to take,
If somebody give it, a good slice of cake.

A PERSONATION; WHO AM I?

BY E. M.

THE 16th of last December was the one-hundred-and-tenth anniversary of my birth, and though I have been dead more than fifty years, I think I am as much talked of now, if not more, than I was while living, and my works, instead of losing their hold on the attention of the public, seem to gain in favor. I was a born musician, and one whom now musicians delight to honor. My father and grandfather were musicians, and I, before I was four years old had my daily hours of practice on the harpsichord. For some years my father was my teacher, but before I was eleven I had outgrown his teaching, and written some variations upon a march popular in those days; and by the time I was fifteen I had published three sonatas, and been appointed assistant organist at court. This office I held for a year or so, and then the Elector of Bonn, at whose court I was, sent me at his own expense to Vienna, there to study under Mozart. My mother's death soon called me back to Bonn, for I had two younger brothers, Caspar and Johann, to look after, and here I staid until 1792, when, having started Caspar as a music teacher and Johann in an apothecary's shop, I returned to Vienna, and never left it again for any length of time. I spent five happy years there, for I was a great favorite with the Viennese public, and my performances always excited attention. I studied with Haydn, and began to compose with rapidity, for my ideas for musical compositions always outran my capacity for writing them out. I had, however, a secret sorrow, which is believed to have shown traces in my works, but for some time I managed to conceal it, being proud and disdaining pity, but at last, in 1800, when sick, I was forced to write to my doctor: "My hearing has gradually been becoming weaker for three years past. I pass a wretched existence. For the last two years I have almost entirely shunned society, because it is impossible to tell people I am *deaf*."

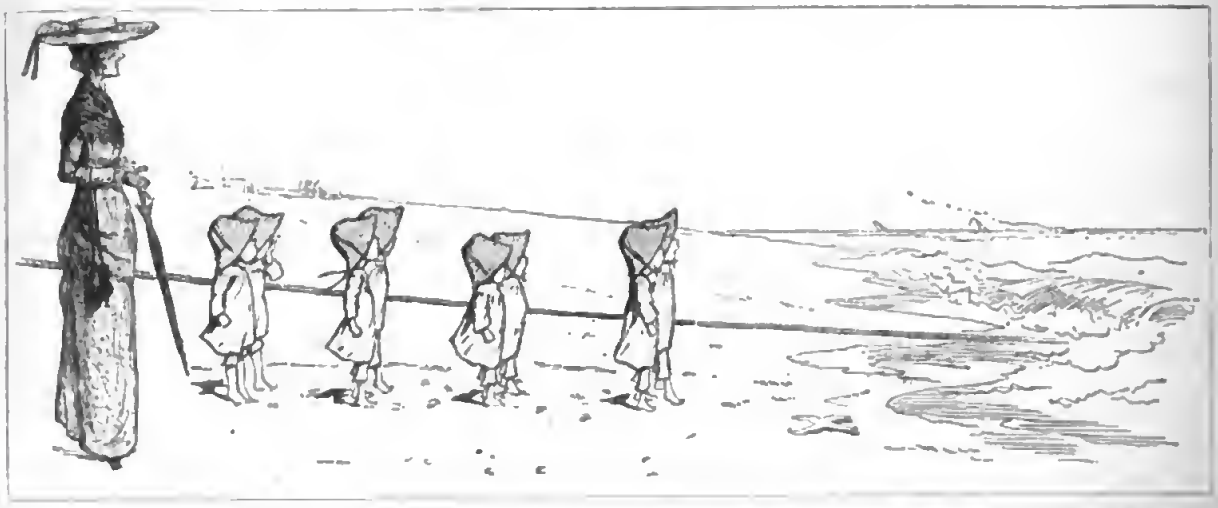
Alas! there was no help for me, and at last I was unable to hear any music. Still I continued to write, and gain fame if not fortune; but my misfortunes were not over, for at my brother Caspar's death in 1815, he left me guardian to his only son, and from then until my death his conduct, though I always loved and forgave him, was to me a constant source of anxiety.

At last, worn out with work, worry, and trouble, I fell sick in the fall of 1826, and though tenderly cared for by friends, died on the 26th of December, during a furious thunder-storm, a most unusual event at that season of the year, and my life ended with the storm. My funeral was on the 29th, and was attended by such numbers that soldiers had to be called to force a way from the house to the church, and though but a short distance, it took the procession one hour and a half to reach the church. After the ceremonies there, my body was carried to the cemetery outside the gates of Vienna. Near my grave lie Schubert and Clement, my friends in life.

In 1863 the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde of Vienna decided to take charge of my grave, it having been neglected. They have laid a flat stone over the spot, surrounded it with an iron railing, and the obelisk they raised bears on it a lyre and my name, and the grave is always to be tenderly cared for.

CHARADE.

My first is formed to charm the ear,
My second to offend it;
My whole contains what's very dear;
All ladies will defend it.



MISS MERITABEL. "You will find the bathing perfectly safe, my dears, so long as you hold fast to the life-line, and don't go near the water."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 90. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, July 19, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance

FLORA MACDONALD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHEN the young Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James II., King of Great Britain, landed in Scotland in 1745, and claimed his right to the throne from which his grandfather had been driven, thousands of Scotchmen, regarding him as their lawful sovereign, joined him in fighting for the British crown. He fought, was defeated, and became a hiding fugitive on the island of Uist, one of the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland, and was assisted in making his escape to France by Flora Macdonald, a beautiful, patriotic, and romantic Scotch girl, just from school in Edinburgh, come to visit her kinsman, Laird Macdonald, the chief of Uist.

Laird and Lady Macdonald were friends of the Prince, and were trying to hide him from the searching eyes of British soldiers, who swarmed on the island in quest of him. They could not shield him much longer. Lady Macdonald conceived a plan for the Prince's escape, but found no man willing to undertake the perilous enterprise. Her young kinswoman Flora spoke scornfully of the timidity that held back her countrymen from such a patriotic and benevolent task.

"Will *you* undertake it, Flora?" asked Lady Macdonald, perceiving the young girl's zeal and patriotism.

"Indeed I will," quickly responded Flora.

Preparations were immediately made for the romantic enterprise. Neil Macdonald, a young kinsman of Flora, volunteered to accompany her. She obtained a passport

FLORA MACDONALD ENCOURAGING THE SAILORS TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT.

Digitized by Google

to leave the island with Neil, and three others as a boat's crew, and Betsey Burke, a stout Irishwoman whom Flora pretended she had engaged as a seamstress for her mother in the isle of Skye.

Flora and her little party left Uist on a pleasant afternoon. Betsey Burke was the Prince in disguise. That night they weathered a terrific storm, and reached Skye in safety in the morning. At the intended landing-place they were confronted by soldiers, when, turning quickly eastward, they escaped a volley of bullets sent after them, and landed near the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Leaving the Prince concealed among the rocks, Flora told her secret in the willing ears of Lady Macdonald, who furnished an escort for the party, including stout Betsey Burke, to the Laird of Kingsburg (who was also a Macdonald). Flora had conducted the young Prince as an Irish seamstress through crowds of soldiers and people who were searching for him. The travellers tarried at the house of the Laird of Kingsburg that night, and the next morning Prince Charles Edward embarked for a successful voyage to France. As he was about to leave he kissed his fair deliverer, and said, "Gentle, faithful maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the royal palace."

The Prince and Flora never saw each other again. Her young kinsman, Neil Macdonald, accompanied Charles Edward to France, married there, and his son, born four years before Napoleon Bonaparte, became that great military leader's famous Marshal Macdonald, and Duke of Tarentum.

The part that Flora had taken in the escape of the Prince soon became known, and she, with the Laird of Kingsburg and other kindred, was confined in the Tower of London as a prisoner of state, charged with the crime of treason. Flora's romantic story, and her extreme youth and radiant beauty, created almost universal sympathy for her among every class of the English people. When George II. asked her, sternly, "How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" she replied, with sweet simplicity, "It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty had you been in his place."

It was so evident that Flora was not a political partisan of the "young Pretender," as he was called (she was not of his religious faith), and that she had acted from the generous and benevolent impulses of a woman's heart, that she and her kindred were pardoned and released. While she remained in London she attracted great attention. Crowds of the nobility and gentry of both sexes visited her, and bestowed upon her costly presents; and the government sent her home in a handsome chaise, accompanied by a fellow-prisoner, Malcolm McLeod, who afterward said, "I went to London to be hanged, and returned to Scotland in a chaise and four with Flora Macdonald."

Flora afterward married Allan, son of the Laird of Kingsburg, and became the mistress of the mansion where Prince Charles Edward passed his last night in Scotland, June 29, 1746. There she and her husband entertained Dr. Johnson and Boswell when they visited the Hebrides in 1773. She had then been a wife more than twenty years, and was the mother of numerous children, yet she was still beautiful, and full of enthusiasm and abiding loyalty to the British crown. Misfortune caused Flora and her family to join some of their kindred who had settled in North Carolina, and she abode for a while at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville).

In the winter of 1849 I started to follow the line of the retreat of General Greene before Cornwallis across North Carolina from the Catawba to the Dan, in 1781, but soon turned eastward to Fayetteville, where I arrived toward sunset. In the evening I called on Mrs. McL——, an aged and sprightly Scotchwoman, who, I was told, remembered Flora Macdonald. She was enthusiastic in her praises of that noble woman from the Hebrides. She described her as "not very tall, but a very handsome and dignified woman, with fair complexion, sparkling blue eyes, the finest teeth ever seen, and her hair, partly covered with a pretty lace cap, was slightly streaked with gray. Her kindly voice was sweetest music," continued Mrs. McL——, "and oh, how the poor and the church missed her when she went home after seeing much trouble here!"

"Is her dwelling here yet standing?" I asked.

"No; it was partly burned in the great fire here about twenty years ago. As you pass from the Market-House to the Court-House, you may see the ruins of it near the creek," she said.

Stepping to a quaint chest of drawers, Mrs. McL—— took out a dingy-looking letter written by Flora to her (Mrs. McL——'s) elder sister, then a maiden of twenty, dated February 1, 1776. It was a brief note, but an exceedingly interesting one, as it was in the bold handwriting of the heroine of Skye.

"It was sent," said the old lady, "from her new home in the Barbacue Congregation, and, as you will see, she wrote her name 'Flory.'"

"Then she did not live here long?" I said.

"No; she soon moved to the Barbacue Congregation, about twenty miles north of here."

On the day when that note was written, the royal Governor of North Carolina issued a proclamation calling upon all friends of the King to assemble, with arms, at Cross Creek, and join his standard. The Macdonalds were all loyalists, and now the troubles of Flora in North Carolina began. Her husband and others, to the number of about fifteen hundred, mostly Scotchmen, readily obeyed the call.

"Flora came with her husband and friends," said Mrs. McL——. "I remember seeing her riding along the line on a large white horse, and encouraging her countrymen to be faithful to the King. Why, she looked like a queen. But she went no further than here, and when they marched away, she returned to her home."

Nearly a month later these Scotch loyalists were routed, dispersed, made prisoners, or killed in battle on Moore's Creek. Flora's husband was among the prisoners, and was sent to Halifax jail. He was soon afterward released, when he left North Carolina with his family for Scotland in a British sloop of war. On the way the vessel was attacked by a French vessel of war. The courage of the English sailors appeared to desert them, and capture seemed inevitable, when Flora ascended to the deck, and by words and deeds so stimulated their spirits that they beat off the enemy, and the Macdonalds were landed safely on their native soil of Skye. During the engagement Flora was severely wounded in the hand. She said, sometimes, when speaking of the peculiarity of her situation, "I have hazarded my life both for the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover, and I do not see that I am a great gainer by it."

Flora Macdonald was the mother of five sons and two daughters. She retained much of her beauty and all her dignity and loveliness of character until the last. She was always modest, always kind, always sweet and benevolent in disposition. She died early in March, 1790, and was buried in the cemetery of Kilmuir, in the isle of Skye. Her shroud, as she requested long before her death, was made of the sheets in which Prince Charles Edward reposed on the night he slept at Kingsburg. Her funeral was attended by fully three thousand persons. Two years later the remains of her husband were laid by her side. For eighty years their resting-place was covered only by the greensward. In 1871 a beautiful monument was erected over them.

"When the news of Flora Macdonald's death reached

Digitized by Google

the Barbacue Congregation," said Mrs. McL——, "a solemn funeral service was held in the church there, when Dr. Hall, who died in 1826, in the eighty-second year of his age, preached the sermon. He had been a military leader as well as a preacher of righteousness. My husband was then an elder in the church, and we were both present. Flora Macdonald had no more sincere mourners than were found in the Barbacue Congregation at that time."

A LITTLE MARAUDER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

Oh, Robin, my Robin, so clever and merry,
Pray why do you never peck twice at a cherry?
You fly at the daintiest one you can see,
Eat a morsel yourself, and just spoil it for me.

Oh, Robin, sweet Robin, you dear little warden,
You're welcome to feast on the fruit in my garden:
I know what invaders you're driving away
From flower and tree through the long summer day.

But, Robin, bright Robin, please listen to reason:
You waste lots of cherries, my pet, every season.
I finish my cake to the very last crumb—
Why can not you finish your cherry or plum?

A GOOD EXCHANGE.

BY ALEXANDER FRASER.

ONCE upon a time a poor boy, the son of a widow, went out to gather strawberries. He well knew the paths of the forest, and the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest. Very soon his joyful cry was heard:

"Hello, hello Ziegaleck!
Ich hoa mei Tippla Bodemleck!"

And as he gathered the ripe fruit, he sang in merry tones:

"Hello, hello, Koalb!
Ich hoa mei Tippla hoalb!
Hello, hello Kuhl!
Ich hoa mei Tippla vuhl!"

Soon his earthen dish was full, and the boy started for home. As he turned his steps into the narrow path, he heard from the rocky side of the pathway a voice saying in entreating tones, "Pray give me thy berries."

The lad turned in fright, and saw a little old man with a long gray beard, and worn, faded garments, who looked kindly upon him as he repeated, "Pray give me thy berries."

"But," said the lad, "I must take the berries to my mother, who is obliged to sell them to buy us bread."

"And I," said the little old man, "have a sick wife at home, who would be greatly comforted and refreshed by them."

The lad's heart was filled with pity. He thought to himself, "I will give him the berries for his sick wife, and if I am industrious, I can again fill my dish before nightfall." Then he said to the little man: "Yes, you may have them. Where shall I empty them for you?"

"We will exchange dishes," was the answer. "See, you may have mine, which is empty, and I will take yours, which is filled. Mine is brand-new, but no matter."

Thereupon the lad gave the little old man his berries, and received in return the new but empty vessel; and the gray-bearded man with a smile uttered his thanks.

The boy took the dish, and hastened back to the forest. Soon he came to the place where the berries grew thickest and sweetest, and having replenished his store, again joyfully turned his steps homeward.

When he arrived at home he related to his mother what had happened to him in the forest, and with delight displayed the new dish. The mother commended her son for the kindness he had manifested toward the little man, then took the vessel in her hand, and examined it carefully.

"Ah! happy are we, my child!" she exclaimed. "The dish is pure gold. See how it sparkles! It is the little old man of the forest who has thus rewarded you for your goodness. Now, thanks to him, we are rich; but we will never forget the poor and the sick in their sorrow."

WONDERS OF CONEY ISLAND.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

IF grown-up folks and young people who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the marine wonder-land of Coney Island will take a stroll along the beach, starting from the Iron Tower and proceeding a mile toward Norton's Point, I'll promise them that their constant exclamations will be, "I wonder what it is!" as they meet with one after another of the many curious marine objects that are to be found along the two upper lines of drift.

For years I have seen visitors (both old and young) on the island poke at and destroy with their canes, sticks, and wooden shovels hundreds of beautiful and interesting objects that had been cast up by the ocean, in their efforts to determine what they were.

Some time ago I visited the island for the special purpose of writing up and illustrating some of the most common objects that can be obtained in an hour or two's collecting.

One of the handsomest and most abundant of all sertularians to be found on the island is shown in Fig. 1. Sertularians consist of hydroid communities which build up the beautiful structure shown in the illustration, which is generally called by excursionists "sea-moss" and sea-weed, though it is not a moss at all, nor is it a sea-weed, but is an animal product built up by immense numbers of minute and beautifully formed creatures known to naturalists as hydroids. From these hydroids are created the transparent jelly-fish we see floating in the ocean. After gathering the sertularia it should be washed in warm soap suds to clean it; when nearly dry it can be pressed in the leaves of a book just as ferns are treated. I have often gathered it on the island two feet long, and have used it with evergreens for Christmas decorations. It is said to be an excellent material for canaries when building their nests, as it contains both salt and lime.

Fig. 2 is the horseshoe-crab, also called the king-crab, from the fact of its being the largest of all crabs on our coast. This crab is common on sandy shores, where it partially buries itself below the surface of the sand when in search of food. In the illustration is shown the egg of the king-crab one-third larger than life. Some few days before the egg of the crab hatches out, the young crab is seen tumbling about inside of the transparent shell of the egg. King-crabs lay their eggs in the sand on sand-bars that are exposed to the action of the sun during the low tide.

Fig. 3 is the squid, also called the ink-pot, from the fact that when in danger he ejects a stream of ink-like fluid, which forms a black cloud in the water about him; through this he escapes from his enemies.

Fig. 4 is a cluster of squid eggs. The egg masses of the squid are always to be found on the island during the months of May and June. The eggs are inclosed in an elongated pod-shaped mass of jelly which, when held up to the light, reveals the outline of a number of small translucent eggs of a light yellow color. From fifty to one hundred of the pod-shaped jelly masses occur in one

Digitized by Google

Fig. 1.—Sertularia.

Fig. 2.—King-Crab.

Fig. 3.—Squid.

Fig. 4.—Egg Cluster of Squid.

cluster. The great wonder is how one small squid can lay so great a mass of eggs.

Fig. 5 is one of the commonest shells on Coney Island, particularly after a storm, and is known as the natica. It lives on the sand-bars below low-water mark, where it feeds on the surf or skimmer clam by boring a hole through the hard shell of the clam with its tongue, which is coated with numerous fine teeth.

Fig. 6 is the egg case of the natica, of which thousands are cast on the shore every summer. This egg case is often known as the "mermaid collar," on account of its striking resemblance to a collar. This curious object is composed of grains of white and black sand fastened together with a soft and transparent glue, of which the natica seems to possess a very large supply. How the collar is so regularly and smoothly formed out of the sand is still a mystery to naturalists.

Fig. 7 is the skimmer clam, or surf clam; it is to be found on the entire length of the outside beach of Coney Island where the water is clear, and exposed to the constant action of the waves. There it constructs a burrow two or three feet deep. Sometimes, after an unusually low tide, it is left exposed one or two inches above the sand, when, if cautiously approached, it may be drawn out with a sudden jerk, but if alarmed, it will penetrate the sand quicker than it can be followed. Thousands of these clams are taken home by visitors to the island for the purpose of cooking, but when opened are found to be so full of fine sand that they are useless. It received the name of skimmer clam from the Dutch settlers, who used the empty shells for skimming their milk. On the beak, or highest point of the shell, is shown (in the drawing) a round hole made by the natica.

Fig. 6.—Natica Egg Case.

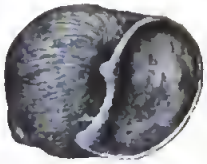


Fig. 5.—Natica.

Fig. 7.—Coney Island Skimmer Clam.

Fig. 8 is the egg of our common skate; the four hair-like appendages attached to the sides are tangles composed of a fine silk-like material. The skate, after laying an egg, takes it in her mouth and carries it to the nearest broken oyster or clam shell, and entangles or fastens it by means of the silk-like appendages, otherwise it would be driven ashore on the first storm.

Fig. 8.—Egg of Skate.

Fig. 9 is a mass of the eggs of the whelk, one of our deep-water shell-fish, the empty shell of which is seldom cast on the Coney Island shore, but the masses of eggs come ashore in large quantities, particularly after storms, when they are broken from their stone anchorages.

Fig. 10 is a string of the egg cases of the periwinkle shell, which is one of the largest shells inhabiting the waters of Coney Island. The eggs are contained in a soft leathery case of a light yellow color, about the size of a two-cent piece, but much thicker. Each case contains from one hundred and fifty to two hundred eggs. These strings of eggs vary from one to two feet in length.

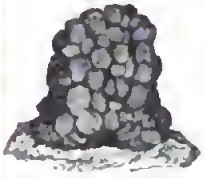


Fig. 9.—Eggs of Whelk.

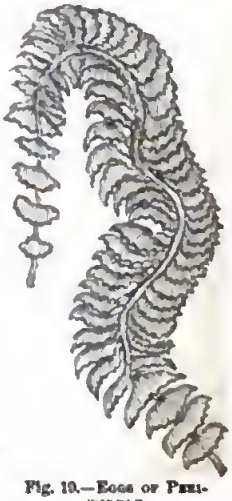


Fig. 10.—Eggs of Periwinkle.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 80 of Harper's Young People, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

Author of "The Moral Pirates," etc.

Chapter XI.

CHARLEY, leaving his companions near the fore-rigging, went out and loosed the jib and flying-jib, and when this was done, returned and showed them where the halyards were. The flying-jib was hoisted without much difficulty, but the jib was heavier, and the boys found it necessary to take the halyards to a "gypsy," which is something like a small windlass, with the aid of which the obstinate sail was soon hoisted. The sheets were then trimmed flat, and the pressure of the wind on the sails forced the brig's head around so that she no longer lay with her broadside to the wind and sea. The foretopmast stay-sail had evidently been set during the gale, for it had been blown away, and nothing remained of it but a few shreds clinging to the bolt-ropes.

Charley next went aloft and loosed the foretopsail. The brig was an old-fashioned affair, and had the old-fashioned single topsails, so the sail was rather a large one for four boys to handle. They, however, succeeded in sheeting it home, and then, with the help of the "gypsy," managed to hoist the yard. All the yards had been squared before the brig was abandoned, and she had swung around so far that the topsail filled, after a fashion, as soon as it was set. Sending Joe aft to the wheel, and telling him to keep the brig directly before the wind, Charley again went aloft and loosed the fore-top-gallant-sail, which was small enough to be sheeted home and hoisted up by Charley, Tom, and Harry, without Joe's help. With the help of these two sails, the vessel began to move slowly through the water. Her rate of speed was certainly not very great, but it was sufficient to give steerage-way to her—at least so Charley thought. But as the brig showed a great apparent unwillingness to keep on her course, and acted very much like a drunken man who staggers from one side of the pavement to the other, he went aft to see what was the matter.

"I'm glad you've come," said Joe. "I'm afraid I don't exactly understand steering with the wheel. Which way do you turn it if you want her head to turn to starboard?"

"You roll the wheel over to starboard, and that ports the helm," replied Charley.

"Then I've been doing just the opposite," exclaimed Joe, "and that's the reason why I couldn't do anything with her. It's lucky I found out what was the matter before any harm was done."

"I'll come back presently," said Charley, "and give you a lesson in steering. I must go now and try to get the foresail on her."

The foresail was set after a long struggle. The breeze was now very light, but the three square sails drew well, and the brig was certainly making a full knot an hour. The jib and flying-jib were of course of no use now that the vessel was directly before the wind, but Charley decided to let them alone, as they were doing no harm, and as a slight change in the direction of the wind would bring them into use again. The boys were now so tired that they decided to rest and have something to eat before resuming work.

A search for provisions did not prove very successful. There was a lot of dried cod-fish in a box in the maintop, where nobody but Charley would have dreamed of looking for it, and there was salt beef of very uninviting appearance in the harness-cask near the foremast. In the galley were a few biscuits, which did not appear to have been spoiled by sea-water, but there was nothing else to eat on board the vessel. Below the deck, the brig seemed to be nearly full of water—so full, at least, that there was no possibility of going below. As nobody was anxious to eat dried cod-fish or raw salt beef, Harry said he would go on board the *Ghost* and bring a supply of provisions that would give the boys a comfortable lunch.

He went to the main-chains, to which the rope that held the *Ghost* had been made fast, but to his surprise it was not there. Thinking that he had made a mistake, and looked on the wrong side of the vessel, he turned to cross the deck. As he did so, he uttered a cry that startled his companions. "The *Ghost* has gone!" he cried. "There she is, a mile astern." She had not been fastened securely, and had gone adrift while the boys were making sail.

"We must turn right back and get her," exclaimed Harry. "Don't let's lose a minute's time."

"Can we go back after her?" asked Tom.

Charley thought a moment, and answered: "We can't. That is, I don't think it's possible."

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"We'll try it; but there's very little wind, and I don't believe we can beat to windward with this water-logged craft, especially as she hasn't any maintopsail. Run forward, boys, and let go the fore-top-gallant halyards, and then try to haul up the foresail. I'll have to come, though, and show you where the ropes are."

The foresail was brailed up, and the head-sheets were

SETTING SAIL ON THE BRIG.

let go, and then Charley ran aloft as quick as he could, and loosed the main-top-gallant-sail, which the boys set as well as they could with the topsail-yard down on the cap. They then set the spanker, and hoisted the maintopmast stay-sail.

"Now come with me," said Charley, "and we'll see if we can brace the head-yards up." They hauled at the port forebrace with all their might, but found they could only swing the yard a short distance. "It's perfectly hopeless, boys," said Charley. "We can't do it."

Digitized by Google

"Can't we take the rope to the gypsy or the capstan?" said Harry. "I'm sure we could get the yard round then."

"Perhaps we could," answered Charley, "but we can never tack the brig in that way. It would take us an hour every time, and then it would be of no use. We must give the *Ghost* up, for it's an absolute impossibility for us to work this vessel two miles to windward, and we are at least two miles from the *Ghost* now. However, we'll brace the yards up a little, and steer her a little more north. All the sails will draw then, and we'll get on a little faster."

With infinite labor the yards were braced up by taking all the lower and topsail braces to the capstan. The fore-top-gallant-yard was once more hoisted, and the foresail set. Joe was told to keep her N.N.W., and with all the sails drawing, she really made a visible wake in the water. The *Ghost* gradually faded from sight until she completely vanished.

Harry went aloft to the maintop and brought down a cod-fish, on which the boys made what was either a late dinner or an early supper. They were so hungry that it did not taste bad, and they agreed that there might be worse things than dried cod-fish eaten raw. Charley hurried through with his meal, for he was anxious to make preparations for the night. He found that there was oil enough in the brig's lamps to burn during one night, and he trimmed them and made them ready for lighting. He went aloft to the main-royal-yard and looked for land, but he could see none, and there was not a sail in sight except two that were dimly visible on the far horizon. Then he came down, and finding that he had some matches in his pocket, he took a big knife that he found in the galley, split up a shelf, and started a fire, with which he meant to boil a piece of beef. The decks had been quite dry ever since the brig had been got before the wind, and the sea was going down every hour. There was nothing more that the young Captain could do for the safety of the vessel which had so strangely come under his command.

As he went aft to where the boys were gathered around the wheel, Tom said to him: "Charley, I know it is my fault that we lost the boat. I thought I had her fast, so that it was impossible for her to get away, but I didn't."

"I am the one that is most to blame," replied Charley. "I induced you all to stay on the brig, instead of taking the compass and going about our business. But there's no use in worrying ourselves about what can't be helped."

"Do you really think now that we can get her into port?" demanded Harry.

"I think it depends entirely on the wind. If the wind continues to be fair, and especially if it freshens a little, I believe we can't help getting her as far as Sandy Hook, or somewhere within hail of a steam-tug. We can't be more than thirty or thirty-five miles from land, and as soon as we get a little nearer the coast, we shall be right in the track of the European steam-ships."

"Is there any danger of her sinking?" asked Tom.

"Not for a long while yet. We ought to keep a signal of distress flying, though, for I'd like to have some vessel lend us two or three men to help us work her. Look in that locker aft of the wheel, Tom, and see if there isn't an ensign in it."

Tom looked as directed, and found a French flag.

"Now I'd like to know," said Charley, in a disgusted tone of voice, "how we can set a French ensign upside down. It's a sign of distress to set our ensign union down, but this thing hasn't any union. We'll have to hoist it half way up, and I suppose that will look mournful enough to attract anybody's attention. What I'm afraid of," continued Charley, "is that the wind will change, and come out ahead. It's very light, and it keeps shifting back and forth three or four points, as if it didn't know its own mind. However, if we do have a head-wind, somebody will take us off the brig, and carry us to New York."

"I'm not complaining, I want you to understand," remarked Joe. "I'm perfectly dry, and I never complain unless I'm wet. But if I'm to do all the steering, I'd like to know it beforehand."

"I beg your pardon, Joe," exclaimed Charley. "I forgot that you've been at the wheel nearly four hours. Tom, will you take the wheel, while I hoist the ensign and attend to a few other little things?"

Tom took the wheel, and Joe explained to him the difference between steering with a wheel and steering with a tiller. After setting the ensign, Charley went forward and lighted the side lights. Then he put a piece of beef in the kettle to boil, and split up the cook's bench with which to replenish the fire. Finally he coiled all the halyards down on deck, so that there would be no trouble in letting them go in a hurry, and then he rejoined his companions.

"We have had no regular watches to-day," he remarked, "for we had to have all hands on deck to make sail. It's now nearly eight o'clock, and as everything seems all right, Joe and I will turn in till twelve o'clock. You will steer, Tom, while Harry will go forward, and keep a look-out. Do you know how to strike the hours on the bell?"

"I learned that long ago," replied Tom.

"Then take my watch, and strike the bell every half-hour. Harry, when you hear four bells, come aft and take the wheel, and let Tom go on the look-out. By-the-bye, I forgot about the binnacle lamp."

There proved to be plenty of oil in it, and it was soon trimmed and lighted. Charley noticed that the brig was heading nearly west.

"The wind is getting round," he said, rather gloomily, "and I'm afraid we shall have it back in the northwest again. Boys, we've got to brace the yards up before anybody turns in."

This time the yards were braced up as sharp as the boys could brace them, and a full hour was consumed in this hard labor. It was now possible to keep the brig nearly on her course; but knowing that the wind would probably go still further around, Charley told Tom not to trouble himself about the compass, but to keep her as close to the wind as possible, and to call him in case the wind should get into the northwest. At nine o'clock Charley and Joe went into the galley, and lying down near the fire, went to sleep.

At twelve o'clock the starboard watch was called. The wind was now unmistakably ahead, and the brig was heading nearly southwest. Tom explained that he had been able to keep her heading nearly west until about half past eleven, and that he had not thought it worth while to deprive Charley of half an hour of sleep by calling him before twelve. Charley thanked him, but gently reminded him that he had been ordered to call the Captain the moment the wind got into the northwest, and that it was his duty to obey orders strictly.

"I shall want you and Harry to help hail up the top-gallant-sails," said Charley. "As long as we can't keep our course, we don't want to carry any more sail than is necessary. We'll haul down the flying-jib, and haul up the top-gallant-sails, but we won't try to furl them till daylight."

The top-gallant yards were dropped and squared, and the sails hailed up. Charley went out and furled the flying-jib, and then Tom and Harry went into the galley to sleep. Joe took his station on the forecastle, where he walked up and down to keep himself awake, and Charley was left alone at the wheel.

The more he thought the matter over, the more he was convinced that he had not been rash in undertaking to navigate the brig. Had the wind continued fair, the boys could almost certainly have brought her near enough to

Digitized by Google

Sandy Hook to meet a steam-tug. Could they have succeeded in this, they would have made a large sum of money, perhaps as much as eight or ten thousand dollars, and Charley himself would have gained a great deal of credit in the eyes of his naval superiors. The brig, water-logged as she was, seemed to be about as safe as the leaky *Ghost*, and there was much more chance that the brig would be seen by some passing vessel, and her crew taken off, than there was that so small a boat as the *Ghost* would meet with help. Unfortunately the change in the wind had made it apparently impossible for the boys to bring the brig into port; but Charley felt sure that in the course of the next day they would be taken off in case they wanted to abandon her. So finding that his conscience acquitted him of having rashly led his companions into danger, he felt peaceful and happy, and steered the brig as cheerfully as if he were steering the *Ghost* in the Great South Bay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW FAR CAN YOU SWIM?

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"LOOK here, Sime, old Purdy might have told us he'd taken away his oars."

"Well, yes; but there was a kind of a grin on his face when he told us we might have it. Not another loose boat!"

It was a solemn fact. Every skiff along the beach but "old Purdy's" was fastened by chain and padlock and stake, to express the objections of its owner against its use by stray boys.

"No fun going in for a swim in this shallow water. Only a wading place."

"Barry, there's a board. That 'll do for us. We can paddle her out far enough."

It was a lost fragment of clapboard about four feet long, and with no house to it. Nobody could guess how it got there; but in three minutes more the clumsy flat-bottomed skiff was being slowly propelled away from the beach, out toward the deeper water of the lake.

Sime Hopkins and Barry Gilmore had reached, to judge from the remarks they made, that precise point in their aquatic practice when your common small boy 'longshore swimming is a thing to be looked down upon, and a lake of some size, or a section of the Atlantic, was required for any fun of theirs.

The day was warm, the water as smooth as a pane of glass, and there was a faint haze over the sky. The very model of a day for a perfect swim.

The boat, too, had evidently been built for it. She was broad enough not to tip too easily if you were climbing in, and the wide seat at each end was just the arrangement for diving.

"This 'll do, Sime. Pity we didn't bring an anchor."

"Water's a hundred feet deep out here. How far are we from shore?"

"Don't know. Maybe it's half a mile. Maybe it's more. Could you swim it?"

"Guess not, Barry. Perhaps I could. But I don't care to try. Not unless the boat came along. A fellow's legs might give out, or he might take a cramp."

"My legs would peg out, sure, long before I got there."

They were a very good pair for a boy of fifteen, and in a moment more they were in the air, as he sprang from the stern of the boat, and went in, capitally well, head first.

"That was a good header," shouted Sime. "I'm coming."

Come he did, and they found the water just about right for them. Not a trace of a chill in it, in spite of the fact that the lake was largely supplied by springs from the bottom. Out there, of course, there could be no weeds to catch their feet in, and there was very little to be suggested by way of improvement.

"'Fore we get too tired, Barry, let's try a longer swim."

"Come on. Only don't let's go too far."

They were headed toward the shore, and they were not looking back, when Barry exclaimed: "There's a ripple, Sime. The wind's rising."

"Barry, look at the boat!"

"She's drifting out. The wind's off shore."

The boys looked at each other for a moment with very serious faces; but they were brave fellows, and there was no time for hesitation.

"She isn't so very far, Sime."

"But she's drifting. No telling how far she'll go. We mustn't risk it."

"Shore's too far. Can't do it. We can catch the boat."

"The wind's rising, Barry."

"Choose, Sime—shore or boat."

"Shore for me. Choose for yourself. See how she drifts!"

"You can't reach the shore, Sime. Besides, I want my clothes. I'm going for the boat."

"No time to talk. Good-by, Barry."

Sime Hopkins felt a great sob rising as he struck out for the shore, and it was every bit as much on Barry's account as on his own, but he had to choke it down.

"Straight swimming now, and no nonsense. How plainly I can see the city!"

That is, he could see the steeples of it, some two miles from the shore he hoped to reach; and below them, he knew, were the roofs of houses, and under the roofs of two of those houses were Barry Gilmore's mother and his own.

Steadily, regularly, without a motion too much or a pull too hard—for he was thinking very closely what it was best to do in such a case—Sime swam on, until a dull feeling in his arms warned him of coming weariness.

"On my back now for a few rods. It 'll change the work, and rest me. I can see the boat, but I can't see Barry. The wind is blowing harder."

All that time, however, Barry had been doing precisely what his friend had done, only that he had watched more anxiously the increasing ripple on the water.

"She isn't so very far," he had said to himself at first. "I do wish Sime had come with me. He can't reach that shore, swim his best. It 'll be an awful thing to tell."

A couple of minutes later he was muttering: "That was a harder puff. How she does drift! Seems to me I don't get an inch nearer. If it blows much worse, I'll have to follow her to the upper end of the lake."

That was nearly six miles away, and the thought of it made the warm water he was swimming in seem several degrees colder. Barry's lips closed hard, and his teeth set against each other, and he measured his every stroke to make it tell.

Then his turn came to try a "back swim and a rest," and he too said: "I can see the shore and the city, but I can't get a glimpse of Sime. There! isn't that his head? —that black thing? Guess it is; it's moving. Yes, it's him!"

It was indeed the back of Sime's head, but the boy under it was saying to himself: "The shore's as far away as it ever was. I'd no idea we had paddled out such a distance. Reach it? I *will* reach it. Never swam so far in my life, but I *must* reach it."

Still, it was getting to be weary work, and before him lay what seemed an interminable reach of glittering ripples. He was breathing hard, his arms and legs were moving with less force than at first, and his progress through the water was slower and slower.

"Can I do it? It's got to be done. I'll tread water a

Digitized by Google

GOING TO MAKE AN AFTERNOON CALL.

moment for a change. I can't see Barry. Hurrah! it's the shallows!"

As he dropped his feet they came down upon smooth sand, for all that end of the lake was a very gentle slope from the beach. The water was up to his neck, but the bottom was there, and Sime's heart bounded with a great throb of relief.

"Barry? I must wade in fast now. No boat when I get there; no help."

It was a forlorn outlook, and Sime even thought for a moment of all his clothing away out there in the skiff. Then he thought of Barry Gilmore, and hardly anything else, until the increasing shallowness of the water enabled him to wade faster, and then to break into what was almost a run. It was a great splash at all events, and Sime was quickly shouting to some one on the beach a half-breathless account of Barry's danger.

"Why didn't ye wait for the oars? I was a-comin' down with 'em. Wanted a swim myself, and thought I'd fool ye a little. What! Barry a-swimmin' after the skiff? There's Jim Burr's boat. Quick! jump in!"

"It's locked."

"Locked? Well, I'll jest unlock it."

The key Purdy used was of limestone, and it may have weighed twenty pounds. It "opened Jim Burr's padlock for good and all," while Sime was getting in; and then how Purdy did row!

"We'll be too late."

"Shut up, Sime. Don't talk to me. It's jest awful."

It came very near it, for Barry Gilmore's brave, earnest face was getting white when he at last discovered that he was really drawing nearer the runaway boat.

"The wind is rising. I'm almost gone. Couldn't swim two rods further."

Yes, the wind was indeed blowing harder, but the direction of it had been for some time changing, as it is apt to do before a summer storm. The first "surface current" of air had lost its breath, and the stronger blast which was really to bring the cloud and rain was coming from the other way. So was the skiff it caught and carried along, and Barry hardly understood it.

"I'm swimming pretty fast yet, in spite of everything. Wish I knew about Sime. Just a little further."

Oh, how difficult were those last few strokes! When Barry faintly rested one hand upon the gunwale of the skiff, it required a great effort to lift the other beside it.

"I can't climb in, now I've got here. What shall I do?"

Of course he could not have climbed in, if he had been obliged to lift himself all the way up, but every ounce of weight he put upon the side of the boat brought it down further and further, until it was hardly two inches above the roughening water.

"Now for it!" All the strength he had left went into that last effort, and then Barry was lying on the bottom of the boat, with his wet head on the shining front of Sime Hopkins's shirt bosom.

He did not try to guess how long he lay there. Even after he could have moved, he had no heart to lift his head and look toward the shore.

At last, just after he had covered his eyes with both hands, there came upon his ears the sound of oars, as if some very zealous rower were pulling for a prize in some regatta, and behind that sound was another, as if some fellow had suddenly burst out crying.

A heavy "bump" against the side of the skiff.

"Here he is! Oh, Barry!"

"Sime, is that you? Don't say a word, Sime—I can't."

It was some little time before either of them could say much, but they had both learned just about how far they could swim; and old Purdy sat there in his stolen boat, his rough face all one redness and radiance. All even he could find to say was,

"Ain't I glad! Jim Burr won't mind my bustin' of his lock a mite; but I'll git him another."

Digitized by Google

PINK'S PROPERTY.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

MILES from any church, and miles from any railway station, stood, one summer afternoon, shut up and empty, an old gray house. It had been a handsome house, and there was something comely about it yet, with its fan-light over the broad door, its many windows, its quaint roof, and its fretted cornices. But it looked like a house fast asleep. All the year it had stood just so. Last summer the rose-tree had reached out far enough to tap with prickly fingers on the panes, as if to say, "Wake up and admire me: am I to bloom unseen?" Last autumn the grape-vine had held waiting, until it was tired, the ripened bunches on its unpruned branches. Last winter the winds had shaken rudely the doors and casements, and the storms had beat loudly enough to rouse any dreamer, one would think. But still the old house did not stir. A hornet's nest hung undisturbed over the front door. The lilacs and syringas, the wax-ball and snow-ball bushes, cowered closer and closer to the walls, and birds built in them fearlessly. All day the oriole, which, it is said, never sings except in beautiful places, spent there his gift of melody in songs half sad, half tender. At night the whip-poor-will took the oriole's place. Little wild things from the woods went fearlessly about at twilight. They seemed all to have agreed together: "Yes, there is no make-believe about it; the place is really sound asleep. We may do what we please."

It was a great surprise, then, when on that same summer afternoon the long slumber of the house broke up. Horses' feet stamped at the gate, voices laughing and exclaiming frightened the squirrels away, windows flew up, doors were forced noisily and unwillingly open. At night-fall lamps moved flickering past the windows up stairs and down, while a broad swath of golden light swept from the open hall door.

A group of people sitting just within the door chattered merrily. They were laughing at mamma about "her property." For this place had been left to mamma as a legacy by her granduncle, who died a year ago, and mamma had chosen for this summer to let the sea-side cottage, shut up the house in town, and spend the season here before deciding about selling the place or letting it.

"So here we all are," the tall son was saying, "settling down to enjoy mamma's property like lords. This tumble-down old house—"

"Be careful how you speak of my property," smiled his mother, shaking her finger at him, "or you may run some risk of being warned off it."

"Like the hornets," said the oldest daughter, archly.

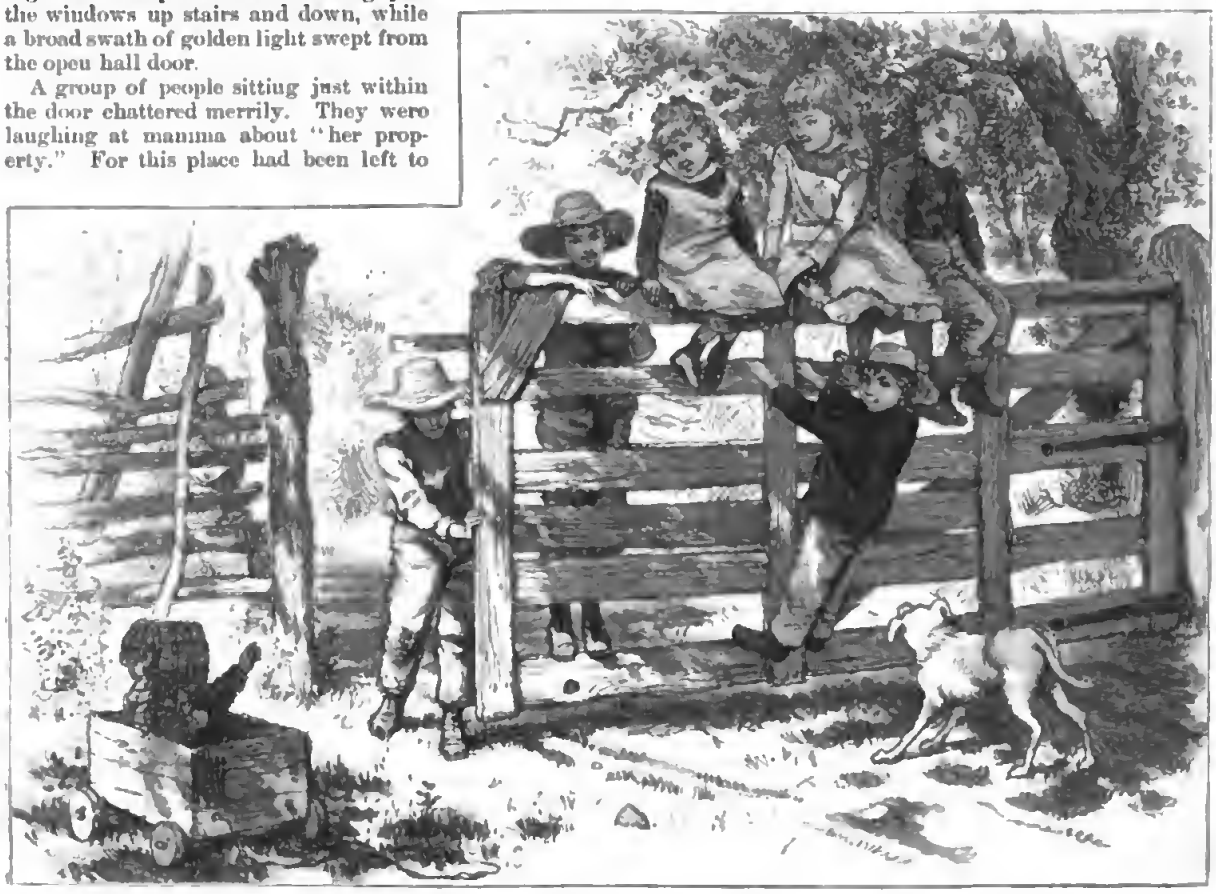
"Oh dear! I think it would have been so much nicer at the sea-side!" sighed a child's voice, discontentedly, as a bat flew by her head, and each of the party was betrayed into a shriek more or less shrill, while her brother made wild passes in the air with his hat.

"Oh, well, mamma," spoke the father's genial voice, when they had settled back in their seats, "it will be only bats and hornets that will dispute your property with you, at all events. Humanity is too scarce hereabouts to trouble you. No house in sight except those distant chimneys, is there?"

"Yes, there is one, papa," replied the youngest, quickly; "it is behind the trees, under that hill; but I shouldn't have noticed it only that I saw a little girl in a pink dress moving about there."

"Come, now, Pussy; maybe you'll find a nice friend in little Pink—'a companion of my solitude,' eh?" suggested her father, carelessly. But Laura rather sniffed, and made a mournful remark about "Florence, Ethel, and the rest of the girls at the beach."

At that moment "little Pink" was sitting on the door-step of that same house "behind the trees, under the hill,"



SWINGING ON THE GATE.—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.

Digitized by Google

and gazing up, full of excitement, toward the newly opened house on the knoll above her.

It was a great event, and great events happened very rarely to Pink. Once since she could remember she had been with her father and mother to pay a visit in the family of an aunt. They had taken the old horse and the green-bodied wagon, and had been a whole day in reaching their destination. Two or three times during every summer, also, they made a similar pilgrimage to attend the church where Pink's mother used to go when she was a girl and lived at "the village." Another great event was the shopping excursion that had to be made every season. While the father bought on one side of the store his seeds, or his new plough, or his axe-helve, the mother, on the other side, selected her calico, groceries, and even the ribbon that was to retrim last year's bonnet.

Pink's calico, chosen by herself this time, had been bought on the last of these expeditions. "I wouldn't say a word," she had pleaded, "if it cost any more than the brown, but they don't charge for the color, so mayn't I have the pink, please?"

And the pink calico had been bought, made, and worn to grace that other great event, the "examination day." For Pink, with a handful more of scholars, who lived about as far from the scorched-up little school-house as she did, walked her mile and a half every day during term-time, and wrestled with Webster's spelling-book, and Colburn's arithmetic, compositions, and "pieces," until the final grand display of the closing half-day. That was brass band and military procession to Pink. She held her head high, and went through her part with beating heart but machine-like precision. To have missed would have been unendurable mortification and misery.

But now all Pink's interest was centred in the changes that were taking place in the handsome old place adjoining her father's farm. The tall, gloomy fence in front was taken down, and the broad greensward, sloping to the road, carefully mowed. Where boughs were too dense they were pruned away. A gay striped awning appeared over the front door. Most interesting of all, some one was always to be seen moving about. It might be the motherly lady with gray hair and soft white lace upon it; it might be girls of different sizes, in dresses wonderful to Pink's country eyes; it might be only a workman making a flower bed. Altogether, Pink had never known so much excitement in her life as this.

Laura and her sisters used to notice how continually, when they were looking from their airy windows on the hill-top, the same rosy dot was to be seen, now flitting about, now resting quietly, and they often spoke of "little Pink," as they called her.

She took her piece of sewing as usual one morning out on the shady door-step, whence she could watch the great house. She saw Laura come listlessly out of the door and stroll off, as if she cared little where she went. Laura was "sick of everything," she had been declaring—sick of the country, sick of croquet, sick of all her books and trinkets. Her mother had reproved rather gravely the little girl's fretful discontent, and Laura, in no happy frame of mind, had chosen to roam off by herself.

She climbed a wall, followed a brook for a short distance, and then struck into a shady lane. Pink followed her with her eyes, reverently admiring the dainty white dress that shone in the sunshine. "I should like to have one dress as pretty as that," she thought; "but then I have my pink," she added, loyally, and turned back to her work as the gleam of white vanished from her sight.

It was not half a minute after that her quick ear caught a cry. She sprang up and listened. This time it was a louder one, and so full of terror that, without stopping to think, Pink ran toward the sound with all her might. She was swift-footed, and she minded little a tumble over the wall and a scramble through the blackberry bushes that could bring her by a short-cut into the lane. One sharp, loud whistle brought the great dog Shepherd to her side, and when Laura's third cry, hoarse and sobbing, escaped her lips, she saw the pink dress, as it seemed to her, flying through the air at her as though the wind blew it forward. "It's the ugly cow!—oh, it's the ugly cow!" panted Pink.

"Help! help!" cried Laura, faintly, as she ran on, wild with fright.

Pink seized her firmly, for the angry cow, tossing her horns sullenly, was plunging too near for escape. Using all her strength, she pushed Laura flat behind a great rock, the only shelter at hand, and quick as a flash had seized a stick and turned with Shepherd to face the cow.

Brave Shepherd was not afraid of anything; his little mistress had never been afraid either. They divided between them the honor of routing the enemy, and Pink hardly knew herself how it had been done, as she threw a stone after the clumsy heels of the beast that Shepherd still chased with angry barks, and then half lifted, half led Laura to the nearest stile. Laura herself, between the fright and the running, was quite exhausted, and could only get home with Pink's patient help.

When Laura had been laid on a lounge, and revived with camphor, she began eagerly to describe her adventure. She told of Pink's rescuing her in such words of praise that all the child could do was to stand still, her cheeks getting all the time more and more of a pink.

"Why, you brave, brave child!" cried Laura's mother, taking her hand, as Laura went on.

"Oh, you noble little Pink!" chorussed the girls, kissing her with enthusiasm.

"But my name is not Pink," said the child, trying to cover her hot cheeks; "my name is only Dolly Brown, and it wasn't me; it was Shep."

"Yes, it was you too, little Pink—I mean Dolly Brown," cried Laura, as willful as ever now that the faintness was gone; "and you shall be my best friend forever after—so there! and I shall write to Florence, and Ethel, and all the rest, and tell them so this very night. You're a perfect hero-wine, and you've saved my life, just like a book."

"There is no mistake about it, the name of Pink just fits her," said the older sisters to each other, "with her pink and white complexion, and her sweet, prim little mouth, and her dainty ways."

Laura took delight in conducting her new favorite all over the house and premises. Pink trod timidly on the soft rugs that half disguised the floors; caught her breath over the rose-bud chintzes covering easy-chairs and quaint couches, or falling as curtains; touched awe-struck the piano, the pictures, and trinkets. Laura was half pleased and half surprised to see her so impressed.

It was not until a rainy day came that Laura found time to show Pink her most personal possessions. Then she strewed her room with countless pretty things that she had herself packed—her box of ribbons, her pet books, some of last year's Christmas presents, her new locket, her box of paints, her ivory brushes, her painted fan, the souvenirs she brought from Cuba last winter, the long white feather for her summer hat, the needles which she used in doing her pretty fancy-work, their patterns and crewels.

"Oh, what a quantity of things!" cried Pink; "are they all yours?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Laura; "everything in this trunk is my own, very own property, and next time I come to your house I want you to show me yours."

When Pink went home she looked soberly round, and surveyed everything by a new standard. The little house was clean, but it was bare. It contained things to live with, that was all; none of the lovely useless things to which Laura had always been accustomed; none of the separate possessions in which she abounded. Pink could

Digitized by Google

not think what she in her turn was to produce and show to Laura as her own property. By this time Laura knew all about the strawberry patch in which Pink gloried, because it was bearing this year for the first time; all about the flower garden alongside of it, where mignonette, hollyhock, cockscomb, and marigold were flourishing so brightly. She knew about the pine parlor up in the wood, where Pink loved to play by the hour, and the birch bower with moss cushions, where vines had been trained, and where Pink liked to learn her lessons, or read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She knew where Pink found cresses by the brook, her favorite places for picking berries, and many of the spots where particular favorites among the wild flowers always waited for Pink to come and get them. But, after all, none of these places belonged, as her property, solely to Pink.

"And my tame robin died last fall," mused Pink, "and my lamb grew so large he had to be sold. But I know—oh, I do know, after all."

Pink clapped her hands softly; she had arrived at the answer to her question. She opened the corner cupboard, and took down the darling of her heart—an old sugar bowl, fat, low, and also appropriately pink.

"You dear old thing! I haven't looked at you for ever so long," said Pink.

Nobody knew, so Pink's mother said, how old this sugar bowl might be. It had been in the family when great-grandmother Brown was a little girl, and they called it old then. It had come down through the Aldens. Grandmother Brown was an Alden.

"It's no great for beauty," Mrs. Brown had said, when Pink was a little thing. "I'll give it to you, Dolly, and you may keep it for your own."

And Dolly had been ever since proud and happy to claim it. It had always been beautiful in her eyes from the very days of her babyhood, when, at rare intervals, her mother rewarded her for being a good girl with one of the square lumps of white sugar hoarded in its bulging sides.

"Yes, I know Laura will like to see this," remarked Pink, in a satisfied tone, "and I hope she'll come to-morrow."

Laura did come to-morrow; and when, with innocent glee, her friend paraded before her the old pink sugar bowl, which she dignified by the name of her "property," somehow a lump rose in the spoiled child's throat that kept her silent. Suddenly a vision of the countless costly things she herself owned rose up before her. She had been proud of them, perhaps, but never really grateful, as now she began to see. She had fretted at any imperfections in them, and complained in the midst of them if her will was disregarded, as, for instance, about coming into the country for this summer. She stood abashed before the little pink sugar bowl, and its owner with her happy, satisfied smile. She began for the first time to understand the wise things her mother often said to her lately about being contented with such as we have.

Pink was sure that Laura had been suitably impressed by the sugar bowl, and she felt entirely pleased with the effect it had produced upon her. It pleased her still more when, after a few days, Laura asked to borrow the sugar bowl to show to her mother.

When Laura had told the story of Pink's property it had touched the heart of the soft-hearted mother as well as the child herself, and she had said, "I should like to see the sugar bowl myself."

Laura's father looked it over carefully. "This could really be turned into property," he pronounced, "for it is a valuable ancient piece; and if your little friend would like to sell it, I can find a buyer for her."

At first Pink could not find it in her heart to sell the keepsake she had been so fond of; but mother Brown reasoned with her, and father Brown said, shrewdly, "Sugar's just as good to us out of any other bowl, Dolly; and with the money, don't you see, you can buy things you would have to go without, and maybe lay up a mite besides." So the sugar bowl never came back to its place in the corner cupboard, but, true-hearted as Dolly was, she really never missed it, for its place was more than filled.

Laura, her sisters, and her mother, having begun to love the sweet-natured, healthy Pink, pleased themselves with heaping up the cup that had thought itself quite full before. They were always finding a pretext for bestowing some fair and fit gift upon her. The skillful fingers of Laura's sisters even shaped for her a white dress like Laura's own, and they said that it was well worth while to take a little trouble for the sake of seeing real gratitude for once.

When the frosts came, Pink's friends returned to the city. But the marvels of that surprising season were not yet all told. The little house under the hill was closed, and Pink's father moved up into the homestead to take charge of everything there until summer should come again.

"I want Pink to have my room, and take care of it," Laura had said. And it was from the window of Laura's room, with Laura's books left in it for her use, Laura's canary chirping in its cage, and Laura's gifts about her, that Pink watched for the last wave of her friend's handkerchief as the carriage disappeared.

"The dear! Anyhow, she has more now than one old sugar bowl for property," said Laura, sinking back after the final glimpse of Pink's bright face.

"She is one of the people that are naturally rich," her mother added, "in having for her property a sunny, healthy content, and a happy, humble disposition. We shall all be glad to see her when she comes for her visit by-and-by. A spirit like hers brings its own welcome wherever it goes."

SPICE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

HE was nothing but a little yellow dog to the world at large, yet Harry and Edith Farr regarded him as the greatest treasure they possessed. His very name indicated the gentleness of his nature, as his entire lack of any snappish qualities had required that this deficiency should be made up in the matter of christening him, and Spicebox had never since given cause to have anything dropped from that name except the last syllable.

He was, as has been said, yellow, and his curling, silky hair was soft as flax, with "silver threads among the gold" about the neck and breast. His liquid brown eyes were "just too sweet," as Edith declared, while his inquisitive little nose, although not as black as it should be for beauty, was nevertheless eloquent with expression; and his tail, mere stub of a one as it was, did duty for a whole alphabet of sign language between Master Spice and his owners.

But space fails me to further describe the charms of this wonderful dog, who was as good as he was beautiful, and whose skill in leaping over canes and umbrellas was only equalled by the firmness with which he sat up on his hind-legs and held a penny on his nose.

At the time of which I write, the children—Harry was eleven and Edith nine—had owned Spice for two years, and in all that period he was never known to snap or snarl at man or beast. Growl he frequently did when a stray cat or a wandering dog chanced to cross his path, but this was never in malice—only for fun; and although he was once laid up for a day and a half from the wounds inflicted by a quarrelsome tabby, Edith is convinced that he never even attempted to bite back.

He slept every night at the foot of Harry's bed, had his little bowl of water (with a piece of yellow sulphur in it) in the corner, and in one compartment of Edith's bureau

Digitized by Google

was a stock of ribbons of all colors and widths, designed to increase doggie's natural attractions on festive occasions.

One of these latter occurred on a bright day in the spring, when the Townsend family, the Farrs' next-door neighbors, came over to lunch.

There were four of them: the mother, a pale, sickly lady, who only went out on pleasant days; Win, a tall youth of fifteen; Clara, the only daughter, and of Edith's age; and last, but by no means least, the baby, who was still so young that his first name was not yet decided upon, but who nevertheless fairly ruled the great house next door.

Well, this sunshiny day in the spring was Saturday, so

"STOP! STOP! OH, STOP!"

the children on both sides of the hedge had plenty of time to visit and receive, and while the two ladies remained in the sitting-room with the French nurse and the American baby, Harry and Clara, Edith and Win, flew up and down the garden, playing colors, I-spy, and tag, with Spice at their heels barking furiously, little thinking of the tragic scenes in which he was soon to become the principal actor.

When lunch was announced, Mrs. Farr, Mrs. Townsend, and the four young people gathered about the well-spread table, while nurse, Baby Townsend, and Spice kept one another company in the sitting-room.

It must be confessed that the latter was not overpleased at the arrangement, but as Harry had told him to stay, and as he was a very obedient little dog, he determined to do as he was bid with the best possible grace, so he meekly allowed Baby to rub his coat the wrong way, pull his hair, and twist his tail to its little heart's content.

"Marie! Marie!" Mrs. Townsend's voice was suddenly heard calling from the dining-room, and in response the French nurse hastened to ascertain her lady's commands, leaving Baby in his corner on the sofa, where he had been securely fenced in by his careful mamma.

Now all that Mrs. Townsend wanted of Marie was to ask her if she was positive that the French word for ink was of the feminine gender, and in that instant's absence of the faithful maid something awful happened; for she had scarcely returned to the sitting-room, when she gave a piercing scream that at once brought everybody from the table, some with napkins pinned around their necks, others flourishing knives and forks in their hands, and all endeavoring to swallow as quickly as possible whatever they happened to have in their mouths.

And what a sight they saw! Baby Townsend lay back among his pillows, serenely sucking the middle finger of his left hand, which was bleeding, and the blood was spreading itself over the infant's face in a manner shocking to behold, while Spice sat gravely by looking on with curious eyes, and the French nurse stood wringing her hands in helpless horror.

For a moment they all stood as if rooted to the carpet, and then Mrs. Townsend, with one hand snatching up her baby, and with the other pointing to Spice, cried, "There! that dog did it, and he'll—that is, my child will—oh!" and the poor lady began to cry hysterically, while Edith rushed to gather up Spice in her arms, and Harry hastened to make an examination of the accused.

"See, Mrs. Townsend," he exclaimed; "there's not a particle of blood about his mouth. Besides, you all know Spice—our Spice. Why, he—"

"But how, then, came Baby in this condition? You can see for yourself there wasn't a thing within his reach by which he could have cut himself."

"Perhaps he bit his finger," Harry then ventured to suggest, which idea was greeted by as near an approach to a smile as the tragic nature of the circumstances would permit, as Mrs. Farr reminded her son of the fact that the child was scarcely four months old.

"No, I see no help for it, sorry as I am, and good friend to Spice as I've always been," continued Mrs. Townsend; "but hydrophobia, you know, is now so bad, and my nerves are still so weak, that really Win must bring over his gun and—"

"Shoot Spice?" cried both the Farr children in a breath, while their mother hastened to put forth every possible plea in his behalf.

But the harder Mrs. Farr begged for mercy to the dog, the more determined did Mrs. Townsend become that he ought to die; and between the firm, vehement demands of one family and the tearful, urgent pleadings of the other, the noise in the room became so loud and confused that Baby began to cry, and Spice to bark.

In vain Harry quoted newspaper paragraphs to the effect that Scotch terriers were seldom or never known to go mad; useless were Edith's affirmations that she was sure Spice had not so much as sniffed at the baby; and all for naught went Mrs. Farr's entreaties that they would at least stay proceedings until the gentlemen came home at night. Mrs. Townsend was resolved, and Win went over the hedge in triumph to bring his gun, but presently came back, rather crest-fallen and empty-handed, to say that his father must have locked it up in the wardrobe, and carried off the key.

In that case there was nothing to do but wait until that gentleman returned from the city; so the Townsends filed out of the Farrs' front door and into their own in a dignified procession, Mrs. Townsend having first bound over Mrs. Farr by a solemn promise not to allow Spice to leave the grounds.

Digitized by Google

"Onery, twoery, ickery, ann,
Philliey, fallasy, Nicholas, John."

then, frightened at their own noise, stopped to listen.

For five minutes there was a dead silence both inside the house and out, when suddenly Edith screamed loud and long, and leaping up from the lounge, rushed out into the yard, wildly waving a pair of button-hole scissors covered with blood.

"Stop! stop! oh, stop!" she cried. "The baby cut himself with these. Oh, Spice! Spice!" and running to the clothes-line post, to which the poor little fellow had been tied, she fell down beside him and sobbed for joy.

When matters were all made clear, it seemed that Edith, in her misery, had pushed and worked her hand down the back of the sofa, felt the scissors, and on drawing them forth, noticed the blood on them, and then it flashed across her mind that it was Baby Townsend's blood, and that he must have wriggled his hand down behind the cushions in the same way.

Mrs. Townsend was quickly summoned, the discovery explained to her, and on examining closely the cut in Baby's finger, the innocence of Spice was fully established.

Win made haste to put away his gun, and the little yellow dog enjoys life to this day.

Ah, how long that dreadful afternoon lived in the Farr children's memory! To know that their own dear little doggie was to die would have been bad enough, but to feel that he was to be shot as a criminal for an act so terrible, that—that was too hard, and Edith's tears fell fast, while even Harry was obliged to wink persistently in order to keep his own cheeks dry.

As for Spice, he had never seemed so gay and full of life, frisking lightly about the children whenever Edith's trembling hands would let him go, and twirling himself round and round so swiftly as to fairly make one dizzy to behold.

When Mrs. Townsend observed this, she had taken it as a sign of hopeless depravity, but to Harry it was a convincing proof that Spice had not done the deed charged to him.

"You know, Edith," he would say, over and over again, "how he hangs his head, puts his tail between his legs, and tries to slink away whenever he's done wrong, and I'm sure he knows it isn't proper to bite Mrs. Townsend's baby. Oh, why did she ever bring it over here?" and Harry groaned dismally as he realized the impossibility of bringing their neighbor to look at the affair in the light he did.

Well, the time of respite passed all too quickly away, and when Mr. Farr came home at six, the case was laid before him in all its bearings; but what could he do?

"You've no positive proof that Spice did *not* bite the baby," he said, when Harry and Edith called upon him to avenge them of their wrongs, "whereas Mrs. Townsend thinks she has pretty sure evidence that her baby was bitten. Besides—" But just then the door-bell rang, and Mr. Townsend and Win were ushered in, the latter carrying a gun, at sight of which Edith first shuddered, and then began to cry.

After a few words with Mr. Farr, Mr. Townsend suggested that, as it was a cruel duty he had come to perform, they had better go through with it as quickly as possible; so a rope was produced, tied to the dog's collar, and then, having received a last tearful embrace from each one in the family, Spice was led out into the back yard by their neighbor, Win following close behind with the gun.

Mrs. Farr at once stuffed her ears with cotton; her husband went to the furthest corner of the library, and took down the most absorbing book he could find; Harry fled to his room in the third story, and Edith buried her face in the sofa cushions; while the girls in the kitchen clattered tin pans about at a terrific rate for a few moments, and

WALKING LIKE PAPA.

Digitized by Google

BARRANQUILLA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA.

Many of my correspondents have asked me for a little description of my country and of the tropic zone. I have been thinking that I can answer them all at once by writing another letter.

We live eleven degrees north latitude from the equator, near the mouth of the Magdalena River. It is very hot here, and the medium temperature in the dry season is 85°; in the rainy season it is higher. The dry season begins in November, and lasts till April; through this month we have rain, and the next month we expect it every day, and so onward. Many of the inhabitants are Indians, and about one-fifth of the population are negroes. The people in our city and in most places are divided into six classes. To the first or highest class belong the educated white people; and to the lowest, those folks who wear all the year only one pair of breeches or one dress, no shirt, and no shoes. Poor boys under four and five years wear no clothing, but they learn how to smoke.

The water in the river is so warm all the year that people can bathe in it at any time.

The huts of the Indians are made of sticks, and covered with a kind of reed. Our doors and windows are kept open the whole day, and at night we have nets around our beds to keep the mosquitoes off. As we have great and continuous heat, with abundant moisture, we have a wonderful richness and variety of vegetation. Blooming flowers and trees can be seen all the year. We have cocoa-nut-trees, bananas, pine-apples, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, mangoes, coffee, cotton, tobacco, and chocholata-trees. In the sand of the river gold is sometimes found.

Birds, insects, and reptiles are remarkable for their variety and brilliancy. We have one bird with seven distinct colors in its plumage; and indeed the birds, from the parrot to the tiny humming-bird, are so nicely dressed that I can not describe them.

All kinds of snakes, from the boa to the viper, are found here. There is one green snake which climbs the trees, and looks precisely like the branches and leaves.

The woods in the interior are full of monkeys, and if disturbed in their sleep, they howl the night long.

A beautiful butterfly with blue wings is the most wonderful creature I ever saw. As you turn it around it changes to other lovely tints.

It is not unhealthy here. The laborers and the women cooks on their way to market ride on donkeys, for the streets are too sandy to walk in with ease. JUDITH W.

We think Miss Judith ought to be accepted as a member of our Natural History Society. Her letter shows that she has learned to observe what is around her, and only people who do this are ever really well informed.

GREENSBURG, KENTUCKY.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. Mamma gave the paper to me for a birthday present, and papa gave me a pony. One of my playmates and myself mount him, and we make him lope as fast as ever he can. Mamma took me not long ago to the Blue Lick Spring. When she told me I was going I was perfectly delighted. My cousin and I got a whole lot of very beautiful stones there. I am nine years old, and read in the Fourth Reader, and study arithmetic, spelling, and geography.

SAMMIE M. G.

Is it not almost too much for that willing little pony to carry two boys at once? It would be a better way to take turns, and let one ride at a time, especially as you love to go so very fast.

CHERLEY PLACE, SHICHAWAY, KENTUCKY.

I thought I would write and tell that little girl who wanted to know some games how we play out here in Kentucky. We have great fun hiding the switch, and the one who finds it chases the rest till we touch base, which is a big tree. We go wading in the creek, and Paul has a ferry-boat, like those which ply between New York and Jersey City, only ever so much smaller. It holds nothing but our wee dolls for passengers, and the animals in Noah's ark. We play hide-and-seek with our dolls, and Nina and I take them out riding in their carriages. Norse walks along with baby Lucy in her carriage, and Paul on his velocipede goes in front, and so we have a grand procession. We have our own little gardens, and raise vegetables, which we sell to mamma.

When I read Fairley G.'s letter it seemed as if she were talking about me, for I have two little sisters and one brother, and I too am nine years old. We love our home in the country, and if I were not so tired, I could tell you of more things we do.

CIRLEY DE G. MCC.

WILLOW CREEK, CLAY COUNTY, IOWA.

I am thirteen years of age, and live in the northwestern part of Iowa, on the big prairies. I live on a farm, and we have eleven head of horses and thirty-three head of cattle. We milk six cows this summer. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since March 22, 1881, and it is the best paper for young readers I ever saw. I liked all I read of "Toby Tyler" very much, but I did not take the paper at the time the story began, and so I had to imagine that part. The Post-office Box is splendid. It gives us a chance to hear from young people all over the world. L. A. U.

OSBORN, GREEN COUNTY, OHIO.

I am ten years old, and this is my first attempt at writing a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. I am at home during vacation, and I scarcely know how to amuse myself. I read YOUNG PEOPLE with much pleasure, and when through with that I enjoy magnifying flowers. I have a small microscope. If you never looked through one, you have no idea how beautiful some of the flowers are. I love to hear from the little letter-writers in our Post-office Box.

LORA L. L.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live with my cousin, and I go to school. We have a dog named Fergus. He likes to play with a ball, and if any one tries to take it from him, he growls. I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" very much. I think it was a shame to kill Toby Tyler's Mr. Stubbs. We have a little garden at the end of our yard, and have had ripe strawberries and peas. I like the Post-office Box better than any other part of the paper. CHARLES FRANCIS N.

Please, Mr. Editor, would you mind publishing another letter from me? I have received so many letters and leaves that I am afraid I have not replied to every correspondent, for *several forgot to send their address*. Sadie H. was one of these. I hope I sent every one stamps enough; but having so many requests, I had to divide them as equally as I could.

GERTIE ROBIN, Redmyre, Sydney,
New South Wales, Australia.

EAU CITY, KANSAS.

I was thirteen on the 5th of June. I have every number of the second volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. The river has been rising here. Yesterday some people had hard work to get out of their houses, the flood rose so rapidly. I often wish that I lived on the sea-shore, so that I might get shells. We have none here. MARY W.

NEW YORK CITY.

About two weeks ago the other boy wrote you a letter saying that we were about to start a club named N. Y. S. and M. E. As you have not yet printed it, I wish you would not print it, for I did not know anything about it. He told me to sign my name on a piece of paper. That's how I came to sign it. H. G.

Your postal card was something of a puzzle, as we have not received a letter from "the other boy." But we want to tell you, and every young reader, never to sign your name to any piece of writing that you have not read, and which you do not fully understand. A boy's name stands for himself, and signing it to any document pledges him to do what the document requires. A great many foolish and thoughtless grown persons get into trouble by doing this very thing. We wish the little girls would make a special note of this, and in fact it would be a good plan for you all to write out a resolution in this way, "I will never sign my name to a paper that I have not read," and then pin it fast to the pincushion, or tack it up over the mantel. It is very important to form the habit of being particular about this.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. I don't know how I could do without it. I thought Toby Tyler was perfectly splendid. I was real sorry for him. I am twelve years old, and attend school, and am learning French and music. I take lessons in both of these studies at home, but next year I shall study German at school. I wrote once before, and my letter went into your waste-basket. I *hope* this will not be treated so. I have a little pet dog. He is as cute as he can be. I will write some time and tell you some of his funny tricks. I have tried many of the receipts for candy, and they were splendid. GRACIE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I want to tell you about a parrot I have. He is a little more than a year old, and can talk a great deal. I have a black cat and a white one. The white puss is afraid of Polly, but the black one puts his paw through the wires of the cage, and taps the parrot's head. In return Polly gives him a bite, which makes him squeal. The name of the black cat is Heliogabalus. We call him Heli for short. ADELE L.

LA CRESCENT, HOUSTON COUNTY, MINNESOTA.

My aunt Abbie sent HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to my brother Aaron for a Christmas gift. I think "Toby Tyler" was real nice. I have written twice before, and sent a charade, but I suppose that there were so many other letters that mine could not find room. I have two sisters, Abbie and Fannie, and two brothers, Aaron and Warren. Warren is a baby. He had a twin brother, Willet, but he died when he was only five months old. I send an anagram, and will tell how to get the answer. First take a couplet or stanza of poetry, or some great man's name, and mix the letters up every way, and then let the reader arrange them so as to find out the verse or the name. A. C. B.

Your little anagram is in the puzzle department.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I like this paper so much that my little sister and I are always impatient for Friday to come, for on that day our friend YOUNG PEOPLE arrives. I don't think you ever saw the programme for a concert printed in raised letters, did you? Well, I attended a delightful concert where all who took part were pupils in our Institution for the Blind, except the organist and the lady who played the piano. The programmes were in raised letters, for the blind read by the sense of touch. The building is very complete, and quite large. The grounds are very spacious and beautiful. The pupils make the chairs and mattresses which are used in the institution. They print the books also, and the Superintendent makes the maps. Mr. H—— is very nice. He knows how to make boys happy. Kentucky is proud of this institution. HENRY P.

HOT CREEK, NEVADA.

I am a little girl, too small to read our paper when it comes, but grandma reads it to my mother Clayton and myself. She read "Toby Tyler" to us, and even papa was interested in it. We live in Belmont, Nevada, but are staying this summer at this place. It is a long narrow cañon several miles in length, almost all over green meadow, forming a strange contrast to the high rocky mountains. We have some boiling springs here, and you can see the hot water bubbling up to the surface from somewhere below—I often wonder where. We have plenty of Indians here, and I have a little pappoose to play with, who swings me in the hammock. I was born in San Francisco, but have lived most of my life in Nevada, and know nothing of the beautiful world beyond, except what mamma and grandma tell me, and what I see in pictures. You may know that we miss the papers terribly when they do not come, as sometimes happens. Mamma takes the MAGAZINE and BAZAR as well as YOUNG PEOPLE, which we all enjoy. I shall watch very anxiously to see whether you will print my little letter. MINNIE H. W.

Some of our little correspondents are troubled because they do not see their letters in Our Post-office Box, and they express a fear lest they are lost or thrown into the waste-basket. Now, dear boys and girls, set your minds at rest. As we have already said, the editor does not own such a thing as a waste-basket for the Post-office Box. All the little letters are read, and those which can not be published are put away carefully, and your names and homes and little messages are remembered. If the Post-office Box should crowd out the stories and poems and beautiful pictures, and the doleful experiences of Jimmy Brown, you would not enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE nearly so much, would you?

We have told exchangers again and again that their requests can not be printed the next week after we receive them. They necessarily have to wait several weeks before they can be published. It is hardly a month since we said this the last time, yet some of you write as though you were quite vexed at one delay. Please be patient. And if you send your exchange a second or a third time before we can possibly print it, then be sure to say in your letter that you have sent it before.

MARLBOROUGH, NEW YORK.

Some time ago, in your Post-office Box, I saw a letter from a little girl offering to exchange fifty stamps for an Indian arrow-head. I sent her a very nice one, and wrote at the same time; but I waited two weeks, and no stamps came. Then I wrote again, and asked her either to return the arrow-head or send the stamps. This was about two weeks ago, and I have heard nothing from her. What can I do in this case? It can not be because I have not sent my address, for I was very careful to put it on both letters. I did not think any child would be mean enough to keep anything without sending an equivalent; but I can see no other reason for it.

MARGARET NELSON ARMSTRONG.

The little girl may be ill, or there may be illness in her family, or she may be absent from home. Nothing is more provoking than a delay of this kind, but we still think you will hear from her. After waiting a little longer, it will do no harm for you to write again.

There is a picture of a baby sitting in an arm-chair, and under it is printed the word "Baldini," in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 86, page 532. Now when I got my paper I saw this picture. I was so surprised that I ran and showed it to mamma. Now I will tell you why. That picture is the born image of our little baby Edna, and when we all looked at it, mamma told me to write and tell you of it. She is two years old, her hair is curly, and that picture is a perfect likeness of her. She'll go through a dozen little tricks

Digitized by Google

for a piece of "pu" (pie). Please print this for her sake, and perhaps she'll have a few kisses to spare when she goes to Franklin Square.

She often puts her hand on her eye when mamma brings her a bottle of medicine. "CURLY HEAD."

NORTHWOOD, IOWA.

I have a cousin who resides in Minneapolis, and she sailed on the 18th of June for Great Britain and the Continent. She takes the eighty days' tour, and will be on the Rhine one day. Next fall, when she returns, she will tell me about her trip; but if I had been a little older I could have gone with her, which would have been lovely. My monthly average at school last year was never below 94. RUAS C. B.

Please take notice that A. and A. B. Green, Jun., are not the same people; so when I send an exchange, and A. B. sends an exchange, they are not from the same person. ASHBEL GREEN, JUN., Englewood, N. J.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

An old penny, for an Indian arrow-head or a Florida bean. AURELIA BRINK, Marshall, Mich.

A collection of ninety-five stamps (all foreign, some duplicates) in good condition, and a tiny piece of wood from the Mount of Olives, in exchange for a nice, clean sketch-book. Correspondents will please write and state size of book, etc. ERNIE K. PAUL, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Minerals, for foreign stamps. P. H. MAYER, 214 East Fifty-seventh St., New York City.

French and English stamps, for flower seeds. Please send lists and exchange letters before the seeds are mailed. ANNIE D. FINNEY, 3514 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Petrified stones, and gypsum, for minerals, specimens of wood, and stamps from any country except England, Canada, or the United States. HENRY HILL, Lockport, N. Y.

Two German stamps, for ten postmarks; also two French stamps, for ten postmarks. B. L., Box 339, Newton, Mass.

Minerals, fossils, ferns, and soil, for coins, stamps, postmarks, sand, ore, and ocean curiosities. Correspondents will please label specimens. RUTH SARAH COLLIER, Mount Vernon, Linn Co., Iowa.

Twelve foreign stamps, all different, for the United States issue of 1869, blue and brown, 15-cent; or twenty-five stamps, for the 24-cent, violet and green; and fifty stamps, for the same issue 90-cent, black and carmine. The stamps I offer are all different, some very rare—Japan, Egypt, Cape of Good Hope, Philippine Islands, etc. HORACE F. HUTCHINSON, 55 Endicott St., Salem, Mass.

Shadow pictures and foreign stamps, for curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Correspondents will please write before sending articles. O. S. JENKS, 173 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

I wish to exchange a large and perfect Indian axe for a bound volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in good order, for 1872; a bound volume of *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, in perfect condition, for the first volume of *Uncivilized Races of the World*, sheep binding, and in fair order. Also the bound volumes of the *National Repository* for 1879, for HARPER'S WEEKLY, bound, and in good order, for 1876. Please write me before sending books. JASPER BLINES, Alexandria, Clark Co., Mo.

My stock of star-fish is exhausted. Agates, sea-shells, and postmarks, for beetles and insects. D. C. WYMAN, Eureka, Humboldt Co., Cal.

Lead ore, for iron or gold ore, or white crystals. Crystals especially desired. SCHIE HUNTSINGER, Sedalia, Pettis Co., Mo.

The ears of the Jack or mule-eared rab'bit, for second-hand boys' books, small biographies or natural histories. Abbot's *Life of Washington* preferred. C. R. LACY, Hutchins, Dallas Co., Texas.

Chinese copper and Japanese silver coins, for any other foreign coins. I have three kinds of Japanese and five kinds of Chinese coins. GEORGE C. CONRING, Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Fifty foreign stamps, for a triangular Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Cabool, Cashmere, Feejee, Philippine, Ceylon, Mauritius, Mozambique, Free Town, or 96-cent Hong-Kong, Central American, or Chinese or Japanese coins. P. O. Box 128, Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., N. Y.

The *Life of General Israel Putnam* or *Sandford and Merton*, for an international postage stamp album that has been but little used. HARRY WADLEIGH, Muncyville, Lycoming Co., Penn.

A stone from Ohio, for one from any other State or Territory. LYON CAVONEY, Seville, Medina Co., Ohio.

Postmarks, for newspapers. Fifteen postmarks, all fine, no duplicates, select list, for one newspaper. Common list, twenty postmarks, for one newspaper. W. E. DENNETT, Norwood, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Foreign stamps and postmarks, for the same; and binestone, used for telegraph batteries, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamp or petrified wood. FRED H. W. SOUTHMAYD, 121 West Forty-first St., New York City.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

N. K. C.—It is not a good plan to have too many irons in the fire at once, and so we think it best to postpone your plan until cooler weather.

C. H. B.—Your enigma is a good one, but it came too late for use this year.

RAYMOND.—"Art is long, and time is fleeting." There are a great many departments in art, and very many artists are known for conscientious and beautiful work; but if we were to name a single one in either hemisphere as the greatest, we would be unjust to a host of others.

EMILIE.—It is not a *nom de plume*.

BICYCLING.

C. A. PEELEY AND ALVAH S. HUMPHREY.—Your questions are answered by the advertisements on the last page of the cover.

GUY H. WOODS.—A Horseman bicycle, No. 15, diameter of front wheel thirty-six inches, and costing $125, will probably suit you.

FRANK RIGGS.—A *good* bicycle for a boy of your size can not be bought for the sum you name. A bicycle to fit you should have a front wheel of forty-two inches in diameter. Read the advertisements on the cover of YOUNG PEOPLE, send to the addresses given for circulars and for addresses of Chicago agents, from whom you can gain all desired information.

WILLIE CHAPMAN.—Go to 791 Fifth Avenue, New York city, and there you will probably find the "excellent bicycle" for which you inquire.

PASSONS DUNHAM.—I do not know of a good tricycle for young girls. The only one made in this country that would suit a girl of nine years is advertised in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 87, and I fear that with this machine it would be impossible to ride any distance over country roads, as it is only intended for pavements or smooth walks. Very light and beautiful tricycles are made in England for girls of fifteen years of age and upward; but none are manufactured in this country.

Most of the inquiries received thus far have been for cheap bicycles, and where to obtain them. To these the answer is, there are no *cheap* bicycles. All good bicycles are expensive, and a poor bicycle is dear at any price. Small bicycles, with wooden spokes and rims, are just as good to learn to ride on as the best that are made, and on a smooth level surface they can be made to work very nicely. As the rider grows older, and gains experience, he naturally desires a better machine, and then he finds that instead of from $10 to $20, the cost of a machine such as he wants is from $50 to $100. This he regards as an imposition, and at once begins a search for cheaper bicycles. But he will not find them at present, nor for some time to come. For this there are several reasons. One is that all existing bicycle patents in this country have been acquired by one firm, which therefore enjoys a monopoly. Another reason is that the bicycle is still something new, and the sale for it is comparatively small, so that the manufacturer must make large profits to balance small sales. Then, too, the machinery for making bicycles is very expensive, the material used in making them must be the best, and the workmanship upon them the most skilled. All these things combine to make the bicycle an expensive luxury, and such it will always remain, though in course of time prices will be much less than they are now. "THE CAPTAIN."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from *A. E. Cressingham*, "School-Boy," *Bennie Stockwell*, Emilie Douglass, Willie D. Grier, Day Z., Robert N. Fuller, and Jemima Beeston.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMOND.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A household implement. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A favorite. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Not young. 3. A vessel. 4. An animal. 5. A letter. H. R. D.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in mouse, but is never in rat.
My second is dog, but never in cat.
My third is in animal, never in fish.
My fourth is in vessel, and never in dish.
My fifth is in monkey, and not in giraffe.
My whole is a thing 'tis convenient to have.
F. A. B.

No. 3.

ANAGRAM.

Yb mhraem dan nbda lal tras od tdesa.
A. C. B.

No. 4.

WORD SQUARES.

1. To approach. 2. Spoken. 3. Armor. 4. A girl's name.

1. A river in Spain. 2. A temptation. 3. A disorderly tumult. 4. A boy's name. R. R. F.

No. 5.

ZIGZAGS.

```
1  *  *  *
*  2  *  *
*  *  3  *
*  *  *  4
*  *  5  *
*  6  *  *
7  *  *  *
*  8  *  *
*  *  9  *
*  *  *  10
```

Across.—1. A string. 2. Without light. 3. A vehicle. 4. A snare. 5. Level. 6. A particle. 7. An animal. 8. Color. 9. A mineral. 10. A plant.

Zigzags.—A mountain range in Europe. R. R. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 87.

No. 1. Guadalquivir.

No. 2. 1. Necessity is the mother of invention.
2. Nothing ventured, nothing won.
3. Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

No. 3. Be still, and heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

No. 4.

```
S A R D    E T N A
A G U E    T H E N
R U D E    N E A T
D E E R    A N T S

D I M E    R O M P
I D O L    O V E R
M O S S    M E T E
E L S E    P R E Y
```

OUR NEW SERIAL.

IN No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 2, will appear the first chapter of a new serial story entitled

TIM AND TIP;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler."

The story of "Tim and Tip" is that of a homeless boy and his faithful dog, who follows him in all his wanderings, and shares in all his adventures. It is full of incident on land and water, and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the fortunes of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs, the monkey, will, we feel sure, sympathize equally with our new hero and his four-footed companion.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $5 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

THE WIDOW MACHREE.

IN making the Widow Machree, first procure a daisy, and with a pair of sharp scissors trim off the petals, except two, as in Fig. 1; then with a pen and ink mark on the yellow centre the face of an old woman, as in Fig. 2. Trace off Fig. 3 on a piece of stiff card-board, and finish it as represented in the drawing; cut it out all around down to the dotted line, and bend it from there so as to leave the figure standing upright when finished. Then cut a hole in the neck as represented. Put the stem of the daisy through this hole, and fasten it behind, as in Fig. 4, by gumming a small strip of paper over it. Take a pin, cut it in two, and on the pointed edge place the bowl of the pipe, cut from the end of a match, as in Fig. 5. Then put it into the mouth of the figure, or daisy face, and Widow Machree is complete, as in Fig. 6.

A SIMPLE CAMP-BED.

From *Camp Life in the Woods.* Harper & Brothers. Just out.

SLEEPING on the ground, rolled in a blanket, is all very well if no better plan offers; but when a good camp-bed can be made as easily as the one we are about to describe, it is foolish to refuse the comfort thus offered. Procure a large piece of canvas, sacking, or other strong, coarse material six and a half feet square. If a single piece of this size can not be found, several parts may be sewed together to the required dimensions. After which two opposite sides should be firmly stitched together, thus forming a bottomless bag. Two stout poles seven or eight feet in length, and as large as the wrist, should now be cut. Insert them through the bag, allowing the ends to project equally on each side. These ends should now be rested on two logs, one placed at the head and the other at the foot of the bed. In order to hold the poles in place, notches should be cut in the logs at such distances as will draw the bag to its full width. The interior of the canvas should now be filled with dried grass, leaves, moss, or spruce boughs, after which the bed is complete, and as comfortable as any mattress.

I WUNDER DUZ MY MUDDER WANT ME?

I'S AFWAID SHE DUZ.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 91. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, July 26, 1881.
Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.
$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.

My little daughter climbed up on my knee,
And said, with an air of great mystery,
"I've a secret to tell you, papa,
But I must whisper it close in your ear,
And don't you speak of it, papa dear,
For there's nobody knows but mamma.

"*I am very rich! Very rich indeed!*
I have far more money than I shall need;
I counted my money to-day—
Twenty new pennies—all of them mine—
And one little silver piece called a dime
That I got from my grandpapa Gray.

"I have fourteen nickels and one three-cent,
Five silver quarters, though one of them's bent;
And, papa dear, something still better,
Three big white dollars! not one of them old,
And, whisper, one beautiful piece of gold
That came in my uncle Tom's letter."

Then she clapped her small hands, laughed merry and clear,
Put her soft rosy lips down close to my ear,
(Oh, so lovely the fair curly head!)
"Am I not very rich? Now answer me true,
Am I not richer, far richer, than you?
Whisper, papa," she artlessly said.

I looked at her face, so young and so fair,
I thought of her life untouched by care,
And I said, with a happy sigh,
As my lips touched softly her waiting ear,
"You're exceedingly rich, my daughter dear!
Ten thousand times richer than I!"

THE MODEL MERCHANT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

OUT into the wide, wide world, where the fancy of high-spirited youth sees fame and fortune awaiting the daring adventurer, trudged the hero of an oft-told romance five hundred years and more ago. But the story of Dick Whittington is not all romance, and for the reason that it is in a great part real history, it is the more interesting.

The son of a gentleman of good birth but of wasted fortune, Richard Whittington was early sent up to London to be apprenticed to a merchant in that city, which even then was among the greatest and wealthiest in Christendom. An apprentice's lot was by no means a happy one. He was bound to his employer by law until he should reach the age of twenty-one years, and his duties were often of the most disagreeable and humble character. He lived in his master's house, and was treated no better than one of the lower kind of servants. It can easily be understood, therefore, how distasteful such a life must have been to a high-spirited boy whose days had been passed in the freedom of the woods and fields. And so, wearied by the tiresome life he led, the North-country boy determined to venture forth into the world to seek his fortune. Doubtless many apprentices had done as Dick Whittington did, but neither history nor legend has preserved their memory.

With a few articles of food and clothing tied up in a bundle, he left his master's house in Cheapside one summer evening, and set his face toward the north. After two or three hours' walking, he sat down to rest before ascending Highgate Hill, which was then far out in the country, though now it is a populous part of the great metropolis. Already he must have been tired and hungry, for he had done a day's work before he started, and had probably saved his supper to swell his little stock of provisions. He had walked several miles, darkness was coming on, and he had met with no adventures. What wonder, then, that, as he rested, the tones of Bow-bells on the soft evening air fitted themselves to words suggested by his lonely situation, and the high hopes that were within him, and bade him return and thrice reign over the city which had hitherto treated him so roughly. The romance of the runaway was over. He obeyed the fancied summons, and returned to fight the dull stern battle of life, and win the victories which destiny had in store for him.

But if young Whittington seems to have shown a faint heart by so soon abandoning the adventure on which he had embarked, he proved that he possessed courage of a more real kind by returning to take his part in that life where, at least as much as elsewhere, fame and fortune were to be won. Restored to his former position in the merchant's household, the strong-willed lad bore his part bravely, and soon gained the confidence of his employer, whose daughter he afterward married. He was taken into partnership, and by a fortunate speculation in cats, if we accept the legend (which, however, though the most picturesque event in his career, is probably the least true), he laid the foundation of the largest fortune of those times gained in commerce.

Bow-bells had promised him that he should be thrice Lord Mayor of London; but fate was even kinder to him than prophecy, for Whittington held that ancient and honorable office no fewer than four times. During one of his terms of office he entertained at a grand banquet King Henry the Fifth, the hero of Agincourt, who, besides being his sovereign, was also his debtor to a very large amount, for kings in those days were not above borrowing from their subjects. After the banquet the Lord Mayor caused a great fire to be made in the hall, and in the presence of the King and Queen and all their noble retinue he threw into the fire the bonds which the King had given him as acknowledgment of the loan, thus releasing his sovereign from the debt. Henry, who was himself a man of generous nature, was greatly moved by this striking act of loyalty, and exclaimed, "Never, surely, had King such a subject!"

"Ah, sire," returned the courtly Lord Mayor, "never had subject such a King!"

It were hard to believe that so noble a prince as Henry the Fifth took advantage of this generous act, and fortunately history does not tell us whether the debt remained unpaid because the evidence of it was destroyed. Let us give the King the benefit of the doubt, and trust that the money was afterward honorably repaid, and went to swell the number of those charities with which the name of Sir Richard Whittington is for all time connected.

No one person of that time has left greater or more varied proofs of benevolence. The sick who lay in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital blessed the memory of its benefactor, the great Lord Mayor; and the felons confined in the cells of Newgate Prison owed their comparative comfort to that kind heart which recognized the fact that even those whom crime has outlawed from society are still our fellow-beings. Scholars owe to the 'prentice lad, whose own schooling was mostly of the sternest practical sort, the foundation of a college and two libraries, which are still in existence; and thanks are due to him in great part for the nave of Westminster Abbey, the cost of building which Whittington bore in common with another London merchant.

But Whittington was above all things a great merchant, and, as such, did much for commerce. Some of our readers may have seen the London Directory, an immense, closely printed book, which contains the names and residences of nearly four millions of people. Five hundred years ago Sir Richard Whittington caused to be prepared a directory of all the trades in London, and thus was the first, so far as we know, to issue what has now become a necessity in our daily business, and as familiar as it is necessary—a City Directory.

Do you not think he is rightly called "the model merchant of the Middle Ages?"

Digitized by Google

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

WHEN little Tom Macaulay was about four years old, he was taken by his father to call upon Lady Waldegrave, at Strawberry Hill, and there an awkward servant spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was very sorry indeed, and after a while asked him if he felt any better.

"Thank you, madam," said the small gentleman, "the agony is abated."

I do not expect you, my dear children, to use words so quaint as those which were quite natural to young Macaulay, but I should be glad if you would try to have equal politeness. Politeness is simply the highest form of unselfishness, and the finest manners spring from a kind heart. There is a difference between manner and manners, which I think you can understand. Manner is the expression of a person's character, and manners are the person's every-day dress. One may have at the same time an awkward *manner*, and polished manners, contradictory as it seems to say so. The only way to be sure of having both in perfection is to begin when you are young, and practice self-control in your life at home. There are certain rules to which courteous people conform in society, and these you can easily learn, partly by asking, partly by obedience, and partly by observation. Conventionality is a long word, and some good men and women affect to despise it; but it is, on the whole, very convenient, and life is far more agreeable where people are governed by its good order and system than where they act independently and brusquely.

I beg your pardon for giving you a hint about two or three common usages which you know of, but sometimes forget. Lewis was passing hurriedly through the dining-room yesterday, when his aunt Carrie spoke to him. He did not hear precisely what she said, so he stood in the doorway and said, "What, ma'am?" "I beg pardon," would have been more elegant there. But when he entered mamma's chamber, where she and sister Sue were having a confidential chat, if he wished to interrupt the talk for a moment, the right thing to say would have been, not "I beg pardon," but "Please excuse me."

Bessie came down to breakfast one morning lately, and at once seated herself, and began to drum on the table with her spoon. Nothing could have been ruder, and I *was* surprised, for I had thought Bessie a well-bred child. She ought to have waited until the family had assembled, and then she should not have taken her place until mamma was ready to sit down.

But when Clara was visiting at the Stanleys' she really tried to be very polite, and she made one mistake—one, indeed, which older people often make. Mrs. Stanley helped her bountifully to pudding, and she passed it along to her next neighbor. She ought to have retained it herself, as it was meant for and apportioned to her.

Rob Hartt has two or three friends staying a few days at his house, and his sister Agnes finds it a great trial to eat with them, and why? Would you believe that Will Fleming appears at the dinner table *without his coat*, that Arthur Samson eats *with his knife*, and that Phil Decker gobbles his soup in the greatest haste, and almost swallows the spoon, instead of taking the soup, as polite people do, from the *side of the spoon*? These boys are honest and faithful at school, but they have not been taught good manners.

The other day I stepped out of a street car, with my hands full of parcels. I was very tired. A boy I know left his playmates, ran up to me, and said, "Aunt Marjorie, I'll help you carry those things." Now was he not kind, and polite too? I think so.

THE PEREGRINATING ORCHESTRA.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

THAT the Popolo family were musical was beyond all question, seeing that every member, from Pietro padre, down to Pepita, the baby, either sung or played on some musical instrument.

Pietro was an aristocrat in his profession, for he had risen from the rank of organ-grinder to the proud eminence of possessor of and performer on six musical instruments; and what is most wonderful, he could play on all six at the same time, to the infinite delight of astonished audiences.

Pietro and his pretty wife Teresa were born in Italy, the land of music. They were poor but ambitious, and having heard that in our country gold was so plenty that one might almost pick it up in the streets, they desired nothing so much as to come here; so they counted their florins, bade their people farewell, and crossed the blue ocean.

Like many other young couples who had come before them, they soon found that the gold was not scattered in the streets, but must be gained only by persistent and patient industry.

Teresa had an old uncle named Luigi Nicolai, who had, by "hook and crook" literally, amassed a snug little fortune. After considerable hunting they found him in lofty but rather dingy rooms in Crosby Street, a quarter of New York which might well be called New Italy, so many of these people live there.

The meeting between the three was affectionate and lively; and dear me! their tongues travelled so nimbly for the next three hours that I will not attempt to tell you half they said, especially as it was all in Italian; but this I know, they went to ask Luigi's advice, and he gave it.

The result was, the Popolos bought a hand-organ and a tambourine, and commenced business the next morning.

From the very beginning the young people prospered, Teresa's bright eyes and gay bodice, no less than the merry jigs and pathetic wailings of the instrument, serving as so many magnets to attract the coppers from the people's pockets, in spite of the "hard times" of which they were always complaining.

Again it was summer. "Week in and week out" Pietro and his faithful wife had trudged forth in sunshine and storm, and now they had a modest little sum lying by in the savings-bank. And they had something infinitely more precious than silver or gold—little Pepita, a perfect cherub of a babe, with bright black eyes and rings of silken soft hair.

Teresa lost no time in preparing Signorita Pepita for her coming vocation. Was she not prettier and more mischievous than a monkey? hadn't she a voice sweeter than an angel's?

"Carissima mia," she would cry, "will not de monees pour into dese little brown hand as one riv-are?"

And so it proved. Little Pepita, in her mob-cap, was fondled and patted by the women, and run after by the children, who were delighted to leave their pennies in her chubby fist, so that Teresa's tin cup was filled to overflowing; and one day Pietro sold his old barrel-organ, and bought a brand-new one.

To say there was contentment in the Popolo apartments that evening would but faintly express it. Uncle Luigi and some neighbors were invited to participate in the rejoicing. It lessened not the pleasure of the party one whit that the rooms smelled strongly of fried fish and garlic; on the contrary, it increased it by anticipation, for Teresa was famous for her cookery.

Supper, however, was a secondary consideration. The new organ must be looked at first, and Teresa lighted an extra lamp for the occasion, and was made very happy by the praises bestowed upon the new instrument.

Now that Teresa had baby to carry, her tambourine lay idle. This and their prosperity set her to thinking,

Digitized by Google

and the result was a letter to her cousins Andrea and Luisa Felippo, which bade them "come to America, where the people were so fond of music that one might fairly whistle the money out of their pockets."

The Felippos came, Andrea bringing with him his flageolet, and Luisa a small sum of money with which to set up housekeeping in the New World. Nor were they an unwelcome or undesirable addition to the little troupe of musicians. Andrea, with his gold ear-rings, conical hat, and velvet trousers, and Luisa, with her picturesque peasant dress, became paying attractions. They were not announced by flaming handbills, nor were they trumpeted forth in the newspapers like Ole Bull or Wilhelmj, or Patti or Nilsson, but they soon acquired a wide-spread fame of their own on the east side—a fame some day to be increased fourfold by an *event*, the realization of a secret hope in the breasts of Pietro and Teresa Popolo.

In a certain side street of the city was a curious old shop, in which was stored all sorts of second-hand musical instruments. Now Pietro was of an inventive turn, and possessed considerable mechanical skill.

No one knew but the good wife Teresa where he spent so many evenings, while she sat at home singing and rocking the cradle.

Andrea and Luisa would drop in for a chat. Neighbor Giuseppe frequently inquired for her husband, and to all she would say, smilingly, "Wait; you not know dis night."

Meantime the object of their solicitude was busy with his awl and his knife, and a lot of buckles and straps, preparing the wonderful invention that was to delight the people, and pour in money for the little Pepita's dowry.

Toward the last Teresa was obliged to go with him one or two evenings to help him with the straps and buckles, and to test the working powers of the great— But I must not go ahead of my story. It was still a secret to Andrea and Luisa, but they went to look at *It* the evening before Pietro decided to exhibit it on the street.

Now, children, guess what It was, if you are able.

Look at the picture of Pietro, and you will find It on his back and his head, in his hands, and at his feet.

It is the peregrinating orchestra, that is, the travelling or wandering orchestra.

Do you wonder that the women have left their washtubs to gaze from the laundry windows, that the tenement-house is emptying its population to look at and listen to this wonderful man and his musical family?

Here you may count six different musical instruments or contrivances, connected with each other by an ingenious set of straps, so that the movement of one sets all the others going in proper time.

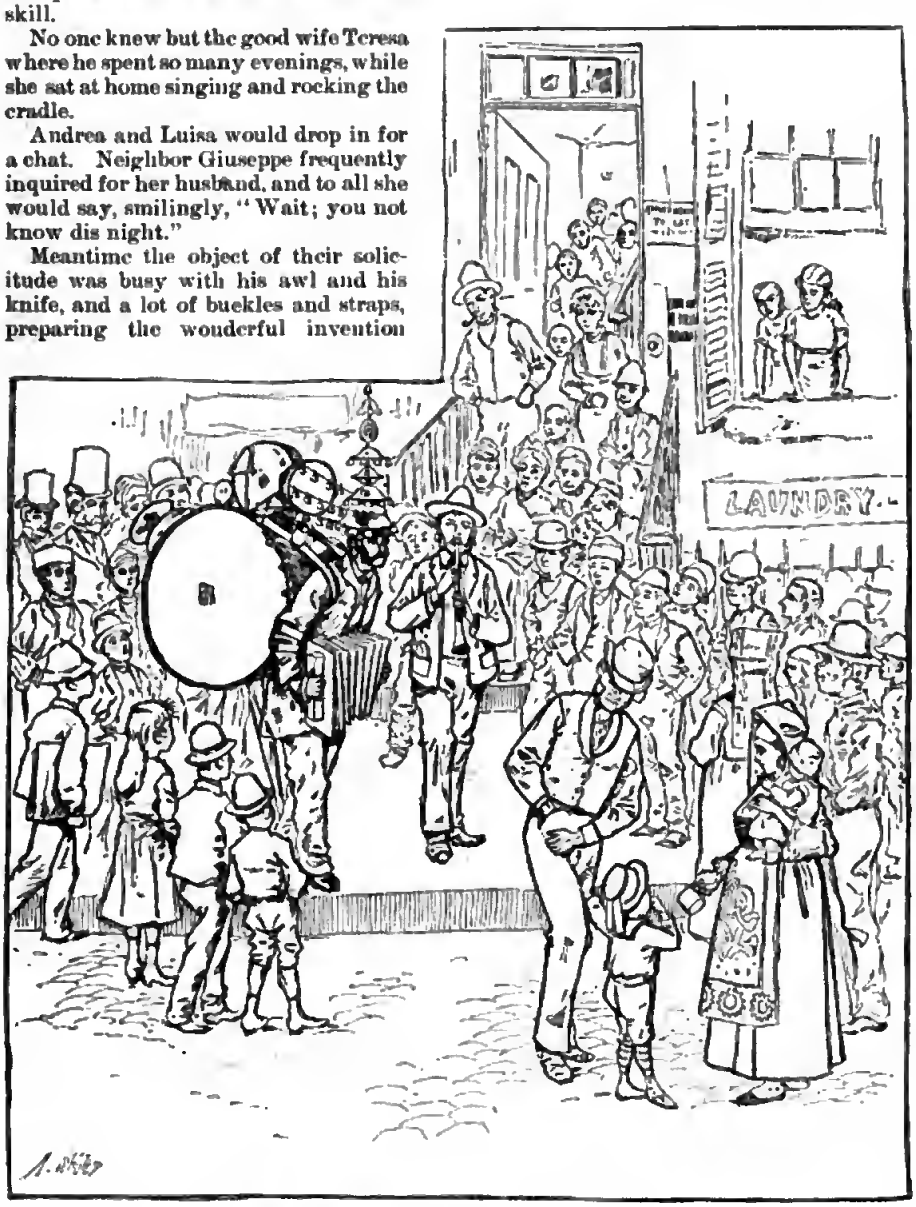
Just fancy Pietro is playing the "Star-spangled Banner." He touches D, B, G, the first notes of the air, on the accordion. Up fly the drumsticks; it's time they were busy. "Rub-a-dub," says the snare-drum; "boom, boom, boom," growls the bass-drum; "crash, crash," shriek the cymbals; "chink-a-chink, chink-a-chink," rattles the tambourine; "jingle, jingle," ring the bells from the little tower on his head; while the poor accordion puffs and wails laboriously.

Nor is this all; for Andrea is piping away steadily on his flageolet, Luisa is shaking her tambourine, and Pepita is flourishing her ivory rattle with the silver bells, as pleased with the whole affair as any member of the crowd.

Pietro has indeed reached the top of his profession; for what more could one man be expected to do in the way of music than he is already doing?

Andrea has certainly a good example to follow. He has only to bear in mind, as Pietro did, good old Nicolai's motto, "Poco a poco"—little by little—and he too may prosper.

As for little Pepita, her history is only just begun; but I shouldn't wonder, from the present promising state of affairs, if we should hear of her as the lovely and admired heiress Signorita Pepita Popolo, daughter of the famous Pietro Popolo, the performer, or rather professor, of the peregrinating orchestra.



THE PEREGRINATING ORCHESTRA AT WORK.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 80 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, May 10.]

THE CRUISE OF THE "GHOST."

BY W. L. ALDEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MORAL PIRATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE morning dawned bright and clear. What little wind there was blew steadily from the northwest, and there was not the least reason to suppose that it would change during the day. The boys breakfasted on cold boiled beef, sitting on the deck near the wheel, so that they could breakfast together. It was not a very delightful breakfast, but it was better than raw cod-fish, and a great deal better than no breakfast at all.

As the foretopsail and spanker were enough to give steerage-way to the brig, Charley ordered the foresail to be hauled up and the jib taken in immediately after breakfast. He told his comrades that all hope of getting the vessel into port must now be abandoned, and that they must keep the brig from drifting any further to the southward than could be helped.

"Those sails ought to be furled," said Charley, as he came in from furling the jib, "but I can't roll them up alone. Who will come aloft with me and furl the maintop-gallant-sail?"

Joe was at the wheel, and both Harry and Tom at once volunteered to help their Captain. They found it easy enough to climb the rigging—and indeed Harry had already been up to the maintop—but when they came to lie out on the top-gallant-yard, they found it a very ticklish task. The foot-rope had an unpleasant way of sagging under their weight, and seemed to them to afford a very insecure foot-hold. At first they could do little except hang on to the yard, but presently their nervousness wore off, and they found themselves rolling up the sail and passing the gaskets, under Charley's direction, with a confidence that surprised them. "When you once get used to it," said Charley, "you will find that going aloft isn't half so risky as climbing trees. Here you always have a rope to hang on to, and you can be sure that it won't break, but when you are up in a tall tree you never can tell when a branch is going to break and let you down, or when your feet will slip on the bark."

After the maintop-gallant-sail was furled, the boys furled the foretop-gallant-sail with much more ease, and descended to the deck quite proud of their exploit. The foresail was too heavy for them to handle, so the buntlines and leech-lines were hauled as taut as possible, and the sail was left to bang in the brails. The brig was now under her foretopsail and spanker, and steered so easily that Joe had little hard work to do. The sea had become so smooth that not even a particle of spray sprinkled the low deck of the vessel, and the boys began to find the time hang rather heavily on their hands as they watched for some friendly sail to come and rescue them.

"I wonder where the *Ghost* is," said Harry.

"Sunk by this time," replied Tom. "You know how she was leaking, and with no one to pump her out, she wouldn't keep afloat twenty-four hours."

"I meant to stop that leak," remarked Charley. "I think I know about where it was, and when the sea went down we could probably have got at it. What a nice boat she was!"

"How we shall hate to tell Uncle John that we've lost her!" Harry exclaimed. "I know she cost him a good deal, and it's pretty hard that he should lose all the money he has put into her."

"We can't ask him to buy any more boats for us," said Tom. "I was expecting that we could sell the *Ghost* for money enough to get us all canoes, but now we'll have to give the canoe plan up."

"The fact is," said Joe, "this hasn't been the most successful cruise in the world. We've been out only about ten days, and now we're expecting to be taken home like shipwrecked sailors, with the loss of everything but our clothes."

"If we only get back safe, we needn't worry about anything," replied Tom. "Suppose no vessel comes to help us! The brig will sink some of these days, and I'm thinking that it won't be very long before she makes up her mind to try it."

"Then we can make a raft," said Charley, cheerfully, "and cruise on that until we are picked up. I am almost willing to promise you that we are taken off this brig some-

"HURRAH! THERE'S THE 'GHOST'!"

time to day. By-the-bye, did I tell you that I've found out what her name is?"

"How did you find it out?" asked Harry. "You know it is washed off the stern so that we couldn't make it out."

"Why," Charley replied, "I looked in the forecastle bell yesterday afternoon, and there it was, the *Hirondelle*, of Bordeaux. I forgot to tell you of it at the time. How she comes to be here with a load of timber is something I can't make out."

"There's a sail!" exclaimed Harry.

"Where?" cried Charley.

"'Way over on our starboard quarter. I can just see her."

Charley immediately ran aloft and looked anxiously at the distant stranger. He came down and reported that she was apparently a schooner, and seemed to be steering directly toward the brig.

"Do you think they see us?" asked Tom.

"They see our spars, but they can't see our signal of distress, and unless they do see it they won't pay any attention to us. However, they'll be up with us in the course of two or three hours, unless the schooner changes her course, which she probably won't do."

The boys watched the schooner with the utmost interest

Digitized by Google

for a long time, but she seemed to them hardly to move. Joe got tired of watching, and exclaimed, "There's no use in looking at her; a watched schooner never boils."

"How could a schooner boil?" inquired matter-of-fact Tom.

"I have something to amuse you, boys," interrupted Charley. "Let's try to get the brig before the wind, and run down to the schooner. Come forward with me, and we'll hoist the head-sails. Tom, you and Harry lower the spanker while I go and loos' the sails."

Charley went forward and loosed the jib and flying-jib, and by the time this was done, Harry and Tom had succeeded in taking in the spanker, and had come to help him. When the jib and flying-jib were set, Charley ordered Joe to put the helm hard up. As the brig slowly fell off, he slacked the lee forebrace and foretopsail-brace, and then with Harry and Tom hauled in the weather-braces, until the unassisted strength of the three boys could no longer stir the heavy yards. Then, letting go the head-sheets, they hurried aft and hoisted the spanker. By this time the brig had swung nearly around, and by taking the braces to the capstan the yards were finally braced up, and the wind brought on the port beam. The *Hirondelle* was no longer running away from the schooner, and it was evident that the crew of the latter would understand that the brig wanted to meet them. As the wind was now fair, Charley proceeded to get the foretop-gallant-sail on her, and kept his crew so busy that they were surprised to find, when their work was over, that the schooner was only about a mile distant.

"Hurrah! There's the *Ghost!*" Harry suddenly cried. "The schooner is towing her."

Sure enough, the little *Ghost* was there, in the wake of the schooner. There could be no mistake about it, for when she pitched, the boys could distinctly see the canvas cabin.

Charley ran forward and let go the top-gallant and top-sail halyards, and slacked the top-gallant sheets so that the sail flapped uselessly in the light air. The schooner, which was now close by, hove to, and after some delay her boat was launched, and the boat's crew of four men were soon on the deck of the brig.

"What in all creation are you boys doing aboard this brig?" asked the big good-humored mate of the schooner.

"We were blown out to sea in that sail-boat that you are towing," answered Charley, "and we boarded the brig; and while we were trying to get sail on her the *Ghost* got adrift."

"Trying to get sail on her, were you? Did you boys set that there topsail?"

"We did."

"And where on earth were you trying to get to?"

Charley told the mate the whole story—how they had tried to sail the brig into New York, and how the head-wind had baffled them. "Now," said he, "if you'll take us and the *Ghost* to Sandy Hook, we'll be only too glad to abandon the brig, for we can never get her into port with this wind."

"Should raather think you couldn't. Why, you might as well try to work Trinity Church to windward with a leg-of-mutton sail rigged on to the steeple. Come aboard the schooner with us, and we'll see what the old man says."

The "old man," or Captain of the schooner, was an honest down East sailor, who first cautiously induced the boys to say that they abandoned all claim to the brig, and then told them that he would carry them to New York, and give them back their sail-boat. He left the mate and two men on board the *Hirondelle*, giving them the schooner's small-boat, and then steered for Sandy Hook.

The boys had a pleasant sail in the schooner. She was bound from Boston to Philadelphia, but with the hope of saving the brig, the Captain had decided to go to New York, and to send a steam-tug back to tow the brig in. This brought the wind directly ahead, but the schooner, making long tacks, worked to windward so beautifully that by noon the next day she was up to the light-ship. There a steam-tug was met, and the Captain of the schooner instantly hired her to go in search of the brig, and to tow her into port.

While the headway of the schooner was checked to enable the Captain to bargain with the Captain of the steamer, the boys shook hands with everybody, and climbed down into the *Ghost*. When the latter was picked up by the schooner she was pumped out, and the leak was stopped. Nothing was missing from her cabin, and the boys lost no time in setting the jib and main-sail, or rather what could be set of the latter without the gaff.

Even with her crippled mainsail, the *Ghost* kept ahead of the schooner for a long while, and the latter did not overtake her until she was half way from Sandy Hook to the Narrows. Now that home was so near, and the dangers of the cruise were over, the boys regretted that they had not cut loose from the schooner when she was within sight of Fire Island inlet. They could have entered the Great South Bay through the inlet, and carried out their plan of crossing from Shinnecock Bay to Peconic Bay.

"It is a shame," said Harry, "to go home when nobody is expecting us. We told them we should be gone for at least four weeks."

"What is a greater shame, if you look at it in that way, is our giving up the brig to the schooner's people," remarked Charley.

"Why, what else could we do?" asked Tom. "You said yourself that we couldn't work the brig in, and that we must abandon her."

"Why couldn't we have hired the captain to send us a steam-tug? We could have staid on board the brig just as well as the mate and the two men, and if the steam-tug tows them in, why couldn't we have been towed in?"

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Tom.

"Nor I," said Harry and Joe, both together.

"Well, I did think of it," resumed Charley, "and if I'd been alone on the brig, I would have done it. But then Uncle John expected me to take care of the *Ghost* and her crew, and I wasn't instructed to run any risk for the sake of bringing abandoned vessels into port. We did right to give up the brig, but at the same time we did lose a fair chance of making a good big sum of money."

"Why shouldn't we keep right on through Hell Gate into the Sound, and cruise round that way to Canoe Place, and come back through the South Bays?" said Harry. "We can do it easily enough in four weeks."

"And not go home at all?" asked Tom.

"Not till we get back from the cruise. I'm ready to do it."

"So am I," said Joe. "I've been dry for two days, and I begin to feel really uncomfortable. Let's go on, and get wet some more."

"I can go just as well as not," said Charley. "I've nothing else to do."

"And I'd like nothing better," added Tom.

"Then we'll stop somewhere in the city and lay in provisions, and then go through Hell Gate as soon as the tide will let us," said Harry.

"Why not stop a day or two, and see Uncle John, and talk to him about a canoe cruise?" suggested Charley. "Perhaps we could sell the *Ghost*, and get canoes, and have our canoe cruise this summer instead of next year."

"That's what we ought to do," said Tom. "We would enjoy the change from a sail-boat to a canoe more just now than we ever will again."

"And I don't think it would be quite right to start on

Digitized by Google

what would really be a new cruise without seeing Uncle John," said Charley. "We mustn't do it. We'll go home, and if we can manage to get canoes, we'll have a canoe cruise, and if we can't, why, we'll sail up the Sound, provided you can all get permission to go."

So it was settled that the *Ghost* should head for Harlem, and that her crew should go home for a day or two. Everybody was satisfied with this decision, and in the hope of starting on a canoe cruise, Tom, Harry, and Joe busied themselves in discussing different routes. Before they had finally settled where they would cruise, Charley ran the boat into the dock at Harlem, and the cruise of the *Ghost* was ended.

THE END.

A DOUBLE AMBUSH.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WE lived in Florida (said Mrs. Walters) through all the Seminole war, which lasted seven years, so that I grew up with the names of the great hostile chiefs, Osceola, Alligator, Wild Cat, and Tiger Tail, making a part of my childhood.

A sense of peril was always present with us. I remember the feelings with which we heard of the slaughter of Lieutenant Dade and his command. The tragedy took place in open battle, yet it seemed dreadful that so many brave men should be shot down in the dark woods, with the painted savages yelling around them.

In the spring when I was thirteen and my brother Arthur fifteen the war was at its worst, and my father talked strongly of removing to a greater distance from the danger.

Among our few slaves, consisting only of two black families, was a half-idiotic young negro named Jason, who had the privilege of wandering pretty much as he pleased. He would often remain all day in the forest, either lying asleep or mocking the gobble of the wild turkeys.

One day he returned with an appearance which startled us. His woolly head had been completely shaved, and his black face dyed to a bright scarlet. He had, however, received no real hurt, and seemed not in the least terrified by the ordeal through which he must have passed.

We gathered from his broken sentences that he had fallen in with Indians; and it was plain that they had been in some measure true to the proverbial respect of their people for idiots. An ordinary person they would have sacrificed without mercy; but when Jason stared aimlessly at the tree-tops, or gobbled like a turkey, they simply set their mark upon him, and let him go.

The incident showed that our danger was more immediate than had been supposed; but there was fortunately a squad of United States cavalry picketed within a few miles of us, and my father lost no time in notifying the officer in command of what had occurred. The soldiers, however, could find nothing of the enemy, and in the mean time we passed a couple of days in very anxious suspense. The movements of Indian warriors are erratic, and to white men unaccountable.

My parents began to regain confidence, believing that the Seminoles were gone from the neighborhood, as they doubtless were for the time. Father said they were probably scouts, and there was no telling how they might have scattered themselves, or at what point some of them might appear next. He hoped, however, that the presence of the soldiers had led them to abandon any design they might have entertained of attacking us.

On the third day after Jason's adventure we were feeling much relieved. The negro men were at work in the fields, and father had gone to a considerable distance from the house. Mother, Arthur, and myself, with the female servants, were within-doors.

Presently, not far off, we heard the gobble of a wild turkey, or what seemed such, although, as turkeys were not in the habit of approaching so near the house, we imagined Jason to be at his old silly pastime again, imitating the call which he could so well counterfeit.

The notes were continued with great regularity at intervals of a minute or two, and so natural were they that Arthur would have been all on fire to seize his rifle and hurry in quest of the game had he not remembered how often he had been led upon a fruitless chase by the vocal powers of the poor idiot.

"We all excel in something," said my mother, "and Jason was made to call turkeys. But I do wish he would be quiet; it makes me nervous to hear him."

"Jason," said a little negro girl who just then came in from the rear of the premises; "why, missus, Jason done gone asleep in de shade at de back oh de wash-house. I done seen him dis minute."

Arthur hastened out-doors, looked behind the wash-house, and having assured himself that the black boy had nothing to do with the gobbling, returned quickly for his rifle.

"It is a real turkey," he said, "and he's somewhere in the hollow."

The hollow was made by a depression of the ground about fifty rods from the house front, and running parallel with it. Upon its further side was a decayed stump, some four or five feet high, standing below the sloping bank, and with its top just visible from the house. Of this stump the portion next to the slope had so fallen away as to leave a large cavity capable of containing a man.

The gobble indicated the turkey's whereabouts pretty definitely.

"He's somewhere near that stump," said Arthur; "perhaps inside of it, sitting up on the rotten wood toward the top. I'm afraid he'll get high enough to see me. But I'll make a circuit, and creep around where the ground is lower."

He went out at the back door, so as to make sure of not being seen. The land on our right, a few rods from the house, was very low, the depression stretching off in crescent shape until it reached the gully, which crossed it at fair rifle-shot distance from the stump.

Arthur, young as he was, had already become an excellent marksman, having for two years possessed a rifle of his own, which father had bought him, and which was almost always in his hands. We had no doubt that, with anything like an ordinary chance, he would put a ball through the turkey's head, and return in triumph.

But somehow, after he went out, a sudden thought seemed to strike mother. Wasn't it strange that a turkey should come so far out of the woods, and keep up such a gobbling in the hollow? No, not strange, perhaps, nor very unusual; and she wondered at her own uneasiness. But her nerves had been shaken by poor Jason's incident.

The house had a half-story in front, with two small windows above the ground rooms, and mother's feelings impelled her to run up there for a better view. She wished to see where father was, and perhaps might discover something of the wild turkey.

I was close at her side. We saw father with his rifle away off across the fields, and the negroes at a distance from him engaged in their work. The stump, too, was visible nearly to its foot, and at intervals we caught sight of Arthur carefully working his way in a half-circuit toward the gully.

Father had evidently heard the turkey, and was warily approaching the spot where it seemed to be. His half-stooping posture showed that he feared the bird might get upon the stump and see him.

Digitized by Google

Suddenly mother started, and her face had a look of ghastly terror. Something which certainly was no turkey rose a little above the stump, between its shattered rim and the grass of the bank. I saw it too, and my blood ran cold.

It was something that greatly resembled the head of an Indian. We felt that the face must be peering through the grass toward my father, while we saw the black, gleaming hair behind.

Without doubt it was a Seminole warrior in ambush, watching father's approach.

Mother gave an agonized cry. "What shall I do?—oh! what shall I do?" she exclaimed.

Would not any signal or outcry she could make be misunderstood at such a distance, and only hasten the catastrophe, since father was still thirty rods beyond the Indian, and eighty from the house? Then where was Arthur, who had now disappeared? And should she by a sudden alarm cause him to show himself, might not the Seminole rise up and shoot him on the spot? She was dizzy with her sense of the dreadful situation.

But in a moment I called out to her, "There's Arthur, mother! there's Arthur!" for I saw him among the rank grass, lying flat upon the ground, within good rifle-shot of the stump, which he seemed to be watching intently.

Once again the Indian's head was shown slightly, and we got an instant's glimpse of Arthur's rifle. But the black hair disappeared, and the weapon was lowered.

Father was now so near the scene of danger that we had no alternative but to watch. Terrible as was her anxiety, mother now felt that Arthur had discovered what kind of game the old stump contained. She knew that the Indian could not fire at father without exposing his own head, and that the moment it appeared it would be covered by her brave boy's rifle.

How our hearts beat for the few moments that intervened! Another gobble came from the stump. Father was working his way stealthily toward it in anticipation of a prize, and Arthur lay still as death in the grass.

All at once we saw the sunlight glance upon a mass of long raven hair that rose slowly above the gnarled wood which had hidden it. Father was within six rods of the spot. It was a dreadful moment.

Our eyes turned to Arthur. The grass in front of the slight knoll where he lay was not high enough to interfere with his aim as his elbow rested on the ground. We could see him drop his young face against the breech of his gun. The barrel gleamed for a single instant, a puff of smoke streamed from the muzzle, and he leaped to his feet.

But there was a still more sudden leap from the old stump, for an Indian, with flying hair, and with his rifle still clutched in his hand, sprang up and fell dead against the slope which had concealed him from father's view.

The reunion which followed, when we all ran into each other's arms, joyful, yet thrilled with consternation, I will not dwell upon.

We found the dead enemy to be a tall young warrior, hideously painted, and having in his belt a hatchet and a knife.

He had no doubt entered the gully from the swamp, and seeing father at a distance, had attempted to decoy him within gunshot by imitating a wild turkey.

The occasion proved to be the only one on which the Seminole war was brought home to us, as the successes of the United States troops afterward kept the Indians at a distance from our neighborhood.

"WHO'S AFRAID OF A GOOSE?"—DRAWN BY S. G. MCCUTCHEON.

Digitized by Google

THE LION'S RIDE

THE lion is the desert's King; through his domain so wide
Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.
By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief;
The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more
The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er
With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karoo;
When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu—

Then bend your gaze across the waste: what see ye? The giraffe,
Majestic, stalks toward the lagoon the turbid lymph to quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever King so ride?
Had ever King a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay the camelopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!
As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;
In thick black streams of purling blood full fast his life is fleeting;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that through the wilderness the path of Israel traced—
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste—
From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout from ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companions of their flight, the vultures whir on high:
Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;
By the foot-prints wet with gore and sweat their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while
With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.
On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!
The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last;
The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.
O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried:
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I HAVE been in the back bedroom up stairs all the afternoon, and I am expecting father every minute. It was just after one o'clock when he told me to come up stairs with him, and just then Mr. Thompson came to get him to go down town with him, and father said I'd have to excuse him for a little while and don't you go out of that room till I come back. So I excused him, and he hasn't come back yet; but I've opened one of the pillows and stuffed my clothes full of feathers, and I don't care much how soon he comes back now.

It's an awful feeling to be waiting up stairs for your father, and to know that you have done wrong, though you really didn't mean to do so much wrong as you have done. I am willing to own that nobody ought to take anybody's clothes when he's in swimming, but anyhow they began it first, and I thought just as much as could be that the clothes were theirs.

The real boys that are to blame are Tom Wilson and Amzi Willetts. A week ago Saturday Joe Hamilton and I went in swimming down at the island. It's a beautiful place. The island is all full of bushes, and on one side the water is deep, where the big boys go in, and on the other it is shallow, where we fellows that can't swim very much where the water is more than two feet deep go in. While Joe and I were swimming, Tom and Amzi came and stole our clothes, and put them in their boat, and carried them clear across to the deep part of the river. We saw them do it, and we had an awful time to get the clothes back, and I think it was just as mean.

Joe and I said we'd get even with them, and I know it was wrong, because it was a revengeful feeling, but anyhow we said we'd do it; and I don't think revenge is so very bad when you don't hurt a fellow, and wouldn't hurt him for anything, and just want to play him a trick that is pretty nearly almost quite innocent. But I don't say we did right, and when I've done wrong I'm always ready to say so.

Well, Joe and I watched, and last Saturday we saw Tom and Amzi go down to the island, and go in swimming on the shallow side; so we waded across and sneaked down among the bushes, and after a while we saw two piles of clothes. So we picked them up and ran away with them. The boys saw us, and made a terrible noise; but we sung out that they'd know now how it felt to have your clothes carried off, and we waded back across the river, and carried the clothes up to Amzi's house, and hid them in his barn, and thought that we'd got even with Tom and Amzi, and taught them a lesson which would do them a great deal of good, and would make them good and useful men.

This was in the morning about noon, and when I had my dinner I thought I'd go and see how the boys liked swimming, and offer to bring back their clothes if they'd promise to be good friends. I never was more astonished in my life than I was to find that they were nowhere near the island. I was beginning to be afraid they'd been drowned, when I heard some men calling me, and I found Squire Meredith and Amzi Willetts's father, who is a deacon, hiding among the bushes. They told me that some villains had stolen their clothes while they were in swimming, and they'd give me fifty cents if I'd go up to their houses and get their wives to give me some clothes to bring down to them.

I said I didn't want the fifty cents, but I'd go and try to find some clothes for them. I meant to go straight up to Amzi's barn and to bring the clothes back, but on the way I met Amzi with the clothes in a basket bringing them down to the island, and he said: "Somebody's goin' to be arrested for stealing father's and Squire Meredith's clothes. I saw the fellows that stole 'em, and I'm going to tell." You see, Joe and I had taken the wrong clothes, and Squire Meredith and Deacon Willetts, who had been in swimming on the deep side of the island, had been about two hours trying to play they were Zulus, and didn't need to wear any clothes, only they found it pretty hard work.

Deacon Willetts came straight to our house, and told father that his unhappy son—that's what he called me, and wasn't I unhappy, though—had stolen his clothes and Squire Meredith's; but for the sake of our family he wouldn't say very much about it, only if father thought best to spare the rods and spoil a child, he wouldn't be able to regard him as a man and a brother. So father called me and asked me if I had taken Deacon Willetts's clothes, and when I said yes, and was going to explain how it happened, he said that my conduct was such, and that I was bringing his gray hairs down, only I wouldn't hurt them for fifty million dollars, and I've often heard him say he hadn't a gray hair in his head.

And now I'm waiting up stairs for the awful moment to arrive. I deserve it, for they say that Squire Meredith and Deacon Willetts are mornhalf eaten up by mosquitoes, and are confined to the house with salt and water, and crying out all the time that they can't stand it. I hope the feathers will work, but if they don't, no matter. I think I shall be a missionary, and do good to the heathen. I think I hear father coming in the front gate now, so I must close.

THEIR BEST SECRET.

BY ELLA M. BAKER.

TWO healthy, happy New England girls had been hunting for May-flowers all the morning. They had found them growing so pink and in such quantities that they were too busy filling their hands to notice the sudden shadow sweeping over the sky. Percy Shipley in her brown calico, her dark blue apron, and her log-cabin sun-bonnet, Reba Bradford in her gray calico, her red apron, and a sun-bonnet to match Percy's, knelt breathless on the warm turf, bewitched—and no wonder—by the pink and white beauties that smiled up at them from among the dead leaves, like babies just awakening in their pillowed cradles. So the dash of impetuous rain fell, without any warning, smartly on the two log-cabin sun-bonnets; but they only laughed merrily at it, sprang up, and ran for the nearest pine-tree. Reba pulled off her "blinders," as she called the sun-bonnet, while she ran. How black the cloud was growing! and against the cloud stood out all the more distinctly a low white steeple.

"Percy! Percy! run for the old church," cried Reba, wheeling about.

Away they flew, dashing through the alders, dodging under the birches, never minding the clinging blackberry vines, the low huckleberry bushes, the bit of bosky swamp. The rain, as if it were running after them, pattered faster and faster. It was in a delightful panic of haste and heat that they brought up finally on the narrow stone steps of the old church, and drew a long breath under the ugly little portico with half its supporting pillars fallen out. Not another house was in sight; the road in front had ridges of grass through the very middle, saucily making themselves at home where it was plain horses did not often claim right of way nowadays. Ever since Reba and Percy could remember—indeed, long before that—the old church had stood just so, only growing more forlorn year by year, seeming to be forgotten by everybody. As the new village sprang up among the valley mills, the new churches were built there, and the low-roofed houses one by one crumbled away, which the Shipleys and Bradfords of fifty years ago had known in their prime.

"Let's get in if we can," said Reba, boldly.

"It don't look as if we could," Percy answered, doubtfully.

Digitized by Google

But nobody cared now to lock the disused door. At the united eager push of the two girls, it opened in a rusty, rheumatic way, not widely, but far enough for them to squeeze in.

"There!" said Reba. She pushed forward, sank on the pulpit stairs, and shook the water from her sun-bonnet.

"There!" echoed Percy, with a great sigh. She deposited the old brown egg basket full of the May-flowers that looked so pearly among the wealth of thick green leaves, took off her "blinders" also, and sat down in the nearest pew. They were both so out of breath that they said no more at first.

The longer they kept silent, the more still and solemn seemed the empty place. Dusty, indeed, littered, and defaced, it all was. Thick, dingy cobwebs hung from the pulpit; a gray hornets' nest showed in one lofty corner; the pulpit stairs were broken; many of the pews were gone entirely; splinters of board and laths, stray leaves of hymn-books, a tuning-fork, a broken lamp, fragments of mortar, and varied rubbish, strewed the uneven floor. In spite of all that, it was still a church to Percy. With reverent eyes she looked up at the pulpit, where the minister used to stand, at the gallery, where the singers' seats used to be. She wondered who used to sit in this very pew years and years ago; she wondered if the clothes they wore, their Sunday best, looked like the queer bonnets and gowns that Aunt Bethiah kept laid away in her old locker. When Reba said, "Percy," she started, half shocked, as though somebody had called out her name in service-time.

Reba, meanwhile, had been just as busy thinking, but her thoughts had been very different ones.

"Percy Shipley," said she, solemnly, "I've thought of something perfectly splendid."

"You have? What is it?" asked Percy, expectantly.

Reba was exploring the cobwebby pulpit. She leaned over the edge, and said, in a low, impressive voice, with a flap of the damp sun-bonnet toward Percy, who rose eagerly in her pew to listen: "Nobody uses this church. Let's you and I use it."

"What! preach in it?" gasped Percy.

"No, no," said Reba, laughing until the sun-bonnet fell out of her hand, and went tearing through the cobwebs, "but have it for our place, don't you see? to keep house, and tell secrets, and have a lovely time in. Oh, Percy! wouldn't it be grand?"

"Oh, Reba! would you dare?"

The soft, clear eyes, full of wonder and appeal, in Percy's pew, lifted up wide open toward the great black ones of Reba looking down from the pulpit. The dark ones, with a flash of excitement in them, never wavered.

"Dare? yes, indeed, I'd dare for both of us if there were anything to be afraid of. But there isn't, Percy. Why, nobody comes here; it's out of everybody's sight. We won't tell a soul; and as for asking leave, no one owns it, so there's no one to ask. And we can't hurt it." The pulpit spoke with authority and slight impatience. The pew replied gently but persistently.

"It would be the greatest fun, and it's just like you to think of it, Reba; I only mean that perhaps it would be wrong to play and make good times here. Remember, it's a church, Reba."

"Well, *let's* remember it's a church," answered the pulpit, meeting the scruples with a ready argument as skillful as any that may have proceeded from it before: "let's agree, to begin with, that we'll always behave when we're here, and just run outside if we want to be cross, or selfish, or anything not fit for a church. We won't do anything here that we'd be ashamed to do if we remembered its being a church. That will make it all right, for I'm sure, Percy, a church is the very place to be good in."

The pew was convinced. Percy fairly clapped her hands, and cried, "It will be the very best secret we ever had, Reba!" as they helped each other enlarge upon the plan.

And I think myself that few girls have a nicer secret. With tidy housekeeping instincts that they had learned at home, Percy and Reba first set themselves to make the place as neat as circumstances would allow. They picked up the litter, and swept the floor over and over. Many a torn leaf of catechism and hymn-book they lingered to read over as they labored, imagining that they should find there something new and strange. They never did, and the catechism answers did not stay long in their memories; but a single couplet of one hymn that they found afterward they never did forget, perhaps because it was so associated with the sweeping of the old church. The line was this well-known verse,

> "Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine."

As high as they could reach they rid the place of dust and cobwebs. Percy chose one square pew, and Reba another, to be peculiar personal property, in which to set up housekeeping, and many an imaginary comedy or tragedy they enacted in those pews, many an odd treasure came to be stored there with nobody to say, "Do take that rubbish off!" Oh! it felt grand to have so much room, so much airy, unused space, and to be able to trim up whenever they liked with evergreen branches, blossoming boughs, and all the lavish greenery they had patience to bring! Here they learned their lessons together; here they practiced each other on the "pieces" that were to be declaimed at school on exhibition-day. It was fine to see Reba ascend the broken stairs, and courtesying to Percy with a flourish, recite "Casabianca" or "We are Seven," until it would seem the very hornets' nest must be thrilled with her accents. Percy, somehow, never was willing, when her turn came, to occupy the same high place, but she used to be sure that she would make no mistake on exhibition-day if only she could have that same broken window, filled in with blue sky, to fix her eyes upon as she spoke.

She would not forget, nor let Reba forget, the compact they had agreed upon. To be sure, they were not often tempted to be cross or unjust to each other, but there did occur a crisis sometimes when one or the other would stop in the middle of an impatient word and run out of the church. Nearly always her companion would follow after; in the open air it would all be made up, and with arms entwined they would go peacefully back into the church again.

But there came a week when everything seemed to go wrong. It was intensely hot and dry. Reba complained fretfully that nothing but heat, dust, and flies came in at their windows. Percy declared that the hum of the hornets made her nervous.

"And, Reba," said she, "I don't think it's fair for you to disarrange the things in my part. You never used to do it."

"I haven't touched your things, Percy," retorted Reba, in a lofty tone; "and I shouldn't think you'd better say much, when you've been mussing over here in my pew the way you have."

"Why, Reba Bradford! what do you mean?"

"Why, Percy Shipley! you needn't pretend."

Reba's eyes flashed angrily; Percy's cheeks were all afire.

"Perhaps you know what you mean, Reba Bradford; I don't," said Percy, bitterly. "But I do know that the frosted cake my mother gave me, and that I saved to make a feast of with you, is all gone but a few crumbs, and nothing in my keepsake box is as I left it."

"And you don't know anything about the mottoes and sugar kisses I was saving up for you in my keepsake box, I suppose?" sneered Reba. "And you couldn't account for the way my gilt mug came broken here?"

Digitized by Google

"Do you dare to think I'd steal from you?" cried Percy, stamping her foot.

Oh, it was quite dreadful! They both forgot the place and their compact. I'm afraid they both called each other names, and the end of it all was that they marched off home different ways, one weeping angry tears, and the other vowing "never to speak to her again."

For three doleful days Reba did not go near the old church nor Percy's house. At the end of the three days she said frankly to herself, "If Percy should spoil all my things, and eat every sugar-plum I ever have, it would be better than this." She set off that very minute to go and tell Percy so. But Percy's mother met her at the door.

"No, dear, you mustn't come in," she said, kindly. "I know how you love Percy; but her fever seems pretty high, and you mustn't run any risk of catching it. Wait until she is better."

Reba gave a sob and hurried away, dreadfully shocked and frightened. Poor Percy! perhaps it was the sickness coming on that had made her so unlike herself that foolish day when they quarrelled. Reba instinctively hurried to the old church to cry by herself; and having arrived there, she did cry until every tear was spent. Her face was still buried in her apron, when there came echoing through the silent space a rough voice that said, pitifully, "Don't take on so; what is the matter?"

Reba was no coward, but she did give a great leap that brought her to her feet. A boy's face was peering over the gallery at her. It was a homely face, but a kind one. Reba was sure she had never seen it before.

"Who are you? What are you here for?" said she, sharply.

The boy laughed; then he grew sober at once. "I wouldn't tell you," said he, "if I didn't believe you're the 'pon honor sort. As 'tis, I'll tell you the whole truth, and trust you. If you shouldn't be 'pon honor, so much the worse for me. I'm running away."

"Running away from what?" questioned Reba, as sharply as before.

"From a bad master," said the boy, with a scowl, "and I was getting along very well till I hurt this foot of mine, not far from here. When I couldn't drag myself much further, I came in sight of this old church, and crawled in for the night. I was pretty hungry, and perhaps you won't blame me so much if I did rummage over your little traps down there in hopes of finding something to eat. I'm sorry I broke the mug; I hit it in the dark; and now you won't blame the other one, will you? I meant, anyway, to clear her before I went."

"You've been here ever since?" cried Reba; "and do you mean to say you haven't had anything else to eat?"

"Oh yes," said the boy, cheerfully; "when I found I couldn't get along further till my foot healed, I hobbled out and found roots and berries quite near."

Reba loved adventures, and in Plumley adventures happened but rarely. She made much of this one, only longing for Percy to share it. How she enjoyed taking meat, bread, and fruit to the refugee in their own old church, tyrannizing over him, and making him bathe, bandage, and salve his injured foot just as she said, coaxing him to tell her the whole story of his hard life, and contriving a couch for him out of the few faded melancholy cushions to be found on the premises!

And when Percy was better, and able to talk, what a great thing it was to tell her all about the strange thing that had happened!

"He's just as much your boy as mine," declared Reba, magnanimously, "and I wouldn't do or say anything about him till you were well enough to tell what you think best, Percy. Everything about the old church is half yours, and more than half, and we'll remember better than ever after this, won't we?"

What Percy advised was that Reba's father should be told the whole story, and taken properly in his capacity of Doctor to see the lame foot.

"Well, well, certainly the most unexpected call I ever had in my life," said the Doctor, when Reba proudly escorted him to the old church. "Who'd ever have thought of finding a patient here?"

But he took the kindest interest in the friendless orphan, carried him in his carriage to his own house, and ended by liking him so well for his plain, blunt, manly ways that, when the foot was healed, he engaged him as office-boy.

As long as the old church stood, Bob Sheffield used to look at it with gratitude; and years after a bolt of lightning had destroyed it during one summer night, Percy in her new home at the West, Reba in her stately house in an Eastern city, loved to tell the children stories of the good times two little country girls used to have under the roof of an old deserted church out in the woods.

AT THE DOOR OF THE OLD CHURCH.—Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MOST of our boys and girls are busy, happy, and well. Do you ever think what a glorious thing it is to be simply *well*—not to have a headache, or a pain, or the least bit of weariness, no matter how long you play, or how high you climb, or how far and fast you run? Half the fun and pleasure you have comes from the fact that you can go to sleep the moment your heads touch the pillow, and that when you awake in the morning, you wake all over at once, and spring out of bed, ready for anything that may be before you. If you do happen to be ill occasionally, there are always kind hands to care for you; and it gives you a good chance to find out what a loving father and mother you have, so tenderly they see to your wants. Even the doctor, with his shrewd face and droll manner, becomes dear to you when you are sick; and you always call him yours, in a new way, after you have taken his pills and powders, with mother's nice jam to take their taste away. So now, boys and girls, will you please read the letter a lady has asked us to publish, and make up your minds about helping along in the work she proposes?

TO THE CHILDREN, LARGE AND SMALL, SICK AND WELL, WHO READ THIS PAPER:

Do you all want to do something for me? I am sure your answer is, Yes; for I think children always like to be helping others. Well, I want you to give me ever so much money. I imagine I see round eyes grow big, and hear you say: "Pray what for? You are a stranger, and we never have much money; nor do we know what you want it for, anyway." I will tell you, for though you don't know me, it makes no difference, as I do not ask it for myself. I want it to do good to some poor little sick children, and to yourselves in giving it. In the city of New York, as most of you know, there are a great many little children who, when they are sick, or meet with an accident, have no one to take care of them, or if they have, are compelled to stay in a small close room, where there are a great many people, a great deal of noise, which makes it very hard for them to get well. Knowing this, some kind people have built a house, called "St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children," 405 and 407 West Thirty-fourth Street. It is an Episcopal institution, under the care of some kind women. They take in any child, black or white, of any creed, under fourteen years old, who has no disease which other little ones might take, so long as they have space and money to take care of them.

In the Rev. Dr. Houghton's church, Twenty-ninth Street, New York, is a society which sews for and takes care of sick little children; and this year they have furnished one ward in the hospital for children under six years old. This is the ward I want you to take a special interest in. I hope you will go some day and see them. On any day, except Sunday, between 11 and 12 A.M., and 3 and 4 P.M., they will be very glad to see you. Oh, such a dear little baby as I saw there the other day! He had fallen down stairs and broken his hip, and his mother brought him there because the doctor said he never could get well in his own home; and though he had to lie on his back for some weeks, he was merry as a cricket, and seemed very happy. Those who can be up have playthings of all sorts to keep them busy; and for these also there is a nice, sunny, large play-room up stairs, where they have fine times. What I want you to send your money for is to endow a bed in this "little folks' ward." To "endow" means that when you shall have paid money enough, there will be one bed always there for some little sick child, and money to take care of it while there. This would be called the "Harper's Young People Cot"; and if every one of you tries to help, you will be able to have it. When you buy candy, it is soon eaten, and that is the end of both candy and money; but in this case the good of your money will last always, and the self-denial it costs will help you to grow stronger to "fight for the right." Jesus will know it, and will send His blessing to those who care for His suffering little ones.

"Little self-denials,
Cost us what they may,
Help us in this earthly life
To learn the heavenly way."

If you will all set to work in *earnest*, we shall soon be able to have the amount needed. Who will send the first contribution, and head the list? The first of every month the names and amounts contributed will be published in this paper, which has kindly offered its help. Send your contribution, with name, for "Young People's Cot," to St. Mary's Hospital for Children, New York, to Miss E. A. Fanshaw, care of Mr. George A. Fanshaw, 45 New Street, New York.

The sooner the better. Don't you remember that story of the "Daisy Cot" which pleased you all so much? Let us have a "Young People's Cot."

VERONA, ITALY, June 28, 1881.

Although so far away in the old city of Verona, I have the great pleasure to receive every week, through my papa's kindness, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, which delights me. I think the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would like to receive little accounts from my note-book. I will send a letter now and then.

When in London I went to the great Westminster Abbey, in which I saw the urn which contains the bones of the two Princes murdered in the Tower in the year 1483. In the Tower I saw the steps where their bodies were found. In the Arsenal were primitive cannon-balls made of stone, and all sorts of old weapons; also ten small cannons presented to Charles II., when a boy, to practice with; also much old armor, and many instruments of torture. Among many curious things in the British Museum, I saw a gigantic land tortoise, which weighed 870 pounds when found, was supposed to be eighty years old, and was still growing.

In my next letter I will tell you about Paris.

I am nine years old, and before my next birthday I expect to see many old and wonderful things on the Continent. ALBERTO D. M.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I was much interested in your account of the flying-squirrel given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 87, Vol. II. I have never seen this graceful little animal, but from what I have heard, I suppose it is a pretty creature.

The little common squirrel inhabiting the woods is frequently seen where I live, on Walnut Hills. One day, when I was walking down a certain street with a friend of mine, I saw a pet squirrel nestling on the shoulder of a boy, who kept hold of a chain which was fastened around the little squirrel's neck. I did not think that this precaution was necessary, for the little creature did not show any inclination to run away, but, on the contrary, seemed quite contented.

I have often wondered whether or not squirrels would be happier when frisking about among the branches of trees in their native woods than when shut up in close cages. I should think that they would pine for their former freedom. LIZZIE C. C.

Unless the squirrels are made captives when they are very young, they are very wretched in confinement. We once knew about a squirrel which really fretted itself to death in its cage, and we wondered how the boy who owned it could ever be happy afterward. He gave it quite a little funeral, and erected its monument in the garden, with an inscription; but that did not make up for its unhappy days, nor restore its life. A squirrel's cage should be large enough for a boy of twelve to stand up and take several steps in, and it should be dressed with green boughs, to make it seem as much like a bit of the woods as possible. Children who have such pets should not chain them unnecessarily, and they should be careful to keep their homes clean, and give them plenty of food and fresh water.

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA.

I have just been reading some of your interesting letters, and I thought that I would sit down and write to your nice paper, which we all enjoy reading. We live in Northern California, among the mines, ninety-two miles from the railroad. Papa kept store for a while, and the miners changed gold for money; and once a man brought a piece of gold, that he had just dug out of his mine, in the shape of a horse-shoe.

My sister is thirteen years of age, and I am eleven. We both take music lessons. We have a nice day-school and Sunday-school. There are fourteen little girls in my class in the latter. We are building a new church. My sister is secretary of the Sunday-school. NELLIE J. F.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year, and I like it ever so much. I just loved Toby Tyler, and wasn't the big, fat woman good? I like such *big* folks, because they are so kind always. I live away down in Maine, on the beautiful Kennebec River. Augusta is the capital, and is the head of navigation. We have large schooners which come up here, but no ships. The schooners bring coal, and carry away ice. Papa says the Kennebec produces the best ice in the world, and our ice crop last year brought into the State over $1,000,000. I like the letters from all the boys and girls, and hope mine is not too long to be put in with others.

CHARLIE F. P.

We always wonder why Maine people say "away down in Maine." It is quite far up on the map. Yours is a nice letter, and the information about the ice is very pleasant in this sultry weather.

HOPE, INDIANA.

I love to read the children's letters in your nice little paper. I have two sisters, one eight and the other fifteen years old, and one brother who is twenty years old. For pets I have a little dog named Tippy and a little bird named Ruby. They are both very cute. I am thirteen years old.

We have a piano, and I spend a good deal of my time playing. I can not do much work, as I am crippled, and have to walk with crutches. I have been sick a long time. I was taken ill last November a year ago, but I am again able to go to school. I have been attending the young ladies' seminary this spring. It has just closed, and we had a musical entertainment, in which I was able to take part. My papa is postmaster in this place.

Please print this, as I have not seen any letters from this place. GERTRUDE E. M.

It is very pleasant to play well. It is a real resource to yourself, and music enables you to entertain your friends agreeably. I am sure papa likes to hear his little daughter's piano. Girls who play should not grow tired of scales and finger exercises, but practice them faithfully, and they will be repaid by becoming fine performers.

DAYTON, OHIO.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to see it printed before long. I write to congratulate the young naturalists on beginning, and hope the society will prove a success. I would like very much to join a society at this kind; but it is impossible, as there are no boys and girls old enough in our neighborhood to join. ANNIE E. C.

You may be an independent member, and whenever you discover anything interesting, report to the Post-office Box.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

This is the first letter I ever wrote to a paper, though my brother and I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE a since before Christmas. We live in Philadelphia in winter, but in summer we stay at Cape May. We feel very sorry for President Garfield, and I run to the bulletin-board to see how he is as often as a new bulletin appears.

We have a splendid large Newfoundland dog. He was too large and too curly to get an honor at the dog show, but we would not part with him for anything. FRANCIS R. P.

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

I regard the Natural History Society as a very important arrangement, and agree with Madison C., Jun., in all but one thing, and that is that there should be no limited number. GEORGE C. McI.

AUBURN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" so much that I wish it would never end. I live in Germantown, but am spending my vacation here. Before I came here I went to West Newton, and saw a steam road roller which came from England. I think it is great fun to make the wiggles. W. S. N.

SAN AUGUSTINE, NEW MEXICO.

I have not been to school in my life. Mamma is going to get a teacher. I am writing this myself. I have a sister twelve years old; her name is Jessie. We have a pet pony, and his name is Billy. We live on a ranch. Papa keeps the Post-office. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number. EFFIE D.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

I have a canary-bird named Dick, which I want to tell you about. When he was a young bird, he was so small that he could get through the bars of his cage, and one day, when he was flying out-of-doors, he flew away, and staid all night. Early in the morning my mother looked out of a window, and saw Dick on the porch, and she put the cage out, and he flew into it. He is very tame, and will come on my shoulder, and drink out of my mouth. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. FRANK J. M.

No doubt the little truant was very glad indeed to find himself at home. Once upon a time, a long while ago, we took care of a friend's bird while she went away on a visit. The very day we expected her home, the cage door was left ajar, and Fluff flew away over the trees, and the garden wall, and out of sight. Imagine our despair. What to do we did not know. Finally, we borrowed a neighbor's bird, a very sweet singer, and set his cage and the deserted one, with its door open, side by side on the window-sill. The little girl of the family sat in the shadow of the curtain to watch, and two hours after our little fly-away came home, allured, we thought, by the songs of our borrowed bird, and perhaps by a thought of the nice fresh seed and cool water in his little house.

MARSHFIELD, WISCONSIN.

I am a little boy twelve years old, and live in Green Lake Co., Wis. I would like to tell the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE about the swarms of locusts we have here this summer. About half a mile west of our village there is a high hill covered with large oak-trees, and they are swarming with locusts, and they make a roaring noise which sounds like machinery; we can hear them very plainly down in the village. They have stripped some of the trees quite bare of leaves. They are harmless little creatures, only eating leaves of the oak.

I have a pure water-spaniel dog that will bring ducks out of the water, and anything else that I wish. I take him to the post-office and give him the mail, and tell him to take it home; he will take it in his mouth and run home, and wait on the veranda until

Digitized by Google

rammie opens the door, and then he will wag his tail and seem so pleased.

Now I do so hope this will not go into the waste basket, as this is the second time I have tried to get a letter printed. EDDIE ATKINSON.

Why did you not tell us your dog's name? He must be a splendid little fellow. What a pity the locusts should need so many leaves for their dinners! We should be sorry to see the oak-trees stripped, and glad that the locusts do not come every summer.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

I live at Beverly, New Jersey, and am ten years old. I am making a "Zoo" garden on a small scale, and will exchange a dried balloon-fish or star-fish, or a spike from a wreck at Atlantic City, for a small five snake, lizard, or gold-fish. "First come, first served."
W. H. E., 228 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Penn.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

This is my first letter to the Post-office Box. I am going away soon. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. "The Brave Swiss Boy," "Toby Tyler," and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" are about the best stories. I will give a collection of one hundred and eleven (all foreign) stamps—as Finland, Russia, Japan, Cuba, Portugal, Brazil, Norway, Sweden, Newfoundland, Hong-Kong, etc.—for a good collection of shells. Correspondents will please write before sending. My address is
A. S., JUN., 258 Clinton Avenue.

Foreign stamps from Europe, East Indies, Bahamas, Cuba, and United States, for stamps from Asia, Africa, South America, Oceanica, Mexico, and Central America. CHARLES L. MILLER,
Lock Box 108, Bristol, R. I.

Stamps from Denmark, France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Norway, and Bavaria, for stamps from Mexico, Central America, Cape of Good Hope, Japan, New Zealand, and Nova Scotia. No duplicates given or taken. L. B. CRANE,
220 East Nineteenth St., New York City.

Blue gum, cactus, orange, lemon, Spanish-bayonet, California moss, and a stone from California, for Indian relics or other curiosities.
R. H. DOWNS, P. O. Box 144,
Riverside, San Bernardino, Cal.

Five foreign stamps (no duplicates), for one Chinese or African stamp.
MORISON C. MANCHESTER,
40 Lawrence St., Lowell, Mass.

One of Scott's albums containing 350 stamps, 300 very rare, including 12 unused stamps, for a $2 printing-press. G. B. DORNELLY,
231 Hicks St., Brooklyn, L. I.

Leaves of the oak and hickory trees near here, for leaves from other places; or tree tulips, for foreign coins, or leaves from the large trees of California or other famous trees. Label specimens.
J. B., P. O. Box 1179, Canton, Ohio.

Seeds, mosses, flint glass, ferns, wood, and leaves, for fairy stories or a second-hand toy magic lantern. E. A. SMITH, Conover, N. C.

Some French, German, and English stamps, for stamps from any other country, or stamps for coins if more desirable. WILLIAM F. SEALY,
811 Second Avenue, New York City.

Pieces of bark from the white cedar of Canada, for foreign stamps and postmarks.
LIBBY and ADELE TITUS,
P. O. Box L, Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y.
(*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

C. W. T., FLORIDA.—Florida was first visited in 1512 by Ponce de Leon, who went there to look for the fountain of youth. In 1565, the Spaniards built a fort at St. Augustine, and most of the country was held by Spain until 1763, when Spain gave it to Great Britain for Cuba, which the English had taken. The British kept Florida until 1781, when the Spaniards drove them out. After the Revolution, the country belonged to Spain until 1821, when it was sold to the United States. In 1845, Florida became a State of the Union.

GEORGE C. MCL.—The supply of bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1880 is exhausted.

We do not care to so much as mention the initials of one correspondent who sent a very dictatorial letter to the Post-office Box the other day, complaining because we had not published his exchange. Exchangers usually understand that the convenience we give them in YOUNG PEOPLE is a favor, and not a right; and if occasionally they are overlooked or obliged to wait a while, they must remember that we have often told them, that we print their offers as soon after receiving them as we can, and as nearly as may be in the order we receive them. We are quite sure the correspondent to whom we refer will regret his manner of writing when he thinks the whole affair over calmly and coolly.

JACQUELINE.—There is but a limited demand for French translations, and even experienced translators have great difficulty in finding publishers to look at their work. It would be excellent practice for you to translate the book you mention, but we do not think you would be successful in procuring anybody to print it for you. Translation should be literal, and elegant as well, and there is no better way of becoming familiar with the idioms of French or any other foreign tongue than by studying its literature, and rendering it into your own language.

ROBERT H. R.—Read article on "The Young Tin-Typers," HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 63, Vol. II.; and if that does not aid you, go to some obliging carpenter for help.

"SILVER SAUL," JOHNNIE T. P., AND OTHERS.—You may send your puzzles for examination if you wish. Birds' eggs are not allowed as exchanges.

FRED H. W.—We can not give addresses, nor arrange for private correspondence.

William Shattuck, H. S. Buffum, Marion S. Hare, B. P. Craig, William H. Paine, Joe S. McKnight, and Edward W. Smith withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

L. L. B.—The best authorities give de-orative, which is the common pronunciation. The present æsthetic whim is, however, to say de-or-ative. This usage is not yet general.

We can not adjust differences of opinion as to the worth of specimens and articles exchanged. It would be well in most cases for exchangers to have a brief correspondence by postal cards before sending their wares. Thus trouble would be avoided in the end.

J. C.—Frederick William Nicholas Charles is the Crown Prince of Prussia, and on the death of his father, the Emperor William, will succeed him on the throne of Germany.

"CANOE."—The price of a Racine canoe is $75. Address E. G. Durant, Racine Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis., for circular.

"INQUIRER."—The size of a bicycle is the diameter of the front wheel. On a 36-inch machine the "spools," or pedals, when the cranks are horizontal, should be 22 inches from the saddle, or seat.

"IN EXPECTATION."—You can probably ride a 44-inch bicycle.

ED S. BEER.—Send to the Pope Manufacturing Co., 597 Washington St., Boston, Mass., for a book called *The American Bicycler*.

E. J. HATCH AND H. J. WOOSLER.—See HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 26 for directions, with working plans, for building a canvas canoe. The fine workmanship necessary in a cedar canoe could only be performed by an experienced and skillful builder. The best and safest sails for canoes are the triangular sails known as "leg-of-mutton," made of unbleached muslin, having a hoist of eight feet, and the foot laced to a boom of such a length that it will swing clear of the "dandy," or after mast. The "dandy," or "mizzen-sail," as it is sometimes called, should have a hoist of four feet, and a boom of the same length.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mary H. Denny, Charles H. Brooks, Esse R. Dyer, Charlie Trimble, Robert N. McMynn, "*Lord Glenalvon*," *Percy L. McDermott*, "School-Boy," Frank S. Davis, George Washington, "King Billy," "Vi O. Let," Lizzie C. Carnochan, "Pickwick," "North Star," "Phil I. Pene," "Clem A. Tis," "Pepper," K. E. Brown, *Maud M. Chambers*, F. Trafford, Mamie and Josie, Charlie Trimble, Leo Marks.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

EASY NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of 11 letters, and am one of the United States.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is to suite.

My 8 is one of the vowels, and perhaps the most important.

My 9, 10, 11 is to sever. MURRAY C. B.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

I am in drink, but not in eat;
Also in pen, but not in sweet.
You find me in ink, and not in pen,
In some little birds, but not in the wren;
Always in idle, and never in smart;
Likewise in sweet, and never in tart;
Also in lungs, and not in heart.
My whole are flowers which even a bride
Has been known to wear with grace and pride.
F. T.

No. 3.

EASY CONSONANT ENIGMA.

Did you hear Leo pardon John? James ate a pear. Is Isaac at work in the barn? Did you see Ruth at the gate to-night? Do you know had Gertrude? I saw fish in the river as I came by. The Arab bit a sour apple. Her ring was set with a diamond surrounded by pearls. Did Henry pass here to-day? REBA H.

No. 4.

RAILTRAC CROSS.

Central Letter.—In choose.
Top.—Free. Establish. Generation. A letter.
Right.—Generous. Certain. An animal. A letter.
Left.—Patient. Placed. An insect. A letter.
Down.—Leave. Thickened. Tar. A small animal. A letter.
Centrals read downward.—A deputy.
Across.—A word signifying to contract.
WILL A. METTE.

No. 5.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A tell growing plant. 2. A gulf in Russia. 3. Easter morning food. 4. Very comfortable.
S. T. MOK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 68.

No. 1. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.
—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

No. 2. Cloves.

No. 3.
```
A T L A S
T O U C H
L U C R E
A C R I D
S H E D S
```

No. 4.
```
T R A P   P E A R
R A N     E A T
A N       A T
P         R
```

No. 5.
```
  P       P
  E E L     S K T
P E C A N   P E D A L
  L A D     T A P
    N         L
```

A personation, on page 592—Beethoven.

OUR NEW SERIAL.

In No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued August 2, will appear the first chapter of a new serial story entitled

TIM AND TIP;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler."

The story of "Tim and Tip" is that of a homeless boy and his faithful dog, who follow him in all his wanderings, and shares in all his adventures. It is full of incident on land and water, and those readers who followed with such kindly interest the fortunes of Toby Tyler and Mr. Stubbs, the monkey, will, we feel sure, sympathize equally with our new hero and his four-footed companion.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

A RAILROAD PUZZLE.

BY THE DOCTOR.

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—Not many days ago I was travelling on a railroad, and here is what happened. The train on which I was riding came to a stand-still out in the country, away from any dépôt. On looking out to ascertain why we had stopped, I saw a long freight train just ahead of us on the *same* track, standing still, but headed toward us. In other words, we were going *down* the track, and they were coming *up*. Between these two trains there was a switch, on which stood a "gravel train." The engine of the "gravel train" was off the track, and so could not back up on the switch, and give room enough for our train to get on and let the freight train go by. In fact, there was only room enough on the switch to accommodate half of our train. The question was, How were we to get past each other?

Of course one of the trains could be backed up to a switch at the nearest dépôt, and let the other by, but that was some miles away. Neither did we wish to wait until the engine of the "gravel train" could be put upon the track, and then back up to give us room on the switch at hand. One or the other of these things would have to be done if some method were not known by means of which—and the little piece of unoccupied switch—we could accomplish our desire.

We did get past each other, occupying only twelve minutes, *leaving the cars of each train in the same order in which they stood when we met.* I give this to you for a puzzle. If any of you have fathers who are railroad men, they must not tell you how until you have tried a long time yourself. I give a little sketch, which you may use if it will make things any plainer. The freight train was about three times as long as the passenger train. From the beginning of the switch to the engine D there is room for *not more than half* of the passenger train; so if you think that will help you any, you are at liberty to use it.

A is the passenger train, going down.
B is the freight train, going up.
C is the "gravel train," on the switch.
D is the engine of the "gravel train," off the track.

A GAME OF BALL AS PLAYED IN JAPAN.

THERE is a Japanese ball game which is very popular in its native land, and which might well receive some attention in this country. It is known as "Temari." The "Temari" is a ball about two inches in diameter, and made generally of cotton wound round with thread, so that it keeps its roundness and is elastic. Its outside is often ornamented with figures made of threads of different colors. A number of girls stand in a circle, and one of them—say, for example, our friend Jessie—takes the ball and throws it perpendicularly on the ground, and when it rebounds, she strikes it back toward the ground with her open hand. If it rebounds again toward her, she continues doing just as before. But if it flies away, the one toward whom the ball flies, or who is nearest to the direction of the flying ball, strikes it toward the ground, as Jessie has done, and the game continues until one of the players misses her stroke or fails to make the ball rebound. She then steps out of the circle, and the others play again in the same way as before until another girl fails and is obliged to step out. The same process continues until there is only one girl left, to whom belongs the honor of victory.

LULU TAKES CARE OF KITTY.

BY M. E.

THEY brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes,
One sunny April day—
Their winter clothes, I mean—and then
They packed them all away
In paper boxes tied around
With very strongest strings,
First freely sprinkling them with some
Tobacco dust and camphor gum,
And other sneezy things.

And when, their labor done, they took
Their tea and toasted bread,
"Why, where is kitty?" some one asked,
And "*I* know," Lulu said;
"She's in my dollie's biggest trunk;
I brushed and beated her;
There can't not any moths, I dess,
Det into her nice fur.
She scratched my finders when I put
The camphor stuff about.
Div' me some toast that's buttered froo."
They left it all to her, and flew
To let poor kitty out.

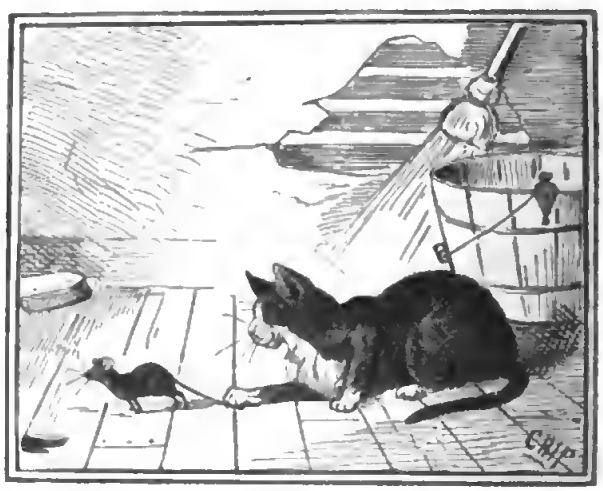
COAL FOR NOTHING.

IF any one wishes to be supplied with coal for nothing, he has only to rent a house near a railway, invest in a monkey, and follow the example set in the following story:

An eminent menagerist lived in a suburb where forty trains a day passed his garden. The weather was cold, but coal was expensive. The menagerist, however, was a man of resources, and conceived a plan for utilizing the forty trains a day. From his menagerie in town he brought a large Barbary ape, which unfortunate animal was chained to the top of a pole at the end of the garden.

The result was as pleasant as owning a colliery, without any wages to pay, or fear of floods and explosions. Every fireman, and occasionally an engineer, on the passing trains, had a shot with a lump of coal at the Barbary ape. The ape was never hit, but the garden was littered with coal, which the menagerist triumphantly conveyed to his cellar.

"WHAT A PLEASURE IT IS TO SEE THE DEAR CHILDREN ENJOYING THEMSELVES!"



"GOING FAR?"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 92. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.
Tuesday, August 2, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

TIM SHOWS THE MARKS OF CAPTAIN BABBIGE'S WHIP.

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS, AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

TIM'S FLIGHT.

"STRAYED.—A boy from the home of the subscriber; and any one returning him will be suitably rewarded. Said boy is about eleven years old, has short light hair, a turned-up

nose, and face very much tanned. When last seen he had on a suit of blue clothes considerably faded and worn, and had with him a yellow dog with a long body, short legs, and a short tail. The boy answers to the name of Tim, and the dog to that of Tip. Any information regarding the runaway will be liberally paid for. Address Captain Rufus Babbige, in care of this office.'

"There, Tim," said the man who had been reading the advertisement aloud, from the columns of a country newspaper, to a very small boy with large dark eyes and a very pale thin face, who was listening intently, "you see that Rufe Babbige don't intend to let you get away as easy as you thought, for he's willing to pay something for any news of you, though I'll be bound he won't part with very much money."

"But he always said he wished I'd have sense enough to die," replied the boy, trying to choke down the sob of terror which would rise in his throat at the idea of being thus advertised for as though he were a thief; "an' it don't seem to me that there's been a day but what he or Aunt Betsey have given me a whippin' since my mother died. Look here."

As he spoke, the boy pushed the ragged coat sleeves up from his thin arms, showing long discolorations which had evidently been made by a whip-lash.

"It's all over me just like that, an' I don't see what he wants Tip an' me back for, 'cause he's always said he wished he was rid of us."

"It's a shame to treat a boy that always behaved himself as well as you did like that," said the proprietor of the country store into which the runaway had entered to purchase a couple of crackers, "an' I don't see what the folks up in Selman were thinking of to let him abuse you so. I don't approve of boys running away, but in your case I think the only fault is that you didn't run sooner."

"But now that he's put it in the paper, he'll be sure to catch me, for I'm only six miles from Selman;" and the big tears began to roll down the boy's cheeks, marking their course by the clean lines they left.

"Folks that know him wouldn't any more think of sending you back to him than they would of cutting your hand off," said the man, as he shook his fist savagely in the direction Captain Babbige was supposed to be.

"But what does he want us for, when he's always wanted to get rid of us?" persisted the boy, stooping down to caress a very queer-looking dog, whose body seemed to have been stretched out, and whose legs looked as if they had been worn down by much running.

"I reckon I can tell you why he wants you, Tim, and when you get older it 'll do you some good to know it. He's your uncle, an' your legal guardian, an' I've been told by them that knows that he's got quite a sum of money belonging to you, which would all be his if you should die. Some day, when you are of age, you come back here and claim it; but don't you let him get hold of you again now."

"Indeed I won't," replied the boy, trembling at the thought of the fate which would be his if he should be so unlucky as to fall into the Captain's clutches again.

"Run away from here so far that he can't find you, and when you get a place where you can go to work, be as good a boy as I've always known you to be, and you'll come out of this trouble by being a good, honest man. Here are a couple of dollars for you, and I only wish it was in my power to take you home with me and keep you. But Rufe Babbige would soon break that up, and the best thing you can do is to trudge off as fast as possible."

The boy tried to thank the kind-hearted shop-keeper, but the tears were coming so fast, and the big sob in his throat had got so far up toward his mouth, that he could not utter a word.

Just then a customer entered the store, and he hurried away at once, closely followed by the odd-looking dog, which displayed, in his way, quite as much affection for the boy as the boy did for him.

Down through the one street of the little village, out on to the country road, the two walked as if they were already foot-sore and weary; and when at last they came to where the road wound along through the woods, Tim sat down on a rock to rest, while Tip huddled up close beside him.

"It's kinder too bad to be called such names in the papers, ain't it, Tip?" said the boy, speaking for the first time since they had left the store, "an' I think he ought to be 'shamed of hisself to talk so about you. It ain't your fault if your legs is short, an' your tail gone; you're worth more'n all the dogs in this world, an' you're all that I've got to love me, an' we'll never go back to let Captain Babbige beat us any more, will we, Tip?"

Just then the dog, which had been chewing some blades of grass, got one in his nose—a mishap which caused him to sneeze, and shake his head vigorously, while Tim, who firmly believed that Tip understood all that was said to him, looked upon this as a token that the dog agreed with him, and he continued, earnestly:

"I know just as well as you do, Tip, that it wasn't right for us to run away, but how could we help it? They kept tellin' us we was in the way, an' they wished we'd die, an' everybody that was kind to us told us we'd better do just what we have done. Now we're off in the big, wide world all by ourselves, Tip, an' whether the Cap'en catches us or not, you'll love me just as much as you always have, won't you? for you're all I've got that cares for me."

The dog was still busy trying to settle the question about the grass in his nose, and after that was decided in his favor, he looked up at his young master, and barked several times, as if expressing his opinion about something, which the boy interpreted as advice.

"Well, I s'pose you're right, Tip, we ought to go along; for if we don't, we sha'n't even find a barn to sleep in, as we did last night."

As he spoke, Tim arose wearily from his hard seat, his legs stiff from long walking, and trudged along, while Tip followed as closely at his heels as it was possible for him to get.

It was nearly sunset, and as he walked on it seemed as if he was getting farther into the woods, instead of coming out at some place where he could find shelter for the night.

"Looks kinder lonesome, don't it, Tip?" and Tim choked back a sob as he spoke. "I don't want to sleep out here in the woods if I can help it; but it wouldn't be half so bad as if one of us was alone, would it?"

In this fashion, keeping up a sort of a conversation, if it could be called such, where one did all the talking, and the other wagged his short stump of a tail, the two journeyed on until it was almost too dark to distinguish objects a short distance ahead.

Only once since the store-keeper had given him the two dollars had Tim thought of what he had said regarding Captain Babbige's having money of his, and then he put it out of his mind as an impossibility, for surely he would not have scolded so about what the boy and his dog ate if Tim had any property of his own.

"I guess we shall have to sleep in the woods, Tip," said Tim, disconsolately, as the trees appeared to be less thick together, but yet no signs of a house; "but it won't be much worse than what Aunt Betsey calls a bed good enough for boys like me."

Just at that instant Tim was frightened out of nearly all his senses, and Tip was started on a barking match that threatened to shake his poor apology of a tail from his thin body, by hearing a shrill voice cry out:

"Look here, feller, where are you goin' this time of night?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

MOTHER MICHEL AND HER CAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY T. B. ALDRICH. DRAMATIZED BY O. G. L.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Countess.
Mother Michel, *her maid and companion.*
Father Lustucru, *steward to the Countess.*
An Apothecary, *friend of Lustucru.*
Monmouth, *the Countess's pet, and Michel's charge.*

COSTUMES.

Countess.—A yellow silk petticoat, with gay over-dress. Hair high and powdered. Jewels and fan.

Michel.—Black silk. Long silk mittens. A cap with lace strings. Apron, retiacle, and knitting or fancy work.

Lustucru.—French small-clothes, dark colored. Hair in queue, and powdered. Also a cowl for Act II.

Apothecary.—Dark cowl.

MUSIC.

ACT I.

Duo.—Countess and Michel. "For a maid there is no denying." Cavatina (Zerlina), *Fra Diavolo.* Auber.

Solo.—Michel. "Vagabond." J. T. Molloy.

Duo.—Countess and Michel. "Silence" quartette.

ACT II.

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers.* George Root.

Solo.—Michel. "I can not dance to-night." Old ballad. Music by Mrs. T. H. Bayly.

Solo.—Lustucru. "Lucy Long."

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "Lucy Long."

ACT III.

Duo.—Lustucru and Apothecary. Conspirators' chorus from *La Fille de Madame Angot.*

Duo.—Lustucru and Michel. "A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers.* George Root.

ACT IV.

Solo.—Lustucru. "Then you'll remember me." Balfe.

Solo.—Michel. "Serenade to Ida." Weingand.

Duo.—Michel and Lustucru. "On yonder rock reclining." *Fra Diavolo.* Auber.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Discovers* Mother Michel *and* Countess. Mother Michel *is serving* Countess, *sitting before a mirror, admiring her hair.*

Duo.—Mother Michel and *Countess.*

Tune—"For a maid there is no denying." Cavatina (Zerlina), *Fra Diavolo.* Auber.

Countess. Now, Mother Michel, how does my hair thus suit you?

Michel. Beautiful, beautiful, Countess. Of course just like you.

Countess } *together.* { Oh no, oh no; oh no, no, *etc.*
Michel } { Oh yes, oh yes; oh yes, yes, yes, *etc.*

Countess (*at end of song*). Ah, Mother Michel, I fear you are not sincere. To be sure, my hair is a miracle of handiwork, but beautiful!—Ah, Michel!

Michel. Nay, your grace, my words are but too insignificant to express my admiration.

Countess. Well, well, never mind. Listening to flattery may strengthen my mind for hearing the truth; therefore I will let your speeches pass. But have you seen Monmouth this morning?

Michel. Ah, yes, madame. Chancing but now to pass the cellar stair, I beheld that sagacious animal watching, with intensest interest and quivering tail, a rat hole.

Countess (*rapturously*). Angelic creature!

Michel. And I disturbed him not, only called Father Lustucru's attention to him.

Countess. Ah, Michel, that is a great grief to me. Monmouth objects to Father Lustucru, my steward, who has always been so kind to him.

Michel. Yes, alas! never did I see one of your pets so prejudiced against one of your household.

Countess. Do not, I pray, refer to my other pets. And yet there is a consolation in speaking of their charms. My beautiful green parrot—

Michel (*sadly*). A victim to cold parsnips.

Countess (*weeping*). I can never forget how in his dying agonies he looked reproachfully in my face, and with his usual quickness at catching up words, cried, "To the mischief with your cold parsnips!" I can never forget. [*Overcome.*

Michel. Yes, yes, Pompo would always say naughty words. And then there was Ponto, the ape—

Countess. Forbear! forbear! My anguish at finding him cold and drowned overcomes my heart. [*Weeps.*

Michel. Cheer up, madame; Monmouth still lives, and is happy.

Countess. My constant fear is that he'll die or be killed.

Michel. Never fear. How well I remember the day we found him, and your noble conduct at that time!

Countess. Flattery again, Michel.

Michel (*warmly*). I can not flatter when I speak of that noble act. I have immortalized it in verse. Will you listen if I repeat it?

Countess. Proceed. For Monmouth's sake I will listen.

Solo.—Michel.

Tune—"Vagabond." James T. Molloy. (From second verse.)

Dirty, ragged, forlorn,
  Saucepan attached to his tail,
Driven by many a stone,
  He hardly his fate did bewail.
Cruelly and roughly
  The boys around him crowd,
Shouting and laughing,
  With their voices loud.
Pelted with mud,
The wretched creature stood
Appealing for help
  From the boys rude.
Oh, how can one,
  Boasting of any heart,
In such cruel sport
  Ever take a part?
But mercy kind
  Moved you to cry,
"Catch me you Cat
  If you can; all may try."
Oh, what a chase
  Therewith began!
  Every boy broke into a run;
They chased him o'er garden wall,
By alley, store, and stall.
  They snatch him, pull him, grab him, nab him.
[*Very fast.*
Oh, then to your grace
  They brought him for francs five,
Bearing him proudly aloft,
  A great deal more dead than alive.

Countess (*who has listened eagerly*). Bravo! bravo! Michel; it is a beautiful account of my Cat's rescue. I shall have it printed in gold letters on glazed paper.

Michel. Oh, thanks. Now you flatter *me.* But that reminds me. Father Lustucru gave me a letter for you this morning, which I forgot to deliver. [*Presents letter on a salver.*

Countess. A letter? Ah! 'tis from my sister. [*She reads.*] Oh, Heaven! my sister is ill—has broken her leg—and writes to me to come to her. Michel, I faint. [*She faints.*

Digitized by Google

Michel (fanning violently). Madame, madame, for your sister's sake, revive. [*Applies salts.*

Countess (recovering). Now I am better; but, oh, Michel, to be thus torn from my home and my Cat, to rush to the suffering, is indeed sad.

Michel. I have no words with which to express my sympathy.

Countess. I must go immediately. Go, Michel, bring my bonnet and shawl, and order the carriage. [*Exit* Michel *and returns, bringing shawl and bonnet.*] And now, Michel, go bring Monmouth, my Cat, my charmer; let me once more embrace him.

Michel. Ah, madame, if you could spare him this sad parting! Think of his delicate nerves, his sensitive heart, and spare him this hour of agony. Believe me, he shall be well attended to for your sake, my loved mistress.

[*They both weep violently.*

Countess. Yes, yes, I see the wisdom of this sacrifice, dear Michel. Monmouth shall not be broken-hearted by an anguished parting. Only care for him tenderly. And now, farewell.

Michel (overcome). Farewell, most beloved mistress, most beautiful Countess—

Countess. Hush; you will disturb Monmouth's watch of the rat hole, and bring him to witness this sad farewell. [*Softly.*

Duo.—Countess and *Michel.*

Tune—"Silence."

Silence, silence—softly speak and sigh.
Silence, silence—softly speak and sigh.
There doth our Monmouth watching lie;
There (pointing the other way) must we go without good-by.
Silence, silence—disturb him not, I pray.
Softly tread, softly tread, with footsteps soft and low.
[*Repeat.*
Hush! hush! [*Repeat.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Lustucru's *room.* Lustucru *discovered sitting at table in a happy mood.*

Lustucru. At last! at last! I have not waited in vain; fortune has smiled upon my efforts, and rewarded my patience. The Countess has gone to her sister, and only stupid Mother Michel remains. No one saw me seize that wretched Cat last night and put him in the basket; no one saw my joyful dance around my treasure, and no one saw my look of bliss when I flung the Cat from the high bridge down, down into the great river. Mother Michel receive five hundred francs in reward for care of that Cat! I think not. Wretched, ungrateful beast! I am at rest now, I breathe freely: Monmouth is dead; revenge is mine. Ah! here comes Michel, looking, no doubt, for our Cat.

Enter Michel, *hastily.*

Michel. Good-morning, Lustucru; but have you seen Monmouth this morning? In vain have I searched for him.

Lustucru. Does your Cat ever come where I am? You know he hates me.

Michel. Alas! where is he? I left him last night by the parlor fire, and now I can not find him.

Lustucru (slyly). Can he be lost?

Michel. Ah, no, no! It is impossible. He is somewhere in the house.

Lustucru. He ought to be found. [*With feigned anxiety.*] He ought to be searched for this instant. Monmouth is a precious animal, whose value makes it well worth the search. Let us search for him.

[*They proceed to look under furniture and in corners,* Lustucru *chuckling and dancing whenever* Michel's *back is turned.*]

Michel. Alas! I left him only an instant.

Lustucru. I begin to believe that he is lost. It is a great misfortune for you. The Countess—what will she say when she returns? She is capable of turning you out of doors.

Michel (indignant). Turn *me* out of doors! Father Lustucru, do you know of whom you are speaking?

Lustucru (politely). Certainly, madame. To Mother Michel—the Cat lover—and loser.

Duo.—Lustucru and *Michel.*

Tune—"A dairy-maid am I." No. 21, *Haymakers.* George Root.

Michel. Mother Michel am I,
Maid to her Grace;
And I'll have you to know
I mean to keep my place.
Lustucru. Father Lustucru am I,
Steward to her Grace;
And I'll have you to know
I mean to keep my place.
Michel. Oh! will you be quiet,
You hateful old codger!
Lustucru. Oh! will *you* be quiet,
Cat loser, and dodger!
Michel / *Lustucru* } *together.* { Oh, in my life I ne'er saw
Such a bother—oh, bother, oh, bother!
Michel / *Lustucru* } *together.* { Mother Michel am I, *etc.*
Father Lustucru am I, *etc.*
Lustucru (at end of song). Madame, do not be discouraged—
Michel. Oh, don't speak to me—don't, don't, I pray of you.
[*Weeps violently.*

Solo.—Mother Michel.

Tune—"I can not dance to-night." Mrs. T. H. Bayly.

Oh, who will bring him back to me?
Oh, who will bring me joy once more?
Who will set my heart at rest,
And Monmouth dear restore?
It makes my tears so doleful
As I think upon his charms—
Oh, who will bring him back to me,
Restore him to these arms?
[*Repeat first verse.*

Lustucru (as her song ends, during which he has been chuckling). Mother Michel, I do bethink me, I dreamed of Monmouth last night.

Michel (groaning). Alas! alas! how did he look?

Lustucru. In good sooth, pale and sad, as if he were not well.
[*Groans also.*

Michel. Oh, Lustucru, even *you* feel his loss, although he never loved you. I can forgive you everything, when I hear that groan of anguish. Where did you dream Monmouth was?

Lustucru. He seemed to be in the garden, under the lilac bushes, his favorite resort.

Michel. I will go and look there. Oh, Lustucru, this anguish!
[*Exit* Michel. Lustucru *dances, singing.*

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Oh, Monmouth dear, my darling,
I hope you're nicely drowned,
And never more a-kicking
By Michel will be found.
Tra la! la! la! la! *etc.*
[*Repeat verse as refrain.*

Enter Michel. Lustucru *suddenly stops, and becomes doleful.*

Lustucru. Was he there? Dear Mother Michel, *was* our charming Monmouth *there?*

Michel. Oh no! no! no! What shall I do!

Lustucru. Have you looked in the store-room? I imagined I heard a meowing just now as I passed by the door.

Michel. No, but I will go look. Oh, Lustucru, I forgive you everything, you are so kind. Oh, my Cat, Monmouth!

[*Exit, and is heard calling in the distance.* Lustucru *returns to his dance.*

Digitized by Google

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Call, my charming Michel,
Call till you are hoarse;
You will not find your Moumouth,
For he is dead, of course.

Enter Michel, *mournfully.* Lustucru *sober again.*

Lustucru. Alas! my friend, you have not found him?

Michel. No, no. Moumouth, Moumouth, you break my heart. Come to my arms.

Lustucru (*with hidden malice*). Oh, Mother Michel,
Your cat is not lost;
He's up in the garret
A-hunting the mice
With his little straw gun
And sabre of wood.

Michel (*eagerly*). He is in the garret! I hasten there on wings of love. Moumouth! pussy! [*Exit, calling as before.*

Lustucru. What a cat-astrophe, and what fe-elin' she has! Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, miller's son, you are all excelled by this excellent woman, whose love for her Cat only exceeds her love for—five hundred francs that she shall not get. Ah! I have a heart for any—

Michel (*heard without, shouting*). Joy! he is found, my charming Moumouth! my Cat! my friend! Joy!

Enter with Moumouth *in her arms.*

Lustucru (*who has stepped back, thunder-struck*). Found!

Michel. Yes, yes. Give me joy, Lustucru. I could dance for joy.

Duo.—Lustucru and *Michel.*

Tune—"Lucy Long."

Michel (*capering*). Oh dear, I am so joyful,
I can not help but dance.
Lustucru. I give joy, oh, Michel,
For this most happy (?) chance.
Michel. I'm so glad he's living,
Lustucru (*ridiculously*). The darling little pet.
Michel. The joy of my heart.
Lustucru (*aside*). I'll have my revenge yet.
[*Repeat together the first two verses.*

[*Curtain falls on Act II.*]

ACT III.

SCENE.—Lustucru's *room. Curtains at back, parting in centre. Table in back, on which is a large plate and spoon. Music—Conspirators' chorus from "La Fille de Madame Angot." Enter to the introduction, slowly,* Lustucru *and* Apothecary, *attired in mysterious black cowls.*

Duo.—Lustucru and *Apothecary.*

Tune—"Conspirators' chorus." *La Fille de Madame Angot.*

When one's conspiring he must not fear
To put to death his foes so dreur.
Then this little hash we will gently mix,
And put an end to Moumouth's little tricks.
Hush! ah, hush! lest Michel hear.
Hark! ah, hark! Doth a step draw near?
Then softly tread, then softly tread,
And we will gently mix
A sweet little hash, a sweet little hash,
And put an end to Moumouth's little tricks.
Then boldly rouse, and lead the way!
Then boldly rouse, and lead the way!
Oh!

Apothecary (*tragically*). And now, Lustucru, mix it well.

Lustucru (*mixing hash in plate gloomily*). Hand me yonder phial, and quickly too.

Apothecary (*handing bottle*). 'Tis done.

Lustucru (*holding up plate*). 'Tis done. Revenge is mine!
[*Both return to duo as before.*

Hush! ah, hush! a step draws near.
Hush! ah, hush! lest Michel hear, *etc., etc.*
[*At end* Apothecary *goes out mysteriously.*

Lustucru. At last, dear Moumouth, I have you. Thou wast never known to refuse so sweet a hash. Why, 'tis charming. [*Sniffing it sarcastically.*] But yesterday that old fool Michel didst say thou hadst lost appetite. Blessed words! holy inspiration! from them I obtained the idea.

[Michel *heard without:* "Moumouth! Moumouth!"

Michel (*entering*). Ah! Lustucru, what shall I do? Moumouth will not eat his breakfast. All appetite is fled. He is breaking his heart for the Countess. Alas! what shall I do?

Lustucru. I heard your complaint last night, dear Mother Michel, and I have mixed a most appetizing hash. It is for our charming Moumouth.

Michel (*gratefully*). Lustucru, you are a miracle of goodness. I have it in my heart to embrace you. I shall bless you always.

Lustucru. Thanks for your prayers, Michel: prayers are what I most delight in.

Michel. But the hash, Lustucru? Let me hasten to my pining Moumouth, my poor sufferer.

Lustucru (*presenting the poisoned dish*). Here, Michel, and bless you! And bless Moumouth too, although he hates me. Thank Heaven, I have a forgiving nature.

Michel (*transported*). Lustucru, you are an angel. Adieu; Moumouth awaits me. I fly, but I bless you. Lustucru, *I love you.*
[*Exit* Michel *with hash.*

Lustucru (*sneeringly*). Love me, do you? Ah! Lustucru's an angel, a miracle of goodness! But what is this? Michel returns. [*Enter* Michel.] Ah! Michel, can you not find Moumouth?

Michel (*sobbing*). What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?

Lustucru. What is the matter?

Michel. Oh dear! oh dear!

Lustucru. What has happened? Is—is Moumouth— [*Eagerly.*]

Michel. My poor Moumouth!

Lustucru. What! is Moumouth—dead?

Michel (*unheedingly*). He just looked up at me once, and waved his dear tail, then looked once more at me, and—[*sobs*]—and—[*sobs*]

Lustucru (*eagerly*). And died?

Michel. No, no (*sobbing*); he would not eat the hash.

Lustucru (*beside himself*). Oh! hey diddle dee! get out!

Michel (*still weeping*). I see you feel sad too. My Moumouth will die of starvation.

Lustucru (*pacing the room angrily*). Humph!

Michel. And I have just received a letter from the Countess saying she will return soon, and she hopes to find Moumouth well, and that she has reserved for me a handsome reward.

Lustucru (*still pacing the room*). Ho!

Michel. But since Moumouth refuses your hash, Father Lustucru, I think I shall taste it, to set Moumouth an example. It looks very nice.

Lustucru (*alarmed*). Don't touch it, I beg of you.

Michel. Why not? Is there anything wrong in the hash?

Lustucru. No, certainly not; but what is prepared for a cat should not serve for a Christian. It is necessary to guard propriety, and not trifle with the dignity of human nature.

Michel. Very well; Moumouth may suit himself. But I can not believe your hash is so very nice, or Moumouth would not have refused it.

Lustucru. Do not reflect on my hash, madame, because your Cat objects to it. Moumouth never *had* good taste.

Michel. Humph! I suppose that is because he never took a fancy to *you.* *I* think he has *very* good taste; he adores *me.*

Lustucru. Vanity! vanity!

Michel (*fiercely*). Egotism! egotism!

Lustucru. Mother Michel, beware!

Michel. Father Lustucru, take heed!

Lustucru. B-e-w-a-r-e, woman!

Michel. Man, take heed!

[*They burst into duo, same as Act II.* *Tune*—"Dairy-maid am I."
Curtain falls on them highly irate.]

Digitized by Google

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Garden belonging to the* Countess. Lustucru *enters with a large bag and heavy cane.*

Lustucru (*meditatively*). At length my decision is made. Monmouth, the charming cat, shall go into this bag, and *I*, Lustucru, shall beat him to death. Ah! he shall not escape me again. Michel goes for a walk; I seize Monmouth; I tie him in this bag; and then—oh, then he shall die. I could fly for joy when I think of it. Michel will *not* have her five hundred francs, and perhaps she will be discharged. Dearest Monmouth, how grateful I ought to be to you for bringing me such joy!

Solo.—Lustucru.

Tune—"Then you'll remember me." *Bohemian Girl.* Balfe.

When other cots and other pets
Around me sweetly rove,
When other objects dear to me,
Appeal unto my love,
At such times then will my heart,
In joyful throbbing be,
Turned thankfully to Monmouth dead:
Oh! I'll remember thee—
Oh! I'll remember, I'll remember thee!

[*Exit* Lustucru. *Enter almost immediately* Michel *attired for a walk.*]

Michel. I thought I heard Lustucru here? Well, I was mistaken. I was going to leave Monmouth in his care—but no matter. Monmouth rests peacefully under you lime bush. Dear Cat, how sweet is his repose! I will sing softly as I go; so perchance in his dreams he may hear my song.

Solo.—Michel.

Tune—"Serenade to Ida." Weingand.

Softly shadows creep and linger
Where my Monmouth lies asleep;
And ye flowers that nod and blossom,
Over him your vigils keep.
Guard well my slumbering Monmouth;
Let no evil harm or pain,
And let him but wake from dreaming,
To sleep and dream again—
Dream on!

[*Exit slowly. A fearful cat howling is heard without. Enter* Lustucru, *bag in hand, full of* Monmouth, *and a club in the other.*]

Lustucru. At last! at last! Monmouth, you jewel, you angel. You refuse cold water diet and hash, but a beating you never refused yet. Beets are good enough, too, in their way, and you shall soon be a "dead beat." But first let me rejoice awhile. [Monmouth *struggles in the bag.*] Ah! you do not like being shut up in a bag? Then we will have to hasten affairs. One, two, three, and away we go. One, two— [*Raises stick.* Mother Michel *is heard without, calling* "Monmouth!" Lustucru *drops his stick, disappointed.*]

Michel (*without*). Monmouth! Monmouth! Surely I heard Monmouth somewhere. [*Entering.*] Ah, Father Lustucru, have you— [*In amazement.*] Why, what have you in that bag?

Lustucru. I—I was—beating a little meal, or corn—out—that—

Michel (*sternly*). Lustucru, that bag has something alive in it. Monmouth, where are you? [Monmouth *mews in the bag.*] Traitor [*flying at* Lustucru *and grasping the bag*], thou art unmasked.

Lustucru (*dropping on his knees*). Mercy, mercy, my good Michel—my sweet Michel.

Michel (*swinging aloft the bag*). Then you have endeavored to kill him all along? The hash was—

Lustucru. Poisoned. Oh, forgive me. And I tried to drown him! Oh, forgive me. I'll never do it again.

Michel. Ah, doubly dyed traitor! the Countess returns to-morrow, and then stern justice shall reign. Monmouth, rejoice. Victory, victory is ours. [*Swings empty* bag over* Lustucru's *head, while* Monmouth *is held in her arms.*]

* If a well-behaved cat is not procurable, Monmouth can remain *in* the bag.

Duo.—Lustucru and *Michel singing together.*

Tune—"On yonder rock reclining." *Fra Diavolo.* Auber.

Lustucru. Oh! pity me, I pray,
Nor let thy wrath on me descend;
Let my prayers move thy heart,
And mercy for me bend.
Your cat my rage inviting,
By tricks and ways so cute and skilled,
I could not see alive and well,
And so I wished him killed.
Mercy! mercy! Bend thy righteous pride:
The cat is well and healthy now—
Oh, would that he had died!
[*Repeat last two lines.*

Michel. On your knees now bending,
Justice shall be fully shown;
And my rage sternly descending,
You shall for this atone.
My heart you've caused to tremble,
With anxious fears and doubts assailed:
You would have killed my Cat had he
Been one-lived as he is one-tailed.
Tremble! tremble! Traitor doubly dyed,
You shall feel the pressure rare of my angry pride.
[*Repeat last two lines.*

[*Quick curtain, while* Michel *waves the bag and cat in triumph over* Lustucru's *head.*]

PICKING BERRIES.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

AWAY to the hill-side on swift little feet,
Trot quick through the meadows in shadow and sun;
Broad brims and deep crowns over brows that are sweet,
And round rosy cheeks that are dimpling with fun.

And home from the hill-side on slow little feet,
With baskets as heavy as faces are bright;
And who will be first the dear mother to greet,
And see her surprise and her look of delight?

But she never will dream, by the berries they bring,
Of the millions they left where the sweet berries grow,
Away on the hills where the merry birds sing,
And the brook dances down to the valley below.

BLOCKADED BY A LION.

BY DAVID KER.

"NOW, monsieur," says old Major De Launay, pointing to the vast jungle of monstrous reeds fringing the African coast far as the eye can reach, as the Tunis steamer heads seaward out of Bona Harbor, "if you want some sport, take a gun and go in among those reeds, and you may be sure of not having long to wait before you find yourself face to face with a lion."

"A lion?" echo I. "Why, I thought they had all been killed off long ago."

"So they have everywhere else along the coast; but just here, as you see, it's a wild kind of country, and Monsieur Yellowmane has it all his own way. There are plenty of brave fellows among our Arabs here, and we Frenchmen don't consider ourselves cowards; but I can tell you that you won't find a man in all this district, Arab or Frenchman, who would go through those reeds after night-fall—no, not if you were to offer him a thousand francs."

"Wouldn't you do it yourself, then, M. De Launay?" ask I, rather surprised at such an avowal from a man whose reckless courage is a proverb throughout the length and breadth of Algeria.

"No, that I wouldn't," answers the old soldier, emphatically. "I've tried it once already, and I can promise you I won't easily forget how *that* adventure ended. Would you like to hear the story? Well, then, here it is for you:

Digitized by Google

Some thirty years ago, when I was a good deal nimbler than I am now (and a good deal sillier too, I'm afraid), a lot of us were quartered at Bona, with nothing much to do except taking charge of some stores; and as always happens with young officers when there's not enough duty on hand to keep them steady, we weren't long in getting into mischief. One day at mess somebody brought up this story of the reed jungle, and how no one dared go into it, and we all began joking each other about who should be the man to face the lions.

"De Launay's the one to do it!" cried Alphonse St. Foix, a young sub-lieutenant. "He's afraid of nothing. Don't you remember how he led the assault at Constantine?"

"It would hardly be a fair trial, though," said our senior Major, in his polite way; "for the lions would undoubtedly let him pass as one of themselves."

"Or if he were to put on a lion's hide," chimed in Claude Latour (who must have his joke, whatever happened), "they'd never find him out so long as he didn't bray."

At that there was a general laugh, which put me out so much that (more shame for me) I fairly lost my temper.

"Well," cried I, springing up, "for that one word I'll go and do the thing this very night, and *then* it shall be seen which of us is the lion, and which the ass."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted all, clapping their hands, and hallooing like madmen.

But poor Claude looked quite chop-fallen, for he had never intended to push the joke so far, and the moment we rose from table he came up to me and held out his hand.

"For Heaven's sake, Henri," said he, "don't go and get yourself killed just for that foolish joke of mine, which I ought to have bitten my tongue off sooner than utter. I never dreamed you'd take it so seriously, and I'm heartily sorry to have vexed you."

I answered not a word, but just looked him straight in the eyes for a moment, and then turned my back and walked off. Many a time have I been sorry for it since then, for the poor fellow was killed by those rascally Kabyles (Arabs) a few months later; but one always repents of these things too late.

Well, night came at last, and every officer who wasn't on duty turned out to see me start. It had been arranged that I was to set off a little after midnight, and that my comrades were to see me into the jungle at a point close to the sea, and then come to meet me about sunrise at another point farther inland. The whole length of my circuit through the reeds would be only a little over two miles, but this, in a tract where one step was generally supposed to be certain death, was thought quite sufficient.

I took my double-barrelled rifle and hunting knife (not that *they* could be much good against a whole jungle of lions), and the moment our watches pointed to half past twelve, off we started. I couldn't help thinking as we went along that there could hardly have been a worse night for the purpose, so far as *I* was concerned. The night was so still that you might have heard a step hundreds of yards away, and the full moon gave light enough to make out the smallest print of a newspaper, let alone the figure of a man. But, as we say, "when you've broken the shell, you must eat the egg"; so I kept my thoughts to myself, and tramped on.

It was a pretty long march, and a difficult too, down to the place for which we were bound. By the time we got there it was two o'clock, leaving less than two hours before sunrise. At last the great reed forest began to rise before us, shadowy and spectral in the moonlight. My comrades shook me by the hand, and wished me godspeed. In another moment the reeds had closed behind me.

Just at first I didn't feel it so much, for the excitement of the adventure kept me up; and, besides, I had quite enough to do in picking my way along, the reeds being a good deal higher than my head, and very nearly as thick as a man's wrist. But when the first excitement began to wear off, *then* it all came upon me at once, just like the shock of a shower-bath. Every time a reed rustled I seemed to feel the sharp teeth in my flesh already; and indeed it's a wonder how I ever escaped, for I could hear them moving on every side of me; but somehow or other none of them offered to touch me.

On I went—on, on, on—until I seemed to have done ten miles instead of two. In fact, I afterward found that I had gone far beyond the prescribed distance; but what could I do, with the reed-tops shutting out the very sky, until sometimes I had hardly any moon to steer by? At last the reeds began to grow thinner, and presently, just as I was getting fairly tired out, forth I came on to the open plain, with the first gleam of daybreak just dawning in the eastern sky.

Then I discovered, to my very great disgust, that instead of striking the point where my comrades were to meet me, I had gone ever so far beyond it.

"Well," thought I, "there's time enough yet, at all events, before sunrise. I'll just sit down and rest for five minutes, and then walk back to the meeting-place."

So down I sat upon a rock, and, as you might expect, was fast asleep directly.

I don't know how long I slept; but I awoke suddenly with that uneasy feeling which you sometimes have when somebody stands by your bedside and looks fixedly down upon you as you sleep. And sure enough somebody *was* looking fixedly down upon me; for when my eyes opened they rested upon the biggest lion I'd ever seen in my life.

I took in the full horror of the situation at a glance. My gun had slid down over the smooth rock, and was lying fully six feet away, with the beast right between me and it. My comrades, even if they hadn't got tired of waiting and gone home (as they most likely had), were too far off to be summoned by any shout. Add to this that I was already parched with thirst, and that the sun was mounting, and making the rock on which I lay hotter and hotter every moment, and you'll have some idea of the nice predicament that I was in.

It's an awkward confession for an old soldier to make, but I must admit that I fairly lost my head. All hope of escaping went out of my mind at once; my only thought was to throw myself upon the lion, and get it over as soon as possible. But as I put my hand behind me to raise myself up, it struck against a big stone.

In a moment, as if some one had spoken it in my ear, I got the idea of a device that might save me yet. I clutched the stone, and keeping it well behind my back (for I knew that any sudden movement would bring the lion upon me at once), jerked it from me so as to let it fall among the reeds. At the crash that it made, the lion turned like lightning, and gave a spring in that direction, and I gave another, right across the rock to where my gun was lying. I had barely seized it, when the beast turned upon me.

After that it was all like a confused dream. The rush of the huge tawny body, the glare of the yellow eyes into mine, and the hot, foul breath steaming on my face, the flash and crack of my piece, the lion's hoarse, bubbling growl, and the report of my second barrel, seemed all to come together. I remember nothing distinctly until I found myself leaning upon my rifle, sick and dizzy, as if I'd fallen out of a window, with the lion dead at my feet.

Just then my comrades, startled by the shots, came running up. I was glad *then* that they hadn't seen me in my difficulty, although I wouldn't have thought it an intrusion, a few minutes before, if the whole French army had come up in a body. They praised me up to the skies, and

Digitized by Google

A SCHOOL IN THE WOODS.—DRAWN BY A. HOCHSTEIN.

insisted on carrying off the skin as a trophy. But when our old Colonel heard the story, he shook his head, and looked at me in a way that made me feel rather ashamed of myself.

"M. De Launay," said he, very gravely, "to risk one's life in the cause of duty is the act of a brave man; to risk it uselessly, for the sake of a mere boast, is that of a fool. Always remember that in future."

And I *have* remembered it ever since.

RABBITS AS PETS.

AS a matter of course all boys and girls love pets, and the number they own is probably only limited by the space which their parents are willing they should devote to such purposes.

But very many boys are too liable, after they have had their pets a few days, and the novelty has worn off, to neglect them, and the little prisoners suffer more from want of care than, when they were first brought to their new home, they did from too much attention.

If your parents have decided that you can keep pets, do not get too many, for fear that they will need more of your time than you will be willing to give; and then be careful that you care for them properly, first learning what they need.

Since rabbits are more easily cared for than almost any other kind of animals, and can be procured more easily and cheaply, repaying their owner for his care by producing a large number of young ones, it may be a favor to many to tell just how these pets can best be kept.

In England, where a great many men keep rabbits, and raise young ones in order to produce as many and as peculiar kinds as possible, one is able to buy all the fancy varieties, each of which is known by the manner in which the ears are carried. One kind is known as the "oar lop ears," another as the "horn lop," and the most expensive as the "real or perfect lop," where the ears hang straight down each side of the face. Then in these fancy varieties of rabbits the chin must be formed in a certain way, and the back must arch so that it is carried at least two inches higher than the head.

In that country very high prices are paid for what is called a perfectly formed animal; but since the habits are the same whether the ears hang down properly, or the back is sloped instead of arched, a pair of common white pink-eyed rabbits will afford quite as much pleasure as an expensive pair which do not look nearly as pretty, except to those who make a study of the animal.

Rabbits can be bought from almost any dealer in pets; but before making a selection the most important thing is to build a house for them, in order to have everything ready for their reception when they arrive.

Some boys seem to think that there is excuse enough for keeping their pets in a small box or barrel if they say that is the only place they have; but it is worse than no excuse, since they should give up the pleasure of owning animals if they can not care for them properly.

Rabbits need plenty of exercise, and that can be given in a limited amount of space provided the house, or hutch, be built in a manner to attain that object. A good one, suitable for from four to six rabbits, can be made by almost any boy who has any idea of using a hammer and saw. Build a box four feet square, three feet high at one side, and three feet six inches high at the other side, which provides for a sloping roof. Make the top nine inches larger all around, in order to have a projection which shall shelter the gimlet holes that are to be made for purposes of ventilation along the top of the sides.

Fasten the top or roof on with a pair of stout hinges

Digitized by Google

at the upper or higher side, which will enable you to look in at the chambers of the house, and also to clean them. Any kind of a fastening may be used to hold it down when closed, and if there is any danger of the inmates being stolen, a staple and padlock serve the double purpose of protection and safety from their various enemies.

The hutch should be divided by a flooring about half way up, in order to give a dining-room and sleeping-room story. The upper portion should be connected with the lower by a hole cut in the floor, about six inches square, with a narrow strip of board laid at as much of an angle as the width of the building will permit. The lower story is to be used as a dining and sitting room, and holes should be bored in the floor, about two inches apart, in order that the water may run off, while a door from six to eight inches square should be made in one corner of the building, to communicate with the yard, which should be built of laths firmly imbedded in the earth. The upper floor is to be divided into four rooms of equal size, each one connected with the others by openings cut through the partitions, about six inches square.

Such a house may be made of rough boards; and with a medium-sized yard, where the rabbits can run during the day, they will be as contented and happy as possible. But their owner may not be quite as happy regarding them, since it will be only possible to see them while they are in the yard or by raising the roof of the house. To obviate this, the entire front of the house can be formed of lattice-work made of planed laths. If this is done, a shutter made like the sides of the house must be provided, so that the building can be closed during a storm or in cold weather.

Fill the chambers half full of hay; have a neat little drinking-trough just outside the door in the yard; and then procure your pets.

If you are anxious to raise young rabbits enough to provide all your friends with pets, get two or three females and one male. It is better that you get pure white ones, since those which are spotted are neither as cleanly nor as nice-looking.

In a day or two after they have been introduced to their new house they will be perfectly at home, and whether they thrive well or not depends entirely on you.

They are by no means dainty as to what they eat, provided it is green or vegetable food. Cabbage, lettuce, or turnip leaves, clover tops, carrots with the tops on, a little barley or oatmeal, corn or hay, makes up the full bill of fare for them.

Although some people say that rabbits require no water, it is better to be on the safe side, and give them plenty. It is true that they need but little during the summer, when they are fed almost entirely on green food; but in the winter, when they are living on hay and vegetables that have been stored, they certainly need as much liquid as other pets.

When the female has young—and she will have ten litters a year—she should have plenty of oatmeal and milk. Do not trouble or handle her at such times; but let her have her own way until the young are eight weeks old, when they should be taken from her, and put into a yard or hutch by themselves.

A PET RABBIT.

Digitized by Google

Be sure of one thing, boys, before you decide upon keeping any kind of pets—be perfectly certain that you are willing to devote to them all the time necessary to care for them, not feeding them too much for a few days, and then neglecting them almost entirely. Once positive that you are willing to do this, get all the pets your parents are willing you should keep, and you will find no slight degree of enjoyment in attending to the wants of the little fellows who are dependent on you.

DIGGING FOR INDIAN RELICS.

BY S. L. FREY.

IN ancient times it was the custom to place in the grave or the tomb with the dead whatever had been most prized during life, perhaps with the idea that it could be carried by the spirit of the departed on its long journey to the unknown land. Whether we open the old graves of Greeks or Phœnicians, Germans, Norse vikings, Britons, Celts, or North American Indians, we are indebted to this early custom for much knowledge and light thrown upon the life of all these ancient peoples by the implements and ornaments that we find.

All the early nations and savage tribes have had much to do with war and hunting, and in the old graves we find many remains of their weapons. The very swords and spears used by Agamemnon, King of men, that some of you no doubt are reading about now in the Iliad, were found by Dr. Schliemann in the tombs at Mycenæ; and in France not long since a great tomb was opened, where long ago some fierce fighter had been buried with his armor on, his sword by his side, and with him his noble warhorse that had carried him through many a fierce battle.

You have many of you read of the Northmen, who a good many hundred years ago were the cause of so much trouble to the people of England and France, coming down from Scandinavia, and burning and stealing, and laying waste all the coasts. We know what kind of vessels these people sailed in; but it is a great deal better to actually see one for ourselves, as we can now, for it was only last year that one of these queer ships was dug out of a mound, which was the tomb of some great viking or chief. I think that Rollo and William the Conqueror and the human life of that age would seem more real to us if we could sit on one of the seats of that old vessel.

And so it is in this country. All the boys and girls have read about the Indians, and heard many stories of the life they led all over this broad land when our forefathers first came here, and many have seen the stone arrow-heads and other implements that the Indians used, and have themselves picked up these things that are scattered over the fields so abundantly in some places; but I doubt if there are any of you who have opened an old grave, and been astonished at the strange and curious treasures it contained. It is always hard to find these places in this country, where for the most part there are no monuments of any kind to mark the spot where the Indians buried their dead. If we could find them all, it would be an easy matter to fill a large museum at once, for the most finished and best preserved of these things are always found in the graves. I have found a few of these places, and they always contain relics of great interest. I once took from a single grave 189 arrow-heads, which seemed to indicate that the man was a great warrior, or perhaps one of the ancient arrow-makers.

But what I particularly want to tell you about now is the opening of some graves containing not only articles of Indian make, but also many other things that had been brought in by the white people when they first began to trade with the Indians.

This grave-yard was upon a side-hill that looked down upon the winding Mohawk and the rich intervales that line its banks. It was known to the boys of several generations as a place where they could pick up curious beads after the spring rains; and on a wet day in November I started off on a buckboard wagon, with a hoe and a spade, to see what I could dig up. As there were so many beads on the surface, I wanted to see what there was below. There was a hop-yard covering the whole hill, so I commenced by opening a trench between two rows of hops, and had dug but a few inches when I found a dozen or more red and white glass tubes about as large and long as a common slate-pencil. At a depth of three feet I came to the first grave.

Now at first thought it may not seem a proper thing to do, to disturb the bones of a man, even though he be a savage, and has lain in the earth hundreds of years; but we may want very much to know what manner of men they were, these early inhabitants of our country, and may perhaps be able to find this out, more or less, from their skulls and bones, and the things we find buried with them. So I carefully removed the earth with a knife, and found a great variety of glass beads. There had evidently been a grand necklace made of them; they were round and oval and octagonal, and of various colors—red and amber-colored and blue and green. They had no doubt been brought to America by some Dutch trader, as beads of this kind have been made at Venice for several hundred years, and are still made for trading with the savages of Africa and our Western Indians. Before the white traders came, the savages made their beads of bone and stone and sea-shells, for they were very fond of ornaments, and took great pains to secure jewels of some kind.

I took out a hundred or more of these beads, and also an oval tube of catlinite, or red pipe-stone, which is a peculiar stone much used by the natives for pipes and beads, and is only found in Minnesota. But this was only the beginning of the finds I made. To the Indian all things animate and inanimate were endowed with a spirit, and the idea seemed to be that the spirit of the ornament, or utensil, or weapon went with the spirit of the man on the long journey to the happy hunting grounds.

The next thing I found was a white clay pipe with the letters R. T. stamped on the bowl, and this was one of the things that enabled me to determine the age of the place: for as R. T. probably stood for Richard Tyler, a celebrated maker of pipes about 1650, I could pretty safely conclude that some time during the latter half of the seventeenth century these things had been brought to America. Continuing to throw out the earth toward the foot of the grave (for the man had been buried with the beads around his neck, and the pipe in his hand), I found one triangular copper arrow-head—all that remained of the bow and arrows that were buried with him. A rude iron axe and a hoe next came to light. Axes of this kind are quite common on the sites of the more recent Indian villages: they have a peculiar mark, and were probably made at Utrecht.

At the foot of the grave I found a small copper kettle, and a rude iron hook to suspend it over the fire, and also what was by far the most interesting and valuable of the relics, a salt-glazed earthen jug of the kind known to collectors of ceramics as Grès de Flanders. It was without crack or flaw, and is an interesting specimen of this early pottery. Upon it are various devices stamped in the clay, the most prominent of which are two remarkably slim lions with enormous heads; the outlines of the designs and the lines encircling the jug are bright blue.

The kettle and jug were upside down, and in the former was the hollow shell of a small pumpkin or gourd. This, I think, is by far the oldest pumpkin to be found anywhere; it must be as old as the one that Peter, Peter, the pumpkin-eater, imprisoned his wife in.

Some other things in the grave were a rusty gun-barrel, seven copper kettles, two English pipes, an Indian clay pipe, a whetstone, about two thousand beads, fifty large

wampum beads, two thimbles, a jew's-harp, a bear's tooth, a long bone tube, two earthen jars of native manufacture (one of them smaller than a tea-cup), and a rosary with a brass cross—seeming to indicate that the Jesuit missionaries had reached these people before this warrior died.

With all these relics, one can form some idea as to what manner of men lived on the sunny hill-sides and by the shores of our rivers before civilization came to take possession of their hunting grounds, and drive them from their homes.

AND WHY?

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"A LITTLE bird's gone from my nest,"
Sang mournfully Robin Redbreast:
"Oh! somebody tell me, I pray,
Who carried the darling away."
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" Redbreast queried, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

"A sweet bud I miss from my side,"
Said a red rose. "I watched it with pride,
It promised so lovely to be.
I wonder who stole it from me?"
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" asked the red rose, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

"A kitten I've lost," mewed the cat;
"I left it upon the door-mat.
Its fur was as white as an egg.
Tell me, some one, who took it, I beg."
"Katy did, Katy did," came quick in reply.
"And why?" asked poor pussy, "and why? and why?"
But no other word
From Katy was heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

Now I knew very well 'twasn't true,
For Katy such things couldn't do,
As carry off bud, bird, or kit;
For she is not larger a bit
Than her cousin the beautiful Prince Butterfly.
"And why do you fib so?" I asked her, "and why?"
But no other word
From Katy I heard
But, "Katy did, Katy did, Katy did."

A BIT OF FOOLISHNESS

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

PART I.

WHEN Jack and Alice Denfield's mother heard the story of this adventure of theirs, she was much annoyed at first, and thought they must have been in a good deal of danger. Afterward, when she was convinced that they came to no harm but very slight colds, she laughed at them heartily, and said it had been a good lesson, and if she had been twenty years younger she probably should have enjoyed it as much as they did.

They had all three been staying at the White Mountains; they had planned to be at the Glen House through July and early August, and then go to the sea-shore to stay until late in September. But the very first of August Mrs. Denfield found that she must go to Boston for a few days to attend to some business; and they were all sorry, for they had counted upon having a week or ten days more among the mountains. They had had a most satisfactory time, for they knew a charming set of people at the hotel, and every pleasant day there had been long drives or walks, small fishing parties or large picnics. Jack and Alice always were glad to be together; they were very near the same age, and had always been great cronies from their babyhood. They were equally fond of out-of-door life: Jack had said more than once that his sister was exactly as good company as another fellow, and she responded that she did not have such good times with anybody else in the world. I think it is seldom one sees such a friendship between a brother and sister. They both had a great many friends, but they were always delighted to have vacation come, and get back to each other.

They came in late to supper one Monday evening. They had been out all day, and it was their last chance for a long expedition, for they were to go down by the stage the next day to take the train. For a little while Jack was uncommonly silent, and did not pay much attention to the chattering of the other young people at the table; but suddenly he said to Alice, who happened to sit next him, "I have made a plan"; and she stopped to listen to it with great interest. "Suppose we ask mamma to let us stay here a little longer, and then go down to Boston by ourselves? She will have to be there for a week, she told me, and we could go up Mount Washington with the Eastfields and Dunns. You know they're going to walk up the mountain, and stay all night. It'll be great fun."

Alice was delighted at the idea, and after supper was over they went at once to propose this change of plans.

"I do not know why not," said Mrs. Denfield, slowly. "You are surely familiar enough with travelling, and almost grown up, at any rate, you tall creatures! But you must not take any longer journey" (they had all three wished to go farther up among the mountains); "you must be in Boston Saturday evening."

So next day Mrs. Denfield started off by herself, and Alice said, just after the stage had gone, "I wish we had asked mamma if we could not walk part of the way; we could send our trunks on by the stage to North Conway."

Jack's eyes began to shine with delight. "Of course she wouldn't mind," said the boy. "Don't you remember how sorry she was when you couldn't go down through the Notch with the rest of us last summer, because you had sprained your ankle? Let's do it, Alice. We can go up Mount Washington to-morrow, and come down next day. Yes, there will be just time enough to reach Boston Saturday night. Why, it's nothing to do; we have walked almost as far a dozen times."

"But not by ourselves," said Alice, "in such a wild country. I'm not a bit afraid, though—you needn't think that."

So they made their plans, and kept them great secrets, for Jack said that everybody would insist upon going with them, and making a public occasion of it, and it would be much better fun to go alone by themselves. They had often taken short excursions together, and they knew that they could get on much faster. It was settled that they were to start early Friday morning, and to say good-by to everybody the evening before, and then go away even before any one would be down to see them start by the stage.

The walking party up Mount Washington was a grand success, and the afternoon and evening of the day were just the right sort of weather, cool and fresh and bright, with a most glorious sunset, and a clear though very late moonrise. But next morning it was damp and cloudy, and most of the party thought it would be more sensible to drive back to the Glen instead of walking. They found that the clouds were only around the tops of the high mountains, and that it was really a pleasant day, after all, when they reached the valley; and after they had told the story of their expedition, the party scattered itself about the piazzas and rooms of the hotel, and Jack

Digitized by Google

presently went to find Alice, and asked her eagerly why it would not be a good plan to take half their journey that day, and the rest the next, and spend the night somewhere on the road. Then they would have more time in North Conway, for there were some friends there whom they both wished to see.

"We will start by the stage just after dinner, and ride a little way, and then get down," Jack told his sister; and Alice at once hurried off to finish their packing, and to say good-by to her friends.

They meant to go ten or twelve miles that afternoon. Jack was sure he remembered the road perfectly, and knew where they could find lodgings for the night. Some one found out that they were going afoot, and said that it was a capital day for it; but the long climb up the mountain the day before seemed to have tired almost everybody but themselves, and no one offered to accompany them except two or three of their cronies, who strolled along with them for half a mile or so.

Our friends were in the highest spirits, and started off at last side by side without a fear, keeping step and looking around at each other every few minutes to smile and say what fun it was. Jack had a traveller's bag slung over his shoulders with a strap, and Alice carried a little lunch-box and her light jacket, and they both had the sticks which they had carried on all their tramps about the mountains. They felt like people who were journeying in earnest, and were not merely out for a stroll.

They were both capital walkers; they had had good practice during the last few weeks at the Glen, and they went gayly down the road for the first few miles without taking much thought of anything but the mere pleasure of walking. There had been a good many rains, and the streams were full, and the foliage was as fresh and green as if it were the first of June. The mountains stood up grand and tall, and there was not a cloud to be seen.

"It is even clearer than yesterday," said Alice. "I am sorry we are not just coming to the mountains instead of just going away. Jack! there must be trout in that brook."

"I was just thinking of that," said the boy. "Here is a line in my pocket; I mean to cut a little pole and rig it, and go up the hill a little way. You could be resting."

"I WISH A STAGE WOULD COME BY."

But Alice disdained the idea of being tired, and sat down to wait in a most comfortable place under a pine-tree. "I wish there was another line," she said. "I put all my tackle in my trunk before we thought of letting mamma go on without us."

Jack was soon ready, and pushed in through the bushes, and in the silence that everything kept but the brook, his sister could hear him for a few minutes as he went on from point to point, sometimes snapping the dead branches that he stepped upon. It was growing warmer, and she was, after all, not sorry to sit still for a little while. She called to Jack once or twice to be sure he had not gone too far away, and he whistled in answer, softly, as if there might be some chance of a trout, and at last he did not answer at all.

Alice looked at the mountains, and pulled an envelope out of her pocket and began to make a little sketch of a strange old tree the other side of the road, and she did not hurry about it; so after she had finished it she said to herself that Jack had been gone long enough. There was no possible danger of his losing his way, but it was long past the middle of the afternoon already, and they must go on. So she whistled again and again the odd little call with which Jack was very familiar, but he did not answer. He had evidently gone a good way up from the road; and she shouted, but he did not shout to her, and she said to herself that it was very wrong of him, and that there was no more fishing to be done on that journey out of sight of the road. She grew very worried at last, and annoyed as well; the mosquitoes had grown troublesome, and she did not like staying there alone for so long; and the thought seized her that her brother must have fallen over the rocks and hurt himself badly, for it was over an hour since he had gone away.

Digitized by Google

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."—DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.

She followed the brook up its bed for some distance, and at last she heard the bushes rustling, and called eagerly, and there was Jack, safe and sound, with three or four good-sized trout on a birch twig.

"There are the best trout I have caught this summer," said he, triumphantly.

And Alice forgot to scold him at first, she was so pleased. "We must have them for our supper," she told the proud fisherman; and they hurried back to the roadside.

"I haven't been gone long, have I?" asked Jack, persuasively. "I hated to turn back, you know."

And Alice said that they must hurry; it was already nearly five, and they had five or six miles further to go to the house where they were to spend the night.

But Jack was hot and tired, and said he must have some biscuits, and rest a few minutes. It was so bright a day that it would not be dark early. And who cared if it were? The road was straight and safe enough, and it would be much cooler after the sun went down a little. It was really very hot, and Alice was satisfied, now that he had come back, and she made no objection when he had finished his lunch, and had taken a drink of the cold brook water, and threw himself down to rest.

"You have been sitting still here while I have been going up the side of the hill," said he. "No wonder that you are ready to go on."

Alice wrapped the trout in some great beech leaves, and tied a bit of fish-line round them. One was unusually large, and Jack was very proud of it, and told her what a hard time he had in catching it, and how it came very near going into the brook again after he had fairly landed it. After a while they got up unwillingly and set off again. The sun was almost down behind the mountains; but the air seemed to grow hotter and hotter, although they were in the shade. The leaves were perfectly still on the trees; there did not seem to be a breath of wind.

"I don't think this is very good fun," said Jack, angrily; and Alice laughed, but she thought that pedestrianism in hot weather was not so full of pleasure as it might be.

"I wish a stage would come by," she said, laughingly. And when they met one bound for the Glen a little later, I think they were both tempted to hail it and take passage.

Jack whistled manfully, and they both made fun of themselves; but the little knapsack which Jack carried was not the trifling weight it seemed at first. It was as heavy as lead; and he wondered what was in it, and shifted it to the other shoulder and back again with a manner as if he did not like to carry it at all. "It must have been the tramp yesterday that makes us so fagged," said he. "We have walked so very far, you know. I say! look at those clouds coming over. It's going to rain. There's going to be a tremendous shower. What had we better do?"

But Alice did not know. "Go on, I suppose," said she, "as fast as we can. Very likely some one will drive by. Somehow I never thought of its raining."

"Nor I either," answered Jack, dismally. "I wish I had not stopped for the trout: that took up so much time. But aren't they beauties?" and he held them up for consolation. The leaves about them were already wilted, and the colors of the fish looked dull. "I wish I had my little scales here," said Jack; "I took them out of my pocket only yesterday."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

CLEARWATER, MINNESOTA.

My home is on a farm a mile and a half from the banks of the Mississippi. In the winter, men go out hunting deer. In spring, there are lots of geese, and there are plenty of wolves too, which come prowling around to catch our hens and chickens. We have forty little chickens. We have had a great many strawberries this summer. My kitten has four perfectly white feet. He is a fine mouser, and catches both mice and squirrels. His name is Major. School closed a week ago. I had two pieces to speak, and two to sing. I am twelve, and my sister is eight years old. ESTELLA.

NIAGARA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I am eleven years old. I have got three rabbits, five ring-doves, and two little white kittens. The *Chicora* and *City of Toronto* run two trips each from here to Toronto every day except Sunday.

I have an uncle out in the Rocky Mountains. He is coming home soon.

I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. JOSEPH B. S.

CLIFTON, OHIO.

I have a large Maltese cat, and his name is Kitty Clover. I am writing this letter with my friend Pearl. I am seven years old, and am reading in the Fourth Reader. I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and the "Baby Cat" was lovely. MARY BELLE B.

Here is Pearl's letter:

I am nine years old. Our school has been closed four weeks. I read in the Fourth Reader too. I have not seen my mamma for a week. I am visiting in the country. I have a little canary, and I call him Dicky. I had a kitty, but it ran away, and mamma fears it was killed. I have two brothers. My little brother cried twice when "Toby Tyler" was ended. EVA PEARL R.

TUCSON, ARIZONA.

I am away out in Arizona. The place would seem quite a wilderness to some of you. We live a mile out of town, but we have a fine public school to attend. I have two brothers and one sister. We all go to meet papa when he brings YOUNG PEOPLE home, and whoever gets the paper first has to sew it, after cutting the leaves. I like the "Pinafore Rhymes" best of anything, and "Kitty Kimo" especially. I have a little canning kitty named Topsy. We went to the show June 16, and saw two large elephants. They waltzed gracefully, and kept time to the music. They looked beautiful when dancing, and when the musicians played mournfully they lay down and pretended that they were dead. There were other animals at the show, as well as a living skeleton, two little brothers only three feet high, one thirty-four and the other thirty-one years old, and a droll couple with square eyes, who came from Madagascar. MAUD F. D.

BATAVIA, OHIO.

I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is the best story we have had yet. I have a printing-press with which I can print cards and little papers. I am in favor of the Natural History Society, and I hope it will succeed, as I think a good deal of knowledge can be gained in that way. P. F. J.

NEW YORK CITY.

This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. I have three sisters and two brothers. My mother once had a canary-bird, but it broke its leg, and then it died, and we missed it very much. I do not go to school, but have a governess who teaches me at home. We have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number. Good-by. GRACE L.

SPENCER, IOWA.

I am nine years old. I attend a large school-house here, and have a very kind teacher, who knows how to draw very beautifully. We are now practicing for the closing summer exercises. A little girl and myself are to speak "Beautiful Snow." My oldest sister teaches school, and my big brother is a clerk in a store. I have *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and YOUNG PEOPLE, and I received the latter as a prize for printing very nicely. LULU McP.

NEW LONDON, N.-H. HAMPSHIRE.

I have a little rabbit with pink eyes. I go to school in winter, and make mud pies in summer. My sister is four years old, and my brother is three. Her name is Carrie, and his is Pagnie. I am eight years old. My grandpa fell on the stones in the brook not long ago, and hurt his leg very badly. ALICE P. Q.

What a pity for grandpa to have had such an accident! Do you ever make your pies in clam-shells or broken dishes, and trim them with parsley? They look very pretty when dressed in that way; and though not good enough to eat, they give the little baker a good appetite for real tarts and turn-overs.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I want to tell you about our cunning little dog. She is a blue Skye, and her name is Gypsy. She follows mamma all over the house. Sometimes she gets behind a table, or lies down with her head on a stool for a pillow. She begs and speaks. Sometimes she walks on her hind-legs. We play hide-and-seek together, and I tell Gypsy to go up stairs while I hide. When I call her, she runs down as fast as she can, gives a little turn at the bottom of the stairs, and then hunts till she finds me. She is very fond of ice-cream. Sometimes I put my coat on her, and mamma puts a dunce cap on her head. She then looks very funny indeed. We have a cat that is pure white. Her hind-legs are paralyzed, so she goes along like a kangaroo. LUCY.

Poor puss! How sorry we are for her! Gypsy must be very droll; and we think Gypsy's little mistress is very kind and patient, or else she could never have taught her pet so many tricks. It is not fair to let her wear a dunce cap. She ought to have a little hat and feather.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am very much in favor of the Natural History plan, and think Gracie H——'s suggestion of having it in a separate department is very nice. I want to know whether single persons may send in reports. I am going away soon, and I will get a good many curious things. I have also a very nice book called *The Child's Book of Nature*, which is in three parts—Plants, Animals, and Light, Heat, etc. I am ten years old. MARY B. B.

Of course individuals may send reports.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

I shall become a member of the first Natural History Society formed in Chicago. I think the first meeting should be devoted to games, and to letting the members become acquainted with each other. WILLIAM R. E.

The way to start a thing is to *start* it by setting about it at once. Many of our boys simply intend to join when societies shall be formed, and so we are afraid they will lose the benefit the society would be to them. Can you not begin by asking the boy next door to join you in looking for something interesting close by—say, for instance, in the garden, or on your first walk together? Then invite some others. We would advise you not to devote your meetings to play.

PETOSKEY, MICHIGAN.

"The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" and "Toby Tyler" have been splendid. I read Our Post-office Box, and especially enjoy hearing the boys and girls tell about their pets, and the nice times they have at home and school.

I want to tell you about my dear little brother. He was a year old on the 23d of June. He was very weak, and we had to be very careful of him. The doctor said he must be out a great deal, and mamma used to let me take him out. On the 1st of July he was as well as ever, and I had him out a good while. At tea-time I placed him in his little chair at the table, but in a little while he had a spasm, and soon he died. This is the third brother I have lost in four years. WALTER M. C.

It is no doubt a comfort to you to remember that you took good care of the little one while you had him with you, and that you sometimes gave up a game with the other boys that you might assist your mother by taking the delicate baby out in the fresh air.

GREENVILLE, OHIO.

I thought I would write and tell you that I live in Greenville, on the site where Wayne made his treaty with the Indians, November, 1812. My sister and I have four pets—two canaries, one pony, and a dog. Every time we let the canaries out of the cage, they hop over to the rocking-chair, and get on the rockers for us to rock them. I love your paper very much, and would not do without it. I am twelve years old. PEARL L. M.

P. S.—Please tell Mr. Otis to write a sequel to "Toby Tyler," and delight hundreds and thousands of children.

In this number Mr. Otis begins "Tim and Tip," which will probably please you as well as "Toby Tyler" did.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Do you think Mrs. Richardson, of North Carolina, would like any picture cards with printing on, or back numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE? I can send them if you think she would. I have two or three books also.

That No. 4 puzzle in No. 89 is just about true. Every Tuesday night, when I come home, I shout, "Has YOUNG PEOPLE come?" and last week I had fidgets from Monday till Thursday. I always get the fidgets on Monday, and sometimes on the Thursday after it has come, I like it so much. The Post-office Box is my favorite; then comes Jimmy Brown, and then "The Cruise of the 'Ghost.'" I collect postal cards only, because they are samples of the printing done in different countries and times. I send cards I printed myself at father's office. I have sold 125 kites this month. T. W. S.

The cards are beautifully printed, and you are quite a man of business in the kite line. But about those "fidgets," what do mother and sisters think of them? You must try to keep cool. By all means, send Mrs. Richardson some picture cards or nicely printed reward cards, with any back numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE you can spare, and the books you mention. She will find a use for them.

MARTINSVILLE, OHIO.

I like all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE so much that I can not make a choice. I have a little sister whose name is Flora. She is four years old, and I am eleven. We each have a swing. Hers is in the grape arbor, and mine is under a large apple-tree. I had a pet kitten about two years ago, and called it Daisy. Sometimes when we were eating, and I moved my head, she would jump upon my back, and pull and bite away at my hair as if she were going to pull it off; and as that was not polite, I always made her jump down. One morning when papa went out to feed Bill, the horse, he found her dead before the barn door. HELEN N. C.

MENOMONEE, WISCONSIN.

I am afraid my last wiggle was too late for the paper, as I sent it only a few days before the paper came, but I hope I will have better luck with this one. Mamma says she is sure mine would have been published had it been in time, as it was so nearly like the artist's idea. Papa has gone back to Arizona, and I shall coax him to write for YOUNG PEOPLE a story all about centipeds and spiders and other poisonous things, as he sees them there every day.

Mamma says when the Natural History Club is formed, YOUNG PEOPLE will be *perfect*. LOTTIE G. N.

Little correspondents must send wiggles, etc., very promptly if they wish them to appear.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. I have only taken the paper a little while, but a lady gave me many of the earlier numbers. Please explain whether there is a charge for advertising exchanges.

I am going to the Catskill Mountains, and expect to see a great deal that is new and wonderful. GEORGE T.

There is no charge for printing exchanges.

BARABOO, WISCONSIN.

I have seen so many letters in Our Post-office Box, and thought them so interesting, that I have resolved to try to write one myself. I will tell you of an experiment I tried this morning. Unlike most other girls, I can never find anything very interesting to do. After a while I remembered a picture I had seen in a magazine, and I set to work to see if I could do what a little boy in the picture was doing. I first took two or three pea pods, and began to make a boat. I first opened the side of a pod, and took out the peas, and then I stuck a pin through the end that I had split open, putting the head downward. I then took a little piece of a stick, and stuck it in the pea pod for a seat. It made a very pretty boat. BLANCHE P.

We all have our lazy days, little Blanche, when it seems as if there is nothing we particularly care to do; and when such days come, it is wise to try your plan, and see whether or not there is some entertaining little experiment which we can make. You might try to solve the puzzles in this paper the next time you feel that you don't know what to do next.

MENLO PARK, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I wish some of the correspondents, or the editor himself, would inform me how to make a squirrel trap, for we are perfectly infested with squirrels, and also with rats and mice. I live on a little farm in a pretty little village called Menlo Park, and I am sure that I would not be happy at all if I were in the city of San Francisco. I am also sure that Master Robert C. W. would find that he is very much mistaken in his wish to be there, could he make the trial. I make visits once in a while to the city, and I am sure that my little brothers and sister and I enjoy it much more than if we were to live there. FRANCIS H. H.

Although squirrels are cunning little fellows, and in most cases it would be a shame to kill them or to disturb them in any way, they do sometimes appear in such numbers as to become pests. In this case simple box or figure-four traps, such as every boy knows how to make, may be used with success to catch them. Better still is the small-sized steel-trap known as the Rat-Trap, arranged with bait hung above it.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old. My brother and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and wish it would come twice a week instead of once. I think the stories in it are very interesting. My brother likes "Toby Tyler" and

Digitized by Google

"Phil's Fairies" the best. I think Jimmy Brown is a very peculiar boy, and I like his stories, and wish he would relate another of his sad incidents soon. This is my first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE.

OLIVIA A. H.

BROCKLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I would like to start a Natural History Society, but there are no boys or girls around here who take any interest in such things.

I have quite a collection of stamps now. I very much like the stories Jimmy Brown writes, and wish he would write about some of the *good times* he has at home. My father owns quite a large farm, and he is very busy now, as harvest-time is here. We have for pets four cats and seven kittens.

I have lost the address of one of the correspondents who wished for postmarks, and can not find it. The correspondent will oblige me by sending his address to ANNIE DAVDER.

The boy who answered my letter, and sent me a stamp from the Cape of Good Hope, did not send me his address, and I do not know how to find him.

WILLIE R. WATSON,
112 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Penn.

Little correspondents who are as careless as the boy referred to, will wonder why they receive no equivalent for what they send. You should always write your full address in every letter you send, and to every person.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Soft and sand from Cayuga Lake, Pennsylvania iron ore, petrified wood, white gypsum, and white coral, for red coral, or other than Pennsylvania and Lake Superior iron ores, or for insects and curiosities.

Please tell me if I may join the Young People's Natural History Society alone, for I can not form any society here. I am thirteen years old.

Do American cuckoos lay eggs in other birds' nests? If not, please describe nests and eggs for me. H. L. WILLARD, Cayuga, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

Join it by yourself, of course, and write us a letter whenever you have anything worth telling.

The American cuckoo does not adopt the indolent and dishonest ways of the European cuckoo about its nest. It lives in thick woods, and builds a nest of sticks and grass on the branch of some low tree. Its eggs are bright green, and it lays four or five. We are sorry to say that while its food is chiefly insects, snails, and berries, it sometimes steals and sucks the eggs of other birds. There are three kinds of cuckoo in the United States. The commonest has a yellow bill about an inch long, is greenish-brown above, and grayish below. One of the world's great poets, Wordsworth, wrote some beautiful stanzas addressed to this bird, in which he asked whether it were really a bird or only a wandering voice. It is very shy and solitary, but its note is cheery in the spring and summer.

Ingersoll's patent rubber family fool, price $1, for the first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE, or a three-draw spy-glass. Send postal before exchange.

FRED WILLIAMS,
Box 80, Rockland P. O., Ontonagon, Mich.

Mexican garnets, and jasper stones from York Beach, Maine, for ores, fossils, and agates; or ocean curiosities, and pressed ferns and leaves, for minerals, petrifactions, and pressed sea-weeds; also two ounces of colored sand from York Beach, Maine, for the same from other localities. Please label specimens. S. and L., Box 63, South Berwick, Me.

Acacia or cotton seed, specimens of Texas rock or soil, for Indian relics. C. H. DOERS, JUN.,
Robinson, Texas.

A steel hand bracket-saw, frame in good condition, with six blades, and fifty designs, including Swiss clock design, for an international stamp album in good condition and a small collection of good stamps, or the flags, coats of arms, or rulers of the countries. Thirty different stamps, for a moss or Superior agate, any kind of ore, a perfect arrowhead, or a garnet. T. P. MORGAN,
Garnett, Kan.

One button of silver as it comes from the assayer of the Contention Mine, Tombstone, for S. W. Durbin's Stamp Catalogue of 1879 in good condition. Write before sending. T. D. W., JUN.,
Box 550, Delaware, Ohio.

Buttons with shanks, for minerals and other curiosities. Correspondents will please write before sending. SARA J. COATSWORTH, Galena, Ill.

Lead, zinc, and copper ores, hematite iron ore, iron pyrites, serpentine volcanic rock, scoriæ, cannel and peacock coal, mica, cotton seed, razor-shells, crystals of tourmaline, corundum, flint, asbestos, Chinese coins, old American copper coins, tripoli, woods, also a large number of ocean shells and fossil shells and plants, any and all of which I will exchange for fossil shells, plants, and animals. A trilobite especially desired, also Indian relics and arrowheads. E. V. SHEARER,
Wellsville, Allegany Co., N. Y.

(*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

Freddie W. Shelley and Ernest F. Taylor withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

LOUISE S.—PRESSING MOSS, AND SCENTS.—Mosses, like ferns and flowers, should be gathered when in fine condition. Lay them smoothly between large sheets of newspaper, and cover them with a heavy weight, changing the paper once in three or four days. Some varieties of moss may be best preserved by simply shaking out in the air and drying.

The most delicate liquid perfume for the handkerchief is cologne, which is made by distilling balm, mint, lavender, rose leaves, and other sweet things in alcohol. The best cologne is imported, and bears the name of Jean Maria Farina, but it is expensive, and very good cologne indeed is made by many of our druggists at a less cost. The nicest sachet powder for clothing, note-paper, and other uses is pulverized orris root. This smells like violets; and if you make little bags, fill them with orris powder, and keep them in your bureau drawers and boxes, you will be sure to have a faint flower-like fragrance about you wherever you go.

MINNIE K.—You may write to Our Post-office Box as often as you please, and we will enjoy reading your letters, but we can print one only once in a while.

EVA G.—We do not know that stamps have anything which can be called a language, like the language of flowers. They are conveniences invented to help the correspondence of the world along. At a glance you perceive that it would not be possible for all the people who write letters to pay money for them, because that would cause a great deal of delay. We place a stamp on the corner of the letter, and that represents the money which was spent for the stamp. The money goes to the government to pay the expenses of the postal service.

As to your little verse, we could easily translate it for you, but prefer to let you do it for yourself, partly because, if you are studying French, it will be a pleasant exercise, and partly, too, because this Post-office Box is meant for young people who read English, and we have not room for any other language in its crowded columns. Now haven't we "taken notice of your little letter"?

EDDY A.—THE BAROMETER.—About two hundred years ago an Italian named Torricelli was making some experiments to find out why fluids would rise up in tubes when the air was drawn out. He filled a glass tube thirty-three inches long, and open at one end, with mercury, and then he put his finger over it to keep the mercury in, turned it bottom upward into a bowl of mercury, and took away his finger. As mercury is very heavy, it would seem as though it would have run out of the tube into the bowl, but it did not; it fell a little way, and remained stationary in the tube. He found that it rose and fell with the changes of the weather, being affected by the pressure of the outside air. All the barometers that have been made since Torricelli have been on his plan. It may give you a hint for the one you think of making.

E. C.—WASHINGTON'S SALARY.—General Washington received no salary either as Commander-in-Chief or as President of the United States. But he kept a very careful account of all his expenses, and they were paid by Congress.

INQUIRER.—Secretary Blaine and the other cabinet officers receive a salary of $8000 per year.

BICYCLING.

VICTOR MUNDOR.—Send to the bicycle manufacturers who advertise in YOUNG PEOPLE for circulars that will give you the desired information.

R. EDWARDS.—It is impossible to tell how large a bicycle you will require unless you state your height and the inside measure of your leg. Yes, the Mustang bicycles have rubber tires.

F. P. BAYNDICT.—The address for which you ask is, Smith Machine Co., Smithville, Burlington Co., N. J.

C. LONGSTRETH.—To join the L. A. W. send your application, with $1 and a 3-cent stamp, to K. N. Putnam, Cor. Secretary L. A. W., 54 Wall St., New York City. "THE CAPTAIN."

Correct answers in puzzles have been received from *Frank J. Marson*, C. Burr, Nellie Brainard, "School-Boy," Charles W. Fernald, Jeremiah, *Belle and Alice*, *O. W. Simons*, Mary E. Slattery, D. A. Wing, William B. Hadley, "Phil I. Pene," Augusta Low Park, Nelson Wilson, Henry Drinse, *George M. Brennan*, *Aunty Batty*, *L. S. and L. S.*, Alice E. Thorp, *Belle Babcock*, Lizzie C. Carnahan, *Frank Graves*, "Strawberry," "*North Star*," Belle H., *Mary E. L.*, L. W. and M. W., "Wm. S. Burgh," Clara Blank, E. McHugh, G. Volckhausen, Louie S. L. Shorey, Joseph B. Senior, Annie Dryden, Kate T. Wendell, G. Host, "Comet," J. H. Jenney, Jemima Beeston, "*Vesta*."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 2, 9 is a boy's nickname.
My 6, 7, 8, 3 is an animal.
My 1, 8, 3, 5 is a participle.
My 6, 5, 2, 4 is an ore.
My whole is a beautiful flower.

WM. S. BURGH.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A tin vessel. 3. An unpleasant experience. 4. A camp. 5. A state of distress. 6. Deprived of moisture. 7. A letter. WM. S. BURGH.

No. 3.

EASY BARGAINING.

1. My whole is a useful article.
Behead, and leave a bird.
Curtail, and leave part of a lady's dress.

2. My whole is liked by children.
Behead, and leave skill.
Curtail, and leave the produce of a tree.

GEO. GEARY.

No. 4.

REVERSIONS.

1. Reverse a kitchen utensil, and get a boy's plaything. 2. Reverse a mineral, and get knocks. 3. Reverse a verb, and get an epoch. 4. Reverse to boast, and get apparel. CAL. I. FORNY.

No. 5.

PROP-LETTER PUZZLES.

1. B—r—a—f—f—a—h—r—l—c—t—g—t—e—.
2. A—s—c—e—p—t—e—e—b—t—s—.

No. 6.

TWO CHARADES.—(*By a boy aged 8*).

1. I am flexible, thinner than glass, round when standing still, and oval when shaken. I burst at a touch, or when I strike anything solid. In a dead calm I slowly sink, in a little wind I float, in a strong breeze I rise.

2. My outside is hard. My inside is soft, and good to eat. My middle is neither hard nor soft, and is not good to eat.

No. 7.

ENIGMA.

Now, little bright eyes, who am I?
My heart is hard, my cheek is round;
I swing beneath the earth and sky,
The merry sunbeams kiss me oft,
Till I grow big and sweet and soft,
And then, for your delight, am found.

MAMIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 89.

No. 1. Dumb-bell.

No. 2. Clock. Rash. In. Crick. Knight. Ebony. Trap. Whole word, Cricket.

No. 3.
S I L V E R
I D E A L
L E N T
V A T
E L
R

No. 4. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

No. 5. ALICE.

No. 6.
B E A R
E A S E
A S P S
R E S T

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

DISAPPOINTED.

BY UNCLE "CHALAK."

Brick, bat! Brickety, bat!
A woolly dog and a little cat
Sat in the barn door, enjoying the sun,
Watching their chance to have some fun.

Rick, rons! Rickety, rons!
A good-sized rat and very small mouse
Sat on the edge of the horse's manger,
Never giving a thought to danger.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"
Barked Mr. Dog to Pussy Meow:
"I'm going to catch that rat, while you
Can have the mouse to make a stew."

"Meow-meow! Fiss! Scat!"
To the woolly dog replied the cat:
"Just give your tail a gentle swing
When you're quite ready to make the spring."

"Tweak, tweak! Tweakety, tweak!"
Squeaked the rat to the mouse so weak:
"That woolly dog and little cat
Will try to catch us, I'm sure of that."

"Eak, weak! Eakety, weak!"
Replied the mouse, in a fainter squeak:
"We'd better not wait for it to be tried;
Let's jump down now and run and hide."

The woolly dog gave his tail a swing,
The little cat made a terrible spring;
The mouse disappeared through a hole in the floor,
The rat scampered out through the open door.

The doggy silently scratched his ear,
The pussy sighed and dropped a tear.
"It's all your fault," said the dog, in a huff,
"You cats never move quickly enough."

"'Tis no such thing," was pussy's reply;
"I moved as quick as the flash of an eye.
Your own lazy tail is all to blame;
If *it* had wagged quicker, we'd have caught the game."

Fire-crackers.—Fire-crackers are made in China, where, on account of the cheapness of labor, the price is only two cents a bunch. As there are eighty in a pack, a Chinaman makes forty fire-crackers for less than a cent of our money. Most of them are made by poor people in their spare time. Merchants in Hong-Kong buy them, and place them in boxes holding forty packs each. They are so cheap that shippers could not afford to pay much for having them carried, so they are used as ballast in ships that bring silks and teas. The Chinese letters printed on the wrappers of fire-cracker packs are the advertisements of the dealers. "Fire-bangs," as they are sometimes called, are used almost all over the world. In the United States, their use in the North is on the Fourth of July; but in the South, Christmas is the great time for them. In England, they are most popular on the 5th of November, Guy Fawkes's Day; and in South America, on days of Church festivals. In China, everybody fires them on New-Year's Day; and in some of the Chinese cities they can be heard at almost all hours of every day, because the people think the noise of their explosion will frighten away evil spirits.

"Oh, mammy! mammy! he's broke loose; he's swallerin' me legs off. He's a bull-hound!"

"If a body meet a body coming through the rye,
If a body greet a body, need a body cry?"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 93. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, August 9, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

PICNIC SAM.

BY WILL CARLETON.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Picnic Sam,
Just huddle up around here where I am,
And listen sharp while memory wanders to him,
And brings out what he seemed like when I knew him.
He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs
Called tenements, up any amount of stairs;
His room there, when the tired streets he forsook,
Was just what room he crowded in and took.
Though he "lived high," he never had the gout,
And for the most part took his dinners out;
Breakfast and supper were not in his way;
His motto always was, One meal per day;
Or rather, maybe, when you squarely met it,
One meal per day, providing I can get it.
His garments—well, you've stood and looked, perhaps,
At those plump, little, beaming, made-up chaps,

"POOR DRENCHED, DEAD HERO."

Digitized by Google

With nobby coats, and smiling painted faces,
The clothing dealer in his window places
(To make *neat* children envious, I suppose):
Well, Sam wasn't dressed at all like one of those.
Raiment like his no lively lad enjoys;
It had been cut for several different boys;
And, taking garments as they come and go,
He had about one suit—or nearly so.
Still, dry-goods are of life a small-sized part:
A bad coat often hides a first-class heart.
His face suggested, to the casual sight,
A bull-dog's when he's waiting for a fight;
And on it might be traced full many a streak,
As though it were not laundered once a week.
And yet his eyes were handsome, for a fact
(That is, of course, the one that was not blacked,
For he had fighting—more or less—to do);
But his well eye looked rather good and true.

You youngsters, huddle round here where I am—
I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam.
This young home heathen had, by day and night,
A regular first-class picnic appetite;
And, with a zeal good children stood in fear of,
Attended every picnic he could hear of.
When Sunday-schools were going to have "a spread,"
He'd always join, a week or two ahead;
And though no "verses" he had ever learned,
Tried to look serious like and deep concerned,
And (if some good boy he was sitting near)
Would answer every question, loud and clear.
'Twas strange, when near the time of feasting came,
How sure a school was to get Samuel's name.
"Why," said a teacher, rather prone to scoff,
"He'll smell a picnic full a fortnight off."
'Twas strange, in different schools he ravaged round in,
What various kinds of classes he'd be found in.
Three times he actually tried to pass
As member of an old folks' Bible class;
And once appeared (rough brick-bat among pearls)
In a small timid infant class of girls!
But in whatever company he came,
His appetite stood by him all the same.
No picnic near, in weather foul or pleasant,
But Sam and stomach managed to be present.
And when, with innocent, unconscious air,
He placed himself at table, firm and square,
With one eye partly closed, the other looking
Intently at the different styles of cooking,
And when, with savage-gleaming knife and fork,
He brought himself down seriously to work,
And marched through every dish in conquering glory,
And ravaged all the adjacent territory,
Making the table for some distance round
Look like a fiercely hard-fought battle-ground,
A smile upon his placid face would fall,
As if life wasn't a failure, after all.

But when the exciting dinner hour was gone,
Sam always felt quite uncalled-for and alone;
Felt snubbed and frozen and made quiet game of—
Slights that he didn't even know the name of,
But which he sensed as keenly (do not doubt it)
As if some foe had told him all about it.
He always felt by that vague feeling haunted
That hangs around folks when they are not wanted.
Because a boy is greedy, dull, and droll,
It needn't follow that he hasn't a soul;
Because his stomach craves more than its part,
It's no sign he was born without a heart;
Though ragged, poor, or coarse, or impolite,
He may resent a wrong or feel a slight.
'Tis dangerous work, this making game of folks,
Thinking, perhaps, they do not heed your jokes.
Don't fool yourself; for, ten to one, they know it,
And feel it worse in laboring not to show it.

Well, on one day particularly fine,
Sam felt himself invited to help dine
In a small grove, green, shady, fresh, and cool,
A recently discovered Sunday-school:
Which, when he'd joined, he'd muttered, "This 'll pass;
It's a swell crowd; the board 'll be first-class."
And so it was; and for an hour or more
Sam slew things as he never did before,
Wondering, with a gastronomic smile,
Where all these victuals 'd been all this long while;
And made the teachers feel a great surprise
That they'd so underrated their supplies;
And in his stomach could not but confess
That life to-day was one good square success.

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart,
He tried to make a little social start,
And frisk and frolic round, like any other,
And be accepted as a boy and brother.
But all the children shrank, with scarce-hid loathing,
From a strange lad in such imperfect clothing;
And soon Sam's face a misty sadness wore,
As if to say, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."
He tried to put them under obligations
With street accomplishments and fascinations:
In turning somersaults and hand-springs led,
Whistled and sang, danced, stood upon his head;
Even tried a friendly sparring match, till taken
Right in the act, misunderstood, and shaken
(By the strong mother of the lad he battled),
Till the provisions in him fairly rattled.
But whatsoe'er he did, discreet or bold,
It seemed to drive him further in the cold.

The grove was near a river; on whose brink
Samuel sat down, with lots of time to think,
And watch some light boats swiftly past him go,
With happy children flitting to and fro,
Content to see *him* safe and dry on land.
And he thought, "No, I ain't much in demand."

Just then a trim young miss came tripping by,
With golden hair, and more than handsome eye;
And Sam remarked, his face full of glad creases,
"That's the smart girl that scooped 'em speakin' pieces;
I wonder if she learned hers like a song,
Or made the speech up as she went along.
She came out first, though last upon the track,
But spoke so long it held the dinner back;
Still, what she said was sweet an' soothin' rather,
'Bout how 'We all are children of one Father.'
If that's so, she's half-sister unto me—
At least I think I'll speak to her, and see."
Then, thinking pleasantly to clear the way,
He shouted, "Miss, this 'ere's a pleasant day."
But she flounced on, more haughty than before;
And Sam remarked, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once more."

While, roughly sad, the boy sat musing yet,
He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat's upset!"
And following with his eyes the fear-edged scream,
Sam saw three children struggling in the stream.
And two were rescued; one went 'neath a wave;
The waters closed above her like a grave.
She sank, apparently to rise no more,
While frantic crowds ran up and down the shore,
And, 'mid the turmoil, each one did his best,
Shouting first-class instructions to the rest.
"It's the swell girl," thought Sam, "that's made this row;
I wonder how she likes the weather now.
I'd save her—if it wasn't too much bother—
'Good deeds for evil—children of one Father.'
I rather think she's gone down there to stay;
She can't be *yelled* up, if they try all day.
Wonder, if I should save her, 'twould be bold.
I've dove for pennies—s'pose I dive for gold."
Then throwing off his coat—what there was of it—
He plunged into the water, rose above it,
Plunged in again, and came once more to air,
Grasping a pretty golden tress of hair,
And a fine, stylish, shapely girl attached,
With pale, sweet face, and lips that with it matched.
He held her up till strong arms came from shore;
And soon she raised her eyes, and lived once more.

But Sam, poor boy, exhausted, choked, and beaten
With the prodigious dinner he had eaten,

Digitized by Google

Strangled and sank beneath the river's brim;
And no one seemed to care to dive for him.
Indeed, 'twas hard from the cold waves to win him,
With such a large part of the picnic in him;
And when at last he came out with "a haul,"
The school had one dead pupil, after all.

Poor drenched, dead hero!—in his tattered dress
Sam now was a society success.
They crowded round the dead boy as he lay,
And talked about him in a mournful way;
And from the teachers efforts did not lack
To resurrect and bring their scholar back:
They thronged about him, kept from him the air,
Pounded him, pumped him, shook him up with care;
But useless was their toil, do all they could:
Sam and his dinner had gone on for good.

Nothing too nice that could be done and said
For this poor fellow—now that he was dead.
His casket was the finest and the best;
He went to his own funeral richly dressed.
They rigged him out in very pretty trim;
A rich, first-class procession followed him,
That reached the farthest distance up and down,
Of any often witnessed in that town;
And all the children, shedding tears half hid,
Threw evergreens upon Sam's coffin lid.

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile,
If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style,
Or shrink from him as though perhaps he'll bite you,
Because he has some points that don't delight you,
Or think, because your "set" can do without him,
There's nothing much desirable about him,
Just recollect that squeamishness is sham,
And drop a kind thought on poor Picnic Sam.

LESSON STORIES.

[Written for the Young People's Natural History Society.]

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

THE BABY ELEPHANT'S NUT-CRACKER.

I SUPPOSE every reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has seen an elephant eat pea-nuts. Of course every boy who goes to a show has pea-nuts in his pocket, because pea-nuts seem somehow to be a part of the show. Sometimes I think they are almost a part of the boy, for that matter. Well, having pea-nuts in one's pocket, and being inside the show, it is quite a matter of course to feed pea-nuts to the elephant. The fun lies in the ridiculous difference of size between the pea-nut and the elephant; it seems in a high degree absurd that so huge a creature should care for so small a thing to eat, and the wonder is that the elephant does not lose the nut somewhere in his great mouth. If he could get pea-nuts by the pint, instead of singly, the wonder would be less.

But how many boys and girls ever saw the baby elephant eat pea nuts? He does it in a way entirely different from that of his father and mother. He does not like the shells, and so he cracks the nuts as carefully as any boy does, and his method of doing this is as curious as anything about him. I found out his trick by accident one day, when the baby elephant was a very little fellow indeed, weighing not more than five hundred pounds or so. I had taken three boys with me to the show, and of course each of us had a pocket full of pea-nuts. When we came to inspect the baby elephant, we offered him a nut. He took it with the fingers at the end of that wonderful trunk of his, but did not place it in his mouth, as his father or mother would have done. He laid it on the ground instead, and raising one of his great clumsy-looking feet, swept it backward so near the ground as to catch the nut between the foot and the hard earth, cracking it very neatly without crushing it. He knew enough not to step on the nut, and he used his foot so dextrously that a single stroke separated the kernel from the shell. Then he picked up the kernel with his trunk, put it in his mouth, and ate it with as keen a relish as if he had been a boy at recess.

This performance was so entertaining that we repeated it again and again. The elephant was willing enough, and before long all the boys and girls in that part of the show had gathered around us to see the strangely intelligent act. We boys (for I am always a boy when I am with boys at a show) fed Master Baby Elephant all the pea-nuts we had—there was a quart of them distributed among us—and when we got through, others took our places.

We had to go through that show without any pea-nuts to eat, but we had found out how the baby elephant manages to use his great clumsy-looking foot for a nut-cracker.

Now there are two or three things that puzzle me about this matter. I want to know how the baby elephant learned to crack his pea-nuts. Instinct? Well, that is a good word with which to pretend that we explain things that we do not understand, but it will scarcely answer in this case. In their wild state elephants have no boys to give them pea-nuts, and as a matter of fact they have no instinct about pea-nuts. The baby elephant did not learn this from the grown-up elephants, for they do not crack their nuts. I wonder if he imitated some boy whom he saw cracking a nut with his heel.

Another thing I am curious about. Will the baby elephant go on cracking his nuts in this way when he becomes a grown-up elephant? The grown-up elephants do nothing of the kind. If he does not continue the practice, and so become an exceptional fellow, but leaves it off after a while, at what age will he make the change, and why will he change? If he prefers cracked to uncracked nuts one day, why should he prefer the uncracked ones the next day? I wish I could work this puzzle out by going to the show every day, and feeding the baby elephant with pea-nuts until he grows up or changes his way of eating them. Perhaps the members of the Young People's Natural History Society through the country will keep up a series of observations until the matter is settled.

A POISONOUS FOOD-PLANT.

There is a shrub called manioc, or manihot, or cassava, which grows in South America, the West Indies, and Africa. It has a great bulbous root, and it is this root which is interesting. In that species of the plant which is most used the root has a bitter, acrid juice, which is deadly poisonous. The strange part of the matter is that both the root and the poisonous juice are used for food, and probably every boy or girl who reads this has eaten both.

The natives of hot countries dry the root, and make good wholesome bread out of it. It is only the juice which is poisonous or disagreeable in taste. But the juice itself contains a kind of starch, and when the liquid parts of it are evaporated, there remains—what do you think? Why, the tapioca of which your mother makes puddings.

But why isn't tapioca poisonous? Why is Brazilian arrowroot—which is only the manioc root dried and powdered—harmless and nutritive? What becomes of the poison, and how can we be sure that none of it remains in the tapioca or the arrowroot?

Pour a spoonful of alcohol on a plate, and set it in the air or sunshine. Then look for it half an hour afterward. The plate will be dry, and not even a smell of the alcohol will remain. Liquids which evaporate easily and completely in this way are called volatile, and the acid which renders manioc root poisonous is extremely volatile. When the least heat is applied to any mixture containing it, the acid quickly and completely evaporates, and that is the way in which it disappears in the process of making tapioca, or drying the root to make arrowroot of it. There is a small quantity of bitter material in the manioc juice which is removed by washing the tapioca as soon as it is made.

Digitized by Google

SEA-WEEDS, AND HOW TO PRESERVE THEM.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

WHEN visiting the sea-shore for the purpose of gathering sea-weeds, or to learn something of their modest and simple lives, it will be noticed that twice in every twenty-four hours the water advances and recedes, affording an opportunity for the collector to follow the beach down to the lowest tide-mark, and thus make sure of some small portion of the beautiful marine vegetation of the wondrous ocean.

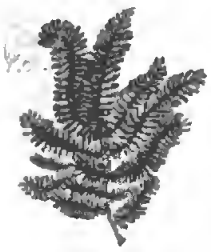
The first band or zone of sea-weeds encountered is that of the coarse olive-green sea-weeds commonly called bladder-weed or rock-weed. This alga is easily distinguished by the double series of round air-vessels with which the fronds are studded, and the coarse midrib running up the centre of each frond. On all rocky coasts several varieties of this family of sea-weeds are to be met with. When trodden on, the air-vessels explode with a sharp report; from this fact it has been christened, by young people living on the coast, the snap-weed, to whom it affords much amusement. On this coarse weed, and under its dark and damp masses, in the tide pools and on the rocks on which it grows, are to be found many varieties of our most delicate and beautiful sea-weeds.

After the olive-green zone has been passed, the bright greens, brilliant reds, and purples are reached.

Sea-weeds are rootless plants, and do not derive their support from the earth, as do other plants, but obtain their entire subsistence from the water. The small flat disk to be found on the end of the main branch is only for the purpose of adhering to the rocks, stones, or other objects on which they may be found attached.

I have figured five of the most beautiful types of sea-weeds common on our coast, but they are so learnedly and scientifically named (being without common names), as, for instance, *Polysephonia urceolata*, that I have depended on the simple figures to enlist the reader's interest, and have avoided the discouraging scientific names.

On many of the apple stands in the city of New York may be seen a dark purple-colored substance for sale; this is a sea-weed imported from the coast of Ireland, and is called sloake, or lava. By many it is considered as great a delicacy as pea-nuts. When mounted, it makes a very handsome specimen. The best paper for mounting the sea-weeds is ordinary drawing-paper, cut to a uniform size.



After the specimens have been thoroughly washed, the finest should be separated from the coarser ones, and placed in wide and shallow dishes filled with clean fresh water. Sheets of the drawing-paper are slipped under the specimens, which are arranged in a natural and graceful position as they float over the immersed paper. A camel's-hair brush and a coarse needle, with the assistance of the fingers, are all that are required for the arranging of the sea-weeds on the paper. When the specimen is in proper position, it is slowly and carefully lifted from the water on the drawing-paper, so as to retain the desired position of the sea-weed.

The mounted specimen should be pinned up for a few minutes to allow the water to drip off before placing it in the press. There is no need of fastening the plants to the paper, as most of the sea-weeds are supplied with a glue-like material which fastens them firmly to the paper when in the press drying.

The most simple and cheap sea-weed press that I know of consists of two large boards, as shown in Fig. 1, at AA, and on the lower board (A) are placed layers of blotting-paper with layers of clean-washed pieces of old sheeting. The sheeting and blotting-paper layers are for the purpose of quickly absorbing all moisture from the sea-weeds. As soon as the water has dripped off the mounted specimen, it is carefully laid on two or three thicknesses of blotting-paper; on the face of the sea-weed a piece of the muslin or sheeting is laid; over the sheeting more blotters are placed, and on this second layer of blotters another set of sea-weeds. In this way all the specimens are disposed of, and the top board (AA) is placed; on this a soap box is placed, which is filled with either sand or stones, by means of which the desired pressure is obtained.

FIG. 1.

For a field press, the most simple form that I know of is shown in Fig. 2, which is made out of two pieces of three-quarter inch stuff, well strengthened with a frame of black walnut, fastened with three screws in each corner. After the sea-weeds are placed in position on one of the boards, the top board is laid on, and the specimens are brought under pressure by means of a stout strap. During the stormy days of next winter, when you are confined to the house, you will find real pleasure in arranging your pretty specimens in an album.

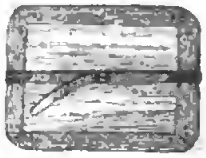


FIG. 2.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

SAM, THE FAT BOY.

TIM stopped as quickly as if he had stepped into a pool of glue, which had suddenly hardened and held him prisoner, and peered anxiously ahead, trying to discover where the voice came from.

"Didn't know there was anybody round here, did yer?" continued the voice, while the body still remained hidden from view.

Again Tim tried to discover the speaker, and failing in the attempt, he asked, in a sort of frightened desperation, "Who are you anyhow?"

"Call off yer dog, and I'll show yer."

These words made Tim feel very much braver, for they showed that the speaker as well as himself was frightened, and he lost no time in reducing Tip to a state of subjection by clasping him firmly around the neck.

"Now come out; he wouldn't hurt a fly, an' it's only his way to bark when he's kinder scared."

Thus urged, the party afraid of the dog came out of his place of hiding, which was none other than the branches of a tree, by simply dropping to the ground—a proceeding which gave another shock to the nerves of both Tim and Tip.

But there was nothing about him very alarming, and when Tim had a full view of him, he was inclined to be angry with himself for having allowed so short a boy to frighten him. He was no taller than Tim, and as near as could be seen in the dim light, about as broad as he was long—a perfect ball of jelly, with a face, two legs, and two arms carved on it.

It was impossible to gain a good view of his face, but that did not trouble Tim, who was only anxious to learn who this boy was, and whether he might be sufficiently acquainted with Captain Babbige to send him news of the runaway.

The new-comer did not appear to be in any hurry to begin the conversation, but stood with his hands in his pockets, eying Tim as though he was some strange animal who might be expected to cut up queer sort of antics at any moment.

"Hullo!" said Tim, after he thought the fat boy had looked at him quite as long as was necessary.

"Hullo!" was the reply.

"Where did you come from?"

"Outer that tree there," replied the boy, gravely, as he pointed to the place where he had been hiding.

"Yes, I saw you come out of there; but that ain't where you live, is it?"

"No."

"Where do you live?" And Tim was beginning to think that it required a great deal of labor to extract a small amount of knowledge from this fat party.

"Oh, I live over the hill, about half a mile down the road. Got anything good to eat?"

The question seemed so unnecessary and out of place, considering all the circumstances, that Tim took no notice of it, but asked, "What's your name?"

"Sam."

"Sam what?"

"I dunno, but I guess it's Simpson."

"Well, you're funny, if you ain't sure what your name is," said Tim, thoughtfully, forgetting his own troubles in his curiosity about this queer specimen. "What makes you think your name's Simpson?"

"'Cause that's my father's name."

By this time Tim had released his hold of Tip's neck, and the dog walked around Sam on a sort of smelling tour, very much to the boy's discomfort.

"Don't be afraid," said Tim; "he won't bite you. He's the best dog in the world if you only let him alone."

"I'll let him alone," replied Sam, still in doubt as to Tip's good intentions—"I'll let him alone, an' I wish he'd let me alone."

"He's only kinder gettin' acquainted, that's all. Say, do you s'pose your father would let me sleep in his barn to-night?"

"I dunno. What do you want to for?"

"'Cause I ain't got any other place."

If Sam hadn't been so fat, he would probably have started in surprise; but as it was, he expressed his astonishment by a kind of grunt, and going nearer to Tim he asked, "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere. Me an' Tip are tryin' to find some place

PEPPERMINT, OR LEMON?

Digitized by Google

where we can earn our own livin'," replied Tim, in doubt as to whether he ought to tell this boy his whole story or not.

"Ain't you got any father or mother?"

"No," was the sad reply. "They're both dead, an' me an' Tip have to look out for ourselves. We did live with Captain Babbige, but we couldn't stand it any longer, an' so we started out on our own hook."

"Where do you get things to eat?"

"We've got some money to buy 'em with."

"How much you got?"

"I had two cents when I left Selman, an' Mr. Sullivan, that keeps a store down to the mills, gave me two dollars."

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Sam, eagerly, as his eyes sparkled with delight. "Jest the other side of my house there's a store, an' we can go down there an' get two big sticks of candy, an' have an awful good time."

Tim reflected a moment. He knew that he ought to keep his money: but Sam's idea seemed such a good one that the thought of the pleasure which would come with the eating of the candy was too much for his notions of economy; therefore he compromised by saying, "I will, if you'll let me sleep in your barn."

Sam quickly agreed to that (in order to get the candy he would probably have promised to give the entire farm away), and the three—Sam, Tim, and Tip—started off, the best of friends.

But before they had gone very far, Sam stopped in the middle of the road, as he said, mournfully, "My! but I forgot all about the cow."

"What cow?"

"Father sent me down here to find old Whiteface, an' I forgot all about her when I saw you."

"Well, why don't you find her now? Me an' Tip will help you."

"But it 'll take so long, an' before we get back the store will be shut up," objected Sam, who stood undecided in the road, as if he had half a mind to leave old Whiteface to her fate while he made sure of the candy.

"Never mind if the store is shut up," said Tim, earnestly. "We can get the candy just as well in the morning, an' perhaps we'll find her so quick that there'll be plenty of time."

"Will you buy the candy in the mornin' if you don't to-night?"

"Yes, I will, honest."

"Cross your throat."

Tim went through the ceremony of crossing his throat to make his promise more solemn, and search was made for the cow.

Up to this time it was plain that Sam did not feel any great amount of love for or confidence in Tip; but when, after a few moments' search, his loud bark told that he had discovered the missing cow, his future was assured so far as Sam Simpson was concerned.

"Now that's somethin' like," he said, after they had started homeward. "When you've got such a dog as that, all a feller's got to do is to sit down an' send him after 'em. It's the awfulest hateful thing in the world to go off huntin' cows when you don't want to."

Tim had many and serious doubts as to whether Tip could be depended on to go for the cows alone, but he did not think it best to put those doubts in words, lest he should deprive his pet of his new-found friend.

It was only a ten minutes' walk to Sam's home, and when the cow had been led to her stall Tim proposed that Sam should ask permission for him to sleep in the barn.

"There's time enough for that when we come back," was Sam's reply, the thought of the candy he was to have in case they reached the store before it was closed for the night driving all else from his mind. "Come on; we'll catch Mr. Coburn if we hurry."

Now Tim would much rather have had the question settled as to his sleeping quarters before starting out for pleasure; but Sam was so eager for the promised feast that he felt obliged to do as he said, more especially since it was through his influence that he hoped to receive the favor.

Naturally Sam Simpson was not a quick-motioned boy, but no one could have complained of the speed with which he went toward Mr. Coburn's store that night, and Tim found it hard work to keep pace with him.

The store was open, but the proprietor was just making preparations for closing. The candy, placed in two rather dirty glass jars, was in its accustomed place, and beamed down upon them in all its sticky sweetness, delighting Sam simply by the view to such an extent that his face was covered with smiles.

With a gravity befitting the occasion and the amount of wealth he was about to squander, Tim asked to be allowed to see the goods he proposed to buy, in order to make sure they were of the proper length.

Old Mr. Coburn rubbed his glasses carefully, wiped his face as a sort of preface to his task, and set about making this last sale of the day with the air of a man who knows he is called upon to deal with very exacting customers.

It was fully five minutes before Tim could settle the weighty question as to whether it was better to buy a stick of peppermint and one of lemon, and thus by dividing them get two distinct treats, or to take both of one kind, and thus prevent any dispute as to whether he had made a just and equal division.

While this struggle was going on in the purchaser's mind, Sam fidgeted around, standing first on one foot and then on the other, watching every movement Tim made, while Tip searched over every portion of the store, very much to Mr. Coburn's annoyance.

The decision was finally made, but not before Mr. Coburn hinted that he could not afford to burn a quart of oil in order that his customers might see how to spend two cents, and with a peppermint stick in one hand and a lemon stick in the other Tim left the store, followed by Sam and preceded by Tip.

To make a fair division of the sweet feast was quite as great a task as the purchase had been, and it was begun in the gravest manner.

The two sticks were carefully measured, and by the aid of Sam's half-bladed jackknife broken at the proper place. A large rock by the side of the road served as seat, and there the two boys munched away as slowly as possible, in order that the feast might be prolonged to the utmost.

Tip sat close by, watching every mouthful in a hungry way, but refusing the portion Tim offered him.

Now that the feast was fast fading away into only a remembrance, the thought of where he was to spend the night began to trouble Tim again, and he asked, anxiously, "Sure your father will let me sleep in the barn?"

Before the candy had been purchased, the fat boy had been perfectly sure Tim could sleep in his father's barn, but now that the dainty was in his possession, he began to have some doubts on the subject.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, his mouth so full of candy that Tim could hardly understand him. "Father an' mother will be in bed when we get home, an' it won't be any use to bother 'em. You come right up stairs to bed with me, an' we'll fix it in the morning."

"I'd rather ask them, an' sleep in the barn," said Tim, not half liking this plan.

"But they'll be asleep, an' you can't," was the quiet reply.

"Then I'd rather go in the barn anyway."

"Now see here," said Sam, with an air of wisdom, as he sucked the remaining particles of candy from his fingers, "I know father an' mother better 'n you do, don't I?"

"Yes," replied Tim, glad that Sam had made one statement with which he could agree.

Digitized by Google

"Then you do jest as I tell you. We'll creep up stairs like a couple of mice, an' in the morning I'll fix everything. Mother wouldn't want you to sleep in the barn when you could come with me as well as not; an' you do as I tell you."

It did not seem to Tim that he could do anything else, and he said, as he slid down from the rock, "I'll do it, Sam, but I'd rather you'd ask them."

Sam, content with having gained his point, walked silently along with Tim by his side, and followed by Tip, who acted as if he knew he was going out to spend the night without a proper invitation.

When they reached the house, not a light was to be seen, and the three crept up stairs, not quite as softly as mice, but so quietly that Mr. and Mrs. Simpson did not hear them.

That night Sam, Tim, and Tip lay on one bed, and neither of them lost any sleep by thinking of his possible reception in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT BEING OBLIGING.

DID you ever think that a person may be very selfish and very unselfish at the same time? Ethel is very fond of making presents to her friends. If Edith or Nannie admires a work-box, a book, or a pencil of hers, it is at her service. She delights to surprise her school-mates with little gifts, and often Mattie finds a bunch of violets on her desk, which have come from Ethel's conservatory, or a great golden orange is added to Sadie's luncheon, and it is sure to have been brought from Florida by Ethel's Uncle Tom. Ethel is full of kind thoughts, and is as liberal and generous as possible with things that cost her nothing. But still I do not regard her as unselfish, and I will tell you why.

She is not the least bit obliging. If she is seated in her little rocker by the south window, and mamma or auntie comes in, ever so tired, it does not occur to Ethel to offer her chair, that either of the ladies may rest. Indeed, if you hint it to her, she shakes her head and says, "There are plenty of chairs in the room; why should I give up mine?" Not long since Cousin Polly and little Agnes Lee arrived unexpectedly, and as there were other guests in the house, mamma was compelled to ask Ethel to give up her pretty room, and sleep for the night with her younger sister. Would you believe it, Ethel was so vexed that she pouted and sulked in Cousin Polly's face, would take no notice of the child, and finally cried herself to sleep? Not one of the family ever dreams of asking Ethel to run up stairs or down on an errand, to mend a ripped glove, to carry a message, or to do the slightest thing which will put her out of her usual way. They know that she is not an obliging girl, and, strangely enough, the very school-mates who accept her flowers and oranges, are much more fond of Mary Ann, a plain, dumpy little body, who never has anything to give away, but who is always greeting everybody with kind looks and words, and who, wherever she goes, is helping along.

JIM, THE FERRY BOY.

BY WADE WHIPPLE.

WATERVIEW is in West Virginia. It overlooks the Great Kanawha River, and a very pretty river it is, too. You would think so if you were permitted to look out of any of the eastern windows of Waterview some bright summer morning, and see the willow and plane trees nodding to you from the opposite shore, and opening here and there to give you a glimpse of beautiful hills crowned with snowy clouds and bright blue sky.

And maybe if your eye chanced to rest on the cabin just at the foot of those beautiful hills, with its white-washed face peeping out of the maze of green and gold that almost hid it from view, you *might* wish to live there, even though the only way to bring it about would be by exchanging homes and natures with Jim, the Ferry Boy.

Jim was the light of that little cabin—yes, the *light*, for though his skin was as dark as the dusk, his happy and contented spirit shone out of his laughing eyes like sunbeams breaking through the chinks in a black cloud.

He was the ferryman at Waterview—a boy, and yet a man in all that was needed to fit him for his calling, being strong, courageous, and faithful. To be sure, "the ferry" was nothing more than a skiff of one-boy power, but it called upon Jim to get up at all hours of the night, and face the wettest kind of storms and the roughest kind of people, and these elements would have taken all the picnic flavor out of the business for you.

It was all the same to Jim, however. You could shake him out of the knottiest of naps, and drop him into the dingiest of nights, and he would take hold of the oars with as good a will as any of you would reach out for a box of bonbons. But with not quite as good a will, perhaps, as he would take to an old family fiddle during the gaps between work. His "mammy" insisted upon it that Jim got his good-nature out of that fiddle.

"Dar's a dreffle heap o' fun in dem chil'en w'en dey's togedder," she would say; "and wedder Jim stirs de fiddle or de fiddle stirs Jim dar's no tellin', ou'y dey tickles each udder mos' pow'ful, now I tells yer."

And it is a little circumstance connected with that very same fiddle that I have undertaken to tell you of. You see, Jim had a habit of taking that instrument with him on his trips across the river, and when waiting for a passenger he would prop himself up on the shore end of his boat, and coax "Dan Tucker" and "Clar de Kitchen" out of the strings in a way that might have made the frogs dance if there had been any one else about to call off the figures.

Well, on one occasion Jim had just laid his fiddle on the bank to help a passenger aboard, when a signal from the other side of the river caught his eye, and in his haste to get over and "bag his game" he rowed away without his old musical friend. On a bluff overlooking this part of the river, standing at his doorway, as Jim moved away, was Colonel Turner; and seeing the deserted fiddle lying on the ground, under cover of the trees and rocks along shore he stole down there, captured it, and brought it into the house. You see, he had a joke in mind.

Among his household goods was an old bass-viol—one of those very, *very* big fiddles you have seen in orchestras, that keeps a man bobbing up and down over its giant body like a washer-woman doing her best to rub the wrinkles out of a wash-board.

Well, the Colonel took that out of its hiding-place, and in a few moments it was lying in the very spot whence he had taken Jim's queer little music-box.

Presently the swarthy young ferryman came paddling across with his passenger, and running his boat into the little cove his frequent landings had cut in the river-bank, landed fairly on shore before he discovered the bass-viol lying there, with its great neck reaching out toward the river as if to take a drink.

Was he surprised? You would have thought so if you had seen his eyes bulge out, and his mouth open in a way that suggested the yawn of an alligator, as he exclaimed, "Sakes! how dat fiddle's growed!"

Then, with a degree of reverence in keeping with the measure of his surprise, Jim walked about from side to side of the monster, and finally ventured to reach out and thrum one of the great strings. If it had been run through him it could not have shaken him more than did the whirring sound which followed, and caused him to exclaim:

"Massy me! I done feel de rats ob dat note movin' 'way

This exclamation was caused by Jim's discovery of the fact that his interest in the wonderful growth of the fiddle had caused him to forget his boat, which had meanwhile drifted from shore, and was being carried down stream as rapidly as a rather brisk current could bear it.

Before the Colonel (who was watching the comedy from his doorway) suspected his intention, the little ferryman had seized an oar that was lying on the bank, launched the big fiddle, and, astraddle of its bridge, was vigorously paddling in the wake of the escaping truant.

"Hey! you Jim!" shouted the Colonel, "where are you going with that fiddle?"

"Whar de fiddle's gwine wid me, I 'speck," was Jim's response, as he glanced back over his shoulder.

"But don't you know the water 'll shrink that machine, and take all the music out of it?"

"Hit 'll stan' a heap o' shrimpin', Kurnel, 'fo' it gits back ter my meshure; but dis chile's *bizness* won't stan' any shrimpin', an' dat's why I's 'ticklar 'bout dat ar boat. Bizness 'fo' pleshure, Kurnel."

Did he catch the boat? He was gaining on it when they turned a bend in the river, and it is very likely he caught it. At least he "caught it" from the Colonel when he came back with that soaked fiddle.

down un'er my heel! Lucky I warn't big 'nuff ter set de hull machine goin', else dar'd been a earfquake sho' 'nuff. —Hullo dar!"

Digitized by Google

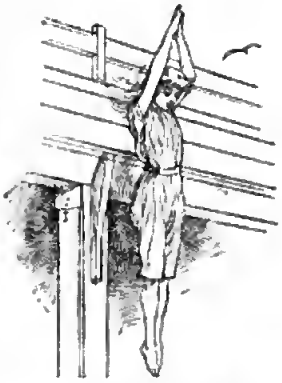
AT EASE.

SWIMMING.

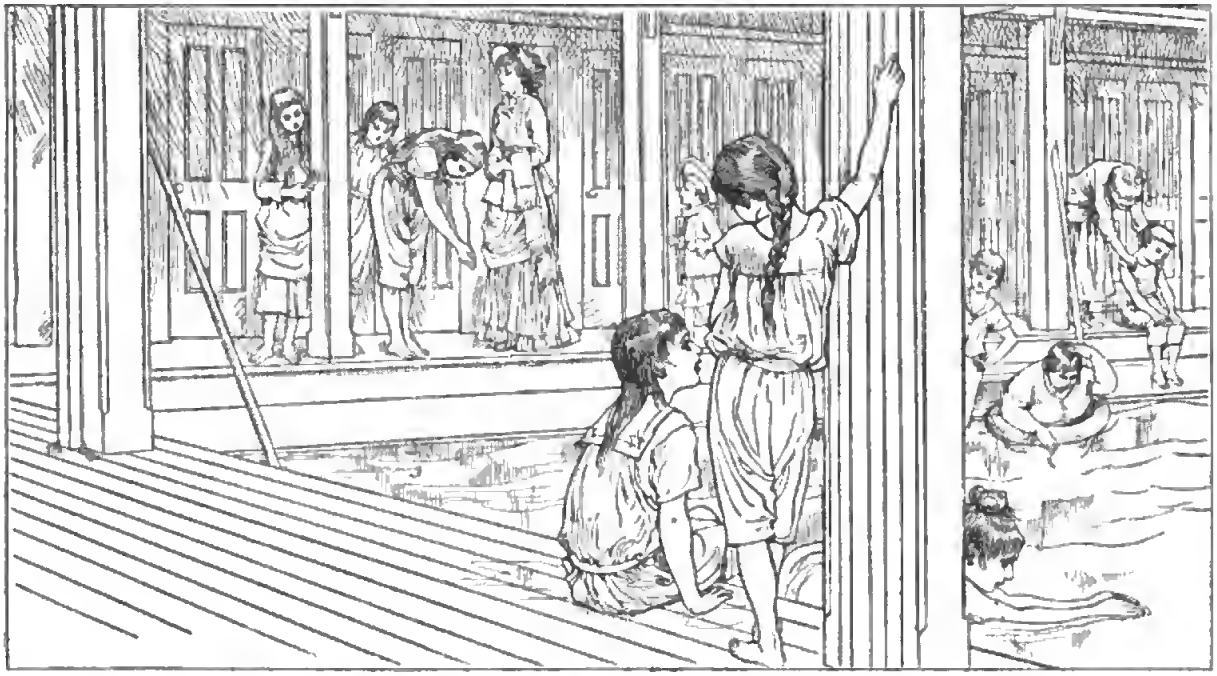
ON the first day of June the public swimming-baths in New York city were opened for the season. It is only a few years since the "City Fathers," as the Board of Aldermen are sometimes called, came to see the advantage of providing places where those of their children whose lives are passed in crowded tenement-houses and hot, dirty streets could wash and be clean. The aldermen built schools and paid teachers, and thought they had done their duty; but cleanliness is next to godliness, and health is even more important than reading and writing. The bath-tub is not in great favor with persons who have not been brought up to it, but every boy and girl likes to paddle about in the water in hot weather; and where there is a chance to swim, very few will long be content with paddling. Swimming is natural to most land animals, and a man could swim as readily as they but that he lacks confidence. It is very easily learned, however, and when learned, how delightful and healthy an accomplishment it is! and to what noble deeds does it not open the way!

You will read in the newspapers from time to time of persons who have risked their lives to stop runaway horses, or to rescue helpless persons from an awful death in a burning house; but the heroes who have distinguished themselves by saving life in the water far outnumber those; for among a travelling people such as ours, danger by water is much more frequent than fires, or any other situations where the act of a single person may save life. Prince Bismarck, the great German Chancellor, may cover the breast of his uniform with medals and stars and orders of knighthood; but the decoration which he wears most frequently, and values more highly than all, is a medal which he received for rescuing his groom from drowning many years ago.

There is a story of a loving and overcautious mother who forbade her children to go into the water until they had learned to swim. Of course it is impossible for any one to swim before he has had an opportunity of trying; but in the absence of a teacher, a beginner will learn much more easily if he studies the po-

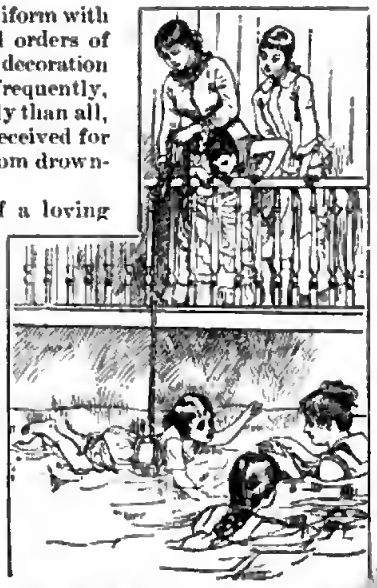


A JUMP FROM THE ROOF.



A FREE SWIMMING-BATH—WOMEN'S DAY.—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

FISHING.



TEACHING THE LITTLE ONES TO SWIM.

Digitized by Google

sitions and movements as given in the following hints. The first rule in learning to swim is, take things coolly. Remember that you can swim naturally if you can only put aside all nervousness and excitement.

Salt-water is the best to swim in on account of its greater buoyancy, but it is very difficult to learn in the surf. If you bathe in still or running water, be careful to choose a place free from weeds, and with a hard bottom, sloping gradually down to deep water. Be cautious about holes which would take you over your head, especially when bathing in an unknown place. Never venture out into deep water trusting to corks or life-belts to keep you afloat. Such help will never teach you to swim, and may lead you into danger. You need have no fear of taking cold *in* the water; but if you stay in long enough to get chilled, you will most likely take cold when you come out.

If you find that you do not get warm as soon as you are dressed, you may be sure you have staid in the water too long, and your bath has done you more harm than good.

It is a great mistake to think that swimming is a sport solely for men and boys; for not only do those girls who learn to swim enjoy doing so, but it is quite as important for girls to know how to swim as for boys. Nearly every large city is provided with swimming-baths, private and public, where every facility is afforded for swimming and learning to swim. In New York city there are seventeen of these baths, nine of them private, to which a small admission fee is charged, and eight of them public. In the private baths certain compartments are always reserved for women and girls, and the public baths are devoted to their use on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

On the preceding page are a number of sketches made by Mrs. Shepherd in one of the largest of these public baths. Some of the girls who visit these baths become very expert swimmers, and think nothing of taking a flying leap from the roof of the bath-house, swimming the entire length of the bath under the water, and doing other feats that appear very wonderful to the little ones just learning to swim by the aid of lines made fast to their waists.

ENTERING THE WATER.

Enter the water until as deep as your waist, when you can stoop and duck your head and the rest of your body; then advancing until the water reaches to your breast, turn your face toward the shore. This direction is given to increase your confidence, as you must remember that as you advance you are getting into shallower water.

Leaning gradually forward, extend your arms, keeping your hands together sideways, the thumbs close together, and the palms slightly turned from you; and just as your chin touches the surface of the water, draw a long breath, at the same time bringing your hands round toward your sides. If you do this steadily and regularly, you will find your feet leave the bottom, and that you have succeeded in supporting yourself. You may not do this at the first attempt, or even at the second or third; but that will be because your heart has failed you, and you have made the motion too quickly or irregularly.

If you have not yet acquired that perfect confidence necessary to enable you to become a swimmer, you may at first allow one foot to touch the ground; but if you find you can manage without doing so, so much the better.

THE STROKE.

At the same time that you bring your arms back to your sides, you must draw up your legs, and extending your arms again as in the first movement, strike your feet out steadily behind you.

The action of the legs in swimming is most important. The strokes should come from the knees, not from the hips, the feet spreading wide apart, and striking backward and downward, in order to obtain the greatest amount of resistance from the water, and the ankle-joints firm.

When you have learned the stroke with the arms and that with the legs, you are able to swim. Always make your strokes with steadiness, and not too rapidly, taking a fresh breath every time you strike out. After all, you will find hard-and-fast rules on this subject are not of much use, as you will soon naturally breathe at the right time.

SWIMMING ON THE BACK.

In order to swim on your back, you must, of course, first turn over. This is done exactly as you turn in bed. Drop the arm and leg opposite to the side to which you turn, and embrace, as it were, the water with the other. This movement seems very difficult, but it is a perfectly *natural* one, and you have only to obey the impulse of your will in order to perform it.

Having turned over, let your head lie well back, no other part of your body being out of the water, the hands close to the hips, and then strike out with the feet as directed in your first lesson in breast swimming.

In swimming on your back you can use your hands in various ways, as you may desire to go faster or slower. If in no haste, merely paddling with them by the sides of your hips will greatly assist, or you can push them down from the waist toward your thighs, bringing them back edgewise, so as to offer as little resistance as possible to the water. But the greatest speed while swimming on your back is to be attained by stretching both hands as far as possible out of the water behind your head, and bringing them with a rapid sweep edgewise into the water again, opposing your palms to the water, so as to get as great a pressure as possible. You can, of course, at the same time use your legs, though you can progress by the use of your arms alone, but with nothing like the same speed.

RESTING—FLOATING.

In swimming you often want to rest yourself, and this is done by *change of action*. It is surprising the amount of relief a tired swimmer finds by merely changing the manner of progression; the different sets of muscles it brings into play afford ease to those he had hitherto been using; in fact, in long distances this is one way in which a swimmer has moments of rest.

The greatest change is naturally that from vigorous exertion to perfect repose, that is, floating. In order to float, keep your head well back, and straighten your legs, which will naturally drop a little downward; you can either stretch your arms behind your head, or if you are really floating to rest yourself, and not merely trying to lie flat on the water, you can cross them behind your back.

In this latter position they give increased buoyancy to the head and upper part of the body, and you will find it also enable you to breathe more freely, and to look around you.

SIDE SWIMMING.

For a short distance the greatest speed can be attained by swimming on the side.

Start in the usual manner on your breast, and, when off, incline to your right side, presenting that side of your head and that arm to the water, striking out with it to the full extent, the motion of your legs continuing the same as when starting; but your left shoulder being now out of the water, your left arm must be used by being thrown out as far as you can, without stretching, and drawn back as you make your stroke, the hand being hol-

Digitized by Google

lowed; the action is, in fact, that of *pulling* yourself through the water.

If you follow our directions, and keep up your courage, you will have gained such confidence that you will no longer have any dread of the water, and will be able to swim on your face, your back, and your side, as well as to rest yourself by a change from one style to another, or by floating.

[Continued from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 92, August 2.]

A BIT OF FOOLISHNESS.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

PART II.

THE wind suddenly grew very cold, and blew the trees angrily, and turned their leaves the wrong way, until it seemed like a furious storm. It had been still, and the sun had been hot and glaring, but suddenly the air felt like autumn, and our friends looked around every now and then to see the shower chasing them, and covering the hills and woods with heavy white mist. The fragrance of the wet pine woods was very sweet, and the coolness was delightful, but the clouds looked strangely yellow, and as if a great deal of rain would pour out of them presently, while there were flashes of lightning every now and then, and distant thunder began to growl among the mountains.

"It will be here in a few minutes," said Jack, looking at his sister anxiously. "I'm awfully sorry, Alice." And they both hurried; as if by walking fast they could get away from the rain. "And our clothes have all gone to North Conway! how shall we ever get dry?" he added, ruefully; but Alice laughed.

"You know we were all drenched coming home from Gorham that day. It wasn't very bad, and it won't be chilly like this for very long, at any rate."

The first great drops of the rain began to spatter among the leaves, and our friends found the shower at first very refreshing, but when their clothes became so soaked that the weight of them was something surprising, and streams of water began to run along the road, they did not like it so well; but they made the best of it, and laughed heartily, though they were both beginning to feel very tired, and wondered if there would never be an end to the woods. It was growing darker too, and if some one did not drive by before long, it would be most discouraging. Early in the afternoon they had passed several loaded carts, besides pleasure parties that were driving to or from the Glen House, but for some time there had not been a traveller on that part of the road except themselves.

The rain ceased falling; it had been a heavy shower, but luckily it did not last long. They had taken shelter under a great beech-tree when it had become altogether too hard work to walk, and Alice wrung the water out of her skirts as well as she could, and they started on again.

The clouds looked very heavy, and the sunset was a very pale one, and it seemed to be growing dark early. In that deep valley the twilight begins much sooner than out in the open country, and Jack and Alice had lost so much time already that they were a good way from the house they meant to reach by seven o'clock, and just after that time Alice said, despairingly:

"I don't believe I can walk much further, Jack. I'm ashamed to give in, but I don't think I ever was so tired in all my life."

"I'm tired myself," said Jack; "it's the hardest walking I ever did; but I suppose there is nothing to do but to go on. I think it's very odd that it is so long since we have passed anybody."

Alice went on without saying any more for a little while, but at last she sat down by the road-side, while Jack stood at her side and waited uneasily.

"I think we are getting out of the track of the shower," said he. "Suppose we go on a little further, and find a good dry place, and build a camp fire, and get dry and rested at any rate. I begin to feel like an old jelly-fish trying to roll along on his edge."

Alice laughed, and started out again. It was really getting to be drier footing, and the air felt warmer, and it was not long before Jack touched the earth with his hand, and said that he was sure there could be nothing but dew on the ground, and they might as well stop. They listened and listened for the sound of wheels, but even the thrushes had stopped singing, and all they could hear was a brook tumbling over the ledges, and the cry of a hawk or an owl far in the woods.

Jack chose a safe place at the side of a great rock, where there seemed to be no danger of setting the woods on fire. It was so dark they could scarcely see, but they heaped up a pile of pine-needles and dry twigs and birch bark, and it seemed very cheerful when they had lighted it. Jack was delighted because Alice had some little wax matches in the bag he carried on his shoulder, and I think the first flicker of the fire gave a great pleasure to both our friends.

"I'm going to find some larger wood," said Jack, "and then I am going to cook the fish. I shall starve to death. We are like the Babes in the Wood, aren't we? Get as near to the fire as you can, Alice, and you'll soon be dry."

They had a magnificent blaze before very long, and Alice hung her jacket and wet, heavy skirt on stakes beside it. They were in a little open place not far from the road, and Jack began to tell stories of his experiences the summer before when he had been off on a fishing and camping-out excursion with some friends in the Maine woods.

Alice had heard them all before, but they were none the less interesting. She had always wished to camp out herself, and this experience was, after all, a great satisfaction, now that she was a little rested, and was getting dry and comfortable. It was not so bad to be damp even, but she hated the thought of going any further that night.

In the lunch-box there were still some hard crackers and a paper of salt, and after Jack had baked his three trout—and he did not do it badly either, for a guide had taught him once how to wrap them in some leaves and dig a little place in the hot ashes for an oven—they ate their supper, and were as jolly as possible. The fire was a great success; they had gathered all the old dry wood they could find, and at last they were willing to let it go down, for it was growing too hot; the night was warm at any rate. They sat together on the slope and leaned against the rock. The trout had been very good—they only wished there had been more; but they were very comfortable, and they watched the strange shadows the flickering light of the fire made among the trees. They were neither of them a bit afraid, and presently Jack was silent for a few moments, and his sister found that he had gone to sleep.

She would not wake him, she thought; he might sleep a little while just as well as not, and they could go on if they liked an hour later. By that time the moon would be up, too. Alice looked up through the branches at the stars; there was an old hemlock almost overhead that was like a roof, but there seemed to be very little dew falling.

The mosquitoes were beginning to be troublesome, now that the fire was down, and she said to herself that she would get some more wood presently if Jack did not wake—and in three minutes more she was as sound asleep as Jack himself.

Digitized by Google

He waked first; it was late in the night, and the moon was high in the sky. The fire was out, and at first he could not think where he was; but Alice was there, sure enough, and the hemlock-tree, and the rest of the woods. He felt a little stiff and chilly, and he started to his feet to look around, and suddenly he heard two or three roosters crowing, and at that sound he began to laugh.

"Alice! Alice!" said he; and his sister waked quickly, but was even more bewildered at first than he had been.

"I never slept better in my life," she said, sleepily. "There's nothing the matter, is there, Jack? Ought we to go on, do you think? I am as stiff as Rip Van Winkle, and my arm is sound asleep." And she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Will you listen to those old roosters?" asked Jack, going into fits of laughter, and Alice laughed too. "There must be a house close by," he told her, "and we thought we were cast away. I suppose if we had walked ten minutes longer, we must have seen it." And they gathered up their possessions and took the road again. I do not think they cared to take another nap on the ground. Jack said that the mosquitoes had had their Christmas dinner in summer that year, and though he did not confess it, his neck was very stiff, and they both began to sneeze with great energy.

TRYING TO GET DRY.

There was really a small house about an eighth of a mile away, and our friends walked about it and surveyed it in the moonlight. A sleepy little yellow dog appeared and barked at them, and after Jack had pounded at the door for some minutes, some one opened a window and asked what he wanted.

"Can you take two people in for the night?"

"'Deed I can't," said the woman, snappishly. "We don't keep tavern. Young fellows like you better be to home this time o' night. Trampin', I s'pose, ain't ye? The men-folks is all to home here, so ye needn't try to scare me."

"I'm not a tramp," mentioned Jack, with great dignity and politeness. "We started to walk through from the Glen, but the shower stopped us a while, and it got dark, and we didn't know we were near any houses until we heard your roosters crowing. We've been asleep in the woods."

"Oh!" said the woman, in a different tone. And after a minute's meditation, she added: "Well, you kin go into the barn, I s'pose, and sleep on the hay—on your right hand 's you go in; it's new hay. We ain't got a spare bed in the house. I do' know's I kin do any better for ye."

Alice was in the shadow, and at some little distance from the house, and she and Jack laughed as they went to the barn. "She said there was some new hay, didn't she?" Alice asked. And as they laid themselves down in it, it seemed a most luxurious bed. There was an old horse in the barn, who looked at them with astonishment as they opened the door, and the dim light shone in upon him. The dust made Alice sneeze worse than ever, and she watched the moon shining through the cracks of the barn, and after a good while she went to sleep again.

Early in the morning somebody came to the door, and our friends waked unwillingly.

"My good land sakes alive!" said the woman who had talked to them from the window. "Why didn't ye say there was a lady with ye? I looked round for your mate, and I couldn't see nothing o' nobody. I took it for granted ye were two young fellows, and I was all sole alone. My man's gone down to North Conway, and I thought I wouldn't bother to get up and let ye in. Well, I am mortified and ashamed. You should ha' had the best I got. I hope ye ain't got your death o' cold. 'Twas a warm night, though. Wan't ye eat up with 'skeeters? Why hadn't ye spoke, young man?"

"I don't know," said Jack. "I supposed you knew. I didn't think. My sister was right out in the yard there." And they all laughed.

"I'll get ye some breakfast anyway," said the woman, who seemed very good-natured that morning, though she had been so cross the night before. "I've got a nice young fowl picked all ready, and I'll have her fried with a bit o' pork in no time at all. Come into the house now, won't ye?"

Such a breakfast as our friends ate that morning! and such a pleasant ride as they had to North Conway afterward! for Mrs. Dummer, their hostess, was going there to meet her husband, who had gone down some days before. It was too hot, they thought, to walk the rest of the way, and yet there was a fine breeze blowing. I think they were a little tired after their experience the night before, but they were young and strong, and the wetting did not do them a bit of harm after all.

Mrs. Dummer brushed and cleaned Alice's dress for her—at least they did it together. It was blue flannel, and

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE FLOWER MISSIONARY.

made short in the skirt, and so, after it had its crumples taken out by a little ironing, it looked as well as ever.

Mrs. Dummer seemed much excited by their adventures, and she was sorry to part with her guests. She had not been married very long, she said; she had lived at North Conway in a boarding-house for several years, and it was a great deal livelier there in the summertime. She did not know how she was going to like living 'way up in the woods on that lonely farm after cold weather came. But she said, shyly, that "he" was real good company, and that her sister was going to spend part of the winter with her.

"If you would come and stop a while some time, he'd take you off fishing," she told Jack; "he's a great hand to go off for trout." And Jack promised to remember the invitation the next summer.

It seemed an uncommon adventure at the time, and our friends enjoyed it on the whole, only they were sorry afterward they had not walked all the way to North Conway, and poor Jack never has ceased to mourn because nobody can ever know how much his big trout weighed.

THE END.

MOWING.

Into the fields both young and old
With gay hearts went:
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,
All flowers and scent.
And first among them old man Mack,
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—
Two eager boys whose feet kept time
In restless fashion to this rhyme:
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

There are tasks that boys must learn, not found
In any book—
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,
By wood and brook.
When I was young but few could bring
Into the field a cleaner swing;
But you must take my place to-day,
Cut the grass, and scatter the hay.
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

Straight and clean is the only way—
You'll find that out—
In other things than cutting hay,
I make no doubt.
So be sure through the nodding grass
Straight and clean with your scythe to pass;
It is far better than any play
To mow the grass and to toss the hay.
So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

"STRAIGHT AND CLEAN IS THE ONLY WAY."

Digitized by Google

COURBEVOIE (SEINE), FRANCE.

I am a little girl five years old, named Emma. I have lived over a year in France with papa and mamma and my little sister, although we were all born in America. Our home is on the beautiful river Seine, near Paris.

I have already crossed the great Atlantic Ocean three times. My grandpa in America has taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for me since the first number, and my mamma reads many of the stories to us. I have asked mamma to write and tell you some of the sights of every-day life in France. I can neither read nor write myself, but I will tell mamma what to write about, and she will express it better than I could. The French people enjoy living out-of-doors. If they have only a tiny garden no larger than some of our grass-plots in America, they buy an iron table, chairs enough for the family, and perhaps two or three others for relatives or friends who may come to take a meal with them, and then they eat out-of-doors, enjoying themselves around these little tables in the garden more than they would staying in the house.

They are easily pleased, these French people, in the country. In the summer they have many charming fêtes. Every little town or village in France has, at some time during the warm weather, a fête. A convenient piece of land is taken possession of or else rented by the authorities in charge of the fête. They sub-let small portions of the land just large enough for each merchant to erect a table upon, like our tables at fairs in America. The merchants bring their families with them, for the fête lasts several days. They sleep in the large wagons in which they bring their articles for sale, and they set up little stoves, each with a long pipe attached, and there the women cook their meals. The "draught" out-doors is sometimes very troublesome, and the poor women have hard times to prepare their dinners. Each merchant spreads out his array of goods on his table in as tempting a manner as possible, and over each table is arranged a little shed to protect the goods in case of rain.

At these fêtes in the country one meets all the world. There are the doctors, the lawyers, and all the grand people, as much amused and pleased as the laborer in his blue blouse. Besides the tables of goods, there are many funny things to make people laugh. There are balloons sent up in the air—not great balls shaped like immense pears, but made to represent men, women, and little boys and girls. These are colored to show their faces and hair, their bright waists, skirts, or trousers, and then they are inflated with gas and sent off in the air. They look very funny as they float away higher than the houses and trees, like great fat men, women, and children. I have been at fêtes with my mamma, and have seen gentlemen and ladies laughing as merrily as the peasants at these droll balloons. Sometimes, when not properly inflated, they come tumbling down, and then the spectators fairly scream with delight.

At the fêtes, too, they have odd-looking circus tents, where for fifty centimes (ten cents of American money) one can see the poorest circus shows imaginable. There are queer views of all kinds—fires, murders, and earthquakes. These exhibitions may be seen for about three cents.

The other day we saw at a fête a sort of panoramic view of what goes on in a person's stomach after eating salt pork sent from America. The French government is opposed to receiving salt or smoked pork from America, because it is said that trichinæ have been discovered in it. In this exhibition we were shown the stomach as it should be, and the stomach after its owner had eaten American pork. The effect was very startling, the various organs and intestines twisting about in the most bewildering manner possible.

They have wooden horses with women's heads of different nationalities, French, German, African, and Russian. These wooden horses go round very rapidly, a real horse turning the machinery which sets them in motion. You can have a nice ride for two cents, to the music of a hand-organ.

But I shall weary you if I tell you any more. Perhaps I will write again, and describe more of the life of the people who dwell in sunny France.

A. F. H.

FRESNO CITY, CALIFORNIA.

I want to tell you about my little rooster. He is a very pretty brown color, so we call him Brownie; and one of the story-books says that Brownies used to be good to little babies, and that's another reason why we gave him the name. Now I'll tell you what he did to deserve being named after a Brownie. My mamma bought him to eat; but he got away, and the next day hens he came tussing and scratching with five baby chicks—three of them little downy fellows, the other two a little older—with their little tails and wings just growing. He took the best care of those chickens. It was funny to see him. He was only just broiling size himself, but he would ruffle up and try to fight big hens if they came too near. He didn't know how to brood over his babies, but he would sit down and let them snuggle under his wings and feathers the best way they could. He doesn't know how to cluck, either; but he makes his little rooster sounds in the nicest, softest little voice you ever heard. There's one old hen—old Graywhack we call her, because she's gray and whacks all the other chickens—and she's so cross that all the rest are afraid of her, and run away, cocks and all, when she comes up to them. But Brownie doesn't; he hustles up and makes himself as much fuss as she does, and this always, though he gets a whack now and then.

His biggest chicks are big enough to take care of themselves now, and they are so pretty, both little black hens, and we call them Nig and Blackie. The cats killed one while it was little, but he still has two, and takes as good care of them as ever. He is learning to crow first-rate now, though sometimes he squawks awfully.

Mamma reads me all the stories every week, but I like "Toby Tyler" best of all, and I think the man who shot Mr. Stubbs ought to have been very sorry.

My mamma wrote this for me.

MAYNARD D. (6 years old).

I have twenty-five different kinds of birds' wings that I would like to exchange for birds' wings from Florida or California. Also an Indian flint arrow-head and spear-head, iron, copper, and gold ore, white sand from Galveston Bar, Texas, gray sand from Cape Hatteras, sea-shells, barnacles from a wreck, fresh-water shells, etc.; would like to exchange for other minerals, ores, fossils, and petrifactions. Write before exchanging.

I have never walked, being paralyzed in my lower limbs from birth, yet I manage to get around. I have a team of white goats, Billy and Bob. With them I go gunning, and travel sometimes five or six miles. I enjoy fishing and boat-riding. I built myself a little skiff, and called her *Little Eva*, and in this I sail out of the Brandywine into the broad waters of the Delaware, and am often gone for hours. I have lots of fun, although I never took a step in my life. I am always jolly. I have served papers for three years, and make from three to four dollars a week. I did not lose a day last winter; no matter how cold or snowy, my customers would always know that Johnny and his well-known team would be faithful. I will send a photograph of myself and team to editor if desired. J. S. JEFFERIS,

1807 Walnut St., Wilmington, Del.

The picture you give of a brave sunny disposition, which makes the best of things, instead of pining and fretting, is a very attractive one. We hardly need the photograph of yourself and your sturdy team, because your pen has made us see you quite plainly. Still, if you send the photograph, we will be glad to look at it, and it shall be given a place of honor at the head-quarters of the Post-office Box. Never to have taken a step in one's life seems like a great hardship, but instead of moping about it, you have resolved to be as busy, useful, and happy as you can. No wonder your customers wait until you are ready to come along to serve the papers. We are glad you can go for a sail in the skiff, and that you have so many pleasures and resources.

But, Johnny, we are sorry that you shoot the birds, and we fear you do, or else how have you collected so many birds' wings? We wish the little girls who read Our Post-office Box would decide that when they grow up they would wear no wings nor plumes in their hats, and that the boys would all resolve to be bird protectors. If any who read your letter are possessed of pretty feathers or wings, we shall not object to their exchanging with you, but we do not want to think that any poor birds will be deprived of their lives, on purpose, because of this. We are glad to print your letter, birds' wings and all, on account of its manliness, and the lesson it gives us to accept the situation, whatever it is, and do our duty in it cheerfully.

DEGRAAF, OHIO.

I have had YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and have all the numbers except two or three. I liked "Toby Tyler" very much, and if the new story shall be as nice as that was, I for one will be satisfied. I have read a number of Jimmy Brown's stories at my school, and they make everybody laugh. The one about the pig was very funny.

I have a very pretty kitten, but I can not decide what its real name is, for papa calls it one name, mamma another, my sister something else, and I something else still; but it answers to the name Kitten whoever calls. Good-by for this time.

NETTIE E. H.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am so glad to get my dear little paper every week. I liked "The Moral Pirates" ever so much, and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. But dear little Toby Tyler was best of all. I wish we could hear more about him.

MADIE L. F.

I take YOUNG PEOPLE from a news dealer in Jacksonville. I like "Toby Tyler" and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" the best of all the stories.

I live on an orange grove on the St. Johns River. I read the story of Coachy in No. 50, and the letter of Bessie Rathbun in No. 57. I have a Coachy that will eat out of my hand. My brother had one, but she ran away, and we never could find her. We have a little dog named Jetty. She is black and tan. I have a Coachy rooster also.

My little brother has a yellow hen that we raised, and he calls her Greeny. Whenever he tries to catch her, she stops right still till he has her. She always pecks anything he is eating. She used to lay in the house, but she don't now, because we won't let her.

I have a large copper cent of 1818 and one of 1819; also, some Florida moss, water from the St. Johns, and an ounce of soil. I will exchange any of these things for foreign stamps, coins, Indian relics, and curiosities of any kind.

F. C. SAWYER, Beauclerc Bluff, Fla.

WYOMING, ILLINOIS.

This is my second letter to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I have had my first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE bound into a book, and I intend to bind every volume.

I liked "Mildred's Bargain," "Toby Tyler," and "Susie Kingman's Decision" very much, and also think "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" very good.

Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I am very much interested in the colored school at Woodside, North Carolina, and hope to send the children some books.

HATTIE G. S.

WOODSIDE (NEAR LINCOLNTON), NORTH CAROLINA.

KIND FRIENDS AND CHILDREN,—The mail on Saturday, July 16, brought me packages from David Shipman and Fred Tocque, Brooklyn, N. Y., John W. Slattery, New York city, and Belle Wallace, Lucerne, N. Y. Many, many thanks for the books you have sent; thanks, too, for the kind notes and letters that some of you wrote. It would give me great pleasure to see you all, and talk with you. The old numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE will all be new to these children. Dear Fred and Belle's lesson papers are very nice; and oh, how we all wished you could have seen our happy scholars on Sunday, with new books and the bright pretty cards! My children help to teach them, and they were happy too, and were particularly delighted at Pete's little Leonard with a Golden A B C primer; the little fellow almost danced for joy. Uncle Pete was much pleased with the appeal in YOUNG PEOPLE; and when my little daughter read it to him, he kept saying, "Dat's exactly so," with his eyes rolled up so that you could see only the whites, as he always does when very happy.

We hope, from the books that have already come, that the school-house and organ will come too. We want to paint the names of all of you who help, inside the house. It will seem that you are sharing in the good work if your names are in view, and it may be that in the days to come some of you may find your way to this out-of-the-world place, and see the fruits of the dimes you are now saving.

Since I wrote the above, four little packages have come—two unmarked, one from Mary D'Neil, Rochester, N. Y., and one from N. J. Logan, Jun., Logan's Ferry, Penn. Thanks again for kind wishes and helping hands. Thanks, too, to the mamma who wrote that sweet letter, and who used to live not so very far away from here. Pete's Ida is so very happy with a new reader and a "sho'-'nuff" copy-book, as she calls it.

Good-by, dears, for this time.

(MRS.) ALICE RICHARDSON.

NEWTOWN, NEW YORK.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the twenty-third number. I am eleven years old, and began going to school when I was seven, and in the last two years I have not missed a single day. I was promoted to the Fifth Reader the last term. I read "Studying Wasps," from YOUNG PEOPLE, to my class, and they were very much amused. I have had very good teachers, and love them dearly. I have joined the Trinity M. E. Church, and go to Sunday-school. My pastor is the Rev. W. N. Searles, formerly of New York. I have an excellent Sunday-school teacher, and I try to remember what I am taught.

ALBERT J. B.

AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

I accept the office of President of The Young People's Natural History Society, and will do all in my power to make it a success. I am in a dilemma about how long my term of office will extend. As I am only a boy, I have some fears that I may not prove equal to the position, but I will do my best.

In regard to girls, I would say certainly admit them.

The question of money will, perhaps, cause discussion. Some persons think that regular dues should be paid into the treasury every week, or whenever a branch meets; others think that an initiation fee of twenty-five cents should be paid whenever a new member joins. I would advise to charge no dues nor initiation fees whatever. If any necessary expenses occur, they can be met by a personal contribution by any member, or by mutual consent of the members of the special branch it can be settled in any way—except as above—they may deem proper.

To our city members who are now in the mountains or by the sea-side I would say, Keep your eyes open, and find out all you can about what you see, and let us know all about it. To our country members, and those who do not reside in the large cities, I would say, Be especially diligent in finding objects of interest, study them well, and report to us your progress.

Digitized by Google

You can find on the salt-meadows and along the sea-shore the beach pea and the wild bean, and many quaint prickly plants, such as the salt-wort and samphire; there are also the sabbatia, marsh-mallow, and rose-mallow. In the fresh-water swamps and ponds, the swamp milkweed, button-bush, the balsams, cardinal-flower (gorgeous in its red), and near it the great blue lobelia, wild yellow lily, sun-dews, blue veronicas, arrow-heads, pickerel-weeds, sweet-flags, and cat-tails. On the hill-sides and shady ravines, the flaming azaleas, the great laurel, the aromatic winter-green, pine-sap, and the coral-root. In the rocky woodlands there are countless varieties of asters, golden-rods, thoroughworts, and corn-flowers.

There are many other varieties growing all over the land, in the shady glens, in the sunny meadows, or in the forests, and even on the summits of our highest mountains.

In answer to some young folks in the West about grafting rose-bushes, etc., I give below what a prominent pomologist recently told me.

He said that the first thing necessary was a sharp flat-bladed knife, which should be kept for this purpose only. If it does not cut smooth and clean, the two edges will not fit well together. He then cut a graft, having cut off a branch of a bush to correspond; the two were matched as nearly as possible, and bound tightly together by a plaster spread with grafting wax, which can be procured from any farmer or at a seed store. The object of this was to keep the sap in, and to exclude all moisture, which would be sure to cause decay in the wood.

One or two other styles were shown and explained, such as *tongue* and cleft grafting. The graft itself is cut like a wedge, and a cleft made in the centre of the stock, into which the slender point should be fitted closely, and then well covered up with wax. One thing, he said, must always be remembered: the graft must be placed, not in the *centre* of the cleft, but toward one side, so as to cause the inner layers of bark to meet in a line, at least in one place. The reason of this is very plain; for when the sap begins to ascend into the new graft, it will follow this inner bark, and so, in a like manner, the descending sap will soon flow downward to form new wood, and unite firmly with its main stalk. Instead of sending down roots into the ground, as cuttings do, it strikes its forming wood into the stock itself, and soon becomes a part. *Tongue* grafting, or, as some call it, *whip* grafting, is done by making notches in each to correspond as nearly as possible, and is somewhat preferred, because it is likely to hold the two parts more closely together and in their proper places.

In conclusion, if any members of our society would like to have me visit their branch in the vicinity of New York, I shall be happy to do so, and hope that my presence there may make the meeting pleasant and instructive; and that this letter may increase your interest in natural history is the wish of your President,

CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON,
293 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I have been visiting in a place where there were no papers for sale, and therefore I had to wait till yesterday for three numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE. I think that the Natural History Society will be very nice, and I shall at once lay a paper before the Providence society for the collection of coins, stamps, curiosities, and minerals, of which I am president, with a view to including natural history. I am very impatient to hear from "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" for I am much interested in it. I was very nearly drowned, about a week ago, in the river.

I have secured a very few nice stamps to exchange lately, and if you will put my offer into the paper, I will be much obliged. One Persian, two South African Republic, one Nossanggur, one Deccan, one Buenos Ayres, and two United States locals, to exchange for good Indian curiosities, arrow-heads, coins (good ones), stones from noted places, and rare stamps. Please write to arrange exchange.

HOWARD R. GEILD, 101 Waterman St.

BOSTON, *July 27, 1881.*

DEAR "YOUNG PEOPLE,"—My little girl is sorry that many of her exchanges are not yet made. Her list is a very long one, and her stock gave out some time ago, so she has not answered any new correspondents. But she and her papa (I should have put papa first) have a careful list, and this summer they hope to collect curiosities enough to begin new exchanges, as well as to pay all the old debts. I think if some of the mammas knew all I know on this subject, they would—well, they would say, "Bless you, yes; never mind the trouble; it is worth it."

"WAS TOT'S" MAMMA.

Several juvenile collectors of minerals, sea-shells, pressed flowers, Indian curiosities, relics, etc., are organizing a society for the collecting and exchanging of such articles, and as we have not appointed officers yet, we would like to hear from young people who would like to join us. We expect to have members in foreign countries. Could any one mention a nice name for our society?

ROBERT C. MALLY, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

BABYLON, LONG ISLAND.

I thought I would like to tell the boys and girls where I am spending the summer. We have a splendid cool house here in Babylon. I go sailing, rowing, riding, and bathing. The places here are very handsome, and many people have lakes and ponds in their grounds. Two papers are printed here every week. We have a hotel and a horse-car. To-day we set a trap to catch a squirrel. Babylon is on the Great South Bay, where there are all sorts of fishing and splendid sailing; but sometimes we have very heavy squalls, and sometimes we are becalmed. They have just finished the new railroad depot, and we have a large park. There are five churches here, and three of the Sunday-schools have an annual picnic.

I have no pets, except a dear little cunning baby sister, who sings and dances very prettily. I look forward to YOUNG PEOPLE'S arrival every week, for it is very good company. I have a brother, with whom I have great fun boating, and two sisters. We get lovely pond-lilies in the season. They smell so sweet! Summer is the best part of the year.

My father is a captain in the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. I suppose some boys and girls don't know what N. G. S. N. Y. stand for, so I will tell them. Those letters mean National Guard, State of New York. Papa's company is Company B. The armory is a very handsome building, covering a whole square block, and each company has a room of its own. Papa goes to the city of New York every morning. We have spent three summers in Babylon, and are very fond of it. I am twelve years old.

HARRY F. S.

H. H.—COFFEE.—The coffee-tree grows wild in Asia and Africa. It sometimes grows to a great height, but is usually kept down by cutting to about five feet, so that the berries can be easily picked. The plant is raised from the seed, and is set out in the coffee plantations when one year old. It begins to bear when three years old, and continues productive for twenty years. The leaves are evergreen, and the flowers and fruit are often seen upon it at the same time, as, like the fig, it bears several crops during the year. The fruit looks like a cherry, is red or dark purple, sweet, and good to eat. The seeds of the fruit, gathered and dried, produce our coffee beans. Coffee has been used by Oriental nations for ages, but it was introduced into Europe about three hundred years ago. The first coffee-house was opened in London in 1652. A French gentleman, Captain Descliieux, brought the first coffee-plants to America, about one hundred and fifty years ago. He procured them from the Jardin des Plantes (Garden of Plants) in Paris. The sea was rough, and the voyage was long, and finally the crew and passengers were put on an allowance of drinking water; but the good captain divided his with his coffee-trees, and succeeded in bringing one safely to Martinique. All the coffee-plants in America came from that one.

Coffee is grown in Brazil, Java, Sumatra, India, Ceylon, Arabia, Abyssinia, Central America, the West Indies, Venezuela, the United States of Colombia, and Peru. The very best is Mocha, which comes from Arabia; but the next best, which is good enough for epicures, is brought from Java. A good deal of so-called Java coffee, however, comes from Brazil, which raises half the coffee in the world.

Dellie H. Porter writes that her stock of tomahawks is exhausted, and that she received nearly five hundred applications, and of course could not answer them individually. She hopes no one will be offended at her silence.

P. H. Mayer has no more minerals.

L. C. H.—Insert an advertisement of inquiry in the Melbourne papers. You may hear of your brother in that way.

Sammie Risien, Groesbeck, Texas, wishes to hear from Charlie K. S., Lake Eutis, Florida, with regard to the culture of the pine-apple. Please tell him, first, when you plant the pine-apple to produce a crop; second, Can the plants be sent by mail?

S. R.—Carbolic soap will probably alleviate the sufferings of your unfortunate dog. Wash him thoroughly with the soap and tepid water at least once a week. Spratt's soap is sold by dog-fanciers for the purpose of destroying fleas.

JOHN J. H.—Directions for building such a boat as you desire were published in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 23, Vol. I.

Leigh Wilson, Bolckow, Missouri, wishes to know the address of a forgetful correspondent who sent soil and stone in a parlor match box, without name or residence. W. A. Miller, Tarrytown, New York, wishes a similar favor from a correspondent named Elliott.

Nettie Pran, John M. Furman, and H. Jagoe withdraw from our exchange list, their supplies being exhausted.

H. E.—Both new and cancelled stamps are available in a collection. Postmarks are not marks on stamps, but are the marks placed on letters at the post-offices to indicate when they are sent and when received.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Sammie Risien, Lewis A. Storrs, Eddie S. Hequembourg, *Robert R. F.*, J. W. and D. A. S., Susie Howes, "Cinquor," "Tim and Tip," "Venus," Clare Campinan, "School-Boy," "Old King Cole," Lyman Shorey, "Princess Daisy," "Lodestar," "Will O. Tree," *W. R. Githens*, Alice C. Hammond, Bert Fuller, R. N. Pepper, "Cosoet," Mary E. Burchard, Lucila M. Harper.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADE.

My first is what all men require
My second's sell to make;
My whole is what old folks desire
When they their ease would take.

FRANK NELSON.

No. 2.

DIAMOND.

1. Indispensable in boxing. 2. A wooden pin used on board a ship. 3. Surfaces, or planes. 4. Something which is becoming very popular. 5. To waste away. 6. Crafty or cunning. 7. Found in a store, but not in a shop.

CINQUOR.

No. 3.

CHARADE—(*To Douglas*).

My first around the world doth glide
Within my second's roomy side;
My whole a useful thing is reckoned,
Though seldom first, and often second.

NORTH STAR.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first in fair veranda is, but not in narrow porch.
My second's in a burning lamp, not in a flaming torch.
My third you find in garments new, and not in fabrics old.
My fourth in any daring crew, and also with the bold.
My fifth is in the tame and soft, not in the rough and wild.
My sixth is in the mother good, not in the naughty child.
My seventh's in the bonny boat, not in the glancing oar.
My eighth is in the little grain, and is not found in more.
My ninth is in the tender flute, not in the noisy horn.
My tenth is in the current red, not in the ripened corn.
My whole, a name of ringing sound,
Is heard wherever wheels go round—
A railway man, whose fame, 'tis clear,
Has filled our Western hemisphere. W. SQUEEZER.

No. 5.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

One of the Territories of the United States. A river in France. A tarrying-place on a journey. A letter. A vegetable product. A mountain in Asia. A peninsula in the southern part of North America. Centrals read downward spell the name of another of the Territories.

JESSIE A. ALBA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 90.

No. 1.

```
      C          S
     M O P      O L D
   C O M E T  S L O O P
     P E T      D O G
       T          P
```

No. 2. Money.

No. 3. By hammer and hand all arts do stand.

No. 4.

```
C O M E   E B R O
O R A L   B A I T
M A I L   R I O T
E L L A   O T T O
```

No. 5. 1. Cord. 2. Dark. 3. Cart. 4. Trap. 5. Flat. 6. Atom. 7. Hare. 8. Tint. 9. Spar. 10. Corn. Zigzags.—Carpathian.

(*For exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

SINGLE COPIES, 4 cents; ONE SUBSCRIPTION, one year, $1 50; FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS, one year, $7 00—*payable in advance, postage free.*

The Volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE commence with the first Number in November of each year.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber desires to commence with the Number issued after the receipt of the order.

Remittances should be made by POST-OFFICE MONEY-ORDER or DRAFT, to avoid risk of loss.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Digitized by Google

TOO MUCH CHICKEN.

CHARADE.

BY BONBON.

My first is under lock and key,
And often kept in chancery,
Or in a prison-house maybe.

My second, you will find, is made
In every style, of every shade,
And gracefully on forms displayed.

My second in my whole may be
Retained with great security,
If in my first you turn the key.

A PERSONATION: WHAT AM I?

I LAY imbedded in a cavern, struggling faithfully for days, weeks, and even months, to see the light. I was rewarded for my perseverance one day by coming in contact with a hard object, which shone brightly, and made a ringing sound. Instantly I heard loud laughter, as though my appearance was very welcome. Presently I felt a soft, damp substance touch me, which at first surprised me very much; but as I found it was a near neighbor, I soon became acquainted with it.

As soon as I had grown large enough to be useful, I was washed every morning, and properly taken care of, for which I repaid my owner by making myself as useful as possible. I had the bitter as well as the sweets of life, but it was not until my later years that I knew what it was to really suffer.

I was one day attending to my duty, when I experienced a shocking and most acute pain, which so affected my mistress that she immediately took me to a very kind man, who relieved me of the cause of my trouble. It was found that I had become somewhat discolored from frequent use, so the physician had to attend to me several times. At last he succeeded in restoring my health, which resulted in lengthening my days; and though rather aged, my owner still considers me of great use.

MUD BOWS.

THERE is a form of archery in the Madras Presidency, in India, which is popular with young British officers. The bows have two strings, with a connecting patch in the middle. The missiles are *goleas*, or balls of sun-dried clay, a heap of which is dutifully provided every day by the *malees*, or gardeners. The targets are usually crows, hawkers, or other objectionable natives, or fragile and inexpensive earthen pots. Experts attain surprising range and accuracy with these rude contrivances. Novices are apt to smash or grievously bruise their left thumbs with the projectile on its discharge, no little skill being required to direct it clear of the wooden part of the bow.

FAGOTS.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

DISENTANGLE the lines composing the bunch of Fagots, Fig. 1, trace each of them carefully upon a piece of card-board, cut these into the general shapes of the lines drawn upon them (see Fig. 2, which represents a bit of card-board with a fagot drawn upon it), and arrange them so that the "fagots" will form an outline drawing of an animal.

THEN AND NOW.

BY W. T. PETERS.

WHEN skies were overflowing,
When noisy winds were blowing,
And all the land was cold,
We went abroad, scarce knowing
That dandelions were growing
In gay rosettes of gold.

But when the skies were bluer,
And all the land looked newer
And lovelier for the rain,
When every cloud was banished,
The dandelions then vanished,
And but their ghosts remain.

"It's getting awful! Been sitting here all morning, and only caught a lot of little good-for-nothings."

"Hi! that was a good nibble."

Caught!

[MORAL: *Small boys should be satisfied with small fish.*

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 94. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, August 16, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"UNHAPPY."—From a Painting by Greuse.

Digitized by Google

HOW A BUOY SAVED THE BOYS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was one fine morning in early summer that Sam Finney rose a full hour earlier than usual, quickly disposed of his breakfast, hurried through his chores, and then hastened off down the main street of the village to the steamboat dock.

Here he seated himself atop of a pile, and watched for the appearance of the *Laura Pearl*, the "favorite steamer" that formed the principal connecting link between the quietness and oysters of Fair Farms and the hustle and markets of the city.

As a general thing, Sam did not take much interest in the arrival of the *Laura*, as she was familiarly called; but to-day she was to bring with her Tom Van Daunton and his new row-boat.

Now Tom was a city boy, and had only passed one summer at Fair Farms; still, that was long enough to allow of his becoming the most intimate friend of Sam, who had lived in the little village all the twelve years of his life. Together the two had rowed, crabbed, fished, and fallen overboard to their hearts' content, the only drawback to their complete happiness consisting in the fact that they had never had a boat exactly suited to their wants. Sam's father, to be sure, owned two or three, but all were used by his older brothers for clamming and oystering, while the Van Dauntons' Whitehall was very safe and pretty, but altogether too large for two boys not yet in their teens.

Nevertheless, as has been said, the lads managed to enjoy themselves immensely: and now that Tom's father had given him as a birthday present a sum of money with which to have a boat built for his own use, there seemed to be no limit to the good times ahead.

Tom had promptly hastened to inform his friend by letter of the luck they were in, asking at the same time for suggestions as to the sort, size, and color of the prospective craft.

And now it was all finished, and to-day the Van Dauntons, and Tom, and the boat were expected at the pretty little Swiss cottage on the river-bank, which was just across the road from the Finney farm.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! Here she comes!" sung out Sam, as the *Laura Pearl* shot into view from behind the point; and he waved his hat with such energy that he nearly fell off the top of the pile on the back of a big hard-shell crab that was clinging to the bottom of it.

He saved himself, however, and as the *Laura* ran up alongside, dexterously caught her stern line, and placed it over the post.

"Bravo! well done!" shouted somebody from the upper deck, and there was young Van Daunton, looking a little pale after his winter in the city, but just as good-natured as ever, while at his feet lay the *Breeze*, the wonderful new, oiled, cedar boat, fifteen feet long, rather narrow, yet very trim, and with seats for four persons.

The *Breeze* was carefully lifted down, and placed on the wharf, from whence she was launched that very afternoon, with her two pretty flags flying fore and aft, and an admiring crowd of fishers and crabbers as spectators.

And all summer long the boys' interest in the boat never lessened; for when they became tired of rowing for rowing's sake, they pretended the *Breeze* was a steamboat, with Tom and Sam taking turns as Captain and Engineer, while little Vincent, as passenger, cheerfully consented to be picked up and set down anywhere on the route, as long as there was plenty of sand for him to play in.

With this new idea in their heads, the lads had rigged up a bell under one of the forward seats, which was connected with the stern, where the Captain steered, by a string, and by this means all directions as to stopping and starting were given precisely as on the *Laura Pearl* or any other steam vessel.

It was one afternoon late in the season that the boys determined to venture upon a more extended trip than any they had hitherto undertaken.

"'Twould be great fun to cruise along the bay shore, with land on only one side of us." It was Sam who spoke, and thus suggested the voyage, as he had afterward good cause to remember. "We might leave Vin in one of the little coves there, and then steer out toward the sea. What do you say, Captain?"—for it happened to be Tom's turn at the "wheel."

What could the latter say but that he was of the same mind? And as the day was fine, it was decided to put the brilliant idea into effect without delay; for around the point to the bay shore and back was no trifling distance, and it was already past one.

"Lucky the tide's with us," remarked Sam, as he answered the bell by pushing off and rowing leisurely down stream.

"But it's pretty near low water now, so you'll have to hurry up if you want it to help you all the way;" and Tom cast a nautical eye shoreward to see how great an extent of snails was exposed.

The *Breeze* was, as Sam had predicted, a very easy-going boat, and now, propelled by his strong young arms, and aided materially by the outflowing tide, she went along at such a rate as to create quite a strong namesake of hers in the heated air, which blew refreshingly in Tom's face as he guided his craft through the windings of the Leafie channel.

And now they had rounded the point, and the wide expanse of the bay, stretching far off to the city on the one side, and to the ocean on the other, was before them.

"Oh dear! how hot I am!" said Vin, eying with envy a clump of stunted cedars that grew close to the shore on their left.

"So am I," returned his brother; "but duty calls us to explore still further these watery wastes, so we'll just set you down here, where you can amuse yourself by making railroads in the sand till we come back." And as he spoke, Tom pulled on his left tiller-rope, and then gave Chief Engineer Finney the signal to slow up, as they ran into a convenient little cove.

Vin lost no time in getting out and seeking the scanty shade which the trees afforded, and then the two "big boys" pushed off again, promising to call for their passenger in about half an hour.

"And now for the 'bright blue sea,'" cried Tom, as he turned the *Breeze's* bow in the direction of Europe.

Further and further in the rear the clump of cedars was left, and still the sandy cape that marked the division between sea and river appeared as far away as ever. Finally Tom, losing patience at their seemingly slow progress, took one of Sam's oars, and together the two made the boat fly through the water.

But if the Captain had remained at his post in the stern a little while longer, he would have noticed something ahead that might have led him to turn around and hasten back instead of hurrying onward. That something was what at first seemed to be merely a harmless white cloud rising out of the ocean, but which grew ever larger and larger as it advanced toward the land.

And still the boys, eager to pass beyond the line of breakers on their right, wasted not an instant in turning round to look before them, until at last they gained their point, left the white-capped billows behind them, and the next moment awoke to the fact that they were completely enveloped in the densest fog. Where but a few seconds previous all had been bright and beautiful, there was now naught apparent but the heavy curtain of mist, blotting out the blue of sea and sky and all the glorious sunshine.

Digitized by Google

For half a minute the boys were so amazed that they just sat and stared mutely at as much as they could see of one another; and then, with the single cry of "Vin!" Tom splashed his oar into the water, and began to row the boat around. But in which direction should he head it? Where was the clump of cedars now? or where, in fact, was anything but fog, thick and penetrating, shrouding everything?

"Oh, Sam, what shall we do?—which way shall we go?" exclaimed poor Tom, for an instant losing his wonted courage and hopefulness as he thought of his ten-year-old brother off there alone on that barren beach waiting and watching for them to come back for him.

"Maybe the fog 'll lift soon," replied Sam. "They don't generally last long this time of year." And the lad endeavored to speak cheerfully, although his heart beat fast and loud, for was it not he that had first proposed the foolish expedition?

"But I can't sit here, and do nothing but wait. It's too awful. Oh, if we only had a compass!" And Tom gazed out into the mists about him as if determined to pierce through their heavy folds.

At that moment a sharp, short whistle was sounded disagreeably close at hand, and served to add a new terror to the situation. A vessel might run them down.

"Quick! the bell!" shouted Sam; and snatching up the string, he rang it at regular intervals all through the terrible hours that followed.

Meanwhile Tom, unable to remain quiet, had caught up the other oar, and begun pulling in the direction of—he knew not where. Presently a splashing sound of wheels was heard, then the whistle's shrill note of warning, and the next instant the *Breeze* was tossed to and fro like a cork in the swell of a passing steamer.

The boys grew pale as they realized the extremity of their danger, and clutched the sides of the boat to save themselves from being thrown out.

And yet they were quite helpless. Even little Vin, alone there on that deserted shore, was to be envied, for he was at least in temporary security.

Tom still rowed slowly on, while Sam strained his eyes to the utmost, and kept up the monotonous ringing of the bell. Neither of the lads said much; but the expression of Tom's face, although all its usual bright color had left it, showed that he was determined to bear up bravely to the end, whatever that might be.

The water still remained quite smooth; even the long easy swells were growing less and less noticeable, and the boys were beginning to hope that they were at least headed for the shore, when—thump went the boat into a great black object, and both gave themselves up for lost.

"It's a ship," thought Tom, momentarily expecting the dark waters to close over his head.

"Help! help! We've run into a steamer!" cried Sam, tugging away in a crazy fashion at the bell-cord.

But, as it turned out, the great black object was neither a ship nor a steamer, but a huge buoy, and instead of being lost, the lads were saved; for, attaching themselves to this marker of shoals, they were out of the course of vessels, and all that was necessary for them to do was to wait.

And this they did patiently, although it proved a hard task, with the thought of Vin all alone there on that distant beach. Sam kept up the sounding of the bell, for it was a sort of company for them, while Tom counted the minutes on his watch until it grew to be after five, when a faint glimmering became perceptible through the mist, and gradually the fog lifted and rolled away.

And now where did the young mariners find themselves? Why, half way up the bay in the direction of the city, and a long pull they had of it back to the clump of cedars.

But on arriving here no Vin was to be seen, and the boys were beginning to grow quite desperate in their anxiety, when Sam stumbled upon the following, written in the sand:

"Don't worry about me. I am going to walk home by the bridge at Leafic. VIN."

"It's a good four miles," said Tom, "and I know he's never been over the road."

But when they came in sight of the Van Dauntons' wharf, there was Vin on the end of it, anxiously looking out for them.

ABOUT POISON-IVY.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

AT this season of the year, when so many of our young folks are gathering wild flowers, ferns, berries, leaves, and mosses in the woods and along the hedges, I can not think of a more useful lesson in wood and field botany than that which teaches how to know and distinguish two of the most poisonous vegetable substances to be met with in the woods. I mean the poison-ivy, poison-oak, and mercury-vine, which are the common names for one and the same vine, found climbing up the trunks of trees, on rail, board, and stone fences, over rocks and bushes, in waste lands and meadows. In fact, everywhere and anywhere it can secure a foot of ground, no matter how poor, or how much exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, this wretched vine prospers, happy and contented to spread out its poisonous arms hidden beneath its glossy and graceful foliage. In Fig. 1 is shown a close study from nature of a specimen growing at the west end of Coney Island, where it is to be found in abundance between the highest sand-dunes on the north and south sides of the island. Here when the ivy has a chance to climb up a tree or bush, up it goes, throwing out its aerial rootlets in all directions. But when growing away from any support, in the sand which is being constantly displaced by the strong ocean winds, it then grows stout, erect, and bush-like. Under these peculiar circumstances of growth it has received the name of poison-oak, and was supposed by many botanists to be a separate variety, though in fact the poison ivy and oak are one and the same thing. When the stem of the poison-ivy is wounded, a milky juice issues from the wound. The leaves, after being separated from the vine, turn black when exposed to the air.

The stem of the vine is nearly smooth in texture; the aerial rootlets (Fig. 1, A A A), which start from all parts of the stem, are of a bright brown color when young. The masses of berries when unripe are of a light green color; when ripe, of an ashen gray. Below the mass of this year's berries are generally to be found those of last year. The leaf has a smooth and somewhat shiny texture, and curves downward from the midrib. To many people the slightest contact with the leaves of the ivy will produce poisoning. I have known of instances where persons in passing masses of ivy-vine, particularly when the wind was blowing from the vine toward the passer-by, became severely poisoned. One of our most beautiful native vines, the so-called Virginia creeper, which frequently grows side by side with the ivy, is often mistaken for it, and blamed for the evil doings of its neighbor, and yet is so innocent and beautiful a vine that I have figured it in full fruit (Fig. 2). The Virginia creeper has a leaf consisting of five lobes, which are distinctly notched, and which curve upward from the midrib. Instead of aerial rootlets like the ivy, it has stout tendrils more or less twisted and curled, often assuming the form of a spiral spring. These tendrils are provided with a disk by means of which an attachment is made to any object within reach (see Fig. 2, B B).

The stem has the appearance of being jointed. The

Digitized by Google

FIG. 1.—POISON-IVY.

berries are large and grape-like in the form of the cluster, and when ripe are of a deep blue color, with heavy bloom. In the fall of the year the leaves turn to a deep red and brownish-red color.

The poison-sumac, swamp-sumac, or dogwood (Fig. 3) is ten times more severe in its poisoning qualities than the poison-ivy. It grows from six to ten feet in height, in low marshy grounds. The berries are smooth, white, or dun-colored, and in form and size closely resemble those of the ivy.

FIG. 2.—VIRGINIA CREEPER.

This sumac is terrible in its effects, often causing temporary blindness. Some years ago it became the fashion to wear immense wreaths and bunches of artificial flowers inside and outside of ladies' bonnets. The flower-makers, being hard pressed for material, made use of dried grasses, seed-vessels, burrs, and catkins; these were painted, dyed, frosted, and bronzed to make them attractive. I became greatly interested in the business and the ingenuity displayed, and spent much time examining the contents of milliners' windows. On one occasion when standing before a very fashionable milliner's window on Fourteenth Street, I was horror-stricken on discovering that an immense wreath of grayish berries which constituted the inside trimming of a bonnet was composed entirely of the berries of the poison-sumac, just as they had been gathered, not a particle of varnish, bronze, or other material coating them. The bonnet, when worn, would bring this entire mass of villainous berries on the top and sides of the head, and a few of the sprays about the ears and on the forehead. Stepping into the store, I ad-

FIG. 3.—POISON-SUMAC.

dressed the proprietor, and asked her if she knew that the bonnet was trimmed with the berries of one of the most poisonous shrubs known in the United States. After staring at me in a sort of puzzled way, she informed me that I was mistaken; that she had received those flowers from Paris only a week ago.

"Madam," I replied, "there must be a mistake somewhere, for those are the berries of the poison-sumac, which does not grow in Europe."

She gave me one angry look, asked me to please attend to my own business, and swept away from me to the other end of the store.

A few days after this I read in the daily papers an account of the poisoning of a number of small girls employed in a French artificial flower manufactory in Greene Street. I at once guessed the cause. I visited the factory mentioned, introduced myself to the proprietor, told him what I knew about the poison berries—and was rudely requested to make myself scarce. After these two adventures I made up my mind to keep my botanical knowledge (poisonous though it might be) to myself.

Digitized by Google

When in the army I came across a very curious case of poisoning with swamp-sumac and poison-ivy. A creature having the form of a human being, and wearing the uniform of a soldier, was found in a solitary tent, which was pitched in an abandoned and desolated plantation. This creature's body had the appearance of having been scalded, and his eyesight was nearly gone; in fact, we were afraid to touch him, fearing that he had some terribly infectious disease. But why was he there, alone and deserted?—not even a sanitary guard over him to prevent all communication except by the doctors. He did not seem to care to talk much about himself or his situation, or state why his comrades had left him there to die. Being on the march, all we could do was to leave him extra rations, water, and tobacco. But we afterward learned from members of his regiment that to avoid duty and an engagement he had poisoned himself by building a fire of green poison-ivy and swamp-sumac, and had actually submitted himself to a vapor-bath of these two poisonous materials. He was a professional bounty-jumper, and had taken this means to get out of the army. He was never heard of afterward, as he fell into the hands of the enemy where his comrades left him.

When poisoned with ivy or sumac (they are all sumacs), if time and cooling medicines are taken, the poison will slowly exhaust itself; but it is a tedious and slow operation. A cure which is in use with the Indians of California and the Territories is to eat a few of the leaves after the poison has made its appearance on the skin. The Editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE tells me that he has tried this method, and that in his case it effected a complete cure within twelve hours.

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

TIP'S INTRODUCTION TO MRS. SIMPSON.

ON the following morning Tim and Sam were awakened very suddenly by a confused noise which appeared to come from the kitchen below, and which could not have been greater had a party of boys been engaged in a game of leap-frog there.

A woman's screams were heard amid the crashing of furniture as it was overturned, the breaking of crockery, and the sounds of scurryings to and fro, while high above all came at irregular intervals the yelp of a dog.

This last sound caused Tim the greatest fear. A hasty glance around the room had shown him that Tip, who had been peacefully curled up on the outside of the bed when he last remembered anything, was no longer to be seen; and without knowing how it could have happened, he was sure it was none other than his pet who was uttering those cries of distress.

In a few moments more he learned that he was not mistaken, for Tip rushed into the room, his tongue hanging out, his stub of a tail sticking straight up, and looking generally as though he had been having a hard time of it.

Before Tim, who had at once leaped out of bed, could comfort his pet, a voice, sounding as if its owner was sadly out of breath, was heard crying, "Sam! Sam! Sammy!"

"What, marm?" replied Sam, who lay quaking with fear, and repenting the fact that his desire for candy had led him into what looked very much like a bad scrape.

"Did a dog just come into your room?"

"Yes, marm."

"Throw something at him, and drive him out."

For an instant Sam clutched the pillow as if he would obey the command; but Tim had his arms around Tip's neck, ready to save him from any injury, even if he was obliged to suffer himself.

"Why don't you drive him out?" cried Mrs. Simpson, after she had vainly waited to hear the sound of her son's battle with the animal.

"Why—why—why—" stammered Sam, at a loss to know what to say, and trembling with fear.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"No, marm," was the faltering reply.

"Then why don't you do as I tell you?"

"Why—why, Tim won't let me," cried Sam, now so frightened that he hardly knew what he did say.

"Why, what's the matter with the boy?" Tim heard the good woman say; and then the sound of rapid footsteps on the stairs told that she was coming to make a personal investigation.

Sam, in a tremor of fear, rolled over on his face, and buried his head in the pillow, as if by such a course he could shelter himself from the storm he expected was about to break upon him.

Tim was crouching in the middle of the floor, his face close down to Tip's nose, and his arms clasped so tightly around the dog's neck that it seemed as if he would choke him.

That was the scene Mrs. Simpson looked in upon after she had been nearly frightened out of her senses by a strange dog while she was cooking breakfast. She had tried to turn the intruder out of doors, but he, thinking she wanted to play with him, had acted in such a strange and at the same time familiar manner that she had become afraid, and the confusion that had awakened the boys had been caused by both, when neither knew exactly what to do.

Mrs. Simpson stood at the room door looking in a moment before she could speak, and then she asked, "What is the meaning of this, Samuel?"

Sam made no reply, but buried his face deeper in the pillows, while the ominous shaking of his fat body told

AFTER VISITING THE FROGS HOME.

Digitized by Google

that he was getting ready to cry in advance of the whipping he expected to receive.

"Who is this boy?" asked the lady, finding that her first question was likely to receive no reply.

Sam made no sign of life, and Tim, knowing that something must be said at once, replied, piteously, "Please, ma'am, it's only me an' Tip."

Sam's face was still buried in the pillows; but the trembling had ceased, as if he was anxious to learn whether his companion could free himself from the position into which he had been led.

"Who are you, and how did you come here?" asked Mrs. Simpson, wonderingly.

Tim turned toward the bed as if he expected Sam would answer that question; but that young man made no sign that he had even heard it, and Tim was obliged to tell the story.

"I'm only Tim Babbige, an' this is Tip. We was tryin' to find a place to sleep last night, when we met Sam, an' ufter we'd found the cow we went down to the store an' bought some candy, an' when we come back Sam was goin' to ask you to let me sleep in the barn, but you was in bed; so he said it was all right for me to come up here un' sleep with him. I'm awful sorry I did it, an' sorry Tip acted so bad; but if you won't scold, we'll go right straight away."

Mrs. Simpson was by no means a hard-hearted woman, and the boy's explanation, as well as his piteous way of making it, caused her to feel kindly disposed toward him. She asked him about himself; and by the time he had finished telling of the death of his parents, the cruel treatment he had received from Captain and Mrs. Babbige, and of his desperate attempt at bettering his condition, her womanly heart had a great deal of sympathy in it for him.

Then Tim added, as if it was the last of his pitiful story, "Me an' Tip ain't got anybody who cares for us but each other, an' if we don't get a chance to work, so's we can get some place to live, I don't know what we will do." Then he laid his head on the dog's nose, and cried as though his little heart was breaking, while Tip set up a series of most doleful howls.

"You poor child," said the good woman, kindly, "you're not large enough to work for your living, and I don't know what Mr. Simpson will say to your being here very long; but you shall stay till we see what can be done for you, whatever he says. Now don't cry any more, but dress yourself, und come down stairs, and help me clean up the litter the dog and I made. Sam, you lazy boy," she added, as she turned toward her half-concealed son, "get up and dress yourself. You ought to be ashamed for not telling me last night what you were about."

Then patting Tim on the head, the good woman went down stairs to attend to her household duties.

As soon as the sound of the closing door told that his mother had left the room, Sam rolled out of bed, much as a duck gets out of her nest, and said, triumphantly, to Tim, who was busy dressing, "Well, we got out of that scrape all right, didn't we?"

Tim looked up at him reproachfully, remembering Sam's silence when the affair looked so dark· but he contented himself with simply saying, "Yes, it's all right till we see what your father will say about it."

"Oh, he won't say anything, so long as mother don't," was the confident reply; and the conversation was broken there by Tim going down stairs to help Mrs. Simpson in repairing the damage done by Tip.

Before he had been helping her very long, he showed himself so apt at such work that she asked, "How does it happen that you are so handy at such things?"

"I don't know," replied Tim, bashfully, "'cept that Aunt Betsey always made me help her in the kitchen; an' I s'pose it comes handy for a feller to do what he must do."

By the time Sam came down stairs the kitchen presented its usual neat appearance, and he was disposed to make light of his mother's fright; but she soon changed his joy to grief by telling him to go to the spring for a pail of water.

Now if there was one thing more than another which Sam disliked to do, it was to bring water from the spring. The distance was long, and he believed it was unhealthy for him to lift as much weight as that contained in a ten-quart pail of water. As usual, he began to make a variety of excuses, chief among which was the one that the water brought the night before was as cool and fresh as any that could be found in the spring.

Tim, anxious to make himself useful in any way, offered to go; and then Sam was perfectly willing to point out the spring, and to generally superintend the job.

"Tim may go to help you," said Mrs. Simpson, "but you are not to let him do all the work."

Sam muttered something which his mother understood to mean that he would obey her, and the boys left the house, going through the grove of pine-trees that bordered quite a little pond, at one side of which, sunk deep in the earth, was a hogshead, into which the water bubbled and flowed from its bed under the ground.

But Sam was far more interested in pointing out objects of interest to himself than in leading the way to the spring. He showed Tim the very hole where he had captured a woodchuck alive, called his attention to a tree in which he was certain a family of squirrels had their home, and enlarged upon the merits of certain kinds of traps best calculated to deceive the bushy-tailed beauties.

Tim did not fancy this idea of idling when there was work to be done; and as soon as he saw the spring, he hurried off, in the middle of a story Sam was telling about a rabbit he caught the previous winter.

"What's the use of bein' in such a rush?" asked Sam, as, obliged to end his story, he ran after Tim. "Mother don't want the water till breakfast's ready, an' that won't be for a good while yet. Jest come over on this side the pond, an' I'll show you the biggest frog you ever saw in your life, that is, if he's got out of bed yet."

"Let's get the water first, an' then we can come back an' see everything," said Tim, as he hurried on.

"But jest come down here a minute, while I see if I can poke him out of his hole," urged Sam, as he picked up a stick, and started for the frog's home.

Tim paid no attention to him; he had been sent for water, and he did not intend to waste any time until that work had been done. He leaned over the side of the hogshead to lower the pail in, when Sam shouted, "Come here; I've found him."

But Tim went on with his work; and just as he had filled the pail, and was drawing it up, he heard a cry of fear, accompanied by a furious splashing, which he knew could not come from a frog, however large he might be.

Dropping his pail, at the risk of having it sink beyond his reach, he looked up just in time to see a pair of very fat legs sticking above the water at that point where the frog was supposed to reside, and to hear a gurgling sound, as if the owner of the legs was strangling.

For a single moment Tim was at a loss to account for the disappearance of Sam, and the sudden appearance of those legs; but by seeing Tip run toward the spot, barking furiously, and by seeing the stick which was to have disturbed the frog in his morning nap floating on the water, he understood that Sam had fallen into the pond, without having had half so much fun with the frog as he expected.

Tim, now thoroughly frightened, ran quickly toward his unfortunate companion, calling loudly for help.

When he reached the bank from which Sam had slipped, the legs were still sticking straight up in the air, showing that their owner's head had stuck fast in the mud.

Digitized by Google

By holding on to the bushes with one hand, and stretching out the other, he succeeded in getting hold of Sam's trousers, at which he struggled and pulled with all his strength. Although it could hardly be expected that so slight a boy as Tim could do very much toward handling so heavy a body as Sam's, he did succeed in freeing him from the mud, and in pulling him to the surface of the water.

After nearly five minutes of hard work, during which Tip did all he could to help, Tim succeeded in pulling the fat boy into more shallow water, where he managed to get on to his feet again.

A mournful-looking picture he made as he stood on the bank, with the water running from every point of his clothing, while the black mud in which he had been stuck formed a cap for his head, and portions of it ran down over his face, striping him as decidedly as ever fancy painted an Indian.

He was a perfect picture of fat woe and dirt, and if he had not been in such peril a few moments before, Tim would have laughed outright.

He was evidently trying to say something, for he kept gasping for breath, and each time he opened his mouth it was filled with the mud and water that ran from his hair.

"What is the matter?" asked Tim, anxiously. "Are you hurt much?"

"No—no," gasped Sam; "but—but I saw the frog."

This time Tim did not try to restrain his mirth, and when Mrs. Simpson, who had been startled by Tim's cries for help, arrived on the spot, she found nothing very alarming.

Master Sam received a severe shaking, and was led away to be cleaned, while Tim and Tip were left to attend to the work of bringing the water.

At breakfast, where Sam ate so heartily that it was evident he had not been injured by his bath, the question of what should be done about allowing Tim to remain was discussed by Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.

The farmer said that a boy as small as he could not earn his salt, and it would be better for him to try to find a family who had no boys of their own, or go back to Captain Babbige, where he belonged. He argued, while Tim listened in fear, that it was wrong to encourage boys to run away from their lawful protectors, and was inclined to make light of the suffering Tim had told about.

Fortunately for the runaway, Mrs. Simpson believed his story entirely, and would not listen to any proposition to send him back to Selman. The result of the matter was that Mr. Simpson agreed to allow him to remain there a few days, but with the distinct understanding that his stay must be short.

This was even more than the homeless boy had expected, and he appeared so thankful and delighted at the unwilling consent, that the farmer began to think perhaps there was more to him than appeared on the surface, although he still remained firm in his decision that he was to leave the farm as soon as possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

V.

CEYLON.

IN 1857, the first postage stamp was issued in Ceylon. The design was the head of Victoria, to the left, in a circular medallion, printed in lilac, and was of the value of one halfpenny. This solitary stamp was soon after followed by a more extensive series, consisting of the following values and colors: 1*d.*, blue; 2*d.*, green; 4*d.*, red; 5*d.*, red-brown; 6*d.*, brown-violet; 8*d.*, maroon; 9*d.*, brown-violet; 10*d.*, vermilion; 1*s.*, lilac-blue; 1*s.* 9*d.*, green; 2*s.*, blue. The general design was the head of Victoria, to the left, on an oval disk, the frame-work varying in some of the values.

These stamps were all unperforated, that is, not separated by little round holes, and except the ½ *d.*, were printed on paper having a star as a water-mark in the paper, a star being on each stamp in the sheet.

In 1861, perforation of the sheets was introduced, and we find all the values named above, except the ½*d.* and the 1*s.* 9*d.*, perforated, with no change in the color. In 1863, the ½*d.*, 6*d.*, 9*d.*, and 1*s.*, printed without water-mark, were perforated. In 1864, all the values thus far enumerated, excepting the 1*s.* 9*d.*, were printed on paper with water-mark CC and crown—Crown Colony. In 1867, the 2*d.* was printed in yellow, the 5*d.* in green, and the 10*d.* in orange, and a 3*d.* of new design, printed in rose, was introduced. In 1869, the 1*d.* stamp appeared in a new dress.

In 1872, the rupee became the sole standard of value, with decimal subdivisions. The rupee was divided into 100 cents, the cent of Ceylon being nearly equal to one-half cent of our money. In conformity with this change of currency, an entirely new issue of stamps took place. The general design was as formerly, the frame-work of each stamp differing in details. The values and colors are: 2*c.*, bistre; 4*c.*, gray-blue; 8*c.*, yellow; 16*c.*, lilac; 24*c.*, green; 36*c.*, blue; 48*c.*, rose; 96*c.*, gray-green. Later, the series was supplemented by three additional values—34*c.*, 64*c.*, and 2*r.* 50*c.*

For official purposes some of the values had the word "Service" printed upon them. The values so utilized were 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 1*s.*, and 2*s.*

In 1861, a series of stamped envelopes of exquisite design was put in circulation. The colors corresponded to the colors of the adhesives, and were of the following values: 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 4*d.*, 5*d.*, 6*d.*, 8*d.*, 9*d.*, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.* These envelopes were afterward suppressed, and a single value, four cents, issued. Another change was made in the design of this value, which now corresponds to the old 5*d.*

Postal cards were introduced in 1872, value 2*c.*, in lilac, and lately Postal Union cards of the value of 6*c.* and 8*c.* were placed in use. There have also been several series of fiscal stamps, ranging in value as high as 1000 rupees.

Ceylon is an island in the Indian Ocean, separated on the northwest from continental India by the Gulf of Manaar. It is 271 miles long from north to south, and in its greatest width 137 miles. In 1505, the Portuguese adventurer Almeida landed at Colombo, the present capital, and found the island divided into several kingdoms. In 1517, the first Portuguese settlement was effected, and gradually the whole western coast was in possession of Portugal. The fanatical zeal and remorseless cruelty of the Portuguese led to their downfall, when, after several attempts, the Dutch finally succeeded in driving the Portuguese from the country.

The first intercourse of the English with Ceylon took place in 1763. On the breaking out of war between Great Britain and Holland, an English force was sent to Ceylon, and in 1796 succeeded in gaining possession of the coasts. The interior was still ruled over by the native Kings; but in 1815 the last of them, a tyrant of the worst type, was captured, and subsequently died in exile, ending with him a long line of sovereigns, whose pedigree can be traced through upward of two thousand years. About the same time, by treaty, the whole island came into possession of the English.

The language of about seventy per cent. of the people is Cingalese, and of the remaining people, save the Europeans, the language is Tamil. The stamp collector, who has the two-cent postal card, will find the English inscriptions on the card in both these languages.

Digitized by Google

NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK

THE LITTLE DOG-CATCHER.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

JAMIE was thinking. Well, what of that? Boys often think, don't they? No, indeed, that's just what they don't do; at least Jamie couldn't remember when he had seated himself deliberately to make a business of thinking before this occasion. And now he sat with a puzzled face, and a line between his eyes, so deep in thought that neither the coaxing fore-paws of Nep the dog nor the sound of clinking marbles could arouse him. The question with Jamie was just this: Should he continue to hide Neppie from the eye of man, and thus be happy in the secret knowledge that at last he owned a pet of his very own, who came and went at his bidding, and gave him love for love, or should he take him to the dog pound and earn his thirty cents as well as the others who rejoiced in the title of "dog-catcher"?

"I want that thirty cents, that's one thing sure and certain," thought Jamie, "an' if I don't get it by luggin' Neppie to the pound, I won't get it anyway, and that's just another certain sure thing. I sha'n't get rich waitin' fur Aunt Betty to give me a cent now and then; and there's Tom Blake got his pockets full half the time. But when a fellow cares for a dorg, he kinder hates to go back on 'im. And Nep cares for me, too, and he wouldn't think I'd be such a mean chap. Now if Aunt Betty didn't hate dorgs so bad, I'd ask her to let me keep 'im fair an' square, and then I shouldn't have to be 'fraid he'd bark every minute, and let folks know I was hiding 'im

here under this old box, tied, poor old feller, so he can't move hardly. There comes Jack Jones. Wish he'd keep away, and let a feller think a moment in peace."

Along came Jack, jingling some money in his hand. "Hello, Jim, whose dorg yer got?"

Jamie passed his arm caressingly about the dog's neck, and replied, "Mine, of course; who d' yer think, Jack Jones?"

"Ain't yer goin' to take him to the pound? See here," displaying three silver tens in his soiled palm to Jamie's envious brown eyes. "Got 'em at the pound just now for catching a dorg. Goin' to the circus to-night. Big show, I tell yer. Can't yer come along?"

Jamie's eyes began to widen and grow shiny. The circus? Oh, *wouldn't* he like to go! But Aunt Betty only kept a little store, and had hard work to keep herself and chubby-faced little nephew in bread and butter, and as for giving him money to go to the circus, why, Jamie knew he might as well hope to catch stars. So he only shook his head, and Jack passed on with the parting advice, "Better sell that dorg, and earn thirty cents, and come along."

Again Jamie plunged deeply into thought, forgetting to pet and fondle his four-footed companion according to his usual custom during these stolen visits.

About ten days before our introduction to the little boy, a lady living in one of the handsome houses out on one of the avenues, where each house has its own garden, and where there is always a sweet suggestion of real country, happened to look out of her window one morning, and exclaimed, anxiously: "There is that dog again, Bridget. What shall we do to get rid of him? He'll be sure to bite Nellie some day, and it is a shame the dog-catchers don't come out here."

Then she went in haste down to the front gate, and Bridget followed with the gardener's rake and hoe, with which to "shoo" the intruder away. Although he was frightened, yet Mr. Dog did not seem inclined to leave the fence a little further down; and no wonder, for there was little Miss Nellie, the three-year-old baby, sticking her wee fat hand through the railing, and smilingly feeding the four-footed tramp with the cake mamma had just given her. Poor, hungry, strange dog! no friends, no home: no wonder it was hard for him to leave the only friend he had found in his vagrant life.

But despite Nellie's cry, "Me love doggie," the rake and hoe did valiant duty, and the intruder was driven away.

Just then Master Jamie came whistling along, returning from an errand for Aunt Betty.

"Here, boy," called the lady, "I'll give you ten cents if you'll only catch that horrid dog, and take him to the pound, or anywhere away from here. They'll give you thirty cents if you take him to the pound. He doesn't seem to belong to anybody, so you can earn your money, if you like, quickly."

Without much trouble, Jamie secured the dog, and lifted him in his arms, glad of the chance for making the promised sum. But before he had gone very far he found the dog so gentle and inclined to be so playful that he began to think it would be nice if he could only keep him all the time. It seemed such a pity that a nice dog like that should go to the pound. Jamie's warm little heart rebelled against anything so dreadful, and by the time he had reached his own street his mind was fully made up; and so the new pet had been hidden all this time, while Jamie had paid him many a stolen visit in his secluded home.

But at last it seemed impossible to keep the secret any longer from Aunt Betty, and this is why we found Jamie thinking so intently, and troubling himself with a question to him very serious.

For some moments after Jack had left him, Jamie thought over the matter, hesitating between the pound and Aunt Betty in regard to his favorite, until at last the dog, which Jamie had named Nep, reminded his master of his presence by poking his cold nose as far into Jamie's neck as possible, and laying his fore-paws gently upon his arm. The boy could not resist that, and in a moment he had squeezed Neppie's breath almost out of his body, and exclaimed, "I'll just keep you, you darling; you shall stay with me." Then bravely he walked into Aunt Betty's store, with the dog close at his heels, and made a full confession.

The old lady looked unusually prim and severe just at that moment, owing to an unprofitable customer, who had only littered the counter, and left no pennies behind. So it happened that Jamie had come at the wrong time with his request; but he didn't know it, you see, and he plunged into the business at once, and stammered through to the end, while Aunt Betty looked over her spectacles, and eyed him and the trembling dog severely.

"Keep that creetur? No, sir; not a bit of any such thing. Get him away from here this very instant. The idee—a dog in my shop! Massy sakes alive! Shoo, sir! shoo! *Go out*, dog, this minute."

An emphatic shake of her foot convinced poor Nep that the old lady was not the friend Jamie had been; and Jamie himself, with a sorrowful face, took his abused treasure back to the old box.

"I'll have to take yer to the pound to-morrer, old fellow," he whispered in Nep's ear, and went back to the store.

That night it rained hard, and the wind blew a gale; and little Jamie, remembering his captive pet, thought he would plead once more with Aunt Betty for the dog.

"Just this one night, auntie, please let him come in out of the wet, and to-morrow I'll take him to the pound, and give you the thirty cents."

Now Aunt Betty's heart wasn't all ice, by any means, and she did pity the poor animal out in the storm. So she finally consented that for this one time he could sleep inside, and she hoped never to see him again.

Then Nep was called in, and told to lie under the table; and as Jamie soon after lighted his little lamp and went to bed, the old lady closed her shop window, and sat down to read the paper. Before she knew it, her tired eyes had closed, and she was in the land of Nod.

It was only a few moments, however, before she felt something tugging violently at her dress, and the sound of barking greeted her ears as she opened her eyes. The lamp had burned low down, but by its dull glow she discovered that it was the dog that had awakened her, and that he was then doing his best to squeeze his body between the floor and a low-seated lounge near the fireplace. Then Aunt Betty saw a slender tongue of flame and smoke creep from under the sofa, and knowing that she had put one or two old papers behind there the day before, she sprang up with a cry to Jamie, and drawing the sofa out, placed her foot upon the blazing papers.

Then the terrified Jamie remembered that after he had lighted his lamp he had tossed the still burning match into the empty grate, as he supposed, but instead of that it must have fallen behind the sofa, with the result as above. It had taken some time for the flame to fairly burn; but Aunt Betty and Jamie would have fared badly, I'm afraid, if it had not been for the faithfulness and watchfulness of the good little dog that had aroused Aunt Betty's ire so greatly only that afternoon. It was very careless of Jamie, and a lesson to him, but it brought one good result for him, after all, for Nep didn't go to the pound the next day, nor any day, in fact. And as Aunt Betty said the other morning, while feeding Jamie's pet with her own hands, "For all she couldn't abide dogs and sich, yet there was sich things as being onreasonable, and that she never would be, not if she knew it."

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

"It's going to rain, you dear little bird:
Fly into your house; don't stop for a word."

"Yes, I saw a black cloud as I sat on the tree,
But I care not for rain—I have feathers, you see."

"You have feathers, I know, but your little pink feet
Will be numb with the cold when the cruel rains beat."

"Oh no; I shall tuck them up snugly and warm,
Close under my body, all safe from the storm."

"But the branches will rock, and the dark night will come:
Oh, do, little bird, fly away to your home!"

"Never fear, pretty one, as I rock I shall sing,
And how soundly I'll sleep with my head 'neath my wing!"

"Oh, birdie, dear birdie, I'd like much to know
How you're always so happy, blow high or blow low."

"Don't you know we've a Father who cares for me?
And that is the reason I'm happy and free."

PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, miss, how can I serve you?"

Mr. Searle, the grocer of Nunsford, spoke rather sharply, bending over his counter in the twilight, and looking half contemptuously upon his customer.

She was a tall girl of fifteen, rather old-looking for her years, but with a face so evidently designed by Nature for blooming color, dimples, and good-humor, that its lines of care and want were peculiarly painful.

"Well, miss," repeated the grocer, as his customer hesitated.

"I should like a few things, Mr. Searle," said the young girl, speaking in a decidedly un-English although sweet, clear voice, "but I must tell you first it will have to be on credit—for just a little longer. I am sure we shall soon be able to pay you."

Mr. Searle's face was puckered into doubtful lines by this request. "Well, it's three weeks now," he said, slowly. "It's not usual, miss—"

"I know—I know," said the girl, eagerly, and looking at him with such a strained, wistful expression that Searle's heart melted. "I know, and I shall *very* soon have something—"

"Well, then, we'll let it go," said Searle, with real good-humor; and he busied himself supplying his customer's modest wants—half a pound of tea, a pound of sugar, some dried herrings, and a few candles.

"There," he said, placing the parcels in her hands. "I hope your mother is better, miss," he added, kindly.

The girl's eyes were full of sudden tears. "A little, thank you, Mr. Searle," she said; and then, holding her small parcels carefully, she hurried away, disappearing in the wintry dusk, while Mr. Searle called out to his wife:

"That's the American young lady again. Hanged if I can understand it. They're high-born, I'm sure; but wot's keeping them starving here in Nunsford is wot *I* can't tell."

"And you've give more credit?" said the sharp voice of his wife, as that lady's thin figure appeared in the doorway of the shop parlor. "Well, Searle, you *are* easy took in."

"Never mind, Sairey," answered Searle. "I couldn't look at that child's white face, and let her go 'ungry."

Mrs. Searle slammed the parlor door expressively, while her husband turned to watch the arrival of some more distinguished customers.

Meanwhile the American girl was hurrying on in the wintry twilight down the High Street of the quaint old town, where the lamps were just beginning to be lighted, and where many people, hasteuing homeward with that expectant look that seems to mean a cheerful fireside and cozy supper, made the young girl think sadly of her own desolation. Nora Mayne had a stout little heart: she was accustomed to trying to feel brave, to forcing herself to think cheerfully both of the present and the future, but I am afraid that just then it seemed rather hard work. She and her mother were almost at the end of their resources, friendless and alone in a strange English town.

As she went along, slackening her pace a little as she passed the dear old Abbey Church, Nora thought over the last year, deciding in her own mind that it had been a great mistake to try their fortunes in England. Just a year before, Mr. Mayne's death left his widow and child with a few hundred dollars, and almost no friends, in a Connecticut village. Mr. Mayne had been a visionary man. Nora remembered brief periods of luxury, followed by want and loneliness. Her life had been a wandering one, for Mr. Mayne rarely staid long in any one place, and the girl was early accustomed to leading a lonely life among her books, not caring to make friends she might leave on the morrow. At her father's death Nora and her mother had come to England, hoping to find employment among some of the widow's early friends. Mrs. Mayne's girlhood had been spent in England—a bright, luxurious period, of which Nora never tired of hearing; but death, and the long silence of years, had scattered all traces of that happy past. The associations of twenty years before seemed to have vanished as though the whole story had been a dream. Months passed in London and in the little town of Nunsford, which Mrs. Mayne remembered in that happy "long ago," and now mother and daughter were living from week to week, no longer hopeful, only waiting for some chance to take them home again. Meanwhile illness had been added to their trials; Nora had the new misery of seeing her mother suffer while she vainly searched for some employment. Day after day she returned to their humble lodging tired and disappointed; yet even on this evening, feeling it so difficult to face the future with any hope, there lurked somewhere in the dim corner of her heart a confidence in "to-morrow."

Nora only allowed herself to linger a moment by the old church. It was her favorite haunt; the gray walls, the bit of cloister, the solemn pathway with its tombs and archway of leafless trees—how she loved it all! It was so like the pictures she had seen of England—so peaceful, when her heart was full of anxieties, so bright on the winter mornings, with sunshine among the fir-trees and the ivied door outside, and a flood of light from the old stained-glass windows within! Nora had learned to know every nook and corner near the old abbey; and how great was her delight the day she found a short-cut from the High Street, past the grayest wall, the end of the grammar school with its quaint bit of thatched roof, and around by the beautiful brick-walled Deanery garden.

That Deanery garden was another source of comfort to little Nora. She fancied all manner of stories connected with it. She knew that once the house had been a monastery, and, later, a famous manor, and now it looked as if it might contain any romance, however picturesque or poetic.

It was a beautiful old house, with many turrets and gabled ends. It stood in the midst of a garden that even in winter-time seemed to have a bloom of its own. There are many winter flowers in Devonshire. These colored the Deanery garden faintly, and filled the girl's heart with pleasure as she caught glimpses of them on her lonely walks. Sometimes the garden gate stood open; often in passing, Nora saw the Dean's daughters with their governess going in or out. Once as she stood in the morning sunshine that fell warmly on the brick wall, Nora had

Digitized by Google

MRS. BRUCE ASKS A FAVOR.—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

seen an invalid lady carried out to a Bath-chair, followed by a tall servant in livery and a pretty, slim young girl. The lady had a beautiful face framed in white hair; she flashed a look on Nora in her shabby gown standing in the cruel sunlight—a wistful, pathetic little figure, with something worth remembering in her eager eyes. The young lady at her side was drawing on a long glove, and Nora saw the sparkle of her pretty rings. In spite of the lady's wan face, it all suggested comfort, and prosperity, sunshine, warmth; the *green* things of life seemed to little Nora to be shut in, and to come out of that quaint old garden. She stood still, fancying herself unseen, as the lady was placed in the Bath-chair, her young companion arranging her fur wraps comfortably.

"Thanks, dear," the lady said, in a sweet low voice. Then she glanced back at some one within the Deanery garden. "Penelope is with me," she said, smiling.

"That is her name, then," thought the little watcher, sighing, as the Bath-chair was wheeled away. "And what a lovely face! what a sweet way she had with the poor lady! Oh, but it is easy to take care of sick people who have plenty of money!" cried the poor child to herself, thinking of her mother in need at home.

But Nora never saw "Penelope" again. She watched often, wondering if the pretty young figure would not appear in the garden or out of the old wall door. Gradually she began to think of her as a "story-book" girl—some one to build up a romance about, while her own life was dragging on with such bitter anxieties.

Nora's destination was not very far from the Deanery. It was an old-fashioned Berlin wool shop, the upper floors of which were let in lodgings. She passed the shop window quickly, and entering by a side door, hurried up the old oak staircases to a room on the top floor. A fire was burning low, faintly illuminating the dreary room, with its stiff furniture and inartistic decoration. Mrs. Mayne was pillowed in an easy-chair before the fire.

"Here I am, mamma," said Nora, cheerfully; "and now you shall have a good cup of tea."

Mrs. Mayne answered with a faint smile; but it pleased her to watch her daughter's lithe figure moving quickly about, as she stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, made the tea, and wheeled a little table into the glow. Nora's languid looks were always reserved for the moments she was by herself. She kept up a cheerful flow of conversation while the kettle boiled, and she prepared a second cup of tea, and toasted a fresh round of bread to tempt her mother's appetite.

A sharp little knock sounded on the door.

"That is Mrs. Bruce," exclaimed Nora, bending over her mother's chair, as the door opened on the fat, good-humored-looking figure of their landlady.

"I beg your pardon, 'm," said Mrs. Bruce, standing still, with folded arms, "but *could* miss do me a favor?"

"Certainly," exclaimed Nora.

"Then *would* you mind stopping harf an hour in the shop for me? I must go hout, and there ain't a soul to leave in it. There won't be a many coming in at this hour. If you'll come down with me, I'll give you a hidea of some of the prices, though most of the things is marked."

Nora eagerly assented, and leaving the candle and a book near her mother, she followed Mrs. Bruce down the staircases to the Berlin wool shop, which was comfortably warmed and lighted. A broad window full of gay wares fronted the street. Within were the usual contents of such a shop—Berlin wools, fancy-work, patterns, and the like. Nothing out of the common, but for Nora Mayne the shop always possessed a curious fascination.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNION GROVE, WISCONSIN.

In one of the April numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE I noticed an article entitled, "How to Build a Catamaran." It reminded me of the catamarans I used to see on the surf at Madras, and I thought the boys would like to hear something about them. The name catamaran is taken from two Tamil words, meaning literally "tied trees." Along the coast of South India and Ceylon hundreds of catamarans may be seen dancing up and down the sparkling surf. They are made of three or four mango logs fastened together securely with ropes made from the palmyra-tree. Sitting on deck as our ice-ship, the *Robert*, approached Madras, it looked as if there were a great many dark figures standing in the water. The boats were invisible, and only the figures seemed coming closer, until they drew so near that we could see under the water the logs on which the fishermen were standing. Every man had a long pole in his hand, with which he guided his curious craft. The fishermen were nearly naked, so that getting wet did not trouble them very much. The hot Indian sun poured down on their heads, but they did not seem to mind it.

Often when sitting on the veranda of our sea bungalow in Ceylon, looking over the blue waves of the Bay of Bengal, we would see the fishermen wade out from the shore, dragging their catamarans until they reached deep water, when, gracefully skipping on, off they would go, paddling skillfully over the white caps of the surf, till they almost disappeared in the blue distance. After a while they would come safely back, balancing their rudderless barks carefully till they were beached on the sand. Then they would go to the bazar or market with the fish they had caught, the long pole resting on their black shoulders. Probably the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE would not enjoy a sail on a catamaran in India, but the little Hindoo boys enjoy it very much, and are expert and daring in the management of their boats.

There is another queer craft, called a "dhony," of which you may hear at another time.

ÉMILIA DE R.

OTTAWA, KANSAS.

We have a very kind cousin who sends YOUNG PEOPLE to my little sister. During the days of "Toby Tyler" one of our intimate friends came up every Thursday to read the story with us. One of us would read aloud, pausing now and then to wipe away the tears which *would* come. Every morning when papa went down town my little three-year-old sister would say, "Don't forget to bring 'Toby' to-night." I am very glad Mr. Otis is writing another story.

We used to have a hen which we called Speck. In one of her broods was a white chick, whose name was Minnie. When Minnie was half grown, Speck had some more little ones, which Minnie seemed to think were as much hers as they were Speck's. Whenever she had anything to eat she called them to share it, and really took as good care of them as Speck did. While Speck was sitting on the eggs, Minnie would get on the nest behind her. One day papa went out to the chicken-coop, and Speck with her brood was on one of the nests, covering as many chicks as she could with one wing, while little Miss Minnie on the other side was covering as many as she could with her wing.

The other day some little swallows fell down through the chimney into the fire-place in mamma's room. They were too young to fly, so we put them in a basket, and hung it on a tree. The mother bird heard their cries, and came and fed them, but in two days the poor things died.

It has been warmer here lately than ever before in Kansas.

EVELYN.

LEWISBURG, WARREN COUNTY, NEW YORK.

Although I wrote once before, and my letter was not published, I will try again; for I know the Editor must be very busy if he reads all the letters the young people send to Our Post-office Box. I enjoy all the stories very much. "Mildred's Bargain" was excellent.

An Indian was here lately who had three rattlesnakes. He got them from Lake George, and was trying to tame them, but one of them bit him. To cure him they had to give the poor man liquor to drink till he was intoxicated.

BELLE N.

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I must tell you about my poor pet kitty. She was black and white, and I thought her splendid, but she was run over by a train, and there were some very sober faces here that day, you may be sure. I have a dog now. His name is Prince, and as he does not like kittens, we have to get along without any. He is eight years old. We have had him about a year.

My brother George is six years old, and I am nine, and we both take great comfort in reading YOUNG PEOPLE.

MARY W. H.

We are very sorry so dreadful a fate befell your little kitty. If Prince were younger, you might teach him to be friendly with Madam Puss and her kits; but as he is eight years old, which is a quite dignified and "settled" age for a dog, you will have to let him keep his opinions. A kind, intelligent dog is, we think, as satisfactory a pet as a cat.

EDINA, MINNESOTA.

I have been meaning for a long time to write to YOUNG PEOPLE, and thank the young friend who sends me the paper. I enjoy reading it very much, as I do all other good reading matter. I am driving three horses on a sulky plough. I have broken thirty acres of prairie this summer. I have to strap myself to the seat, as I have no legs to steady me. I like this work, and am very sorry the season is so nearly over.

ELMER P. BLANCHARD.

The tragic fate of a family of bantams is touchingly told in these rhymes by a little correspondent:

THE LITTLE PRIZE BANTAM.

Nine little bantams were pecking at the shell;
One got free too soon, and fell down the well.

Eight little bantams nestled close at night;
A weasel snatched one, and fled out of sight.

Seven little bantams wandered in the lane;
A hawk pounced on one; it ne'er was seen again.

Six little bantams were eating crumbs of bread;
A greedy bantam took too much, and fell down dead.

Five little bantams were playing in the barn;
The horse stepped on one of them, but did the rest no harm.

Four little bantams watched the ducks swim;
One tumbled over the pond's grassy rim.

Three little bantams were in their mother's care;
A rooster pecked one, and then were left a pair.

Two little bantams trod the world together;
Cook killed one of them, and pulled out every feather.

One little bantam, brave in colors rare,
Won the very highest prize at the county fair.

L. G. R., Louisville, Ky.

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

I would like to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE about a pretty pair of white mice which my father gave me. About a month ago, when I went to feed them, I found a very cunning little one in the nest. He has grown to be almost as large as the big ones. Last Friday I was away all day, and when I came home I went to play with my pets, when I found five more little ones.

The next evening I heard a noise in the kitchen, and when I went to see what it was, I saw my cat with the poor little mother mouse in her mouth. When she saw me coming she started to run, but I caught her by the tail, and got it away from her. Alas! it only lived a few seconds. Oh! I felt dreadfully.

I tried to feed the little ones, but they were so young they could not eat, and they grew so weak that my mother said it would be a mercy to drown them. I felt very sad about this, but I put them in a box, and that in a pail of water, and they were soon out of their misery. I buried them in my garden, under my plum-tree. I have only two left.

My father would not allow me to punish the cat, because he said it was her nature. I have, besides my mice, two cats and a canary. My brother has three rabbits. He has gone this afternoon to get me a turtle.

L. B. G.

BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.

We have two dogs, and we call them Tip and Becky. We have a Polly, and she is sick. I had a paroquet, but a cruel dog killed it. This is my first letter to any paper, although I am twelve years old.

JENNIE B. F.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy ten years old. I have taken the YOUNG PEOPLE only three weeks, and I like it very much. "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. I liked it so well that I borrowed the back numbers, and read it all through. I am very sorry that the President was shot, and I want to tell you that he does not forget the boys and girls. I wrote him a letter telling him I was very glad that he was elected, and he in return sent me a handsome photograph of himself. I think all the more of it now, and if he should die, money could not buy it.

MILTON W. D.

VERONA, ITALY.

When I was in Milan I went to the National Exposition, and there I saw how silk was made from the very beginning—a thing which interested me very much. The silk-worm was feeding upon the leaves of the mulberry-tree. Afterward it wound about itself an oval ball of silk, which is called a cocoon. The cocoon was then put into boiling water to kill the worm and find the end of the silk, which was wound off by machinery in large skeins. The natural colors of the cocoons are white, buff, and yellowish-green. The skeins are dyed to make the other colors of silk used. Some of the cocoons were saved until the worm changed into the butterfly, and then the butterfly was put into a lace bag to lay its eggs, which next spring will produce more silk-worms.

I saw ribbons of different colors of silk being made; also saw the manufacture of satins and velvets. All the women and girls who were working at the machines wore the same kind of head-dress; it was composed of silver pins, fastened at the back of the head, and standing out like a fan.

In the evening I went to the Gallery of Victor Emanuel, which is a favorite place for those who wish to promenade. It is several blocks long, and in the shape of a cross, with stores on all sides, and the buildings quite high. Over all is an arched roof of glass, which at night is brilliantly lighted by gas, making it look very pretty. I watched the way they lighted up the dome: a man wound up a little locomotive, which went round on a track with a lighted torch, and in a few minutes the gallery was as bright as day.

ALBERTO D. W.

CHARDON, OHIO.

YOUNG PEOPLE is given me by my good grandpa. I gave him a pocket-knife which I found. I was five years old in April, and can not yet read, though I know all my letters, can make every one of them with a pencil, and can spell my name.

Both papa and mamma were formerly teachers. They and grandpa read the pretty stories aloud, and I look at the pictures.

My little sister, nearly two years old, has black eyes and curly hair. We play together, feed the chickens, make mud pies, and swing under the apple-tree. We have a steady horse named Betty, and a frisky two-year-old colt; two pussies, Tabby and Topsy; and Topsy has two kittles. Grandpa wants to go to New York, and get acquainted with Harper & Brothers.

BESSIE H.

ORPHANS' HOME, ROCHESTER, BEAVER COUNTY, PENN.

My uncle began sending me your paper last fall, and I like it very much. I am an orphan, and live at the Home in this place. It is a beautiful house, situated on a hill from which we have a very extensive view, seeing ten miles up and down the Ohio River. Last week we had examination in our school, and now we have vacation for two months. We have a large play-ground, several games of croquet, and a swing. I like "Paul Grayson," "Toby Tyler," "Mildred's Bargain," and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" best of all your stories. I was thirteen years old the 19th of March last. Can you or any of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE inform me how many cities in Egypt spoke the language of Canaan?

LUELLA M. H.

The language of Canaan was substantially the same as Hebrew. In this sense it was spoken in no Egyptian city. The Phœnician language spoken in Carthage was closely allied to the Hebrew. The Egyptian language itself shows a similar resemblance both to the Phœnician and Hebrew.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

I am deeply interested in the YOUNG PEOPLE, and think it is not only a paper from which much pleasure may be derived, but also one from which we can learn a great deal. I do not suppose this will find its way to the Post-office Box, but I shall feel much gratification if it does. I am thirteen years old. I have eight pretty rabbits, which are very cute.

FRANK L. W. B.

VICTORIA, TEXAS.

If Mrs. Alice Richardson would like some numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE, she is welcome to some of mine. Jimmy Brown writes funny stories. I like "Toby Tyler," "Mildred's Bargain," "Susie Kingman's Decision," and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" best of all. I would like to tell the little readers something about our birds. There is a mocking-bird that builds in our honeysuckle every spring. The dear little humming-bird sips the honey of our flowers.

SADIE E. S.

GERMANTOWN, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old, and this is my first letter to the Post-office Box. I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" is splendid. My cousins were down from Albany, and we camped out for three or four days. We went fishing, and set our lines one night, and we caught an eel two and one-half feet long. Papa made me a present of a new set of harness. He lets me drive one of our horses, because it is gentle.

E. C. R.

BURLINGTON, KANSAS.

I live on a farm. My paps has a sheep ranch. I have a little brother six years old. I am ten myself. I have a pony, and a pet bird that will fight with me. When he wants to fight, he chirps to let me know. It is quite warm here now, with little rain. I think Juditn W.'s letter was splendid.

GRACIE MAY B.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have a little silver-fish for one of my pets, and every morning when I change the water I give him a fly. He has become so tame that he will take it out of my fingers, and as the fall is coming, I don't know what I shall feed him with. Will you please tell me what I can give him?

I think the Jimmy Brown stories are splendid. Papa asks me every Tuesday if there is anything by Jimmy, and if there is, he reads it aloud to us.

I am glad that Mr. Otis has written another story for YOUNG PEOPLE. His stories are so natural, and so very interesting!

Digitized by Google

Can you tell me where Swaffham is? I think it must be in some of the British Possessions, for the postmark is on an English stamp. If you will please answer my questions, I shall be very much obliged.
MARIE E. F.

A prepared fish food is sold at the bird stores. We have given it to gold and silver fish, and they like it. Swaffham is a town of England, in Norfolk. It is situated on a height, and is one of the best-built towns in the county.

PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I am a boy eleven and a half years old, and the son of a Methodist minister. We have a beautiful home at the foot of the White Mountains, on the banks of the Pemigewasset River, about one hundred miles south of Mount Washington, and over one hundred miles north of Boston. I am collecting curiosities. I have already nice specimens of zinc, lead, amethyst, beryl, gypsum, agate, etc., among the minerals, also arrow-head, ivory-nut, Florida moss, etc. I hail the coming of your paper with delight, and long for Tuesday to arrive and bring it. FRED S. K.

ABILENE, TAYLOR COUNTY, TEXAS.

I am a little girl nine years old, and I live out on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, sixty-five miles from Fort Concho. I often find very lively butterflies, white with brown-streaked wings. We see beautiful antelopes when we are out riding. Mamma has a phaetun, and a gentle horse called Frank. Josie and Earle (my two baby brothers) and I take long drives with mamma. There are many tarantulas here, resembling large hairy spiders. I have killed several. We sometimes see whole families of prairie-dogs—papa, mamma, and the little ones—on top of the hill, beside their holes, as we pass, and they bark loudly till we are close to them, when they wag their tails, and scamper off into their hiding-places.

We had to go out and fight prairie fire the other day. It came within a dozen rods of our home. We beat it out with coffee sacks.

I wish to exchange Texas moss, soil, and stones, for shells. HATTIE W. MCELROY.

ANNIE S.—If you have no acquaintances living near any of the historical trees mentioned in the article in No. 83, you might write to the postmaster of the place nearest the tree from which you wish to obtain a leaf, and ask him if his little daughter or sister will kindly procure one for you. A polite note, inclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, for the reply, will probably receive attention. You must not try this plan, however, until you have inquired among your friends, and ascertained that none of them know anybody to whom they can apply.

C. WHITTY.—The specimen you inclosed in your note was sulphate of copper, commonly known as vitriol.

STUDENT.—SHORT-HAND.—*Graham's Hand-Book of Standard Phonography* is an excellent guide to the art of rapid writing. If you study hard, and follow the ample directions of Mr. Graham, taking every opportunity to practice "short-hand" reporting, you will become an adept. You can order this book through any bookseller, but Mr. Graham has an office at the Bible House, Fourth Avenue, New York.

AURORA J. M. C.—The authors of whom you inquire are not related.

"NORTH STAR."—The President of the L. A. W. is Mr. Charles E. Pratt, 597 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. The badge of the League can only be procured by members.

J. WILBER COX.—A 56-inch bicycle will be large enough for you. You had better get a bicycle known as the "Mustang."

John M. Fagion, 25 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, New York, changes his offer for a bicycle from 36 to 40 inches to 43 to 46 inches.

HARRY R. H.—Fishu & Co., 98 Fulton Street, or Ben Day, 48 Beekman Street, New York city, will give you the necessary information.

Willie and James Dudley withdraw from our exchange list.

MISS MARY T., W. F., AND ORMUS.—The address of Miss Judith Wolff is care of Mr. D. A. De Lima, 68 William Street, New York city.

WASHINGTON.—The site of our national capital was selected by General Washington, after whom it was named, and he laid out its general plan. It seemed desirable that the capital of the entire country should not be located in any State, and therefore the District of Columbia was set apart for the purpose of holding it. Your history will tell you that the District is formed of a portion of territory ceded by Maryland and Virginia. The situation was a very convenient one at the time the site of Washington was selected, and it still seems wisely chosen for many reasons, though in the summer season it is subject to malarial influences.

MISS J. F. B.—The answer to the Geographical Puzzle in No. 85 appeared in No. 88.

L. G. R. wishes to beg D. Van Buren's pardon for having sent the wrong stamps. She has just begun collecting stamps, and supposed those she sent were official. She discovered her mistake after having sent her letter. She will try to procure some real official stamps, and will send them if successful.

Leola C. Carter's address is changed from Ashland, Nebraska, to Rosebud Agency, Dakota Territory.

The following is a list of donations received previous to August 4 for the Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city. The next list will be published October 4.

Otis M. Freeman, $3; Willie and Daisy Hinman, Brooklyn, N. Y., 70 cents; V. N. Appleton, Boonton, N. J., 50 cents; Richard P. Appleton, Boonton, N. J., $2; "Our Baby" Appleton, Boonton, N. J., $2; Benoie T. Roodhouse, Washington, D. C., $1; Edith B. Hinson, Damariscotta, Me., 25 cents; Willie Lanksbury, Rochester, N. Y., 10 cents; Charlotte Jamieson, Alexandria, Va., 10 cents; Elaine Massett, Plainfield, N. J., $1; "Daisy," New York, 25 cents; Helena Carroll Frazier, Rye Beach, N. H., $1; James G. King, New York, 25 cents; George Sherer, Scranton, Penn., 25 cents; Bessie Sherer, Scranton, Penn., 25 cents; Mina and Aggie Hall, Greenfield, Mass., $2; Alexander and Agnes Horsburgh, Christina and Kittie Schmidt, and Hiram H. and Mary P. Bice, Utica, N. Y., $1 50; Bessie Deming, Arlington, Vt., 25 cents; Julia Crocroft, Wheeling, W. Va., $1; Lou ——, Summit, N. J., $1; Edith Worden, Meadville, Penn., $1; Anna and Levi Paxson, Reading, Penn., $1; Carl, New York, $2; John P. Morrow, Cooperstown, N. Y., $1; Louis P. Dains, East Litchfield, Conn., $1; Lillian E. Dains, East Litchfield, Conn., $1; Allie Mitchell, Davenport, Iowa, 20 cents; Daisy Mitchell, Davenport, Iowa, 10 cents; Willie, Josie, and Georgia Chamberlain, Mount Olivet, 60 cents; Charlie W. Munson, Litchfield, Conn., 20 cents; Bessie W. Bolton, $1; Ora J. Kinney, Chebanse, Ill., $1; Eva V. C. Morris, Barton-on-Sound, $1; Newbold Morris, Barton-on-Sound, $1; Lena Hutchins, Landaff, N. H., 25 cents; Allie and Lou, Lockport, N. Y., $1; Lussie Benedict, Norwalk, Ohio, $1 25; Grace G. Cordell, Pleasant Hill, 25 cents; Bernard Major, Jan., Petersburg, Va., $1; Lulu M. Noyes, Franklin, N. H., 25 cents; Florence N. Nolan, Plainfield, N. J., $1; Evelyn W. Craft, Portchester, N. Y., 50 cents; Charles Cruger Pyne, Morris Cove, $1; Bertha E. Smith, Philadelphia, Penn., $1; Lewis Balch, Jun., Kingston, R. I., $1; Nellie M. Nelson, Cold Spring, N. Y., 25 cents; H. S. Pernut, Bowling Green, Ohio, 75 cents; Helen M. Prescot, Ticonderoga, N. Y., $1; Mary Locket, Chicago, Ill., 50 cents; Carl F. Moll, Tunnel City, Wis., 50 cents; Arthur H. Moll, Tunnel City, Wis., 50 cents; Milly R. Noble, Menomonee, Wis., $1; Lottie Noble, Menomonee, Wis., 50 cents; Jennie Noble, Menomonee, Wis., 50 cents; Jimmie Noble, Menomonee, Wis., 3 cents; Connie Rich, Red Wing, Minn., $1. Total, $45 53.
E. A. FANSHAWE, Treasurer.

From the many letters received by the Treasurer of the fund for the Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Hospital, the following are published to show how great an interest has been aroused among our readers by this appeal to their sympathy:

TUNNEL CITY, WISCONSIN.

We read your letter in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and wanted to help endow the Young People's Cot right off; so my brother and I went and picked huckleberries and sold them, and we each send you fifty cents to help now. Perhaps we may get more after a while, and then we will send it.
CARL F. M. (age 9 years).
ARTHUR H. M. (age 7 years).

P.S.—We inclose a one-dollar bill.

TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK.

I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Saw notice of July 26, with reference to Young People's Cot. Inclosed please find my contribution of one dollar for that purpose. I have agreed to go without candy for one month, so that I may send my mite, with the hope that it may do some trifling good at least.
HELEN M. P.

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I only received my little paper last night, and as I always read the little letters, yours was the first I saw. I send you one dollar—all I have of my own. I had saved it to get me a doll; but mamma says perhaps Santa Claus will bring me one if I am good. I cheerfully give this to help endow a cot for the poor little sick children, and hope you will get enough. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is splendid. I read it all. EDITH W.

DAMARISCOTTA, MAINE.

I received my HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two hours ago, and I am very much pleased with your plan about the Children's Cot. I am eight years old, and I send twenty-five cents that I have earned myself. I wish it was more. Yours truly, EDITH B. H.

Answers to Railroad Puzzle in No. 91 have been received from Frank A. Reilly, Hattie S. Becker, C. R. Nichols, "Rip Van Winkle," W. S. Beekman, E. H. L. Randolph, Archibald E. Dietz, Edgar P. Earle, Walter W. Norton, F. C. G., F. N. C., and P. P. Prindle, H. N. K., William A. Bird, Jun., Ira B. Keeler.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from J. B. Senior, George Sylvester, *Frank L. Davis*, Clara M. Burt, "North Star," *Bert B. Bassett*, "Vi D. Let," Agnes G. Fletcher, "Starry Flag," Frank Louns, Eddie S. Requembourg, Mabel Wilson, Howard A. Smith, "Princess Daisie," Susie Howes, *Augusta Lee Parke*, Milton W. Dunn, H. N. Piels, Fannie L. Dard, "*A. U. Guste*," Edward L. Haines, Edward L. Hunt, Bessie W. Bolton, Willie Jackson, "Pansy," "The Chums," Mina Garnie, Agnes L. Fletcher, "Phil I. Pene," "Rene," "Will O. Tree," N. G. Yerburg, Emma Roehn, "Dandy," Lizzie C. Carnahan, J. Pendergast.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters. I am the name of one who was a great and good man.
My 1 and 5 is an exclamation.
My 2, 6, 3 is a term used in music.
My 4, 13, 8 is the whole.
My 11, 12, 9, 10 is hard money.
My 11, 12, 3, 14 is a vegetable. PRINCESS DAISIE.

No. 2.

EASY WORD SQUARES.

1. A poet. A river in Asia. To ramble. A tower. 2. A fertilizing earth. A disease. Destruction. Transferred for a time. MABEL WILSON.

No. 3.

DIAMOND.

1. Last letter of that English word of one syllable which contains the greatest number of consonants. 2. A weight. 3. Outward wrappings of fruit or grains. 4. What is left when something is removed. 5. An invigorating medicine. 6. An insect. 7. Fourth preceding letter from the vowel used most frequently in the English language. LILLIAN ESTELLE.

No. 4.

THREE CHARADES.

My first is always. My second is durable. My whole is without an end. W. E. A. W.

My first goes dancing down the hill
To grind the corn that comes to mill.
My second grows by night and morn,
And home at last is gayly borne.
My whole is beautiful to see,
And every boy is fond of me. JOE.

My whole is an ornament to the garden. My first is famous for canning. My second is usually prized by young ladies, and disdained by school-boys, and is an article in common use. ARTHUR HOPE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 91.

No. 1. Connecticut.
No. 2. Daisies.
No. 3. Leopard. Ape. Cat. Bat. Badger. Saw-fish. Rabbit. Grebe. Hen. Herring.

No. 4.

```
      L E I S U R E
    P   F O U N D   L
    A L   E R A   K I
    S A A   R   B I D
    S Y N C O P A T E
    I E T   G   T E R
    V D   C A T   S A
    E   P I T C H   L
      L I B E R T Y
```

No. 5.

```
T R E E
R I G A
E G G S
E A S Y
```

The following is the solution of Railroad Puzzle, on page 624:

1. The "first half" of the passenger train (including the engine) goes down, and backs up on the switch.
2. The freight train goes up by the switch, and lets the "first half" of the passenger train out on the main track below.
3. The freight train couples on to the "last half" of the passenger train, goes down, then pushes up on the switch, and leaves it.
4. The freight train backs off the switch, and then goes ahead about its business.
5. The "first half" of the passenger train backs up on the switch and gets the "last half" of itself, and goes on about its business.

[*For exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Digitized by Google

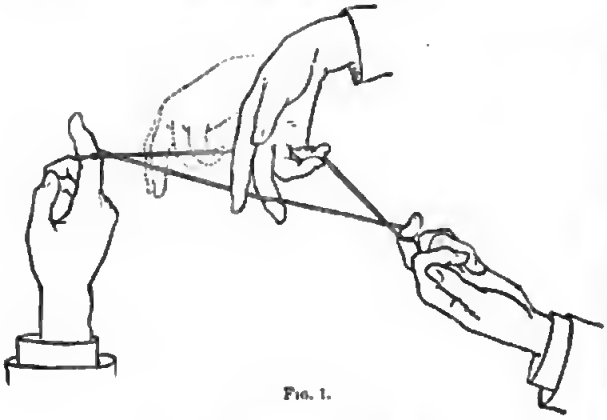


Fig. 1.

A STRING TRICK.

BY HELEN P. STRONG.

HERE is a wonder in which there can be no danger of imposition, for in this you may let your audience have literally a finger. You ought to practice this—and indeed every

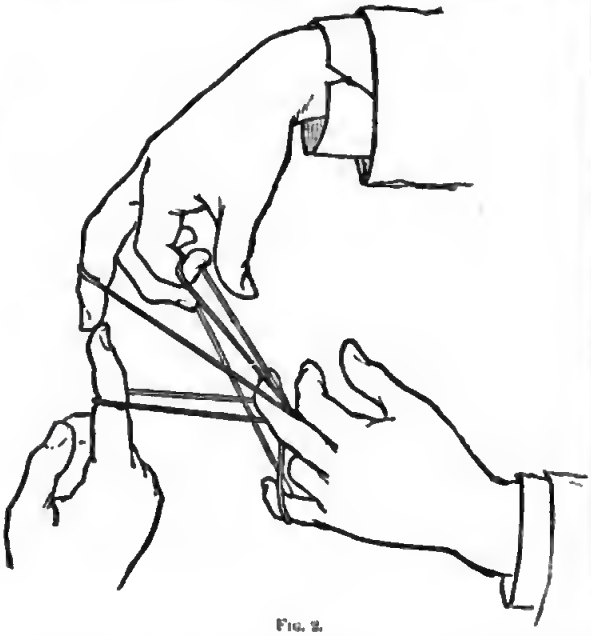
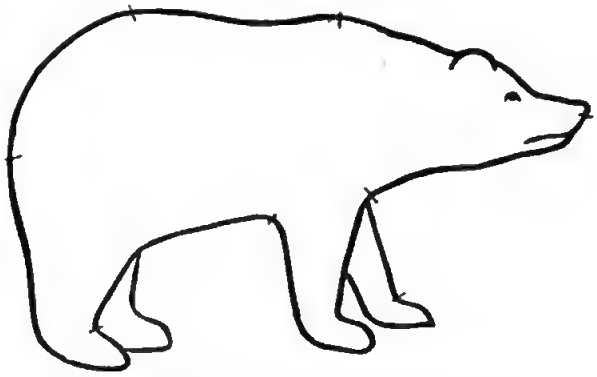


Fig. 2.

string trick—somewhat before you venture to show off much; but having learned to do it quickly and easily, you may with considerable confidence ask some one to hold up a forefinger, as in Fig. 1. Slipping one end of your string over the offered finger, and holding the other end by your own little finger, catch up the left-hand string with the little finger of the right hand, thrusting your middle finger between the strings precisely as shown in Fig. 1. Now place the third finger of the left hand in the position indicated by the dotted hand, using it to draw both strings to the left at that point, while you draw the right hand in the opposite direction, and finally place the middle finger of your right hand upon the end of your neighbor's finger.

The hands will now be somewhat in the position shown in Fig. 2, and the string will seem hopelessly entangled. The apparent complication, however, has only prepared the way for unravelling the tangle, as will appear if you loosen your hold of all parts of the string save the end first taken, that which passes over the little finger of your left hand, by which the string may be freely drawn away, though you still keep your finger resting upon that of your neighbor. Your satisfaction in accomplishing this feat will be enhanced by the fact that any false move will result in fastening the borrowed finger in a slip-knot.



ANSWER TO FAGOT PUZZLE GIVEN IN No. 93.

MOTHER'S DEAR TREASURE.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

DOWN stairs in the kitchen is mother's dear treasure,
  Desirous of helping, for "Topsy" is out;
Her face is lit up with the rainbow of pleasure,
  And mother knows not what her darling's about.

"Oh my! dis 'tove's dirty—I fink I 'ill clean it."
  So, taking the blacking and brush by her side,
She laid it on thick till, oh my! had you seen it
  And her, I am sure you'd have laughed till you cried.

"Oh dear, I's so tired! I dess I'll be doing
  Up 'tairs to my mamma, and tell her tome see;
I dess she can 'tep for a minute her sewing,
  And pay just a 'ttle bit 'tention to me."

But when this fond mother espied her wee daughter
  Come toddling in, with her hands and face black,
She burst into laughter, then ran for some water
  To see if her darling or Topsy 'd come back.

WATERMELONS—A STUDY IN GREEN AND BLACK.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 95. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.
Tuesday, August 23, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

WATCHING THE RISE OF THE WATER.

THE MISTAKE ABOUT HAMP SEE.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

"HAMP SEE a dunce! Well, maybe so; but arter what I've seed, it 'ud take a smarter school-master than you to make me think so."

It was old Riley Vaughn who spoke, and although old Riley had no education, his hard sense and sound judgment were respected by all the men who sat there in the village post-office waiting for the mail. He had

Digitized by Google

grown prosperous by dint of hard work and good judgment, and his neighbors were accustomed to ask for and to respect his opinions.

"I did not say precisely that, Mr. Vaughn," replied Mr. Penruddock, the school-master. "I only said that my best efforts to educate the boy were rendered futile and nugatory by reason of his inexplicable inability to grasp and retain so simple a thing as the accidence of the Latin verb."

"That means, in plain English, that he ain't got no grip on what you teach him, don't it?" asked Riley.

"Yes, that is what I mean," replied the school-master, with something like a shudder at old Riley's English. "But I will make an honorable exception in the matter of mathematics. He seems instinctively to grasp arithmetical principles."

"Yes," drawled old Riley; "one o' your boys tole me Hamp could figger out how long it 'ud take fer a cistern to git full ef they was three pipes o' different sizes a-runnin' into it, an' two others o' still different sizes a-runnin' out."

"Yes, he is expert in the practical applications of arithmetic; and yet even in arithmetic his standing is not good, because he seems incapable of mastering the exact terms of the formulæ and rules."

"Well, now, look here," said old Riley, rising and striking the counter with his big fist; "it jest comes to this here: the boy ain't got no grip on your words an' things; but he's got a good grip on idees an' principles, an' it's my belief that's the inside o' sense. I don't want to be unnecessarily offensive, but you an' all school-masters like you ought to teach parrots. They don't want no idees; they jest want the words, an' that's your notion o' learnin'. That's the trouble o' this here country down here: men learn words, an' kin make speeches, but they can't do nothin'. Now I've seed that boy Hamp See do what nary a man in this county could do. I bought the fust reapin'-machine as was ever seed in these parts, an' when it come it was all to pieces, an' packed in boxes. I sent one arter another fer all the blacksmiths an' wheelwrights an' carpenters hereabouts to set the thing up, an' I'm blest ef one on 'em could make out which end o' the thing was foremost. Not one on 'em could put any two pieces together. That 'ere boy hung around all the time, with his forred creased up like, an' finally he says to me, says he, 'Mr. Vaughn, let me try.' 'Well, try,' says I; 'an' ef you git her together, I've got a five-dollar bill fer you.' Maybe you won't believe it, but afore noon that very day that there reaper was a-reapin' wheat like a dozen hands. The boy jest seed right into the thing. Now I say ef he's a dunce, the sooner most people in these here parts loses their senses an' gits to be dunces, the better 'twill be for all concerned." And with that old Riley stalked indignantly out of the post-office.

Notwithstanding all that old Riley could say, however, public opinion was against Hamp See. It was certain that he was dull in his lessons. He could not keep up with Mr. Penruddock's classes, and instead of studying his Latin verbs, he was perpetually interrupting the school by asking Mr. Penruddock to explain things like thunder and lightning, and the presence of shells in the rocks on the mountain, and the curious ways that plants have of taking care of themselves—things which had no relation to the work of the school. It was agreed that Riley Vaughn could not know anything about education, because he was not himself educated. It was even said—and this came to Riley's ears—that he was prejudiced against education.

Even Hamp's mother was discouraged. Hamp was always "pottering," she said, instead of attending to his books.

"Why," she said, "he's been fooling with a spring up on the hill back of the house the whole season through. He's laid pipes to bring the water down here, and now he's turned the whole house into a mill." Then she would show her visitor what Hamp had done. He had constructed an ingenious water-wheel with which to make the most of the power afforded by the spring, and had set it at a variety of tasks. A stretch of line shafting passed under the floor of the house, and bands were passed through the floor to the churn and the sewing-machine, and even the sausage-chopper could be attached at will. "I don't deny that it's handy, and saves work," said his mother. "And now he's made a sort of fan in the dining-room, and has set that going too, so that it keeps the flies off the table. If we had a baby in the house, I believe he'd make the water rock the cradle. But it's discouraging about his studies. Mr. Penruddock is in despair, and says he don't know what is to be made of the boy."

The summer proved to be a very dry one, and the gardens especially suffered for water. When the people began to complain, Hamp had an idea. He always had an idea when an emergency arose. He went into his mother's garden and worked all day, digging a trench down the middle, and making little trenches at right angles to the main one, so that each bed was surrounded by them, and the larger beds crossed as well. He was very careful to keep all these trenches on one level. When he had finished, he laid a drain from his water-wheel to the main trench, so that the waste water, after turning the wheel, was carried into the garden and emptied into the trench. Little by little the main trench filled; then the water trickled into the smaller trenches, and as the spring from which it came was a never-failing one, the garden was supplied with water throughout the dry, hot summer, and such a garden nobody in that region had seen that season.

People said that Hamp See certainly was a handy sort of boy; but they were sure to add, "It's a pity he is so dull."

One day old Riley Vaughn was offering extravagant prices for horse, mule, or ox teams to haul stone. He had taken a contract to supply from his quarry the stone for the railroad bridge over Bushy Run, and now the time for delivery was near at hand, and no teams could be had. All the horses were at work on the crops, and it began to appear that old Riley must either lose money on the contract by hiring horses and mules and teamsters at ruinous prices, or forfeit the contract itself. He tried in every direction to get mules and wagons, offering twice the usual wages, but still he could get very few. He was in real trouble, with a loss of several thousands of dollars threatening him.

One day Hamp, who knew what trouble Riley was in, went down to the creek, and, cutting several twigs, began setting them up at a distance from each other, and sighting from one to the other. The few teamsters who were at work watched him curiously, but could not make out what he was doing. He went up the creek with his sticks, moving one of them at a time, and always carefully sighting from one to another, or rather from one over another to a third. In this way he worked up to the quarry, which was immediately on the creek, nearly a mile above the point where the bridge was to be built.

When he had done, he walked back, examining the banks as he went; then he presented himself before Riley Vaughn.

"Mr. Vaughn," he said, "I've an idea that will help you out of your difficulty."

"Will it hire teams to haul stone?" asked Riley.

"No; but it will enable you to haul stone without teams."

"If it will— Well, let me hear what it is," said Riley, changing his purpose while speaking.

"Raft the stones down," said Hamp.

Digitized by Google

"Now look a-here, Hamp See," said old Riley, "I've stood up fer you, an' said you wa'n't no dunce when everybody else said you was; but this here looks as ef they was right an' I was wrong. How in natur' kin I raft stone down a creek that ain't got more'n six inches o' water in it, a-bubblin' around among the stones of the bottom?"

"Well, you see," said Hamp, "I've levelled up from here to the quarry, and there's only two feet fall, or a little less, and the banks are nowhere less than five feet high; and so, as there's a good deal more water running down in a day than anybody would think, it's my notion to build a temporary dam just below the bridge—you've enough timber and plank here to do it with two hours' work of your men—building it, say, six feet high, there where the banks are closest together. Before noon tomorrow the water will rise to the top of the dam, and run over. When it does, you'll have six feet of water here, and four feet at the quarry, and your men can push rafts down as fast as they can load them."

"How do you know there's only two foot fall?" asked old Riley, eagerly.

"I've levelled it," said Hamp.

"That is, you figgered it out with them sticks?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you've got the right answer?" asked the old man, wild with eagerness.

"Perfectly sure. You see, it's simple. I plant my sticks—"

"Never mind about how you do it; I can't understand that ef you explain it; but look me in the eyes, boy. This thing means thousands o' dollars to Riley Vaughn ef you've got your answer right. I kin understand that much; an' ef you've worked out this big sum right for me, I'll choke the next man that says you're a dunce jest 'kase you don't take kindly to old Penruddock's chatterin' sort o' learnin'. I'll do it, or my name ain't Riley Vaughn, an' that's what I've been called for nigh onto fifty-five year now."

Old Riley was visibly excited. He called all his men to the place selected, and set them at work building the dam, while Hamp looked on, and occasionally made a suggestion for simplifying the work. The dam was finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock the water had risen two feet six inches, while the back water had passed the quarry.

"There!" said Hamp; "that proves my work. The water is level, of course, as far up as back water shows itself, and we have six inches of back water at the quarry to two feet six inches at the dam: so the fall is two feet."

"It looks so," said Riley, who was also eagerly watching the rise of the water. The workmen had gone home, all of them convinced that this attempt to back the water a mile up the creek was the wildest foolishness; but old Riley and Hamp waited and watched.

"It doesn't rise so fast now," said Riley.

"That's because it has a larger surface; but it still rises, and the surface won't increase much more now, as there's a steep place just above the quarry, and it can't back any further up."

The two waited and watched. Midnight came, and the measurement showed three feet six inches depth at the dam. Still they waited and watched. At six o'clock in the morning the depth was four feet two inches. Then Riley sent a negro boy to his house with orders to bring back "a big breakfast for two." At seven o'clock the breakfast arrived, and the measurement showed four feet three inches and a half.

"It's a-risin' faster agin," said Riley.

"Yes; the level is climbing straight up the bluff banks now, and not spreading out as it rises," said Hamp.

At nine o'clock the depth was four feet eight and a half inches, and the men at the quarry had a raft ready, and were beginning to load it. Ten o'clock brought four feet eleven inches of water, and at noon there were five feet and four inches.

"I've missed it a little," said Hamp. "I said the water would run over the dam by noon, and it has still eight inches to rise before doing that."

"Well, that sort o' a miss don't count," said Riley. "You've worked the sum out right anyhow, an' the water's deep enough for raftin', an' still a-risin'. It'll go over the dam in two or three hours more, an' I'll do what I said: I'll choke any man 'at says John Hampden See's a dunce or anything like it. An' that ain't all," said the old man, rising and striking his fist in the palm of his hand. "They've been a-sayin' that ole Riley Vaughn didn't vally edication; now I'll show 'em. I'm a-goin' to make this dam a permanent institution. I'm a-goin' to build Vaughn & See's foundry an' agricultooral implement factory right down the creek there, an' put a big lot o' improved machinery in it; an' I'm a-goin' to send my pardner, John Hampden See, off next week to get the rest o' his education where they sell the sort o' education as is good fer him—not a lot o' words, but principles an' facts. You tell your mother you're a-goin' to New York right away, boy, an' 'at ole Riley Vaughn's a-goin' to foot all the bills outen your interest in the comin' factory. You'll study all sorts o' figgerin' work an' machine principles in the big school in New York what's called the School o' Mines, an' then you'll go to all the big factories an' things."

This scheme was carried out. Hamp spent three years in study, and returned an accomplished mechanical engineer. He went into the factory as old Riley's partner, and his work has been to improve machinery and processes. The firm own many patents now on things of his invention, and the factory is the centre of a prosperous region, in which Mr. Hampden See is an especially respected citizen.

KNOTS.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS.

THERE are many knots used by sailors that would prove of good service to people on shore if they only knew how to make and apply them. Boys on a farm can put to excellent advantage these simple contrivances when they have to rely upon their own resources in the use of ropes and small lines. On shipboard there is a great variety of knots, hitches, bends, splices, etc., but the larger portion of these can only be adapted to the particular requirements of a vessel, many of them having a special duty to perform. The chief virtue of a knot is to hold well and be easily cast off.

There are three parts to a rope besides the ends: the *standing part*, which is the part leading from the end made fast; the *running part*, which is the part used or hauled; and the *bight*, which is the curve of the rope.

A *square* or *reef knot*.—First make a plain overhand knot as in Fig. 1. Take the uppermost end *b*, place it over and under the part *a*, and draw the ends tightly. Then it will appear as in Fig. 2. If you pass the ends in a contrary direction, you will make what sailors call a *granny* knot, which is a term of ridicule to the green hands, who often tie them through mistake. A story is told that a sea-captain, who had on board of his packet a number of passengers, and was continually missing from his well-stocked larder some of his choicest bits, concluded to set a trap, and catch the thief. He was uncertain whether the latter was among the sailors or passengers, so he secured his pantry door with a piece of rope, and made a *granny*. The next day he found a square knot in its place, and so traced the culprit to his crew, knowing that a passenger would naturally have tied the former over again. The square knot is used mostly in tying reef points, and can be easily undone. Now if you want a knot that

Digitized by Google

Fig. 1.

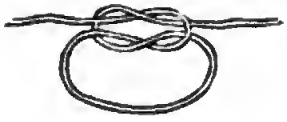


Fig. 2.

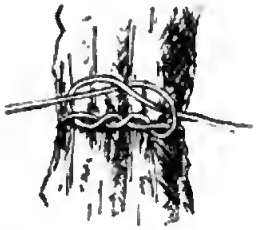


Fig. 3.

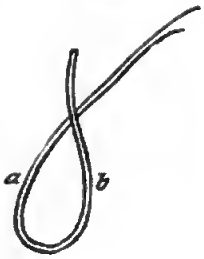


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

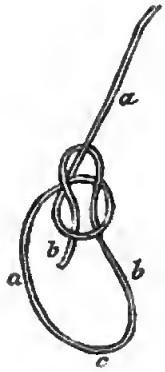


Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

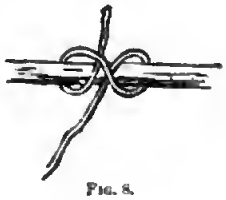


Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

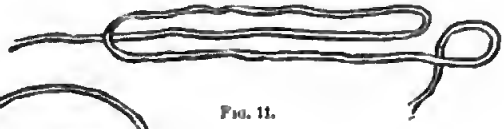


Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

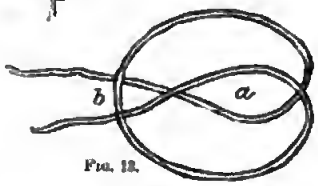


Fig. 13.

Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

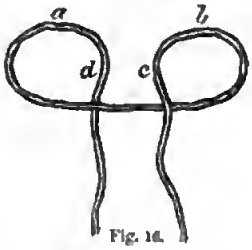


Fig. 16.

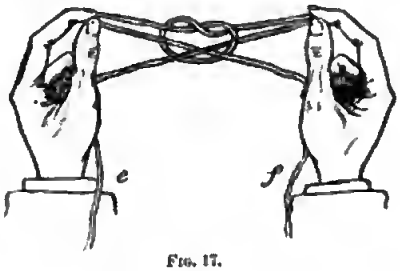


Fig. 17.

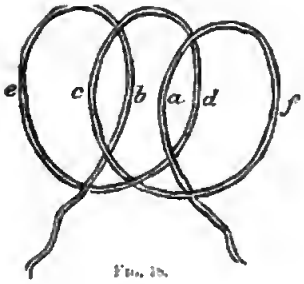


Fig. 18.

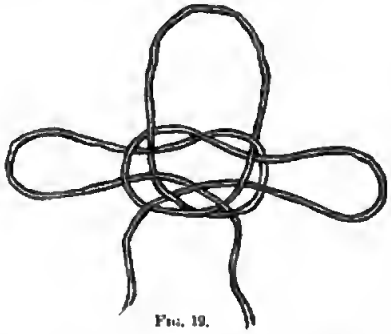


Fig. 19.

Fig. 20.

will not slip in doing up bundles with twine, take another turn as in Fig. 3.

A *bowline* is one of the best knots in use, and can be applied in many different ways. Lay the parts together as in Fig. 4. Then curl the part *a* over *b*, bringing the end up through the loop as in Fig. 5. This little twist must be acquired by practice. Now carry *b* around and under *a*, passing it down through the loop as in Fig. 6. Here you have a knot that is perfectly secure, and will not slip. A man can sit in the bight (*c*), and be hoisted to any height with safety; and if you want to lead an ox, a calf, or a horse, you can pass the bowline around his neck for a temporary halter, without any danger of choking in case of a sudden prance. This is the most important knot, and can be used in more situations than any other, and is always readily undone. It is very handy in making fast a boat's painter, and in tying fish-lines to sinkers.

By means of two *half-hitches* (Fig. 7) one can secure with the end of a rope almost anything. When the same hitch is made around a spar it is called a *clove-hitch* (Fig. 8). A fisherman once had a daughter for whose hand there were two suitors—a sailor and a landsman. The father of the maiden was in a quandary which of the young men to choose for her future husband, as they both seemed to be equally attractive; so one day he summoned them to his side, and gave each a long cord, saying that the one who made the greatest number of overhand knots (Fig. 1) in the least time should be accepted. They started to work in good earnest, the landsman drawing his long ends carefully through the loops, while the sailor rapidly slipped small half-hitches over his thumb as in Fig. 9, and when he had used up his cord in this way, passed the end through all the hitches, and quickly drew it out with the effect seen in Fig. 10, to the astonishment of his rival, who gave up the contest in despair.

Digitized by Google

If you have a very long rope and wish to shorten it, the best way to do is to make a *sheep-shank*, which will never slip, no matter how taut the strain may be. Lay the parts as in Fig. 11, and then take half-hitches over the bights as in Fig. 12.

A *true-lovers' knot* is only useful between sailors and their sweethearts. It has the peculiar charm of foretelling the feelings of the one you love. Place your cord or ribbon as in Fig. 13. Then put your fingers down through the loop *a*, and catch hold of the bight at *b* as in Fig. 14. Now withdraw your hand, carrying the bight along, and you will have the two knots as they appear in Fig. 15. After this, conceal them with your hand, and ask your fair friend to select one cord from each side and pull. If the knots separate, your hopes have been drawn asunder, but if they remain together, your future prospects are assured. Thus *a* and *b* would draw them apart.

There is a favorite little trick called a *Tom-fool's knot*. It amounts only to a sleight-of-hand, and must be made very deftly to be effective. First hold the cord by the parts *a* and *b* as in Fig. 16. Then pass, with the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, the part *c* under *d* and up through the loop. With the left hand pass *d* over *c* down through the loop, after which you will have the knot represented in Fig. 17, which can be at once drawn apart by the ends *e* and *f*.

A *breastknot* is only an ornament. It can be tied with ribbon, and makes a very pretty bow, or can be used by the ladies as a frog for a sacque. It consists, first, of three half-hitches overlapping each other as in Fig. 18. Interweave the part *a* under *b* and over *c*; *b* over *a* and under *d*. Then draw out the bight *a* over *e*, and the bight *b* over *f*, when we will have the knot as in Fig. 19.

If you wish to fasten together the ends of two ropes on which there is to be considerable strain, form them in the shape of a *becket-hitch* as in Fig. 20.

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

TIM'S START IN LIFE.

DURING the first day of Tim's stay at the Simpson farm he was careful to help in every kind of work, and many were the praises he won from Mrs. Simpson, who held him up as an example to Sam, until that young man almost felt sorry he had brought him there.

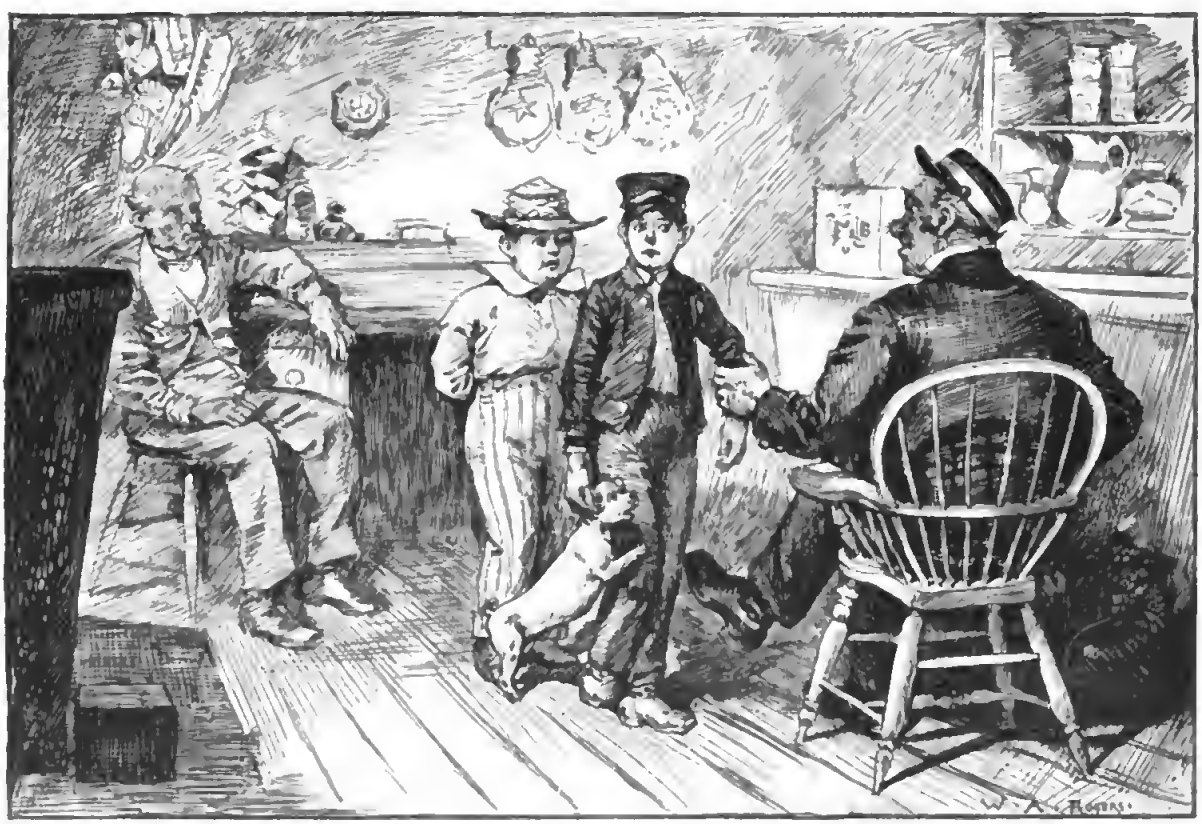
At night Tim went with Sam for the cow, and here it was that Tip made a most miserable failure, so far as showing that he was a valuable dog was concerned.

Sam, remembering how easily the dog had found the cow the night before, wanted to wait by the bars, and let Tip go in and bring her out, and Tim was obliged to tell him that his pet had not been trained to do that.

Then Sam put on an injured air, as if his mistake had come from something Tim had said, rather than being an idea from his own rather thick head.

That night the boys and the dog went again to Mr. Coburn's store; not because Tim proposed to spend any of his two dollars, but because there was a great fascination about the place for Sam. He delighted to lounge around there at a time when he ought to have been in bed, listening to the conversation of older loafers, believing he was gaining wisdom and an insight into the ways of the world at the same time.

On that particular night there were not as many loafers present as usual, and the conversation was so dull that



CAPTAIN PRATT MAKES TIM AN OFFER.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Coburn found plenty of time to question Tim as to every little particular about himself.

Tim saw no reason why he should gratify the storekeeper's curiosity, and perhaps let some one know his story who would think it his duty to send information to Captain Babbige, so he contented himself by simply saying that he had come there in the hope of getting some work to do.

"Want to work, do yer?" asked a stout man with a very red face and gruff voice, who had been listening to the conversation.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim, a trifle awed by the gruffness of the voice.

"What can you do?" and the red-faced man now turned to have a better view.

"'Most anything, sir."

"Where are yer folks?"

"My father an' mother are dead," said Tim, sadly, as he stooped to pat Tip's head in a loving way.

"Well, now, see here," and the man took Tim by the arm, as if he was about to examine his muscle. "I'm the captain of a steamboat that runs out of the city, and I want just such a boy as you are to work 'round at anything. I'll give you three dollars a month, and find you. What do you say to it? Will you come?"

Tim was not exactly certain what the gruff-voiced man meant when he said he would pay him so much money and "find him," and he hesitated about answering until he could understand it.

Mr. Coburn thought it was the wages that prevented a speedy acceptance of the brilliant offer, and he hastened to show his friendliness to the captain by saying:

"Such offers as them don't grow on every bush, sonny, an' you had better take it. I've known Captain Pratt a good many years, an' I know he will treat you just as if he was your father. Three dollars is a good deal of money for a little shaver like you."

Tim looked at Sam for a moment doubtfully, and then he thought of what Mr. Simpson had said about his remaining at the farm.

"Can I take Tip with me?"

"Oh, that's your dog, is it? He hain't a very handsome one, but I suppose you can find a chance for him somewhere on the boat. Yes, you can take him."

"Then I'll go with you."

"All right. I shall start from this store to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Will you be here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tim, and then he beckoned Sam to go out. He had made up his mind suddenly, and now that it was too late to draw back, he wanted to talk the matter over, and hear what Sam had to say about it.

There was no need for him to have feared that Sam did not look with favor upon the plan, for before they were out of sight of the loungers in the store that young man burst out in an envious tone:

"Well, you are the awfulest luckiest feller I ever heard of! Here you've gone an' got a chance to run a steamboat, where you won't have anything to do but jest sail 'round wherever you want to. I wish it was me that was going."

If Tim had been in doubt before as to the wisdom of the step he was about to take, he was perfectly satisfied now that Sam was so delighted with it, and he began to think that perhaps he had been fortunate.

Mr. Simpson did not seem to think the opening in life which had been so suddenly discovered for Tim was so very brilliant, and Mrs. Simpson actually looked as if she felt sorry. But as neither of them made any objection to it, or offered the boy a home with them, there was nothing to prevent him from carrying out the agreement he had made.

At a very early hour on the following morning Tim was up and dressed. Sam's glowing pictures of the happy life he was about to lead had so excited him that he was anxious to begin it at once, and his sleep had been troubled by dreams of life on a steamboat under all kinds of possible and impossible circumstances.

Mr. Simpson gave him twenty-five cents as a nest-egg to the fortune he was about to make, and when Mrs. Simpson packed a generous lunch for him, he choked up so badly that it was only with the greatest difficulty he could thank her for her kindness.

"Be a good boy, and never do anything to be ashamed of," was the good lady's parting charge, and he answered:

"I'll try hard, so's you sha'n't be sorry you was so good to me."

Sam walked toward the store with him, while as lonely and envious a feeling as he ever knew came over him as he thought of all the things Tim would see, simply because he had neither home nor parents, while he, who had both, was obliged to remain where he could see nothing.

"I wish it was me that was goin'," he said, with a sigh of envy.

"If I had as good a home as you've got I wouldn't want to go away," replied Tim, gravely; and yet Sam had talked so much about the charms of the life he was so soon to lead, that he had already begun to look upon himself as a very fortunate boy, and was impatient to begin his work at once.

The walk to Mr. Coburn's store was not a long one; and although they were there fully half an hour before the time agreed upon, they found Captain Pratt ready and waiting for them. In fact, it seemed almost as if he feared his new boy, however unimportant the position he was to occupy, would not keep the agreement he had made.

"I'm glad to see you on hand early, for it's a good sign," and the captain's face was wreathed in what he intended should be a pleasing smile, but which really was an ugly grimace.

Tim hardly knew what reply to make, for that smile caused him to feel very uncomfortable; but he managed to say that he would always try to be on time, and the captain, in the excess of his good-nature, gave him such a forcibly friendly slap on the shoulder that his teeth chattered.

In order to reach the city from the four corners where Mr. Pratt lived it was necessary to ride four miles in a carriage, and then take the steam-cars.

An open wagon was the mode of conveyance, and as the driver was quite large, while Captain Pratt was no small party, there was no other way for Tim to ride save curled up in the end, where he could keep a look-out for Tip, who was, of course, to follow on behind as fast as his short legs would permit.

When everything was ready for the start, and Captain Pratt was making some final business arrangements with Mr. Coburn, Sam bade Tim good-by.

"You're awful lucky," he said, as he clambered up on the wagon, where he could whisper in his friend's ear; "an' if you see any place for me on the steamer, send word right up—you can tie a note on Tip's collar an' send him up with it—an' I'll come right down."

Sam would have said more, but the horse started; he nearly tumbled from his perch, and Tim's journey to the city had begun.

It seemed to Tim that Captain Pratt changed as soon as they started. Instead of keeping up the idea of fatherly benevolence, which he had seemed to be full to running over with, he spoke sharply, and did not try to avoid hurting the boy's feelings.

If, when the wagon jolted over the rough road, the boy's head came in contact with his arm, which was thrown across the back of the seat, he would tell him to keep down where he belonged; and if he heard Tim's heels knocking against the axle, he would scold him for not holding them up.

Between this sudden change in the kind captain's ways

Digitized by Google

and his fear that Tip would not be able to keep up with the wagon, Tim was feeling rather sad when the dépôt was reached.

During the ride on the cars Captain Pratt took very little notice of Tim, and when they arrived at the dépôt he simply said:

"Here, boy, go down to Pier 43, and tell the steward of the *Pride of the Wave* that I have hired you; he'll set you to work."

Tim had no more idea of where Pier 43 was than he had of the location of the Cannibal Islands, but he started out with a great show of pluck and a heavy heart.

With Tip following close at his heels, Tim walked some distance without seeing either wharves or water, and then he inquired the way.

The first gentleman to whom he spoke was a stranger in the city, and knew no more about it than he did; the second directed him in such a confusing way that he went almost opposite to where he should have gone; but the third one gave him the directions so clearly that he had no further trouble in reaching the desired place.

The *Pride of the Wave* was not a large boat, and to any one accustomed to steamers would have seemed very shabby; but to Tim she appeared like a veritable floating palace, and it was some time before he dared to venture on board of her.

Finally he saw one of the deck hands, who, despite his dirty clothes, did not appear to be awed by the magnificence of the boat, and Tim asked him where he should find the steward.

The man told him to go below, and, with Tip still close at his heels, he went down the brass-covered stairs to the cabin, which was lined with berths on either side, wondering at all he saw, until he almost forgot why he was there.

He was soon startled out of this state of wonderment, however, by hearing a gruff voice shout, "Now, then, youngster, what do *you* want?"

"I want to see the steward," replied Tim, in a voice which could hardly be heard.

"I'm the steward. Now what else do you want?" replied the party who had spoken first, and who was a little, old, rather pleasant-faced man, with a voice about six sizes too large for his body.

Tim repeated the captain's words as nearly as he could remember them, and the steward looked him over carefully with just the faintest show of pity on his face.

"You don't look as if you'd stand it very long to work for the captain of this boat; but that's none of my business. Whose dog is that?"

"That's Tip: he's mine."

"You'd better take him ashore. The captain ain't over and above fond of dogs, and he won't be likely to fall in love with one as ugly as that."

"But he told me I could find a place for him somewhere on the boat," said Tim, quickly, alarmed even at the suggestion that he part with Tip.

"Did he tell you so before or after he hired you?"

"Before I agreed to come he said I could keep Tip with me," replied Tim, wondering at the question.

"Then he'll forget he ever said so; and if you think anything of the dog, you'd better leave him on shore."

"But I can't," cried Tim, piteously, his eyes filling with tears. "Tip's the only relation I've got, and there's no place where he could go."

Tim's distress touched the man's heart evidently, for he said, after a moment's thought: "Then you must find some place on board where the captain won't be likely to see him, for he would throw him overboard in a minute if he took the notion. Come with me."

The steward led the way to the bows of the boat, where the freight was stored, and after looking about some time, pointed out a little space formed by some water barrels.

"You'd better tie him in there for a while, and then if you are going to stay very long on the boat, give him away."

"But the captain said I might keep him with me," cried Tim, fearing to leave Tip in so desolate a place.

"Well"—and now the steward began to grow impatient—"you can try keeping him with you if you want to run the risk, but I promise you the captain will make quick work of him if he sees him."

Tim hesitated a moment, and then stooping down, he kissed Tip on the nose, whispering to him, "I wouldn't leave you here if I could help it, Tip; but be a good dog, and we'll have it fixed somehow pretty soon."

Tip licked his master's face in reply, but did not appear to understand the command to be a good dog; for when the rope was put around his neck he began to howl dolefully, and his cries went straight to Tim's heart, inflicting as much pain as a blow on his flesh.

With the tears dropping very fast from his eyes, Tim tied Tip in the narrow place which was to serve him as home, at least until Captain Pratt's intentions concerning him could be known, and then returned to the cabin as the steward had told him.

But as he started to go, Tip looked up at him so piteously, uttering a whine that sounded in Tim's ears so sad, that he ran back, knelt down by his dumb friend, and kissed him over and over again, saying, as he did so: "Do be good, Tip. You don't know how bad it makes me feel to have to leave you here, an' I'd do anything in the world to have you go with me every step I take; but you've got to stay here, Tip, an' I've got to leave you."

Then as the dog whined again, he cried, passionately, "Oh, what lonesome things we are, Tip! an' we ain't got anybody but each other in all this wide world"; and with both arms around Tip's neck, he gave way to a perfect flood of tears. "Now *do* be good, Tip, an' don't make me feel so bad," he said, as he wiped his eyes on the dog's head, and prepared once more to leave him.

It seemed almost as if the dog understood what his master had said, for he stopped whining, and made no sound, but kept wagging his little stump of a tail until Tim did not dare to look at him any longer.

He turned resolutely away, and, with eyes still blinded with tears, walked down into the cabin, where he was soon busily engaged in the not very pleasant occupation of cleaning knives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FLAMINGO.

THE flamingo is a beautiful inhabitant of all marshy regions in the tropics. It is found in great numbers in South America and the West Indies, and in Africa, Southern Asia, and China. It is a bird of wondrous beauty. It has a slender, gracefully formed body, long thin legs, and a very long, flexible neck. When it stands erect, its neck stretched in the air, its head is fully six feet from the ground.

The feathers on the body of the flamingo are white, delicately tinted with rose-color. Its wings, which are very large, are of the most brilliant scarlet, and the long quills are black. It is a very sociable bird, and is always seen in flocks of several hundred. The appearance of a flock of flamingoes, as described by travellers, is one of startling magnificence. Seen from afar, wading or swimming in the inlets of salt-marshes—for the flamingo loves best to keep near the sea-coast—one would think that an immense army of red-coated soldiers was encamped there, instead of a flock of harmless, defenseless birds. In South America the flamingo is called "the soldier-bird" by the natives, and Humboldt, the great German traveller and naturalist, relates a very amusing story, which he gives as an actual occurrence, illustrating the fitness of this name.

Digitized by Google

A FLAMINGO AND HIS ENEMY THE OCELOT.

Digitized by Google

A new township of Angostura had been formed; but the inhabitants were scarcely settled in their new homes when, one morning, a wild cry of alarm spread through the little village that an immense body of men in red garments, probably hostile Indians, was advancing. Such weapons as were at hand were hastily seized, and all the men rushed out to defend their homes. Suddenly the supposed hostile army rose in the air, and forming a long line of flashing scarlet against the clear blue sky, took its course in the direction of the great salt-marshes around the mouth of the Orinoco.

Naturalists have encountered great difficulty in their attempts to study the habits of the flamingo in its native haunts, for it is a very shy and cautious bird, and no flock is ever found without a sentinel posted to give notice of the approach of danger. This is usually the largest, and probably the oldest and wisest, bird of the flock. At the least sound it lifts its large head as high in the air as the long neck will allow, and looks about on every side. If any boat or hunter is seen, the whole flock, with loud screechings, instantly vanishes among the tall water-grasses.

When the flamingo sleeps it draws one leg up among its breast feathers, and bending its neck backward, rests its head on the middle of its back, with the beak erect in the air or buried in its wing. It is a graceful, rapid swimmer, and flies easily, stretching its long neck before and its legs behind, like the crane and stork. Its nest is described by those naturalists who have been fortunate enough to see it as an immense heap of mud and water-grasses in the depths of some solitary swamp, where the mother bird broods patiently for thirty days on her two glistening white eggs. When the little ones are hatched they take to the water immediately, and swim about as lively as young ducks; but they are not strong enough to fly for some months, and not until they are three years old do they attain the full magnificence of their scarlet plumage.

The harmless and peaceful flamingo has many enemies besides man. Beasts of prey are prowling abroad at night, and pounce upon these birds while they are sleeping in their marshy homes. In the great South American swamps the ocelot is one of its most formidable foes. The ocelot is a very small member of the panther family, and is found in Mexico and all through the American tropics. It is a tawny-colored creature, covered with glistening black markings. It has the same habits as other members of its family, spending the day asleep in some secluded thicket, and roaming the forests at night and early dawn in search of birds and small animals.

BIG BOY AND LITTLE MAMMA.

MAMMA, my dear, if a robber should come,
A terrible robber, one might, you see,
I'd frighten him off with my sword and drum,
And you would be perfectly safe with me.

And if you and I in a gloomy wood
Should meet a bear as we walked some day,
With my bow and arrows, like Robin Hood,
I would drive the fierce old bear away.

But now I am tired, and sleepy too,
And I wish my mamma would lift me down.
There's a laughing look in her eyes of blue,
As they answer her boy's so big and brown.

She feels on her lips his coaxing touch,
She clasps him fast in her loving hold,
And she murmurs, I'll never fear robber much,
Unless he should steal this heart of gold.

Digitized by Google

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY CLARA SAVILLE.

1066.—WILLIAM the First, "The Conqueror," came over the sea from Normandy;
Matilda of Flanders, his Queen, worked the far-famed Bayeux Tapestry.

1087.—William Rufus built Westminster Hall, London Bridge, and added to the Tower;
But had no gracious Queen to share his throne and power.

1100.—Henry I., "Beauclerc," his Saxon subjects' favor strove to gain;
Matilda of Scotland, his first wife, then Adelicia of Louvain.

1135.—Stephen, his crown to gain, cost England many precious lives;
Matilda of Boulogne—her abbey at Feversham no longer survives.

1154.—Henry II., Fitz Empress, first of the Plantagenet line of Kings;
Eleanor of Aquitaine, of whose beauty "the troubadour" sings.

1189.—Richard I., the first King who fought in Palestine;
Berengaria with him went, Princess of Navarre's royal line.

1199.—John signed the Magna Charta—o'er his crown the great sea rages;
Isabella of Angoulême his Queen, "the Helen of the Middle Ages."

1216.—Henry III. had civil wars, where many of his people fell;
Eleanor of Provence his Queen, surnamed "La Belle."

1272.—Edward I., the last King to hold the Crusader's lance;
Eleanora of Castile first wife; then Marguerite of France.

1307.—Edward II., murdered monarch of a kingly race;
Isabella, "the Fair," from France, most beauteous of face.

1327.—Edward III., to claim his rights in France, lost many brave men slain;
Philippa of Hainault, his loving wife, from Belgium's fertile plain.

1377.—Richard II., feeble King, to Bolingbroke his crown he did resign;
Anne of Bohemia, then Isabella of France, Queen at the age of nine.

1399.—Henry IV. obtained a usurper's crown through many cruel deeds;
Joanna of Navarre, a lovely lady, long imprisoned in the Castle of Leeds.

1413.—Henry V. carried war again to the sunny land of France;
Katherine of Valois, not long a Queen, whose beauty did entrance.

1422.—Henry VI.'s reign was troubled by the wars of York and Lancaster;
Margaret of Anjou's varied life was one of sorrow and disaster.

1461.—Edward IV.'s stormy reign first learned the art of printing;
Elizabeth Wydville, an English widow, won the heart of this King.

1483.—Edward V., whose reign was the shortest in English history;
The death of this King and his brother was for some time a mystery.

1483.—Richard III., last of the Plantagenets, cruel King and dreaded hater;
Anne Neville, hopeless Queen, daughter of Warwick the King-maker.

1485.—Henry VII.'s coronation united the red and white roses,
With Elizabeth of York wedded, the flowers were blended in posies.

1509.—Henry VIII., six Queens had he: Katherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn,
Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Katherine Howard, Katherine Parr, who outlived him.

1547.—Edward VI., gentle, scholarly Prince, who wept to sign no execution;
His short reign gave future fears to those of the rising Reformation.

1553.—Mary I. lost many faithful subjects by her fires and her bigotry;
Philip II. of Spain exceeded her in deep designs and cruelty.

1558.—Elizabeth, wise, despotic Queen, last of the line of Tudor;
To crush her sovereign power, Spain sent her great "Armada."

1603.—James I., a Scottish King, of the old Stuart race;
Anne of Denmark, who in dramatic shows displayed much art and grace.

1625.—Charles I. trouble had with Church and State that led to civil warfare;
Henrietta Maria of France, whose queenly life was one of toil and care.

1649.—An interregnum followed, and Oliver Cromwell ruled with power and strength
O'er England, the "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth."

1660.—Charles II., restored to his forefathers' throne of wealth and glory;
Catherine of Bragonza, with Goa, in Hindostan, in addition to her dowry.

1685.—James II., whose bigotry and cruelties exiled him from his native land;
Mary Beatrice of Modena, a beauteous lady, born to command.

1689.—William III., the Prince of Orange, wise statesman and great general;
Mary II., of the house of Stuart, foundress of Greenwich Hospital.

1702.—Anne, last of the house of Stuart, celebrated for her victories;
Prince George of Denmark her husband, and admiral of her navies.

1714.—George I., a German Prince, first monarch of the house of Hanover is seen;
Sophia of Zell his wife, but never crowned in England Queen.

1727.—George II. had fought on German soil, and troubles had with the "Pretender";
Caroline of Anspach, a Queen of superior talents, grace, and character.

1760.—George III. lost the American colonies during the longest reign in English annals;
Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a lady of the strictest code of morals.

1820.—George IV., in his reign were numerous inventions;
Caroline of Brunswick, whose woes caused great dissensions.

1830.—William IV., "the Sailor King," had served in England's navy;
Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, a benevolent, kind, and gentle lady.

1837.—Victoria now reigns, and her people love her dearly;
Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, for whom she mourns sincerely.

UNCLE HARRY'S FIRST PANTHER.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"SAY, Uncle Harry, you've shot 'most everything; did you ever shoot a panther?" inquired Charlie, as he looked up from the book he was reading.

"Of course he has," interrupted Tom. "Don't you remember the skin he has in his room?"

"That panther was nothing to my first," said Uncle Harry, with a laugh.

"Tell us about it," pleaded Charlie, as he drew his chair closer to his uncle's.

Uncle Harry laughed again good-naturedly, and commenced as follows:

It was the summer your father got married that I took my first trip into the Adirondacks. I went up to Martin's, hired a guide, and we started off for Little Tupper Lake, where we were to camp. We selected a camping-place at the head of the lake, where there was a good

Digitized by Google

spring of water, and soon had our tent up, and the camp fixed. Certain bear and panther tracks around the spring did not add to our sense of security; but the guide assured me that they would not come into camp in the daytime, and that at night the dog would give warning. For the first three or four days all went well; we shot a deer, caught plenty of trout, and had a good time generally. But one afternoon, about four o'clock, Hank Sweeny, my guide, came to me with the announcement that the dog was gone.

"Chawed up his rope, and skedaddled," as Hank expressed it. "I reckon he must 'a smelled that thar panther that was to the spring last night. He's death on panthers."

"What are you going to do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Well, I reckon I'll fetch some more wood into camp, so as you can keep up a fire, then I'll take and row around the lake and up the creek, and yell for him; he won't go far," answered Hank.

"Then why not let him come home himself?" I suggested, for I had no fancy for being left in camp alone; for we had been in camp all the morning, and Hank had filled my head so full of panther stories that I trembled at every sound.

"Why, you see, he'd start out for home over on Long Lake ef he got lost," explained Hank. "And then ef he should tree a panther, he'd set at the foot of the tree till 1976 ef I didn't call him off. You ain't afraid to keep camp for an hour or two?" he added.

"O-h-h u-o-o!" I murmured.

For the next few minutes Hank busied himself in collecting a large pile of pine boughs and dry sticks for the fire. Then he shouldered my light rifle, and handing me his heavy one, he remarked: "I guess I'll start. Keep up a good fire, and don't go far away from it, as the panthers come close to camp sometimes along the edge of the evening, and climb into a tree; then when a feller goes under, they drop on him. I'll leave my heavy rifle for you, for it would give you a better chance if anything should turn up."

"Hadn't I better go with you?" I ventured.

"And leave the camp alone?" answered Hank, in fine scorn. "Why, that deer would draw all the cats in the neighborhood. Keep the fire a-going, and you're all right."

I thought to myself that I would much prefer to be out of the way when all the cats in the neighborhood came to investigate the deer: but Hank was in the boat, and I could hear the splash of the oars as he pulled up the lake. I sat by the fire, with Hank's rifle on my knees, listening as the sound of his voice calling the dog died away in the distance. I examined the rifle, and saw that it was loaded; it was one of the old pattern repeating rifles, and kicked like a mule. I tried to whistle, but it was a failure. I endeavored to turn my thoughts to something else, but it was no use. The story of the man who fell asleep beside the camp fire and was eaten up by a panther, of the other man who had a panther jump on him from a tree and who lost both eyes in the struggle, and of various other men who had been killed or wounded by the fierce animals, were uppermost in my mind. I sat and watched the sunlight fade, the gold and crimson melt off the fleecy clouds, and the shadows as they gathered thicker and deeper in the valleys. Except for the occasional weird and demon-like laugh of the loon far down the lake, everything was perfectly still, and every sound seemed magnified; the cracking of a twig seemed the tread of a bear, the buzz of a night beetle, the growl of a panther. I sat, I don't know how long, till suddenly my heart almost stopped beating as I heard the steady but stealthy sound of footsteps on my left. I did not dare to move. At last, with a desperate exertion, I turned, and there in the crotch of a low tree, about twenty feet from me, sat an immense panther just ready to spring. It was so dark that I could just distinguish the outlines of his form, and his two eyes gleaming like coals of fire. I raised the rifle carefully to my shoulder. I took aim right between the eyes, fired, and missed, I supposed, for the beast was in the same position, and I could see his eyes wink and glare at me vindictively. I shot again, but as before with no effect. I grew desperate, and fired the whole five shots as rapidly as I could, and was just reaching for my revolver, when Hank came rushing up the bank followed by his dog.

"What on earth is the matter?" he shouted. I pointed to the motionless form in the tree, and gasped, "A panther! See his eyes! Shoot him, Hank!" I was nearly beside myself with fear by this time, and my hair stood on end, like wire.

Hank looked at the tree for a moment, then turning to me, fairly shouted, "A panther! Why, you—" and here he burst into a roar of laughter. "A panther! Why, it's—" and again he laughed so heartily that he had to hold on to a tree for support. At last, when he had recovered himself somewhat, he went to the tree, and reaching up into the crotch he took down a—blue army coat with brass buttons. As he unrolled it and gazed at the holes made by my bullets he burst into a fresh fit of laughter. Every bullet had taken effect, and as Hank remarked, "It was of no use except for the top to a pepper box." Here Uncle Harry stopped and laughed at the recollection of the scene, then he added, in explanation, "You see, children, the coat was rolled so that two of the brass buttons showed and glittered in the fire-light like the eyes of some wild animal. I promised Hank a new coat and unlimited tobacco if he would say nothing about it; but the story was too good to keep, and all the way home I was teased with sly hints about my panther hunt. Hello, it's ten o'clock. Come, off to bed every one of you," added Uncle Harry, looking at his watch.

"You didn't save the skin of that panther, did you, Uncle Harry?" said Charlie, as he left the room.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 94, August 16.]

PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER II.

TO any one unaccustomed to serving in a shop the duties seem very perplexing. Left alone, Nora sat down behind the counter feeling decidedly confused by the novelty of her position. There was a glare of gaslight in the window above the fancy articles, and Nora watched the faces of the passers-by who peered in, sometimes pausing for a more critical survey, sometimes hurrying on with absent-minded glances, but it seemed to her as if a real customer never would appear. Finally, with a rush of frosty air, a small boy appeared who wanted some needles; then a bevy of girls who had wools to match, and drove Nora wild with their questions. These were followed by a cross old gentleman, who had evidently been induced by his wife to match some silk, and who vented his ill-humor on poor little Nora, scolding her about the silk, and the change she made, and everything she tried to do for him. To his visit succeeded an interval of solitude, and then the pleasant figure of Mrs. Bruce came hurrying in, her face glowing from the night air, and a tempting parcel of Cambridge sausages in her hands.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Bruce, "what do you say to stopping another 'arf an hour, and then trying a bit of supper? Why, wot's on your mind?"

For Nora's face had suddenly colored.

"Dear Mrs. Bruce," she exclaimed, "I have such a fa-

Digitized by Google

vor to ask of you. You sell fancy articles, and I know we have one or two things that might fetch something. Oh, *could* I put them in your window?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Bruce, cheerily; "why not? Here; run and get them. I'll wait a minute."

Nora flew up stairs, but on reaching the upper room found her mother sleeping so peacefully she had not the heart to disturb her. But she felt sure her purpose could not be disapproved, and so she opened a small trunk, searching among their few possessions for the articles she had referred to. There was a sandal-wood box which Nora knew from childhood, in it were a few of Mrs. Mayne's girlish treasures, and opening this Nora drew out a pretty, old-fashioned hand screen, just such as fashion, tired of novelty, is bringing back to use. The faded colors, the delicate scent, the decoration, all would have made it valuable to the bric-à-brac collector of to-day. And there, painted fancifully across the back, was the name

PENELOPE.

Nora held the little screen carefully in her hands, puzzling over the name, unknown in her family she was sure, yet bringing back to her mind the wintry morning when she had seen the Deanery gate open, and that pretty, unknown "Penelope" come out in the clear crisp sunshine of the morning. "Oh, if she were only here to buy it!" thought Nora, hastening down stairs with her treasure. Mrs. Bruce approved highly of it.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HAND SCREEN.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.

"You see, people are buying they old things now," said the good woman. "So put it in the window, and we'll see what it will do."

Nora tremblingly chose a place for the little screen. She tried to be very conscientious, and interfere with none of Mrs. Bruce's wares, but she contrived to hang the screen so that the name "Penelope" shone in the glare of the gas. Then she sat down, feeling as if she were awaiting a Fate. People came and went; a few customers who were more troublesome than profitable; some of the hurrying glances were bestowed upon Nora's screen, but no one asked to examine it. The savory odors from Mrs. Bruce's kitchen were finding their way into the shop, making poor Nora hungrier than ever, when she noticed a tall young man in passing look critically at the screen, and then turn back, and finally open the door.

Nora's heart throbbed.

"Will you let me see that screen, miss, if you please?" he said, politely.

Nora unfastened it from the line with rather nervous fingers. The young gentleman held it up in the light, examining it carefully. It was a moment of suspense that to Nora seemed an hour. Then she heard him say, half under his breath, "Penelope—queer—"

"Yes, sir," said Nora, earnestly; "it *is* an odd name. I don't know how it came there; it—" Then she stopped short, remembering there was no necessity for explanation to this stranger.

The young man seemed, however, scarcely to have heard what she had said. He continued his inspection of the quaint little screen, finally lifting his eyes with a look of amusement or pleasure in them, as he said:

"How much is this?—it is wonderfully good."

Nora hesitated.

"What do you think it is worth?" she asked, timidly.

The customer looked surprised.

"Is there no fixed price?" he asked.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Nora, "it is mine, you see. Mrs. Bruce let me put it in the window. I—we—my mother—"

Her cheeks were crimson. She stopped, not knowing how to continue the explanation. The young man looked at her very kindly. Something in the care-worn little face, the pathetic eagerness of the eyes, told Nora's story.

"I think," said her customer—"I think it is worth about two pounds."*

Nora's eyes glistened. Two pounds! She could scarcely believe her senses. Was it possible!

"Oh!" she whispered. "Is it *really*—do you want it so much?"

The young man laughed good-naturedly.

"I want it very much," he answered. "I have a cousin named Penelope."

And almost before the young girl could realize her good fortune her customer was gone, the evidence that she was not dreaming being the two gold pieces shining in her hand.

Mrs. Bruce was delighted; but when Nora wished her to accept the money in payment for the room—the rent of which was long overdue—she stoutly refused. "Give me ten shillings," she said, busily making the change. "There, now. I've a cozy bit of supper ready for your mother, if you'll carry it up to her." A nice plate of mashed potatoes and steaming brown sausages was ready in the little parlor. Nora could hardly express her appreciation of the good woman's kindness. She carried the little tray up stairs with a grateful heart. Her mother was awake, and, putting down the supper, Nora hastened to tell her story; but to her surprise her mother listened in dismay.

"Oh, Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayne. "What have you done, my darling? I would rather have parted with *anything*, before that little screen. It was my one relic of the past!"

Poor Nora! her heart swelled with grief. She was tired and worn with anxiety, and looking at her mother piteously she burst into a flood of tears.

* Ten dollars.

Digitized by Google

The Deanery at Nunsford is a large old house full of beautiful rooms, each, it seems to me, setting the charms of the next at defiance. There is a wide long hall leading to the dining-room, with deep windows fronting the garden, and in winter-time their seats are always full of flowers: roses clambering against the old lattice-work panes; hyacinths filling the air with odors; and pots of yellow primroses, which so early star the borders of every Devonshire garden.

On a certain January morning one of these bright windows was made brighter still by the figure of a tall, brown-haired young lady who had stopped to open a parcel on her way to breakfast.

"Penelope—Penny!" called half a dozen voices further up the hall, where the Dean's children were grouped about the fire. "Do come; we won't go in to breakfast without you."

"I *am* coming," said Penelope, slowly. "I've got a birthday present from Lionel," she added. "Poor boy! he is far enough away now." And still looking at her gift, Penelope Harleford, the Dean's niece, made her way toward the eager little group just as the Dean himself appeared in the dining-room door.

"Lion has sent Penelope a present," said Joe, the youngest boy. "Look, papa; it is a funny old fan."

"No," said Penelope; "it is a hand screen, and it is so quaint and pretty."

And the little screen, which at that moment Nora Mayne would have given a great deal to possess again, was put into the Dean's hands.

"Mayn't I show it to Aunt Letitia before breakfast?" pleaded Penny, with a coaxing air. "I know she would be so interested in it; she dearly likes old things."

"As you like, dear," said the Dean, giving her blooming cheek a pinch. "Hurry back, though; we don't see so much of you, now that Aunt Letty is back again."

Pretty Miss Penny laughed and ran away, holding her treasure tightly, stopping half a minute in a bend of the old staircase to look at it again, and to whisper, "Poor dear Lion—poor Lion!" and then hurrying on to a door, before which she paused, knocking lightly.

The "Come in" was in a sweet low voice. Penelope opened the door leading into a beautiful room rich in color and arrangement. A crippled lady, the same Nora Mayne had seen carried to the Bath-chair, was seated near the window.

"Well, my love, have you breakfasted already?" said the lady, holding out a thin white hand.

"No, aunt," said Penelope, kneeling beside the invalid's chair; "but I want you to see Lion's birthday present to me. Poor boy! He put it up the night before he sailed for India. Isn't it charming?"

Miss Harleford, Penelope's aunt, took the screen rather carelessly in her hands, then she uttered a quick, sharp little cry.

"Penny," she exclaimed, "where did Lion get this? I have not seen it in over twenty years, but I remember it perfectly."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLORRY'S HOOPLE.

Isn't it dreadfully horrid,
  Caught in this hoople again?
Here with the sun on my forehead,
  Ever so far down the lane.
Caught in this hoople again;
  Nurse didn't know I was skipping
Ever so far down the lane,
  Hope I'm not in for a whipping.

Where is my bonnet, I wonder?
  I think I have dirtied my dress;
Just like a hoop-skirt, ain't it?
  Makes me look grown up, I guess.
Yes, I *have* dirtied my dress;
  Pity to vex mamma so;
Yet if I get in a mess
  She will forgive me, I know.

Pity to vex mamma so;
  Think I'll go home and be sorry;
She will forgive me, I know,
  And call me her dear little Florry.
And it is dreadfully horrid,
  Here all alone in the lane,
With the hot sun on my forehead,
  Caught in my hoople again.

Digitized by Google

CHICORICA PARK, RATON, NEW MEXICO.

I am going to tell HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about a flood which we had here July 27. It was caused by the breaking of a water-spout, and nearly drowned mamma's gray pony Sally, which was picketed near the creek. It happened in the afternoon. Mamma was reading to us. We could hear the sound of the water coming, but thought it was the rain on the hills. Sarah, our nurse, went out for something, and we followed her, and when we got to the door, we saw Sally in trouble, and Sarah ran to see what was the matter. There was Sally in about eight feet of water; she had run down in a gully when she saw the water coming, but she broke her rope and got out without being hurt much, though the force of the water rolled her over several times. Mamma and Pleasance went further down, and saw the wave coming, and mamma said it was like a great column of muddy water. The flood lasted about twenty minutes, but it did not do us any harm. It took a tub and a hen-coop away, and moved a great many large stones, besides destroying a bridge.

MARIAN BEATRICE M.

EDGEWOOD, PENNSYLVANIA.

I live in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, but we came up here to the mountains for the summer. It is very cool and pleasant here, and I like it very much. I have been an invalid for two years, and have to walk on crutches. I can not walk far at a time. I have a chair on wheels in which I ride when I am tired of walking. My brother and I have a pony that we call Daisy. I have a phaeton to drive out in.

I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" best of all the stories so far. I like the Wiggles very much; mine have appeared in three numbers. I can draw quite well, and I am learning to paint in oil colors. When in the country I try to sketch a little.

WILFRED H.

SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS.

As so many little boys and girls have told about their pets, I thought I would tell about mine. I have a white mouse named Pippo; he is very tame, and I have taught him to jump through a ring. I have a cat named William A. Bolns, and a dog named Dottie Dimple, besides numerous hens and chickens, and a few pigeons. I have a goldfinch named Bright Eyes. Having no brothers or sisters, I think a great deal of my pets.

LILLIAN C.

CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN.

I live on a farm, am twelve years old, and have lots of chickens and turkeys, a pet deer, and a pet lamb. We have thirteen cows, and sell cream. The pasture is a distance from the house, so I sometimes go after the cows on horseback. Once, lately, my horse stuck fast in the mire, and another time the horse and I rode straight into a bees' nest. Sometimes I have great trouble in driving home the cows.

JOHNNIE E. B.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

I am twelve years old. I am a little cripple, and have not been out of bed for six months, with the hip-disease. I can not move except as others move me. Will some of the young people who read your paper send me something to read, as that is the only amusement I have? We used to live in Chicago, where my father got me books from the public library, but there is no public library here, so I have nothing to read. I shall be very much obliged if some of the little boys and girls who can run about will send me something to amuse me. I have no mother, and my sister takes care of me.

ALFRED JUDD.

CENTRE DALE, RHODE ISLAND.

I read all of "Toby Tyler," and am very glad Mr. Otis is writing another story. I liked "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and it reminded me of a boat my brothers and I made last summer. We built a raft seventeen feet long and four feet wide. We made oars, and went rowing after pond-lilies; and when we reached a place in the river where we could dive, we would jump into the water, and have a good swim. I am ten years old, and am learning to ride. I like to read the letters in the YOUNG PEOPLE, and so thought that perhaps some little boys would like to read what I have written.

J. C. B., JUN.

Your brother Walter's letter came safely with yours, but we could not give space to both.

BARABOO, WISCONSIN.

Having seen a letter from Blanche P. in No. 92, I thought that I too would send a letter from our town.

I went yesterday to the Devil's Lake, which is about three miles from here. It is surrounded by bluffs. On one side of the lake there is a large hotel called the Cliff House, where a hundred guests from all parts of the country are being entertained. But the other side is generally chosen by picnickers. It is called Kirkland, because it is owned by a man whose name is Kirk.

Arriving at 7 o'clock A.M. at Kirkland, we went over to Sandy Beach, a place famous for bathing. From there we strolled to Alaska Grotto, which is a kind of little cavern in the rocks, where it is as cool as ice. In the afternoon we went to bathing, and had a ride on the lake in a row-boat to a little log-cabin owned by a club of gentlemen.

At Kirkland there are four cottages, and a large house called the Pavilion, all of which are furnished with dishes, cot beds, etc., and rented to persons who wish them at so much a week.

SARAH H.

CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

We live a mile from the village. We have a great black curly Newfoundland dog named Bruno, who is very nice, but runs off to the village whenever he can get a chance. We have two canary-birds, two cats, two horses, and a colt.

ALLIE B.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I have wanted to write a letter to YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I first subscribed to it, but mamma thought I wrote too badly. I am very glad that another story is to be published by the author of "Toby Tyler," as that is my favorite story. My little brother has the smallest pony I ever saw. It is so gentle that he can easily catch and ride it, though he is only seven years old. I am nine, and have never yet been to school.

ELLEN W. W.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

A hard trip we had across the English Channel from Southampton to Havre, and then we had a half-hour trip in a steamboat over to Trouville. We staid a week there, till we found a pretty chalet in Villers-sur-Mer, called "Chalet des Bouquets," where we kept house for three weeks, and went to the beautiful beach every day, and found shells and petrified things. The Normandy peasants were great fishers; even the women were out in deep water catching shrimps and crabs. The summer weather coming on, we hurried through Paris to Switzerland, spending one night in Bale. We are in Lucerne for five weeks, and have been all over the place, have seen the old walls, the bridge of the "Dance of Death," Thorwaldsen's "Lion," in memory of the brave Swiss guards slain in defending Louis XVI. in 1792. We read Schiller's "William Tell," and have seen his chapel on the lake, as we visited Seelisberg, high up on a high hill, with beautiful pine forests, and a lovely view.

HARRY G.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Every winter flocks of paroquets fly about, and last year we had one for a pet. We fed him on cockle-burrs and sugar-cane, and cold mornings he would sit under the stove with the cats. Sometimes he would slip away, and once he staid out all night. In the morning we heard him calling, went out, and brought him in. We have had ripe figs this summer. They are very nice when eaten fresh from the tree. I was eight years old last May.

E. PEARL F.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am eleven years old, and my brother is seven years. I had a sweet little baby brother, and he was so pretty and cunning that every one loved him. He had golden curls, and could say everything, although he was not yet two years old. He died on the 19th of July last, and we all miss him. I think "Tim and Tip" promises to be splendid.

JOHN H. B.

LYNN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I think I ought to write something for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, because I look just like Toby Tyler. My hair is red, my face is freckled, and I have an Uncle Dan'l, only I don't live with him. I have a black cat; its name is Tish, and it has two little kittens.

I have three big brothers. One of them has been to Colorado. He came home last winter, and brought nearly a trunkful of specimens.

I liked "Toby Tyler" the best of any of the stories, but I think Jimmy Brown is cute, and I was sorry he made such "A Terrible Mistake." My sister writes this for me, because I'm too small to do it.

DANNIE D.

HILLSBORO, MISSOURI.

My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and love it dearly. We always look for it on Thursday. We enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box. My sister is twelve, and I am nine years old. We have three brothers younger than ourselves. I saw a letter in one of our papers written by a little boy who signed his name Frankie Thomas, which is the very same name as that of our youngest brother. We have talked a great deal about it, and we wonder if he is as sweet and pretty as our dear little Frankie is.

EDDIE T.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl six years old. I can not read very much yet, so my mamma reads YOUNG PEOPLE to me. I have a little brother Arthur; he is in the country now. I would rather stay with my mamma. Before we moved to the city we had a black dog named Prince, who would play "hide-and-seek" with us, and would always find us. I had a dear little pussy named Flossie, but she died. She used to curl herself up in my hat and go to sleep. I have four dolls, and lots of *treasures*. When I am old enough I will write a letter my self.

GERTRUDE.

In the little letter which accompanied the stanzas which follow the writer said:

My mamma has written some verses for my little brother and sister and myself, and I think they are very sweet. Mamma has been very sick, and not able to read or write for eight years, and she had to write these verses by *feeling*, as she can not look over and write them. I am eight years old, and my home is in Eatonton, Georgia. My name is

MARIBEL E.

RICHARD'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

I drove them down to the meadow,
Dolly and Dilly and Kate,
And my steps like theirs grew quicker
As we neared the pasture gate;

For beneath the shade of a cedar,
Where no clover ever grew,
I had built a *master* bird-trap,
And set the trigger true.

I knew a little redbird
Whose feathers every one
Were as bright as the juice of a berry,
Or the stain of the setting sun.

My heart went patter, patter,
As I thrust my fingers through
The trap that held a captive
Where the gnarled old cedar grew.

My heart beat like the rain-drops,
And (the redbird in my thought)
I felt a fluttering winglet,
And cried, "You're caught! you're caught!"

But alas for the dreams of childhood!
The bird was only gray;
And with angry frown and feature
I tossed it far away.

That night beside my mother
I told my grief with tears,
And I've not forgot her answer
Through all these weary years.

She said: "Oh, little Richard,
The bird with the homely coat
Has all the sweetest music
Of the forest in its throat!

"And never forget, my darling,
As life you travel through,
That some of its sweetest blessings
May gray-coated come to you."

LITTLE COMPTON, POINT SHACOMET, RHODE ISLAND.

I wanted my mamma to write to you when I was in Troy, but I had not any pets to write about, and my mamma told me to wait till I got to the sea-shore.

Now we are here. The ocean is all around us except on one side. We are on the lowest part of Rhode Island, on a point reaching away out into the ocean. I am almost the only little girl, as there is only one other here. She is May Kempton, and she lives here always.

May has five kittens. One kitten has double paws, and three kittens have two to three toes more than they ought to have, and one kitten is like all other kittens. There are a great many interesting things about here, but my mamma says I must not tell about too many at a time. Captain Williams is the lobster man, and once in a while he takes us out sailing in his vessel. It will hold about twelve people. His arms are all tattooed, and he tells very nice stories about shipwrecks. I am trying to learn the names of all the sails, and to "box the compass." I am going to a Rhode Island clam-bake. In my next letter I will tell you about some real live decoy-ducks.

NETTIE SPENCER A.

We wish the little folks who read the letter which Mrs. Richardson has sent to this number of Our Post-office Box would begin to think how nice it would be to save a little *money* to send her, so that the school-house which she so much wants could be built. As she will give the land and the timber, and Pete and the other men will perform most of the labor, it will take but a small amount of money. Who will do without a pretty ribbon or a pound of candy, and help to raise this little school-house under the grand old pines at Woodside?

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—It is with very much pleasure that I now acknowledge the little packages that I have had from you since I wrote before. We still keep hoping that we will get the school-house in time, and in the mean while we keep on with the Sunday afternoon school in the dining-room. How much I would like you all to be here and help us teach them! When they get very sleepy, my sister wakes them up by letting them sing. Since I wrote I have had packages from Miss Nellie J. Parker, 160 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Willie Olmsted, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Nettie Birkitt, Winnetoga, Ill.; Frank Butzow, Martha Butzow, Mary Butzow, Emma Butzow, Waseka, Ill.; Gracie Macomber, Grand Isle, Vt.; Nellie and Samuel Willets, Old Westbury, Long Island; Georgie Hitchcock, Champlain, N. Y.; Mrs. C. B. Keese, Asa Keese, David Keese, Ed. Bokan, Turner's Junction, Ill.; Carroll

Digitized by Google

P. Wilson, Troy, Tennessee; David Shipman, 29 Clinton St., Brooklyn; Miss Mary O'Neil, Rochester, N. Y.; Hubert D. Richardson, Box 492, Nashua, N. H.; Glenn Woolfenden, Neosho, Newton Co., Mo.; Alberta Ulman, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Fanny Stains, Adrian, Mich.; Martin C. Longstreth, 500 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Greco and Louisa Todd, Meriden, Conn.; Louise Kenny, Salina City, Cal.; Charley Cugen, Eaton, Ohio; Elmer Wallace, Elk Point, Dakota; Nellie Rita Burns, Lewistown. The State was not written on your postal, my dear Nellie, so I could not write to you, as I wished. With many thanks to you all from myself and family, Uncle Pete, and the whole Sunday-school, I am very truly your grateful friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

The members of the Natural History Society will be glad to learn that Mrs. Richardson will organize the Woodside branch, and send reports from time to time. Her own family and her scholars will form the branch, under her charge.

HOLTON, KANSAS.

The Holton branch of the Natural History Society met for the first time on July 26. There were but few members. George S. Linscott was elected president. I am glad the society has been organized, as it will promote an interest in nature among the children of this town. We have a good book that we intend to use at the meetings of the club. There are three or four boys and girls here who take YOUNG PEOPLE, but who are only nine years old. As yet none of our club have discovered any facts worth reporting. We will meet every two weeks, and I will report the doings of this society regularly once a month. E. S. BACK, Secretary.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

One stamp from each of the following countries, for a triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp and a Straits Settlement stamp: Denmark, Austria, Switzerland, Canada, Holland, Brazil, Belgium, Hungary, England, France, Germany, and Bavaria.

CASPER COLQUITT,
Walton House, Clayton, N. Y.

Stamps from Germany, England, Canada, Bermuda, Island of Cuba, and U. S. Revenue stamps, for stamps from any other nation. Stamps from Mexico especially desirable. E. E. HIDE,
Allegany Co., Belmont, N. Y.

I would like to exchange 2-cent (brown) issue of 1871, and 5, 6, 10, and 30 cent U. S. stamps, and 1 and 2½ penny English stamps.

FRED R. HYDE,
236 South Second St., Brooklyn, E. D.

A newspaper published at Natal with news of the war there, for five specimens of minerals, to weigh about three ounces each. SAMMIE RISTER,
Groesbeck, Limestone Co., Texas.

E. H. Randolph wishes to be addressed during the summer at 13 and 15 Park Row, New York City.

I live in the country, and two of my cousins are visiting us this summer. Papa takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE this year for my brother. I would like to exchange a stone and a little soil from New York, for the same from any other State or Territory; and also some everlasting-flowers that grow here, for pressed leaves, ferns, or flowers from any place in the United States. Correspondents will please label what they send, and be sure to write their address in full so I will know where they come from. Will they please inform me if they receive what I send, and wrap their packages securely?

SABRINA BAYLES,
West Kortright, Delaware Co., N. Y.

Minerals, for minerals, ores, and other curiosities. M. L. E., 51 Spencer St., Albany, N. Y.

Stones and soil from California, for stamps, coins, or sea-shells. E. T. WHEELER, Berkeley, Cal.

A card printer wishes a pair of good French fencing foils, for a font of script type.

ARTHUR POOL, Earlville, Ill.

Stamps from Cuba, Belgium, and Barbadoes, and other rare stamps, for a three-cornered Cape of Good Hope; or other foreign stamps, for one or any kind of curiosities. GEORGE H. ELDER,
99 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D.

Golden Days, for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Have all the first volume, except between 7, and 23, and 31. Wish HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE between 20 and 40, and 41 and 53; U. S. and other stamps, for curiosities and Cape of Good Hope stamps.

J. H. TOBIN,
Box 225, Oakland, California.

A 2-cent U. S. Internal Revenue stamp, for any foreign stamp, except from Canada, England, Denmark, France, Austria, Italy, and Germany. Five U. S. postmarks, for any foreign stamp, except from the above-named countries. Will receive offers for a New York State coin of 1863, and for an eagle cent of 1857. ROSIE BALL,
7 Sycamore St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Rare U. S. stamps, newspaper stamps of Austria, a South German state stamp, and rare stamps of Italy, Spain, and Brazil, also an Agricultural Department stamp, for stamps from Spain, which are an earlier issue than 1870, or 1-penny Bahamas 1859, or 10, 12, 15, 30 cent Post-office Department, U. S.

CHARLES WARREN, Box 54, Plymouth, Mass.

A fret-saw, designs, saws, and all complete, for a printing-press and materials, autographs of eminent persons, or a microscope. Stones from Madagascar, U. S., and foreign postmarks, for books, coins, minerals, stamps, ocean curiosities, or Indian relics.

ALBERT E. DWELLE, McPherson, Kan.

A piece of oak cut by a soldier friend from the prow of the Iron-clad *Merrimac*, a piece of olive-wood from Jerusalem, and a piece of asbestos, for a genuine Indian bow and arrows. Please write to arrange exchange. F. W. GLASIER, Adams, Mass.

White coral, curious rocks from Crève-Cœur Lake, shells from the Pacific Ocean, quartz crystals, for books of all kinds on mineralogy.

"MINERALOGIST," 903 Cardinal Avenue,
West St. Louis Station, Mo.

Sea-shells and other ocean curiosities, for Indian curiosities. C. PERCY RUSSELL, Deal Beach, N. J.

Postmarks and rare stamps, for curiosities.

MISS FRANKIE PRATT, Keokuk, Iowa.

Hard stamps and postmarks, etc., for department stamps of all kinds, stamps from Africa, Asia, Canada, South and Central America, Cape of Good Hope triangular especially desired, or curiosities of any kind, wood from historic trees, etc.

F. S. MILLER, Westfield, N. J.

Five foreign stamps, for one from Asia or Africa (no duplicates given or taken).

E. BIRWELL,
Box 584, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Specimens of red granite, antimony as it comes from the mine, Spanish fivepenny and eleven pence values, old English pennies and halfpennies, and other coins, for foreign coins or old American cents coined before 1815, or nickel cent with small eagle 1856, or two-cent pieces 1872 and 1873 if in good condition, or U. S. half-dimes 1794-1805. Please write before sending any coins and arrange exchange.

ABNER H. GRADAR, P. O. Box 22,
Milltown, Charlotte Co., New Brunswick.

Ten postmarks (no duplicates), four U. S. postage stamps, all different, and one German postage stamp, for one triangular Cape of Good Hope stamp.

RAY EDMISTON,
Minier, Tazewell Co., Ill.

Five or six pounds of good type, leads, and copper cents to exchange for Indian relics, minerals, fossils, skulls, curiosities, shells, and old coin.

FLETCHER M. NOE,
730 E. N. York St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A stamp of Hong-Kong, Brazil, and Mexico, for one three-cornered stamp of the Cape of Good Hope; twenty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a stamp of Egypt, Japan, Peru, and Iceland.

JAMES H. ROBINSON,
431 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stamps, for stamps. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Hong-Kong especially desired.

JAMES HEUN,
1718 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Indian arrow-heads picked up near the spot where General G. A. Custer fell; also some of the bayonets from the guns used in the battle of Bull Run, for mything suitable for a museum. Please write before sending. H. E. BALL,
Care of Mr. Collin,
Rye Beach Hotel, Rye, N. Y.

Three-dollar printing-press with type, for a scroll-saw or something useful.

WALTER J. LEE,
357 East Fifty-third St., New York City.

A good microscope, for any of the following U. S. coins: Half-cents of 1796, 1831, '36, '40 to '49, inclusive, cents of 1799 and 1804, or a quarter-dollar of 1822 or 1827. Exchangers will please write before sending coins.

VARGE S. SNOWDEN, Cumberland, Md.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

GEORGE L. D.—A drop of camphor or of chloroform will kill a moth or butterfly painlessly, and you can then fasten it to a card; to preserve them from dust. It is best to keep your specimens in a glass case.

R. L. H.—The worm you send was so crushed in the mail that it could not be identified, but it is not a parasite which usually infests rabbits. To free your rabbits from vermin, wash them with a strong infusion of carbolic soap.

HALLIE J. PERKINS, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA.—In forming your Natural History Society you may include any friends you choose. Whether or not they are subscribers to YOUNG PEOPLE makes no difference. You will find it a good plan to read the correspondence in YOUNG PEOPLE at your meetings. Be sure to send your reports.

H. F. L.—To have beautiful autumn leaves you must take pains to gather perfect ones, of rich colors and pretty shapes. You may preserve them by passing over the freshly gathered leaves a warm iron, on which you have rubbed bees-wax, or you may press the leaves between the pages of an old book, and when dry, coat them with very thin varnish, put on with a soft camel's-hair brush. The secret of pressing flowers and ferns successfully is in laying them immediately in a dark place under a weight, and changing the papers over them as these become moist.

Fred Gatyalin, 3 East Forty-seventh Street, New York City, withdrews from exchange list.

Daisy Rollins's address is Post-office Box 186, Columbia, Missouri, not Columbus, as published. Write to her until September 10.

Some of our correspondents have sent such silly *noms de plume* in answer to puzzles that we have really felt ashamed to print them. In two instances the names sent were inadmissible. Please select sensible fictitious names when you do not desire your own to appear.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Paxton," "Will O. Tree," "*Unknown*," E. Pearl Lisk, John H. Busch, H. Elkins, "Comet," A. A. Beebe, Alice M. Walther, Annetta Jackson, Lee Marks, "School-Boy," Willie J. Baldwin, Eva J. Ward, H. N. Pleis, Jemima Beeston.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

THREE EASY WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. Appertaining to kings. 2. To cut off. 3. Donated. 4. A skilled person. 5. Slow time in music.

2.—1. To stop. 2. An artist's picture rest. 3. Out of the true course. 4. An old-fashioned vehicle. 5. A girl's name. H. D.

3.—1. Soar. 2. A collection of laws. 3. Unemployed. 4. Far below the surface. F. A. H.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.—(*To Cal I. Forney*).

Place the names of four animals in such order that their initial and final letters read downward will spell the names of two others.

No. 3.

DECEAPITINGS.

Behead in discourse, and have a movement of the arm; again, and have either of two.

Behead a fraud, and have warmth; again, and have to take food. COUNT NO ACCOUNT.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

My first is in forest, but not in field.
My second's in breastplate, not in shield.
My third is in English, not in Dutch.
My fourth is in little, not in much.
My fifth is in inn, not in hotel.
My sixth is in scream, and not in yell.
My seventh's in blacksmith, not in miller.
My whole is a massive pointed pillar.

MARION E. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 92.

No. 1. Dandelion.

No. 2.

I.
C A N
C A N E D
L A N T E R N
N E E D Y
D R Y
N

No. 3. 1. Bowl. 2. Tart.

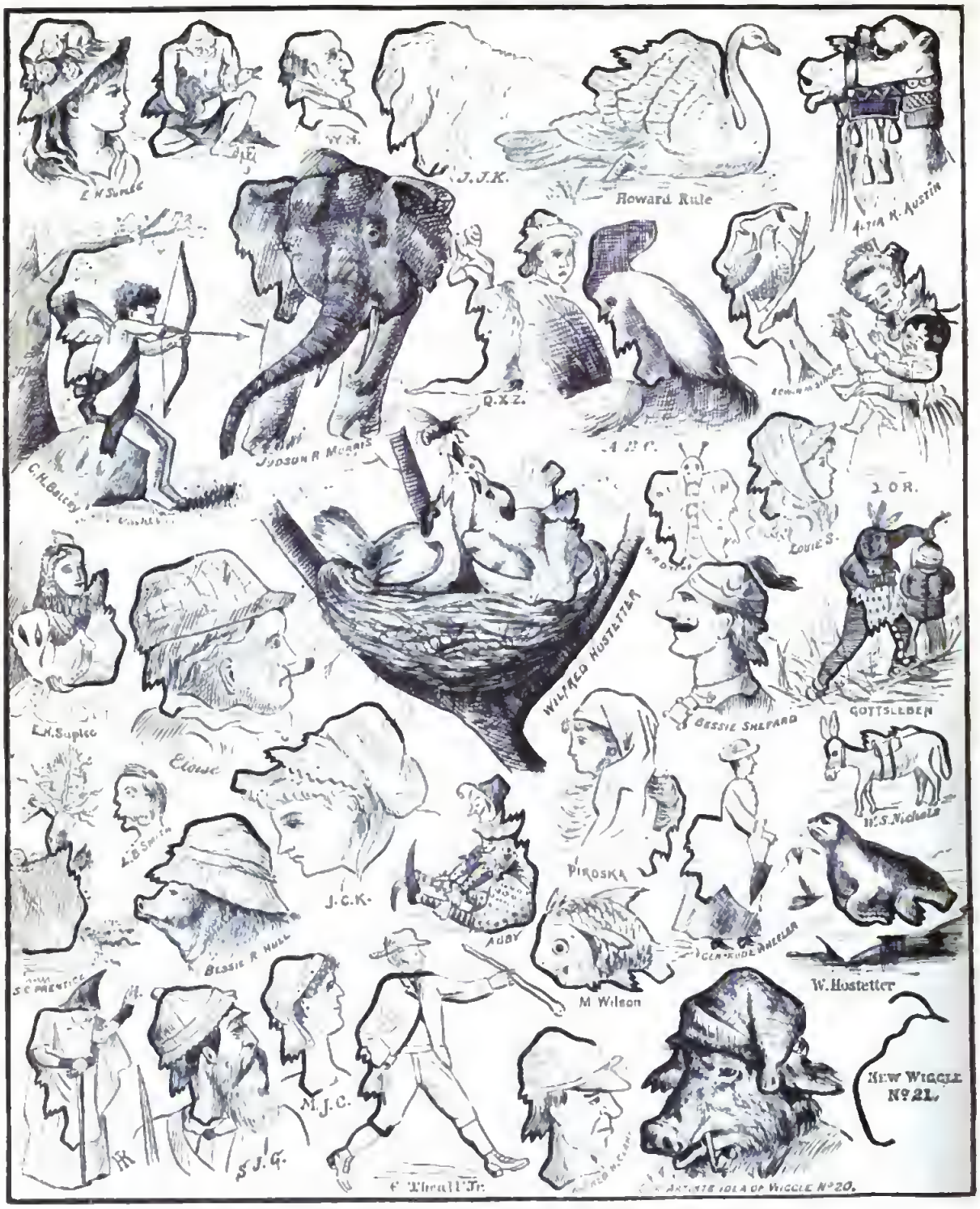
No. 4. 1. Pot. 2. Spar. 3. Arc. 4. Brag.

No. 5. 1. Birds of a feather flock together. 2. A watched pot never boils.

No. 6. 1. A soap-bubble. 2. A walnut.

No. 7. A peach.

Digitized by Google



SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 20, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 21.

WIGGLES.

ALTHOUGH "Wiggles" have formed a feature of YOUNG PEOPLE from the beginning, and have excited a very general interest amongst our youthful artists, many of our correspondents write that they do not understand them. For the benefit of these we will explain that Wiggles, sometimes called "recondite forms," are lines forming portions of the *outlines* of pictures. New Wiggle No. 21 is one of these lines, and it forms part of the *outline* of a picture already drawn by "our artist." The object of those who attempt to solve the Wiggle problem should be to draw a picture containing this line. In looking over the Wiggles on this page you will see that Bessie R. Hull had very nearly the same idea of a picture that our artist had when he drew Wiggle No. 20. We have room to publish only a few of the hundreds of ideas of each Wiggle that are sent to us, and there is no regular time fixed for their publication; but those that are drawn with the greatest care, and sent in the earliest, stand the best chance of being published. Will Bessie R. Hull please send us her full address?

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 96. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, August 30, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE OLD GUN.

'Mid the smoke and the heat of battle,
Where men fought for wrong or right,
'Mid the clash and the roar and the rattle,
Where fiercest raged the fight,
Stood the old gun,
Hurling his bolts of thunder
Into the ranks of those
Who dared to brave his anger,
Who dared to be his foes,
Dared face the gun.

'Mid the daisies and clover growing
On that long ago battle plain,
Kissed by the soft winds, blowing
Over the graves of the slain,
Lies the old gun.
Around him frolic the children,
Noisy with innocent glee,
But silent and still he lies there,
Who helped make a nation free,
Asleep in the sun.

Digitized by Google

COMPENSATION.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

For every leaf of green,
A golden leaf;
For every fading flower,
A ripened sheaf.
For every parching beam,
A drop of rain;
For every sunny day,
The stars again.

For every warring wave,
A pretty shell;
For every sound of woe,
A joyous bell.
For every passing care,
A mother's kiss:
And what could better be,
Dear child, than this?

AN ANCIENT TRAVELLER.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THE oldest book of travels in Asia that has been preserved was written by Marco Polo, an Italian, who was born nearly two hundred and fifty years before his famous countryman Christopher Columbus discovered America.

The father and uncle of Marco, who were merchants in Venice, had already been to China, then called Cathay, and spent some years at the court of the Emperor Khubla Khan, who became their warm friend. On their return to Venice they had many wonderful stories to tell of the mysterious country they had explored, and the strange sights and adventures they had met with; and two years afterward they started again on their travels, with letters and presents for the Chinese monarch from Pope Gregory X. Marco, then a young man of twenty, went with them on this journey.

They travelled over land and water and desert, and had many hardships and dangers to encounter; but finally they reached the city of Cambalu (which was discovered in the seventeenth century to be Pekin), after a journey of *four years!* When the Khan heard that they were coming, he sent people to meet them a month and a half before they arrived, and directed that they should be received with every possible honor.

At last they reached the royal city, and were conducted at once to the Khan, before whom they prostrated themselves, after the fashion of the country; then they were invited to a magnificent banquet. The throne, which stood on a platform at the head of the long table, sparkled and glittered with precious gems; and on this was seated the monarch of Cathay, sparkling and glittering likewise in his festal robes, with his four wives around him, and a long string of attendants for each of the ladies.

Everybody who was considered to be in good society in Cambalu was present at this feast of welcome to the returned travellers; and jewels, and plumes, and gold, and precious stones, and brilliant colors, and beautiful faces were mingled together in bewildering confusion. After the company had left the table, jugglers and acrobats and musicians were brought in to entertain them; and very likely the tired strangers were glad enough when it was all over, and they could retire in peace to the splendid palace that had been arranged with every imaginable luxury, and hosts of servants to wait upon them and do their bidding.

The next day they presented the generous monarch with the Pope's letter, and a small bottle filled with the oil used for the silver lamps in the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Khan saw, from the reverent manner of the travellers, that this oil must possess rare virtues, and he received it with much gratitude. He was an intelligent man, and he asked many questions about their journey, and about matters and things in Europe, the Polos having become well acquainted with the Mongol language during their former stay, so that they could talk without an interpreter. His Royal Highness was particularly pleased with Marco, and said that he would give him an important position at once in his household.

The young man immediately began to study the language, laws, and customs of this strange country, that he might be able to perform the duties of his office, and the Khan soon had such confidence in him that he sent him on affairs of importance all over the empire.

It was in this way that Marco Polo learned so much about Cathay, and the book of travels which he wrote was read for a long time with the greatest interest. Now it is looked upon as an ancient relic; and the pictures are particularly funny. In one of them is a representation of the Khan in a portable room carried on the backs of four elephants, which are shaped very much like pigs, and have gorgeous rosettes on their backs, supposed to be intended for saddles. A crowd of people gaze with awe upon their sovereign as he is borne triumphantly along in this very novel manner, the front side of the room being open, so that all can see him.

Another picture, which is intended for an elephant hunt, represents the elephants shorter than the horses on which the hunters ride and shoot at them with bows and arrows—as though elephants would mind *that!*—while the trees seem to be growing on the elephants' backs.

Khubla Khan was at war with the sovereigns of the provinces south of his kingdom, and his friends the Polos were of great use to him by showing him how to make and use the European machines, called catapults, for hurling immense stones against the walls and towers of besieged cities. These were highly thought of before the invention of artillery.

The monarch was very much delighted, and as soon as the machines were ready he sent the learned Venetians to head a fresh attack upon the important city of Sa-yan-fu. The banner of Khubla Khan was soon waving above the crushed walls, and the Polos were liberally rewarded with wealth and honors. Marco, who was the Khan's especial favorite, was made a noble of the empire, with a more magnificent palace and a larger retinue than ever.

After spending seventeen years of this exciting life, the Polos longed to see their native city again; but the monarch, who was now an old man, would not consent to part with them. Fortunately, however, for the homesick visitors, the Khan's granddaughter was to marry the King of Persia, and started on her journey to that country; but after travelling for eight months, the Princess and her attendants found that many of the provinces through which they had to pass were at war, and they turned back to Cambalu.

The Polos, seizing this opportunity of escape, promised to convey the bridal party safely by sea; and the Khan agreed to let them go, on condition of their returning to him again after a short visit home. Among the monarch's parting gifts were caskets of magnificent rubies and other precious gems.

It was eighteen months before they reached Ormuz, and during that time two or three of the envoys and six hundred of the Princess's attendants had died. The Persian bridegroom was dead also, and so was the monarch of Cathay, Khubla Khan.

The Polos now were freed from their promise to return: and after staying nine months in Persia—for they liked to explore every place at which they stopped—they started on their long journey to Venice. They arrived there in safety, after an absence of twenty-four years; and at first

Digitized by Google

no one would believe that these outlandish-looking travellers were the real Polos. But they soon proved their identity, and became known far and wide as the most wonderful travellers of the time.

Marco was a prisoner in Genoa for four years, after a battle with the Genoese, and he amused himself during this dreary period by writing an account of his travels and his life at the court of the Khan.

FROG-CATCHING.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

WHEN a man dwelling in the Drowned Lands of Canonoque, Canada, is capable of accumulating a small fortune by catching frogs for the New York market, surely some of our young people who are now spending their vacations near the shores of our lakes, rivers, and ponds ought also to make considerable pocket-money, if not as large a fortune as that of Pat Bowman, of the Drowned Lands, who follows up the frogs from early spring until late in the fall.

It is not only the pocket-money that is to be picked up, but while on the frog-hunts many lessons are to be learned in aquatic natural history. Then there is the fun of the thing. It's fun to get sunburned, and have a brand-new skin at the end of a week to attend church in. It's fun to step into a bumble-bees' nest, and have the bees chase you until you are only too glad to take refuge in the water, where they can't find you out. And it's fun to break through a musk-rat or turtle run, and to have your companions pull you out covered with black peat; then come the washing out of your clothes, and hanging them in the sun to dry; and while they are drying, then the sand-flies and mosquitoes come swarming about you in clouds, until in sheer desperation you conclude to do as the cows do—stand in the water and splash. And after you have stood in the water a few minutes, you find the horse-leeches and boat-flies have discovered you have legs, and are having a feast on them. By this time your clothing is dry. All this sort of experience was fun to me when I was a boy, and I often sigh for those happy days to return.

At the age of thirteen I became a frog-catcher. I discovered there was a demand in Fulton and Washington markets for frogs' legs, and that the price paid for them, as they ran, large and small (not very, very small), was one dollar and a half per hundred. But here was the trouble: how could I manage to keep the frogs alive and healthy until I had one hundred of them ready for market? At last I hit upon a plan, which was no less than to construct a pond in our then very large garden, and plant it with pond-lilies, sweet-flag, and cat-tails; in fact, to make it as picturesque as possible. To have the pond hold water, the bottom and sides were lined with clay to the depth of half a foot. To fill the pond we made a series of wooden gutters that connected with the garden pump. Every night we pumped and pumped, until we thought the old pump would surely go dry.

In our house lived a blind sea-captain; he was a bright, kind-hearted, good-natured old gentleman. He could navigate all over our large garden without tramping down the smallest radish, and as for thinning out carrots and beets, he could do it beautifully; he knew every weed by touch and smell. He was just as good as good could be, and all we boys thought the world of him, and he thought we were the best boys ever born. Now the captain liked everything in nature that had a voice, such as birds, crickets, locusts, katydids, and tree-toads, with which we kept the garden well supplied, so that at night there was nearly a full orchestra of nature's musicians. On bass, basso, and basso-profundo we were short, but knew full well that as soon as the intended inhabitants for the pond were secured, those voices of the night would be forthcoming.

The first frogs we captured were taken with a scap-net toward evening, when they drew near the shore to feed, and to secure them we tied them by their hind-legs to a string. One evening we discovered a frog by his voice, which was that of a pure basso-profundo, and in strength that of three bull-calves in one. His home was in a small ditch of water, which, the minute approached, he would plunge into, and was lost to sight. By the great splash he made we knew that he must be a monster of a bull-frog. Night after night we tried to capture him, but failed. At last we determined to devote one entire Saturday to his capture.

There was one particular spot on the side of the ditch where he always sat when taking a sun-bath, but the minute he caught sight of us, in he would plunge, and disappear for an hour's time. At first we imagined he dived down into the deep mud bottom, and remained there until he thought all was quiet, or that we were gone away.

At last, by mere accident, we discovered his secret hiding-place to be a musk-rat hole, the entrance of which connected directly with the water of the ditch, so that all he had to do was to make a strong and long dive for the musk-rat hole, and he was safe every time. The only way left was to secure the entrance to the hole with a net, and then to go after him with spades and shovels and dig him out; which we did, and wasn't he a beauty? He weighed over a pound, and must have been seven or eight years old. After being in the pond a week, one bright moonlight night he condescended to join in with the other musicians.

We greatly increased the power of our orchestra by adding twenty-five common toads, which in the breeding season frequent the water, and are very noisy, and also one hundred of the shrill-piping Hylodes, or tree-toads, and two screech-owls, which were kept in separate cages at different parts of the garden, so that all night long they were calling to one another.

At the end of every two weeks one of the four members of the "Great Long Island Frog Company" took to market from two hundred to two hundred and fifty live frogs, for which was received a dollar and a half per hundred. In course of time sufficient capital was accumulated to purchase four hundred breeding gold-fish with which to stock the pond, so that on the second year we were marketing live frogs and gold-fish. All this happened many years ago, but the traffic in bull-frogs and bull-frogs' legs has been growing steadily, until it has attained wonderful proportions, as the following statements will show:

It is estimated by good judges that no less than fifteen hundred-weight of frogs' legs are sent to the New York market every year. New York State, New Hampshire, Maine, Pennsylvania, and the Canadas are the principal sources of supply. There is one dealer who has agents catching and purchasing frogs in all the above-named places.

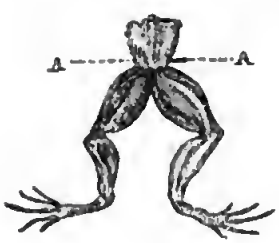
Frog-catching begins early in the spring, and lasts until late in the fall. The frogs are caught without bait, all the tackle used being a rod or pole cut in the woods, to which is fastened a short and stout line. On the end of the line is fastened a broad stout hook. When a frog is discovered, the "froggist" drops the hook under the jaw of the frog, and with a quick jerk Mr. Frog flies up into the air, and is taken from off the hook, and placed in a bag. The frogs think the hook is alive, and snatch at it eagerly. Sometimes a frog, when the hook tickles his nose or passes over one of his ears, will lose his temper, and make a terrible lunge at it. I have seen old frogs lose their tempers entirely, so that the minute they caught

Digitized by Google

DIGGING OUT THE BIG FROG.

sight of the end of the pole they would jump clear out of the water, and bite at it fiercely. A frog will never bite at anything when under water, as he is afraid to open his large mouth from fear of drowning. A frog kept entirely in the water, with nothing to rest on, will in course of time drown. When the hook is ornamented with a piece of red flannel, the frogs will jump for it several feet. Frogs bite best on warm, sunny days. When fishing for frogs at night, a reflector or bull's-eye is fastened at the bow of the boat. The bright light seems to daze the frogs to an extent that admits of their easy capture.

The frogs, when caught, are placed in cages made of laths or slats; the cages are about five feet long by four feet wide, and one foot in height. These cages are placed half in the water and half on land, the bottoms of the cages having a slight inclination, to allow the frogs to leave the water when so disposed. After being caged for a few days, they will begin to take food. Their favorite food is young frogs, small live fish, insects, mice, and angle-worms. All of these must have life and motion, or the frogs will not eat them. Many attempts have been made to breed frogs artificially, but so far all have failed. The principal trouble seems to be the difficulty of obtaining natural food in sufficient quantities to prevent the old frogs from devouring their young, which they will do on all occasions. Again, the young frog, from the tadpole stage up to the perfect frog, is surrounded by enemies night and day—aquatic birds, turtles, lizards, snakes, leeches, insects, fish, water-rats, and, worst of all, his own relations. A female frog at five years of age will produce over a thousand eggs every year. Out of the thousand eggs not more than twenty-five ever attain over two years' growth, so constant is the warfare of their enemies.



There are two ways of preparing the frogs' legs for market. One is known as the Canadian style (see figure), which consists of leaving part of the back of the frog attached to the legs; this is done to make weight. The other is the Philadelphia style, wherein the legs are cut off close to the end of the back, or spine, after the legs have been skinned. In the figure the dotted line A A shows the Philadelphia style, which always brings the highest price. The legs are packed in half-barrels between layers of crushed ice, and will average from fifty to seventy-five pounds to the half-barrel. The prices paid for frogs' legs vary from twenty to sixty cents per pound, which is governed by the season of the year, the demand, and the supply. At the leading hotels—Delmonico's, for instance—seventy-five cents is the regular price per plate for cooked frogs' legs all the year round.

The method of cooking the legs is as follows. After the legs have been thoroughly washed, they are dried in a towel; they are then dipped in beaten eggs, and rolled in powdered cracker, after which they are fried in very hot lard or butter until slightly brown, and are served up with fine herbs and mushrooms stewed in butter.

Now it seems to me, as I said before, that the boys have a chance to make considerable pocket-money on frogs' legs. If I was still a boy, I would enter into an agreement with two or three of the largest and best-paying hotels to supply them with legs, fresh caught (remember, that's a big advantage you would have over the New York market), at just a few cents per pound below the prevailing market prices during the season. There is no reason, when you are out froggiug, why you should not capture a few trout also.

THE BOOT-BLACK'S SHOWER-BATH.

Digitized by Google

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE ON BOARD THE "PRIDE OF THE WAVE."

WHEN Tim first went on board the steamer which was to be his home, he thought, from the beautiful things he saw around, that he should live in a luxurious manner; but when he was shown the place in which he was to sleep, he learned that the fine things were for the passengers only, and that even comfort had been sacrificed in the quarters belonging to the crew.

He was given a berth in the forecastle, which was anything rather than a pleasant or even a sweet-smelling place, and had it not been that he had the satisfaction of having Tip with him when he went to bed, he would have cried even harder and longer than he did.

Captain Pratt had not made his appearance on the steamer that day; but the steward had told him that his duties as Captain's boy would begin next morning at breakfast, when he would be expected to wait upon the Captain at the table. The last thing Tim thought of that night was how he should acquit himself in what he felt would be a trying position, and the first thing which came into his mind when he awoke on the following morning was whether he should succeed in pleasing his employer or not.

After kissing Tip over and over again, and with many requests to him to be a good dog and not make a noise, Tim tied his pet in his narrow quarters, and then made his own toilet. He really made a good appearance when he presented himself to Mr. Rankin, the steward, that morning. His cheeks were rosy from a vigorous application of cold water and a brisk rubbing, and if he could rely upon his personal appearance for pleasing Captain Pratt, there seemed every chance that he would succeed.

During the time he had been at work the day before, Mr. Rankin took every opportunity to instruct him in his new duties, and that morning the steward gave him another lesson.

It was barely finished when Captain Pratt came into the cabin, and one look at him made Tim so nervous that he forgot nearly everything he had been told to remember.

The Captain's eyes were red, his hands trembled, while he had every symptom of a man who had been drinking hard the day before, and was not perfectly sober then.

Tim had never had any experience with drinking men; but he did not need any explanation as to the causes of the Captain's appearance, and he involuntarily ducked his head when his employer passed him.

"Now, then, what are you skulking there for, you young rascal?" shouted Captain Pratt, as he fell rather than seated himself in his chair.

"I ain't skulkin', sir," replied Tim, meekly.

"Don't you answer me back," cried the Captain, in a rage, seizing the milk pitcher as if he intended to throw it at the boy. "If you talk back to me, I'll show you what a rope's end means."

Tim actually trembled with fear, and kept a bright lookout, so that he might be ready to dodge in case the pitcher should be thrown, but did not venture to say a word.

"Now bring me my breakfast, and let's see if you amount to anything, or if I only picked up a bit of waste timber when I got you."

"What will you have, sir?" asked Tim, timidly, as he moved toward the Captain's chair.

A blow on the side of his head that sent him reeling half way across the cabin served as a reply, and it was followed by a volley of oaths that frightened him.

"What do you mean by asking me what I'll have before you tell me what is ready? Next time you try to wait upon a gentleman, tell him what there is. Bring me some soda-water first."

This was an order that had not been provided for in the lessons given by Mr. Rankin, and Tim stood perfectly still, in frightened ignorance.

"Come, step lively, or I'll get up and show you how," roared the Captain, his face flushing to a deeper red, as his rage rose to the point of cruelty.

"Please, sir, I don't know where it is;" and Tim's voice sounded very timid and piteous.

"Don't know where it is, and been on board since yesterday! What do you suppose I hired you for? Take that, and that."

CAPTAIN PRATT ORDERS HIS BREAKFAST.

Digitized by Google

Suiting the action to the words, the cheerful-tempered man threw first a knife and then a fork at the shrinking boy, and was about to follow them with a plate, when Mr. Rankin put into Tim's hand the desired liquid.

Tim would rather have gone almost anywhere else than close to his employer just then; but the glass was in his hand, the Captain was waiting for it with a glare in his eye that boded no good if he delayed, and he placed it on the table.

"Now what kind of a breakfast have you got?" shouted Captain Pratt, as he swallowed the liquid quickly.

It was a surprise to himself that he could remember anything just then, but he did manage to repeat the names of the different dishes, and to take the Captain's order.

Although he ran as swiftly as possible from the table to the kitchen, and was served there with all haste, he did not succeed in pleasing the angry man.

"I want you to remember," said that worthy, with a scowl, "that I ain't in the habit of waiting for my meals. Another time, when you are so long, I shall give you a lesson you won't forget."

Tim was placing the dishes of food on the table when the Captain spoke, and he was so startled by the angry words, when he thought he deserved pleasant ones, that he dropped a plate of potatoes.

He sprang instantly to pick them up, but Captain Pratt was out of his chair before he could reach them, and with all his strength he kicked Tim again and again. Then, without taking any heed of the prostrate boy, who might have been seriously injured, he seated himself at the table in perfect unconcern.

Mr. Rankin helped Tim on his feet, and finding that no bones were broken—which was remarkable, considering the force with which the blows had been given—advised him to go on deck, promising that he would serve the Captain.

"But I propose that the boy shall stay here," roared the Captain. "Do you think I'm going to let him sneak off every time I try to teach him anything?"

Tim struggled manfully to keep back the tears that would come in his eyes as he stood behind the Captain's chair, but they got the best of him, as did also the little quick sobs.

The Captain appeared to grow more cheerful as he ate, and although he called upon Tim for several articles, he managed to get along without striking any more blows, contenting himself by abusing the poor boy with his tongue.

It was a great relief to Tim when that meal was ended, and Mr. Rankin told him he could eat his own breakfast before clearing away the dishes.

Tim had not the slightest desire for food then, but he did want some for Tip. Hastily gathering up the bones from Captain Pratt's plate, he ran with them to the bow, where Tip was straining and tugging at his rope as if he knew his master was having a hard time, and he wanted to be where he could help him.

Tim placed the bones in front of Tip, and then kneeling down, he put his arms around the dog's neck as he poured out his woes in his ear, while Tip tried in every way to get at the tempting feast before him.

"I'm the miserablest boy in the world, Tip, an' I don't know what's goin' to become of us. You don't know what a bad, ugly man Captain Pratt is, an' I don't believe I can stay here another day. But you think a good deal of me, don't you, Tip? an' you'd help me if you could, wouldn't you?"

The dog had more sympathy with the bones just then than he had with his almost heart-broken master, and Tim, who dared not stay away too long from the cabin, was obliged to let him partake of the feast at last.

When Tim returned from feeding the dog, Mr. Rankin said all he could to prevent him from becoming discouraged on the first day of service; but he concluded with these words: "I can't advise you to stay here any longer than you can help, for you ain't stout enough to bear what you'll have to take from the Captain. It 'll be hard work to get off, for he always looks sharp after new boys, so they sha'n't run away; but when we get back here again, you'd better make up your mind to show your heels."

These words frightened Tim almost as much as what the Captain had said to him, for he had never thought but that he could leave whenever he wanted to. Now he felt doubly wretched, for he realized that he was as much a captive as he had ever been when he lived with Captain Babbige, whose blows were not nearly as severe as this new master's.

The *Pride of the Ware* made but two trips a week, and each one occupied about two days and a half. This second day after Tim had come on board was the time of her sailing, and everything was in such a state of confusion that no one had any time to notice the sad little boy, who ran forward to pet his dog whenever his work would permit of such loving act.

Among his duties was that of answering the Captain's bell, and once, when he returned from a visit to Tip, Mr. Rankin told him, with evident fear, that it had been nearly five minutes since he was summoned to the wheel-house.

While the steward was speaking, the bell rang again with an angry peal that told that the party at the other end was in anything but a pleasant mood. It did not take Tim many seconds to run to the wheel-house, and when he arrived there, breathless and in fear, Captain Pratt met him at the door.

"So the lesson I gave you this morning wasn't enough, eh?" cried the angry man, as he seized Tim by the collar and actually lifted him from his feet. "I'll teach you to attend to business, and not try to come any odds over me."

Captain Pratt had a stout piece of rope in one hand, and as he held Tim by the other, nearly choking him, he showered heavy blows upon the poor boy's back and legs, until his arm ached.

"Now see if you will remember that!" he cried, as he released his hold on Tim's collar, and the poor child rolled upon the deck almost helpless.

Tim had fallen because the hold on his neck had been so suddenly released, rather than on account of the beating; and when he struggled to his feet, smarting from the blows, the Captain said to him, "Now bring me a pitcher of ice-water, and see that you're back in five minutes, or you'll get the same dose over again."

Tim limped away, his back and legs feeling as though they were on fire, and each inch of skin ached and smarted as it never had done from the worst whipping Captain Babbige or Aunt Betsey had favored him with. He entered the cabin with eyes swollen from unshed tears, and sobs choking his breath, but with such a sense of injury in his heart that he made no other sign of suffering.

Mr. Rankin was too familiar with Captain Pratt's method of dealing with boys to be obliged to ask Tim any questions; but he said, as the boy got the water, "Try to keep a stiff upper lip, lad, and you'll come out all right."

Tim could not trust himself to speak, for he knew he should cry if he did; and he carried the water to the wheel-house, going directly from there to Tip.

The dog leaped up on him when his master came where he was, as if he wanted a frolic; but Tim said, as he threw himself on the deck beside him: "Don't, Tip—don't play now; I feel more like dyin'. You think it's awful hard to stay here; but it's twice as hard on me, 'cause the Captain whips me every chance he gets."

Tip knew from his master's actions that something was wrong, and he licked the face that was drawn with deep lines of pain so lovingly that Tim's tears came in spite of his will.

Digitized by Google

He was lying by Tip's side, moaning and crying, when old black Mose, the cook, was attracted to the spot by his sounds of suffering.

"Wha-wha-wha's de matter, boney? Wha' yer takin' on so powerful 'bout?"

Tim paid no attention to the question, repeated several times, nor did he appear to feel the huge black hand laid so tenderly on his head.

"Wha's de matter, honey? Has Cap'en Pratt been eddercatin' of yer?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Now don' take on so, boney. Come inter de kitchen wid ole Mose, an' let him soothe ye up a little. Come, honey, come wid me, an' bring de dorg wid yer."

While he spoke the old colored man was untying the rope which fastened Tip, for he knew the boy would follow wherever the dog was led. And in that he was right, for when Tip went toward the little box Mose called a kitchen, he followed almost unconsciously.

Once inside the place where the old negro was chief, Mose took his jacket off, and bathed the ugly-looking black and blue marks which had been left by the rope, talking to the boy in his peculiar dialect as he did so, soothing the wounds on his heart as he treated those on his body.

"Now don' feel bad, honey; it's only a way Cap'en Pratt has got, an' you must git used to it, shuah. Don' let him fret yer, but keep right on about yer work jest as ef yer didn't notice him like."

Mose bathed the wounds, gave Tip such a feast as he had not had for many a day, and when it was done, Tim said to him: "You're awful good, you are; but I'm afraid the Captain will make you sorry for it. He don't seem to like me, an' he may get mad 'cause you've helped me."

"Bress yer, chile, what you s'pose ole Mose keers fur him ef he does git mad? The Cap'en kin rave an' rave, but dis niggar don' mind him more'n ef he was de souf wind, what carn't do nobody any harm."

"But—" Tim began to say, earnestly.

"Never mind 'bout any huts, honey. Yer fixed all right now, an' you go down in de cabin an' go ter work like a man; ole Mose 'll keep keer oh de dorg."

Tim knew he had already been away from his post of duty too long, and leaving Tip in the negro's kindly care, he went into the cabin, feeling almost well in mind, although very sore in body.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHIL'S BURGLAR.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I AM Phil Morris, fourteen years old, and the youngest clerk in Covert Savings-Bank. The cashier is my uncle Jack, and he began at the bottom, where I am, when *he* was a boy. He says that a boy had better grow up with a country bank than go West and grow up with the country. He thinks there's more money in it.

"If there's anything in you," he said one day, "you'll work your way up to be bank president some time." And I guess it's better to be president of a country bank than to be President of the United States. Anyway, you wouldn't have to be shot before folks began to find out that you were doing your level best to keep things straight. Uncle Jack says and does such queer things sometimes that people say he's odd. They tell about his being so wrapped up in our bank that he never had time to hunt up a wife. I notice, though, that when father and mother died, and left me a wee little baby, Uncle Jack found time to bring me up, and give me a good education to boot. Oh, he's as good as gold or government bonds, Uncle Jack is.

We live in rooms over the bank, where old Mrs. Halstead keeps house for us. Underneath, we do the business. There's heaps of money in our two big vaults. Last summer—and, mind you, this was while *I* was away on vacation—two men broke into the building. They came up stairs, and into Uncle Jack's room. One had a bull's-eye lantern that he flashed in Uncle Jack's face as he sat up in bed, and the other pointed a big pistol right at his head.

"Tell us where the vault keys are, or I'll shoot you," he said.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," I broke in, when he was telling me about it, "what *did* you do?"

"What would you have done?" he asked, in his odd way.

"I know what I *wouldn't* have done," I answered him, straightening up a bit—"I wouldn't have given 'em the keys."

"Ah!" Uncle Jack says, kind of half doubtful, and then went on: "Well, I told them to shoot away. And they knew as well as I did that shooting wouldn't bring them the keys. So when they found they couldn't frighten me, the scoundrels tied me, and went off in a rage, with my watch and pocket-book."

That was last summer. One night along in the fall Uncle Jack started off down town. "It's Lodge night, and I may not be back until late," he said. "You won't mind staying alone—a great boy like you." And of course I said "No."

But somehow, after Mrs. Halstead went to bed, I found I *did* mind it. I don't know what made me feel so fidgety. Perhaps it was reading about a bank robbery in Bolton, which is the next town to Covert. It was thought to be the work of Slippery Jim, a notorious burglar. And while I was thinking about it, I dozed off in Uncle Jack's easy-chair.

"Ow-w-w!" I sung out all at once. And if you'd woke up of a sudden to see a rough-looking man, with a slouch hat pulled over his eyes, standing right in front of you, you'd have done the same. "What—what do you want here?" I sort of gasped; and I tried to speak so he wouldn't hear my teeth knock together.

"The vault keys—where are they?" he answers, short and gruff. And then he kind of motioned with his hand—I suppose to show the revolver he was holding.

I was pretty badly scared; but all the same, I didn't mean he should have those vault keys, if he shot the top of my head off.

"Come, hurry up," he said, with a sort of grin. And I noticed then that he had red whiskers, and some of his upper front teeth were gone, so that he didn't speak his words plain.

"I should know you anywhere," I thought. "Strategy, Phil Morris," I said to myself, bracing up inside; for a story I'd read about how a lady caught a live burglar came across me like a flash. "Please don't shoot, sir," I began to say, with all sorts of demi-semi-quavers in my voice—"please don't; indeed I'll show you where they're kept." So making believe to shake all over, I took the lamp, and led the way into Uncle Jack's bedroom. "The k-k-k-eys are in th-there, sir," I told him.

You should have seen how my fingers trembled when I pointed to the little store-room that opened out of the chamber. The keys were there, true enough, but I'd like to see any one except Uncle Jack or I find them. I suppose you have heard of such things as secret panels.

The store-room floor is lower than the chamber floor. Many a time, when I haven't been thinking, I've stepped down with a jar that almost sent my backbone up through the top of my head.

"In there, eh?" said my bold burglar, quite cheerful like, and pushed by me to the open door.

I set the lamp down, and my heart began to beat so that I was almost afraid he could hear it. "Now or never," I whispered.

It was all done quicker than you could say "knife." I put my head down like a billy-goat, and ran for the small

Digitized by Google

NOT UP IN HIS PART.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

of his back. "Butted" isn't a nice word, but that's just how I sent him flying headlong into the closet. I heard him go down with a crash that shook Mrs. Halstead's biggest jar of raspberry jam off the shelf.

I didn't stop to take breath until I'd locked the door and barricaded it with Uncle Jack's big mahogany bureau—just as the lady did in the story. Then I breathed—and listened. What I heard made my eyes stick out a bit. First I almost felt like crying. Then I laughed until I did cry. I suppose the excitement made me hysteriey. It wasn't ten minutes before I roused up Mr. Simms the constable, and Jared Peters, who lives next door. Mr. Simms brought along an old pepperbox revolver and a pair of handcuffs. Jared Peters had his double-barrel gun, but in his flurry he forgot to load it.

Up stairs we hurried. The two men pulled away the bureau, and Mr. Simms, who was in the army, stationed us in our places.

"Look a-here, you feller," Mr. Simms called out, "the strong arm of the law is a-coverin' of you with deadly weepons. Surrender without resistance.—Phil, yank open the door."

I flung open the door. Jared Peters covered the prisoner with his gun. He was covered with something else too—Mrs. Halstead's raspberry jam, that he'd been wallowing round in. He didn't look proud, though, for all he was so stuck up.

Before he could open his mouth Mr. Simms had him handcuffed and dragged out into the chamber.

"There," he said, with a long breath, "I guess *you* won't burgle no more right away."

"For goodness' sake, Simms—Peters—don't you know me—Mr. John Morris, cashier of the savings-bank?" That was what the prisoner said just as soon as he could speak.

Well, I didn't wait any longer. I just bolted for my own room, where I could lie down on the floor. And there I lay laughing until I was purple clear round to my shoulder-blades. Then I went to bed.

"Philip," said Uncle Jack, solemnly, while we were at breakfast next morning, "I should beg your pardon for trying to test your courage in the—the consummately idiotic way I took to do it last night, but"—and he looked pretty sheepish—"I—I think I got the worst of it."

"I think you did, sir," I answered him, choking a bit.

"The disguise was a good one, though," he went on, with a sort of feeble chuckle, "and leaving my false teeth out, changed my voice completely—eh, Phil?"

"Yes, sir—until you hollered out in the closet that it was all a joke, and wanted me to let you out," I answered him, as I got up and edged toward the door.

"Why didn't you let me out then?" roared Uncle Jack, who is rather quick-tempered.

I hope I wasn't impudent. Truly, I didn't intend to be. "Because, Uncle Jack," I said, as I turned the door knob, "I have heard you say more than once that he who can not take a joke should not make one." And as I dodged through the door I heard Uncle Jack groan.

Digitized by Google

NOT TALL ENOUGH.

Digitized by Google

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY W. T. PETERS.

Good-night, happy stars,
With your yellow eyes;
Good-night, lady moon,
In the evening skies;
Good-night, dusky world
And the boundless deep;
I am tired out;
It is time to sleep—
Time, time to sleep.
Good-night! Good-night!

Good-night, weary boy;
It has been decreed
That some mysteries
Only a child can read;
But the sweet child-heart
May you always keep,
And the stars will be yours,
And the boundless deep—
The boundless, boundless deep.
Good-night! Good-night!

SEEING THE BIG WORLD.

BY F. E. FRYATT.

ANDREW, the florist, set out one fine day for a trip to the wood that lay a mile beyond his greenhouses.

He was a grand old man, who loved all the beautiful things God has scattered over this earth, from the tiny grass blade pushing up through the brown mould, to the mighty oak spreading its branches like a giant in the forest. As he entered the wood he marked how the sunshine, flickering down through the trees, made patches of gold on the green turf, and turned the pebbles in the brook into pearls. Time had not dimmed old Andrew's eye nor dulled his ear, nor had he lived his sixty years without learning to understand the soft voices of nature. As he strolled thoughtfully along he became aware of a gentle murmuring sound proceeding from groups of flowers that seemed to nod and smile when he drew near them. Throwing himself at full length on the turf, he listened; at first he could make nothing out of all the sweet babble poured into his ear, until Jack-in-the-pulpit became spokesman for the occasion.

In a pretty speech Jack told how they had heard of a grand flower show that was soon to come off in the great city, and confessed to the annoyance he and his companions felt at always being neglected on such interesting occasions, closing his long address by praying that the wild flowers might be treated with as much respect as the Pelargoniums, the Gladioluses, and all their other fashionable cousins.

Andrew heard Jack's remarks with a smile that was more sad than merry, marvelling how these innocent creatures, shut up in the heart of the wood, could have heard anything of the show.

"I have it," said he: "some gadding bee, or perhaps a gossiping sparrow, fresh from town, has carried the matter. Well, well, they must learn how profitable is content, and how foolish silly ambitions."

"My pretty dears," sighed the old man, leaning on his spade, and regarding the blossoms, "you will 'never be sorry but once, and that will be always.' As well might a fish try to live on land as you in the stifling city."

So saying, Andrew thrust his spade deep into the rich soil, disengaging the delicate roots that bound the flowers to their sylvan home.

When he had deposited as many Trilliums, Lilliums, Violets, and Anemones in his basket as he desired, the good old man proceeded to a boggy spot in the woods, and brought away with him Lady-slippers, Orchids, Pitcher-plants, Irises, Sundews, and Sweet-cicely, who wished to see the big world too.

Andrew now turned to go home, but, dear me! his work was but half done, for a butterfly, fluttering seaward, carried the news to the pine-barrens, and straightway Pyxidanthera, the beauty, cried out—and the soft sound of her crying came pitifully: "Don't leave me all alone in the pine-barrens; it is too lonely; I too would see the great world at the flower show."

"It is strange that you've never been lonesome before," thought Andrew, stooping down where the wee pink beauty sat on her mossy throne, and lifting her gently into his basket. Nor did his labors end here; for a troop of Daisies in a field near by heard the tidings, and almost burst their green jackets in impatience to be going; nor could he resist the pleadings of a band of young Buttercups, so he kindly added these to the delicate passengers in the wicker car, and hastened on. But once more his fine ear caught the sound of complaining.

Looking toward his right hand, he discovered a group of ancient Dandelions bowing their gray heads to him, and listening, heard them sighing: "Once we had tresses like the sun. Why come so late, so late?"

"Too late! too late!" chimed another voice.

"Ay, ay, too late," replied the old man, trudging on toward his greenhouse, for he had much to do to prepare his rustic beauties for their trip to the city.

"Oh dear," said a young Violet a week after, when they were all flourishing in the greenhouse, "why am I always to be in the shade, and that great Japonica towering above me?"

"And I too," murmured a Wind-flower, flushing faintly.

"Who cares for any of them?" chirruped a Daisy. "Here or there matters not to me."

"*You* are near the sun, madam," argued an Orchid.

"Be quiet, all of you," roared Jack-in-the-pulpit. "Who'll care for Japonicas and such common folk when we go to town?"

There was common-sense in that, so the wild flowers settled down in silence.

The day before the show there was a fine uproar in the greenhouses. The wild flowers babbled and laughed and danced on their stems for joy. No one knew it but Andrew, and he said nothing.

Such a snipping and binding and showering was kept up all day that when evening came they were glad to fall asleep in their packing boxes, nor did they waken until daybreak, when the men moved them into a large covered van on wheels.

By-and-by they heard a great trampling of hoofs, and a clatter. The horses were being harnessed to the van. Presently, with a jerk, they were off to the wonderful city—the big world they had never seen.

Now began their troubles in true earnest. The ground quaked and trembled beneath them; it was pitchy dark. Would the sun never shine again? Could no one speak a word of encouragement or consolation?

On, and on, and on they kept going, until at last, as nothing fearful happened, they ventured a little conversation.

"What a dash I shall cut at the show!" exclaimed a Turk's Lily.

"And I, in white and pink ribbons!" cried the pine-barren's beauty.

"Be quiet, little vanity," muttered a muffled voice in the corner. "Who will look at you when I am by?"

Andrew knew the great scarlet Amaryllis had spoken, and he said to himself, "We'll see, my fair lady."

The beauty cowered in silence, but a Violet whispered, "Shame!"

When the flowers reached the hall, with its long baize-covered tables, they forgot their troubles, and were greatly pleased. Men were running to and fro, boxes were being opened, and flowers all muffled from top to toe were coming in by the dozens. Here stood a regiment of Azaleas

Digitized by Google

in white hoods and muffs, like a young ladies' boarding-school ready for a winter walk. There stood a company of Lilies with their night-caps on, and yonder a tall object swathed in tissue-paper. "Who can she be?—some grand personage truly," whispered a Daisy.

At that moment came a young man with sharp scissors. He cut off her cloak, and there stood lovely Miss Clerodendron, in white and scarlet from head to foot. "How exquisite!" cried all the flowers together.

But soon they found other wonders. On a table near at hand lay the daintiest sprays of flowering Peach, Almond, and Cherry, bunches of tiny Jonquils, creamy Magnolias, flaming Pirus, and May-apple.

As soon as all the flowers were comfortably settled in their stands and vases, they began to look around, and recognized their neighbors.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jack-in-the-pulpit; "who expected to see *you* here?"

"Why not, as well as you, Sir Impudence?" retorted May-apple, sharply.

But by-and-by the visitors came pouring in by the dozens. Beautiful ladies swept by in silks and diamonds and laces; gallant gentlemen came too, with eye-glasses perched on their noses. They did not even look at the wild flowers.

The wild flowers grew troubled, and commenced to murmur; but Jack whispered, "Bide your time."

"*I* don't envy them," said an Orchid, looking complacently down at her own yellow slippers.

"Nor I," laughed a Daisy, smoothing her satin petticoat.

"If they didn't hold their heads so high, they would see us," murmured a Violet.

But the crowd passed on, drawn by the brilliant beauties of the Cacti, the flames of the Amaryllis Lilies, the purple of the great Pansies.

"They will never come near us," sighed the Violet.

"I faint—I faint!" murmured the Pitcher-plant, dropping her urn.

"Oho! oho! now we shall have a change," cried Jack, as the clock struck three. And sure enough the bright-eyed school-children came trooping in, and caught sight of them.

"Oh, my darling little Violets, where did you come from? And oh, you sweet, sweet Daisies!" cried one yellow-haired lassie.

"And these Buttercups!" screamed another.

"And droll old Jack; who would have thought to see *him* in town?" chimed a third.

"Tit for tat, Master Jack," whispered May-apple, tartly.

The moment the children recognized the beauties of the wild flowers, every one else did. Old gentlemen with high-bred noses came and peered at them through big spectacles. Young ladies talked of their families, and—oh, horrors!—said they would like to dissect them. Old ladies smiled on them pleasantly, and one, a grandmother, actually shed tears, and said, "I haven't seen their like in fifty years."

But now it began to grow tiresome, this big world they had come to see; the sunlight streamed through the great windows, the tiny blossoms grew faint in the sultry air. When would the hum of speech grow silent, the clouds come brooding above them, and the soft rain-drops patter down?

The flowers grew fainter and fainter. A grand old man is now speaking at the end of the hall; but they cannot listen.

"Oh, for a breeze from the pine-barrens!" sighed the beauty.

"Give me to drink the dew of the meadow," moaned the Daisy.

"I die for the woodland shadows," murmured the Violet.

"And I for the sound of cool waters," wept the Lily.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 94, August 16.]

PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER III.

"WHY, aunt," exclaimed Penelope, "what do you mean? Surely you can't have seen this screen of Lion's?"

"But I *have*, dearest," Miss Harleford said, dreamily. "I have seen this long ago—before you were born. Oh, Penny dear, it all comes back to me. This screen, I am *sure*, is one your own papa gave to Nora Phillips, an American girl who visited us at Baynham. Oh yes, love, I am sure of it, for we had such a discussion about it; and don't you suppose I would know my dear brother's painting? I was looking over his shoulder half the time he was putting in those letters—'Penelope.' Dear, you were named Penelope, I believe, for her sake. Your mother was very fond of the name, and when it was suggested, your father remembered pretty Nora. Well! well!"

"But *she* was not Penelope," said the girl, wonderingly. "Oh, aunt, what does it all mean?"

"But we always *called* her Penelope in fun, because she was such an indefatigable little worker. Oh, what a darling she was, and how we all loved her!"

"But what became of her?"

"Well, my dear, you see, after she and her father went back to America, we rather lost sight of her—she and my mother had a little misunderstanding. It is all a long time ago, and your grandmamma and my dear brother are both dead. Nora may be gone as well, but I seem to see her now just as she stood, laughing gayly, with this screen in her hand. Oh, where can she be? Where did Lion find it? I feel as if I *must* know."

Penelope felt as if she would dearly like to solve the mystery of her cousin Lionel's present. She went back to the breakfast table very grave, and so preoccupied in manner that she had to explain herself at once; and then all the young people were fired by the story. What did it mean? Penny grew absolutely mournful trying to understand it, but it was finally resolved to write to Lionel, who, in a few weeks at least, would let them have the history of the screen, so far as he knew it. This was all that could be done at present.

Penelope and her aunt were only visitors at the Deanery. Their own home was ten miles distant from Nunsford. There Penny was mistress of a beautiful old home known as The Manor. Miss Harleford had been for years as a mother to the girl, and although her uncle, the Dean of Nunsford, was her legal guardian, she knew no heavier rule than the gentle old lady's. If there could be needed a complete contrast to poor Nora Mayne, it might have been in the petted heiress of Harleford Manor. Every one tried his best to make her life happy, and I think only her natural loveliness of disposition saved Penelope from being completely spoiled.

The letter to Lionel Harleford, Penelope's second cousin, who had just gone to India, was dispatched at once, and for days Aunt Letty talked over old times with her brother and nieces. The Dean only half remembered the beautiful, bright American girl who had visited his mother's house, now Penelope's, twenty years before; but Miss Harleford recalled so many scenes to his memory that he was soon as eager about Lion's letter as the most romantic member of the family could desire. Many conjectures were put forth, many ideas suggested; but who could guess that not half a mile away the once light-hearted Nora Phillips lay poor and dying!

Meanwhile things continued to sink lower and lower with Nora and her mother, the worst feature of their case being the fact that kind-hearted Mrs. Bruce could no

Digitized by Google

"PENELOPE—IS IT PENELOPE?"—DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.

longer keep them; her son James had suddenly appeared, and declared himself horrified to find his mother keeping lodgers who could not pay their rent; and so, with many tears, poor Mrs. Bruce had broken this news to Mrs. Mayne.

"Of course we must go," said poor Nora, looking at the tender-hearted landlady with a white face and set lips. "Oh, Mrs. Bruce, I know it isn't your fault, and if the day comes when I can earn anything, you shall be paid."

Mrs. Bruce wept bitterly the day that saw Mrs. Mayne, still weak and ill, leave the house with Nora, whose brave heart was tried to its uttermost. Where were they to go? Nora could not be sure enough to tell even Mrs. Bruce. She had sold the last of their wardrobe that morning, and as Mrs. Bruce refused to take a penny from them, they started forth with money enough to pay somewhere for a week's lodging.

"I will try to let you know where we are, Mrs. Bruce, as soon as possible," said Nora, turning back with a weary smile as they were leaving.

Mrs. Bruce wiped her eyes, and vented her feelings upon James, her tall, vulgarly dressed son, who was gazing with great satisfaction upon the lodgers' departure.

"You good-for-nothing creature!" exclaimed his mother, angrily indignant.

Mr. James Bruce smiled sarcastically. He did not share any of his mother's compassion for forlorn lodgers.

"Never you mind, mother," he said. "You'll thank me one of these days."

Days passed with no tidings from the Maynes. Mrs Bruce could not forget her lodgers, and Nora's face, as she had seen it last, haunted her painfully. Where were they? Had the mother died? Was Nora ill? Were they starving? These and many other conjectures tormented the poor woman as the days lengthened into weeks, and no sign was made by mother or daughter. Many times Mrs Bruce's tears fell over her wools when she was alone in the shop, and recalled the December evening Nora had served there, uniting so much sweet good-humor with her refined, lady-like ways, which had from the first captivated the heart of the simple-minded country-woman. Mrs Bruce had a small assistant now in the person of a niece, and this young woman was never tired of hearing about Miss Mayne. She was listening to one of her aunt's stories as they sat over the fire in the shop one February day, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Law, aunt, there's Miss Penelope Harleford in the Deanery carriage—coming in here, too!" and there, sure enough, was bright Miss Penny, in a long fur cloak, and a

Digitized by Google

pretty felt hat shading her sweet young face. "A picter," as Mrs. Bruce said, "worth taking down." Young Miss Harleford came hurrying in, looking very eager and interested.

"I've come to inquire for some one who sold a screen here, Mrs. Bruce," said the young lady, cheerfully. "My cousin, Mr. Lionel Harleford, bought it here in December—a young lady sold it to him."

"Land, miss!" cried Mrs. Bruce, "so she did, my poor pretty! I wish I knew where she was now—she and her mother."

Penelope looked dismayed.

"And you *don't* know!" she exclaimed.

"I wish I did," repeated Mrs. Bruce. "Mary Jane and I was just talking of her. Gone, poor lamb, she and her mother, and I know nothing of them."

And Mrs. Bruce proceeded to detail the history of Nora and her mother, so far as she knew it. The sad, simple story left no doubt upon Penelope's mind as to who they were.

"Nora Phillips," she said to herself. "Yes, she was Mrs. Mayne, I feel sure, and so near us!"

She confided a few facts only to Mrs. Bruce, and then sorrowfully drove back to the Deanery, where she and Aunt Letty held a long confab in the twilight. What could be done? Aunt Letty cried, and Penelope shook her head sadly, but she declared that she would not give up the search suggested in so strange a manner that it seemed her duty to continue it. Could Penelope and her aunt have seen Nora at that moment, I fear they would have gone to rest with a bitterer heart-ache.

Afternoon service was over the next day at the abbey church, yet Penelope lingered with little Joe, loitering down the path, where the snow still lay white on the ground, talking to the little boy about the service, which that day had peculiarly impressed her. She was thinking of Nora Mayne, recalling Mrs. Bruce's description of the sweet young girl whose life was so heavily burdened.

"And I," thought Penny, with a shamefaced color—"I have *everything*, and yet how cross and selfish I am!"

"Penelope! Penelope!" cried out little Joe, pulling at her hand; "see those sparrows—do they mind the snow?"

And at this moment Penny heard what she thought the echo of her name.

"Penelope," said a strange voice; there was a faint, despairing ring in it.

Penelope stood still, turning her head quickly in the direction of the unfamiliar voice. Standing in the side path was a girl's figure; the hands were tremblingly clasped together, the face, thin and pale, eagerly watching her.

"Penelope—is it Penelope?" said the tired voice again. "Oh, was it for you he bought the screen?"

And in a moment more Nora Mayne felt her hands fast imprisoned in young Miss Harleford's. There were tears running down the English girl's cheeks.

"Oh, Nora," she said, joyfully, "I am so thankful to have found you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

MAMMA. "If you continue to be so naughty, I'll have to buy a whip to punish you with."
MIMI. "But when I'm good, you'll let me play with it, won't you, mamma?" [*A fact.*

SCHLOSS KIS-TAROM, POST: ROSENAU, STYRIA, AUSTRIA.

My brother and I are so glad to get YOUNG PEOPLE again! We both like it so very much! I will tell you something about this part of Croatia. It is called "Zagoria," which means "beyond the mountains." Our peasants live principally on maize, made into bread and a sort of porridge. They are a good-natured and gay-tempered people, and always singing. Our most important products are wine, "slivovitz" (plum-brandy), and dried plums. Not far from us, on a lofty hill, stood a Celtic Temple of the Sun. Later, the Romans conquered the Celts, and we have some ancient Roman coins and broken bronze objects dug up in the vineyards. Looking out from our windows one sees innumerable churches, chapels, castles, picturesque ruins, and far-away snow-covered Alps. It is very beautiful. We have a pet donkey, and a pretty little carriage to drive in. I am collecting coins, fossils, and minerals.

Last week a Bosniak came into our court-yard leading a bear caught in Slavonia. He waltzed, saluted, kissed his master, and then held up the tambourine for money. We sent him some wine and bread, which he devoured greedily.

LUCY KAVANAGH.

CAMP CARLINE, WYOMING TERRITORY.

My two little boys, aged four and six years, want me to tell you that they were very much interested in Mr. Frey's article about Indian relics. They tried this summer with their mamma to dig up a grave on a hill near the South Platte River. But being in a ledge of rock, the mamma and little boys were not strong enough to get down more than two feet, and had to give it up. Mamma tried to hire a man to dig for her, but the men were all afraid of small-pox. It was said that thirty years ago more than a thousand Indians had died of small-pox, and had been buried in that vicinity. A ranchman on a neighboring hill, however, had opened one, and we obtained some clam shells, a red clay pipe, a thin piece of bark with some blue writing on it, and a round leather amulet worked with beads. A few weeks later, Sidney and Willie drove with their papa and mamma through North Park, Colorado, into Middle Park, and on a hill near the range which separates the two parks they found about a hundred graves which had never been molested. They wanted very much to open them, but had no shovel, and could not spend the time to stop. I wonder how many more of the Young People have tried to open graves.

MRS. MARY E. B.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

I am nine years old. Papa has taken YOUNG PEOPLE for me ever since it was published. I like the stories very much, and would like to see the little girls who write such nice letters. I have one sister and two brothers. I wish the little readers of YOUNG PEOPLE could see my cat Polly. She can knock on the door, walk on her hind-feet, and beg for food like a dog, and will come to us when we whistle, and do lots of cunning tricks.

My brother Arthur has a dog whose name is Brownie, and he can laugh. He looks so funny. We have two pigs and a horse. Mamma one day found a coal-black kitty in the street, and brought him home. He is now a big cat, and very pretty. Mamma calls him Frank.

When I write again I will tell you about my doll family.

LOUISA L.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I have a little Scotch terrier named Nellie, and she loves me dearly. Every time I enter the house she kisses me, and will stand on her hind-legs, sit up, beg, and do lots of tricks. I am seven years old.

HARRY L.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I think the stories of "Toby Tyler," "The Musical Pirates," and "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" are very nice, and I hope the story of "Tim and Tip" will be equal to any of the three. Another boy will write on the rest of this sheet.

EDDIE G.

I have a velocipede, and so has Eddie G. He and I are great friends, and we have nice times together. We have some pigeons at our house, but we intend to give them away. We have given away all our chickens. We had three canaries, but one flew away, and my mother is afraid the cat got it.

A. T.

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

Seeing the article in No. 93 on "How the Baby Elephant Eats Pea-Nuts," I thought I would write and tell you of a nut-cracker which I discovered in the same show that contained the "baby." My father and I were watching a number of the larger elephants hunting for pea-nuts thrown in the straw, when I saw one of them who, if he found a nut, would take it up with his trunk, and rub it against his leg until the shell was cracked, after which he proceeded to eat the kernel. I am glad C. H. Williamson has accepted the presidency of the Natural History Society. I for one am entirely in favor of admitting girls.

C. M. H.

Your interest in the article about the baby elephant, and your own observation of the way the baby's big brother managed his pea-nuts, prove that you will be a good member of the society. Some of our boys and girls are, we fear, waiting to be very dignified before they send any letters with regard to what they have seen. Some wish to send a long report. The better way is to write about interesting things, one at a time, just as they are noticed.

BENTLEY'S, MARYLAND.

I often think about Toby Tyler. If he had only staid with the circus, he would not have lost dear Mr. Stubbs. I am anxious to know how the boys who went on "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" got along with their canoe cruise, or if they ever had one.

MCB.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We have observed so many nice little girls writing to you that we have been thinking for some time that we would send you a letter. We are Hawaiians, as our mother is a native of the Island, though our father is a white man. We live close to the monotains, and have quite a number of birds around our place. Land-shells are as numerous on the monotains as sea-shells are down on the beach. Some time hereafter we may probably visit New York, and then we shall not forget to go and see the editor of YOUNG PEOPLE, and thank him very much for making such a nice paper for children. It has been a great comfort to us, and amused us many a lonely hour. We are a large family, consisting of father, mother, four sisters, six brothers, one nephew, and one niece. *Aloha* (love to you).

LIZZY, ELIZA, and HANNAH.

Our love to you, little friends. We will be glad to see you in New York some day.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am thirteen years old. I came to New York from England, May 23, 1880, on the steam-ship *City of Chester* (Inman Line). We made a short trip of nine days and eight hours. I like this country very much, but sometimes wish myself back in the old home. I began to take your paper about two months ago. I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" was a very instructive and interesting story, and I hope "Tim and Tip" will be more so. I like the Post-office Box very much, especially the puzzle column. I have made an effort to write an enigma myself, and have sent it with this letter.

HUGH P. W.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

We were very much gratified to see dear Mary's name among those who had sent answers to the tangles. The letter she wrote you in July was her last writing. She was taken sick the following Monday with malignant diphtheria, and before another Sabbath closed, her trusting heart was asleep in Jesus. His name was the last upon her lips. I wish that all who die could exercise her calm, unquestioning faith in Christ. The Thursday before she died, she looked eagerly in the puzzle department for her name. I explained again that it could not possibly be in for a week yet at least. "I wonder if they will publish my enigma, mamma? If I get well, I'll send that diamond I made up yesterday." On Wednesday she felt so well, and all day amused herself drawing birds and trees, and made a diamond and some beheadings. She thought so much of YOUNG PEOPLE! She was a poor scribe, but her thoughts were very quaint, and expressed in the language of culture. She rarely made a grammatical error, and all things *fine* seemed natural to her. As we all grow interested in the little folks whose names fill your departments, I thought I would send you this notice that the dear bird who brightened our home for so brief a time, and who promised our hearts such lofty pleasure through her active mind and bright imaginings, will never on this earth sing for you again.

MRS. E. C. BUSCHARD.

From time to time in our great circle of readers, dear children, some drop from the ranks. Little Mary will never be forgotten in her earthly home, and those who loved her here will hope to meet her again where there is no death. We are glad she found so much pleasure in YOUNG PEOPLE.

NEW YORK.

I am only five years old, and my mamma is going to write this letter for me. I think "Toby Tyler" was a "hooful" story; but I did cry when Mr. Stubbs got "shotted." And I want you, please, to ask Mr. Otis not to kill Tim's poor little doggie. Tim's the boy in the new story. I have got three little new kittens, and I am going to name them Toby and Tim and Tip.

AMY E. V.

The kitties are Blossie's "chillun."

MOUNT SAND, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

I would like to tell you what a nice time I am having on our lovely mountain, four miles from Huntsville, where I am spending the summer. I make beautiful sand houses, and my mamma ornaments them with fairy feet, which she makes with her hands. They look like a baby's tiny foot. I have a dear little baby brother, whose name is Tyler. For fun we call him Toby Tyler. I am going to send an offering to the "Young People's Cot," for I think it will be very nice to have one which the readers of the paper may claim. I enjoy my paper very much, as I am now beginning to be able to read it myself.

EDWIN L. W.

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am ten years old, and have never been to school, but study at home. We have a cat that was born with three legs. His name is Trip. The first time Trip ever saw Rover, our dog, he ran right up to him, and ever since he always runs up to Rover when frightened. Once we had a Maltese cat who was very fond of Rover, and Rover was fond of Tom. Once mamma and papa were looking out of the window, and they saw Tom with his tail full of burrs, and Rover pulling them out. He got them nearly all out, when he came to one that stuck so hard that when he tried to pull it out it lifted Tom right up in the air. Tom was rather surprised, but concluded that it was all right, while Rover did not know what to do. At last he put his paw on Tom's tail, so that he should not be lifted up, and pulled out the burrs. Papa did have a live porcupine, but it died. I like the YOUNG PEOPLE very much indeed. I think that "Toby Tyler" was splendid.

M. N. W.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

I am sure I shall like "Tim and Tip" as much as I did "Toby Tyler," for it begins so well. I wrote a composition on Toby, and I know a boy who has a monkey that is the very picture of Mr. Stubbs. I am almost ten years old.

EDDIE L. M.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA.

My father has coal-works, and the engineer is teaching me how to run his locomotive. It is about the best one in the United States, and it is named for me.

LOUIS B. H.

BLACKFOOT, ONEIDA COUNTY, IDAHO.

I thought I would write a letter, as I have seen no letters from this part of the country. My brothers Willie and James and I sent 50 cents each to get your nice paper. I am the oldest, so I wrote for it, and had it come in Willie's name, because he thought it would be so nice to have it addressed to him. We have no schools here, and we study at home.

FRED J.

OWENSBOROUGH, KENTUCKY.

I am almost ten years old, and I live in Kentucky, on the Ohio River, and first and last have lots of fun. I have the cutest dog. His name is Dodger. He is only a puppy, but can shake hands and carry sticks like anything. Our whole family mourned Mr. Stubbs's sad death. I have some queer stones and pebbles that I found in our Kentucky caves and creeks and on the hill-sides, that I will exchange for things from other States.

MALCOLM H. MCILTYRE.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Some fifty days ago I sent to a boy in Mankato, Minnesota, 100 postmarks, he agreeing to send Indian relics in exchange. I have asked him to send them three times, but he will not answer. If he is out of relics, he ought to return the postmarks or send some word.

FLETCHER M. NOE.

Perfect honor and honesty should be observed by exchangers. We hear complaints like this with regret, and hope the delinquent boy will explain the matter. Several correspondents are in trouble because those who have written to them have carelessly omitted to give their proper names and addresses, or have written illegibly.

We have spoken of this frequently, but we call attention to it now because it has been almost impossible for us to read some of the exchanges lately sent to the Post-office Box. Please write plainly, and with ink; pencil marks are rubbed off in the mail. Again we say, in answer to several inquiries, that there is no charge for exchanges. We do not accept those which offer or ask for money, however, because they come under the head of advertisements, and refer to buying and selling.

FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA.

My home is on a farm two miles from Falls City, four miles from the line of Kansas, and eight from the Missouri River. I have three brothers and two sisters at home. We read the first chapter of "Tim and Tip" to-day, and we do not blame Tim for running away. We think it will be a very good story.

Like many of the young people who write for the Post-office Box, we had a pet. It was a young mare named Nelly, and she was so gentle that any of us could ride her; but last week, when she was in the pasture, she lay down to roll near a rattlesnake, and it bit her so that she died in three days. She swelled very much, and suffered terribly, and we all felt like crying when she died. Papa has buried her in the orchard. She left a little colt only six weeks old, and we have given it to another mare, who now has two colts to care for. There used to be a great many rattlesnakes here, but they are getting scarcer

Digitized by Google

every year. I wish some good saint would drive all the snakes out of Nebraska, as St. Patrick is said to have banished them from Ireland. MARCH H. H.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Foreign stamps, for same. Write to describe exchange. E. E. BROWN, Comstock's Bridge, Conn.

Three varieties of Chinese coins, for not less than twenty rare U. S. or foreign postage stamps; or a genuine Japanese silver coin, very rare, for a *Collectors' Directory*; or a rare silver coin of Bogota, issued in 1853, for an international stamp album.
J. W. MILNES, P. O. Lock Box 19, Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Pieces of abylona from the Pacific Ocean or Chinese coins, for rare U. S. or foreign postage stamps.
CHARLES S. MILNES, Lock Box 9, Bloomfield, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Two hundred and twenty-five postmarks, of which all are different, and 135 are Michigan, for 150 foreign stamps, all different. Rare, revenue, and common stamps, for bills, minerals, coins, relics, and ores, stamps from Guatemala, Transvaal, Uruguay, and Ionian Isles; three Cuban, two Mexican, or two Danish West Indian stamps, for a 7 or 90 cent War Department stamp or a Chinese stamp; five rare stamps, for a good arrow-head. Please write before sending stamps. Also the numbers of YOUNG PEOPLE between 62 and 71, for five foreign stamps; and numbers 74 and 76, for 33. TEDDY SMITH, 641 Cass Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Louis Sinclair, by Lawrence Lancewood, crystallized flint that will cut glass or wood, bark from Missouri, a sprout of persimmon, a sprout of peony-flag, and of flowering-almond, for a pair of gold-fish; also some of the above, for a bouquet of everlasting-flowers. Write before exchanging.
FRANK BRYAN, Paphnsville, Bates Co., Mo.

A great basketful of pretty flints, fine white marble, granite, potter's clay, and twenty carnelians, a few chalcedony, and in another month a large supply of thirty kinds of flower seeds, for ores, minerals, or anything suitable for a museum. Write address plainly on each package, even if only a postal be sent. ANNA and L. FAVRE, Ontario, Story Co., Iowa.

A large number of duplicate album cards to exchange with collectors. E. S. R., 7 Joslyn Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Soil from Louisiana, for flower seeds.
FRANK W. SHOTWELL, 192 Harmony St., New Orleans, La.

A genuine Indian bow and two arrows, which were made by the Chippewa Indians, who live north of here, for the largest assortment of minerals or curiosities offered me. Correspondents will please write soon. FLORACE MITCHELL, Duluth, Minn.

Six foreign stamps, all different, for one of the following U. S. stamps: 2, 3, 7, 10, 12 cent Department of State; 7, 10, 19 cent Navy; 2 or 6 cent Executive; 2, 10, 12, 15 cent Justice; 7 or 90 cent War; or forty stamps for the $5, $10, $20 Department of State.
H. R. F., P. O. Drawer 184, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Youth's Companion for 1880 and part of 1881 (unbound), for Vol. I. of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Send postal before sending YOUNG PEOPLE. An old Mexican and a Venezuela stamp, for a U. S. half-cent of any date. Some silk-worm eggs, on card-board, from Japan, for half-cent or odd silver coins. A lot of Kansas and Western postmarks, for department stamps. "A READER OF YOUNG PEOPLE," P. O. Box 1341, Moline, Ill.

Fifteen postmarks, for ten foreign stamps (no duplicates) or two foreign coins of any date; a piece of soapstone from Kate's Mountain, Wisconsin, for minerals, curiosities, stamps, coins, or stones.
RALPH J. WOOD, Coldwater, Mich.

One picture card, for one foreign stamp or three postmarks; a stone from New York, for one from any other State or Territory.
FLORENCE POPE, P. O. Box 60, Scottsville, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Germany, France, Japan, Hong-Kong, and other rare stamps, for rare stamps and curiosities of all kinds. ROBERT FERGUSON, 890 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

A Dexter scroll-saw in good order, for a self-inking printing-press, chase not less than 3 by 4 inches, and in good working order. Please write before sending press, and describe it.
W. H. S., care James A. Guest, Burlington, Iowa.

A piece of petrified sea-bird, for Indian relics, Indian arrow-heads, moss, plants, sea-shells, minerals, ores, pressed ferns and flowers, stone and soil from any other State, coins, woods, star-fish, papers, fossils, or Florida sea-beans; ten foreign stamps, for soil and stone from any other State.
WHITMORE STEELE, care of Captain H. S. Steele, Babylon, L. I.

A 3-cent adhesive of 1851 and '61, a 3-cent envelope of 1853, or a 6-cent envelope of 1870, for rare foreign stamps. GEORGIA C. WEISBERT, 193 Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

My entire museum (which contains 250 specimens), for a good repeating rifle or a good bicycle. Write a postal to Professor W. S. Ryland for information. LAMAR H. PORTER, Russellville, Logan Co., Ky.

Stones from Ohio and Lake Erie, for the same from any other State, lake, or river. Marble from Vermont, New York, Kentucky, or Italy, for the same from any other State or country.
LYON CADWELL, Seville, Medina Co., Ohio.

Florida moss and minerals, for things suitable for a museum; South American and Florida shells, for minerals and curiosities. GEORGE SCHUYLER, Box 42, Okawville, Washington Co., Ill.

Three pieces of English money, dated 1722, 1747, and 1806, and a silver coin of East India, dated 1841, for Indian relics. Write, stating the relics you offer in exchange. W. G. FLARAGAN, Johnstown, Cambria Co., Penn.

German, French, English, and Italian stamps, for stamps from Asia or South America.
W. J. MURRAY, P. O. Box 61, Annapolis, Md.

A pair of fine young bantams, for a collection of butterflies, minerals, or Indian relics.
SYDNEY BROWN, 23 West Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Foreign coins and stamps from India and Denmark, for 24 and 90 cent of any issue, and 30-cent of any issue except present one.
N. C. TWINING, JUN., Batavia, Kane Co., Ill.

Stones from Pennsylvania, for stones from any other part of the world. NATTIE PRATT, Glen Mills, Delaware Co., Penn.

A shell, a stone from Indiana, petrified wood, a petrified wasps' nest, and other curiosities, for curiosities. ALBERT BREWER, Danville, Hendricks Co., Ind.

Chinese bark from California, and a hedge that George Washington planted at Mount Vernon, for Indian relics. CLARENCE BREWER, P. O. Box 222, Danville, Ind.

I have a fine collection of silk cocoons, and would like to exchange some for foreign stamps from any country except France, Germany, or Italy.
ALBERTO DAL MOLIN, care Giuseppe dal Molin, Verona, Italy.

Twenty stamps, for an Indian arrow-head or any foreign coin except Canadian; forty stamps, for a U. S. half-cent. No duplicate stamps given.
JOSHUA MAY WYLIE, Prairie Centre, Lasalle Co., Ill.

Ten War Department stamps, for ten from Jamaica. CHARLES WILLIAMSON, 88 East Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Two books, both nearly new—*Lucy Woodville's Temptation* and *Reuben Inch*—to any one who will send me the back numbers of *St. Nicholas* for 1881 and the successive numbers as soon as they shall have been read. Please write before exchanging.
JESSIE LEE RENO, Marengo, Iowa.

Fifteen foreign stamps and ten postmarks, for three alligator's teeth. H. S. WHITTEMORE, Box 79, Needham, Mass.

A stone from Massachusetts and one from New Hampshire, for curiosities. FANNIE MITCHELL, 61 Vernon St., Lowell, Mass.

(*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

At the request of a correspondent we publish this sensible extract from an exchange, in the hope that our young people will follow its excellent advice:

THE FACE.

It is a mistake to believe that a good complexion depends upon the use of such and such cosmetics. It really depends upon digestion, which itself depends upon our mode of life. Persons who rise early and go to bed regularly at ten, who take plenty of air and exercise, eat with moderation at regular hours, having their meals at intervals long enough for the digestion of one to be thoroughly accomplished before they begin the next—these persons are sure to digest well, and in consequence have clear, healthy complexions, which will require no other cosmetics but plenty of soft water and good toilet soap. The hygiene of the eyes is very simple. For them, as well as for the complexion, good digestion is equally necessary; none so, for no cosmetic could remove the yellow tinge which biliousness imparts to them, and if some mysterious pencils can supply the insufficient shadow of rare eyelashes, good health alone can give them that brightness which is their principal beauty. Never read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening; and we have known several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eyesight to read or work in insufficient or too glaring light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes.

E. L. Douglas, Whitby, Ontario, Canada, wishes the address of the person who sent him a box containing coral, and marked K. M. S.

J. H. C.—By Chinese stamps are meant Hong-Kong stamps issued by the British government.

C. E. C. Diffenderfer withdraws from the exchange list.

WROTON M. KENNEY.—There is no better book for the reading of an intelligent lad who wants to know how his country is governed than *Politics for Young Americans*, by Charles Nordhoff, published by Harper & Brothers. The price is 75 cents.

JENNIE AND JULIA.—It is difficult to assign you subjects for compositions when we do not know your grade of advancement. If you wish to excel, read good books, choose easy topics, about which you know something, and write as though you were telling a story to a child or talking to your friends.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Parlon," Theresa Morro, C. Burr, Alfred R. Meeker, "North Star," "*Unknown*," Flora A., "Dandy," "Lodestar," Annie Gail, Wroton M. Kenney, G. Volckhausen, "Venus," Abel Foster, "Jersey City," William Wolff, Jessie Newton, J. H. Jenny.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

PYRAMID.

Across.—1. A letter. 2. Jurisprudence. 3. Surfeited. 4. That which fades from view.

Down.—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A resinous substance. 4. Tardy. 5. To harry. 6. A prefix. 7. A letter. ABSOLITE.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—(*To North Star*).

My 2, 3, 5, 6 is a cobbler's tool.
My 1, 7, 8, 6 is a past participle.
My 6, 9, 4 is a boy's nickname.
My whole is an English statesman. LODESTAR.

No. 3.

GEOGRAPHICAL WORD SQUARE.

A noted city in Arabia. A gulf east of Africa.
A river in Russia. A country in Asia.
WROTON M. KENNEY.

No. 4.

ENIGMA.

In apple, not in cherry.
In joyful, not in merry.
In riddle, not in guess.
In mixture, not in mess.
In pleasure, not in pain.
In miller, not in grain.
In Harper's, not in YOUNG PEOPLE.
In church, but not in steeple.
In garden, not in bower.
My whole's a sweet and modest flower.
M. L. EDGERLEY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 98.

No. 1. Arm-chair.

No. 2.

B
F I D
F A C E S
B I C Y C L E
D E C A Y
S L Y
E

No. 3. Freight-car.

No. 4. Vanderbilt.

No. 5.

W Y O M I N G
S A O N E
I N N
T
T A R
S I N A I
Y U C A T A N

A personation, on page 656—Tooth.

Digitized by Google

BLACKBERRIES.

A (RIVER IN IDAHO) STORY.

BY C. E. M.

ONE fine day a friend of mine named—(two towns in Maine) suggested to me that we should take advantage of the—(mountain in Alaska) by going to drive.

We trotted slowly past the—(town in Kentucky), where an exciting game of—(town in Wisconsin) was going on, and after passing through the—(town in Vermont) of the town, were soon enjoying the refreshing coolness of the woods.

Suddenly the horse gave a—(point on the coast of England), and (city in West Virginia) in the narrow road, bordered by high—(strait in British America), the carriage overturned, and we were both thrown out.

Fortunately this did not prove a serious—(cape in Australia), for we were but slightly bruised, and the horse made no attempt to run.

On looking about to discover a—(bay in Ireland) to our steed's fright, strange enough in such an unfrequented (lake in Canada) spot, I suddenly perceived in the middle of the road a large—(sea of Europe) (river in Idaho), with (sea of Asia) spots.

While—(town in Maine) was trying to right the buggy, I cautiously advanced, and seizing a—(city in Arkansas), hurled it with all my force at the —(river in Idaho).

My aim did not prove—(bay in Africa), and the animal's head was smashed to—(river in Australia).

"(City in Arizona), (city in North Carolina)!" cried my friend. "Hereafter, in any such—(bay in Australia), I shall rely on you to—(river in Austria) me."

The coast being now once more—(cape in Ireland), we finished our drive in—(river in British America), without further excitement than that caused by a—(cape in Newfoundland) with a team which tried to pass us.

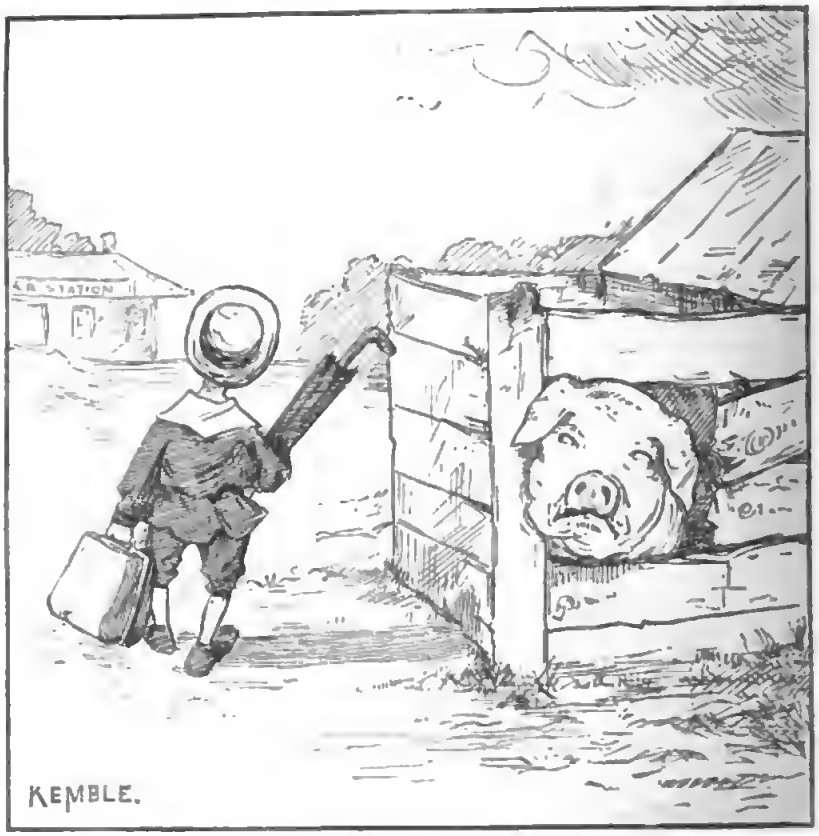
I for one was heartily glad to come in sight of the—(city in Germany) of our little town; and after a joyful—(island in the Indian Ocean) with my family, was quite ready to say—(cape in Greenland) to—(town in Maine), notwithstanding his—(cape in Washington Territory) on the subject of my bravery.

THE PEA-NUT.

THE pea-nut is the fruit of a plant common in warm countries. It is sometimes called the ground-pea and ground or earth nut, and in the Southern States the goober or goober-nut. Still another name for it is pindal or pindar, and in Western Africa it is called mendubi. The plant is a trailing vine, with small yellow flowers. After the flowers fall, the flower stem grows longer, bends downward, and the pod on the end forces itself into the ground, where it ripens.

Pea-nuts are raised in immense quantities on the west coast of Africa, in South America, and in the Southern United States. The vines are dug with pronged hoes or forks, dried for a few days, and then stacked for two weeks to cure. The pods are picked by hand from the vines, cleaned in a fanning mill, and sometimes bleached with sulphur, and packed in bags for market. Pea-nuts are sometimes eaten raw, but usually roasted or baked. In Africa and South America they form one of the chief articles of food. Large quantities of them are made into an oil much like olive-oil, and which is used in the same way. It is also used in the manufacture of soap. A bushel of pea-nuts, when pressed cold, will make a gallon of oil. If heat is used, more oil is made, but it is not so good. In Spain, pea-nuts are ground and mixed with chocolate. Pea-nut vines make good food for cattle.

The pea-nut gets its name from the shape of its pod, which is like that of the pea.—*Young Folks' Cyclopædia.*

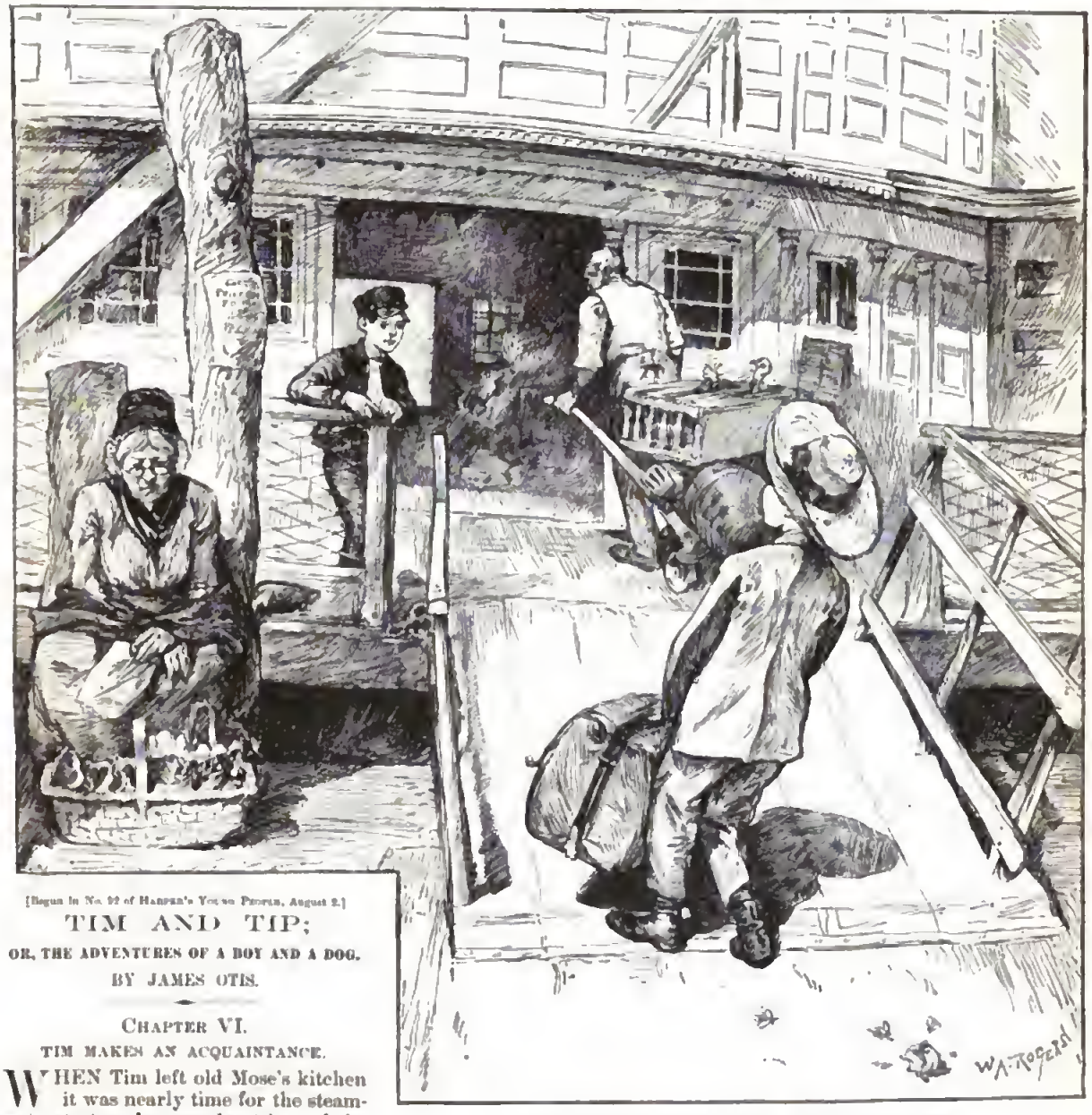


MR. PIG. "Humph! now I can take a little rest."

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 97. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.
Tuesday, September 6, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.



THE SMALL PASSENGER WITH THE LARGE VALISE.

[Begun in No. 92 of Harper's Young People, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

TIM MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

WHEN Tim left old Mose's kitchen it was nearly time for the steamer to start on her regular trip, and the

passengers were coming on board quite fast. The hustle and excitement which always attend the sailing of steamers, even though the trip be a short one, were all so new and strange to Tim that he forgot his own troubles in watching the scene around him. He saw Mr. Rankin near the kitchen, and was told by him that he could remain on deck until the Captain should ring his bell, when he would let him know of it.

Therefore Tim had an opportunity to take in all the details of the interesting scene. The deck hands were scurrying to and fro, wheeling in freight or baggage on funny little trucks with very small wheels and very long handles; passengers were running around excitedly, as if they thought they ought to attend to matters which did not concern them; newsboys were crying the latest editions of the papers; old women were trying to sell fruit that did not look very fresh, and everything appeared to be in the greatest confusion.

While Tim was leaning on the after-rail of the main-deck, his attention was attracted by a very small boy, who was trying to get himself and a large valise on board at the same time. The valise was several sizes too large for the boy, and some one of the four corners would persist in hitting against his legs each time he stepped, and then, swinging around, would almost throw him off his feet.

Twice the boy started to go on board, and each time the valise grew unruly, frightening him from continuing the attempt lest he should be thrown into the water. Then he stood still and gazed longingly at the plank upon which he did not dare to venture.

It was a comical sight, and Tim laughed at it until he saw the boy was really in distress, when he started to aid him.

"Let me help you carry your valise," he said to the small passenger, as he darted across the narrow plank, and took hold of one side of the offending baggage. "Two can lug it better'n one."

The boy looked up as if surprised that a stranger should offer to help him, and then gave up one-half the burden to this welcome aid. This time the journey was made successfully; and as the valise was deposited on the steamer's deck, the little passenger gave a deep sigh of relief.

"So much done!" he said, in a satisfied way, as he took off his hat and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief that did not look much larger than a postage stamp. "Where are you goin'?" he then asked, turning to Tim.

"Why, I ain't goin' anywhere," replied the Captain's boy, not fully understanding the other's question.

"Oh!"—and the boy's face grew troubled—"I thought maybe you was goin' in the boat."

"So I am," answered Tim, now understanding the question. "I work here."

"Now that's nice;" and the little fellow sat down on his valise contentedly.

"You may think so; but if you knew Captain Pratt, you'd talk different."

"Why?"

"Perhaps you'll find out if you come on this boat much; but I guess I'd better not tell you."

The boy was silent for a moment, as if he was trying to understand what Tim meant, and then he said, abruptly: "Look here, I live down on Minchen's Island, an' I come up here to see my aunt. I'm goin' home on this boat, an' I want you to show me where I can get a ticket. If you will, I'll show you lots of things I've got in this valise."

"I don't know where it is myself, 'cause I ain't been on the boat only two days; but if you'll wait here, I'll go an' ask the cook."

The boy nodded his head as if to say that he would wait any reasonable length of time, and Tim started off to gain the desired information of old Mose.

In a few moments he returned, and taking his new acquaintance by the hand, would have led him to the clerk's office at once, had not the small boy pulled back in evident alarm.

"We've got to take the valise with us, 'cause somebody might steal it, an' there's two bundles of torpedoes, a whole bunch of fire-crackers, an' a heap of little sky-rockets in it."

Tim understood at once, and with a serious look on his face, as he thought of the great risk he came near running, took hold of one of the handles of the valise, the boy grasped the other, and the two marched up to the clerk's office. There, after some little discussion, the ticket was purchased, and the two retired to a more secluded spot for conversation.

"What's your name?" the boy asked of Tim. "Mine's Bobby Tucker."

Tim gave the desired information, and then asked in turn, "How long have you been up here?"

"'Most a whole week, an' I've had lots of fun. I had five dollars an' twenty cents that I earned all myself, an' I've got 'most half a dollar left. Let's go out on the wharf an' buy something."

There was no chance that Tim would object to any such brilliant idea, and the valise was left with old Mose for safe-keeping. Once on the wharf, both they and the apple women were very busy for five minutes, during which time they—or rather Bobby—bought fruit and candies enough to make both of them as contented as a boy could hope to be.

Luckily for Tim he got on the steamer again just as one of the waiters came to tell him that the Captain had rung for him, and he lost no time in making his way to the wheel-house. He had the good fortune to get there as quickly as Captain Pratt thought he ought to have done, and then got his employer's coat from his state-room as he was ordered.

After that he went back to his newly made friend, who was awaiting his return with considerable impatience, for he did not feel exactly certain that his valise with its precious contents was perfectly safe.

Tim took him to the cook-room, and while there showed him "one of the finest dogs in the country," which he led back to his old quarters, so that he would be out of the way at dinner-time.

At first Bobby was not inclined to look upon Tip either as a beautiful or a valuable animal; but Tim sounded his pet's praises so loudly that Bobby could hardly prevent himself from being convinced, even though the appearances were so decidedly against his companion's words.

Among other stories which Tim related as showing that Tip was one of the most intelligent of his species was the incident of his finding the cow so suddenly for Sam Simpson, which pleased Bobby greatly, and he said, in a wise tone both of praise and blame,

"He looks like a good dog, an' he acts like a good dog, but 'pears to me his legs is kinder short if you wanted to make him run after a bear."

"I never tried to make him do that, 'cause we don't have bears up where I come from. Are there any where you live?"

"Well, I never saw any, an' father says there ain't any; but I've heard 'em in the woods, an' I know they was bears 'cause they made such an awful noise. You come down to the island and see me, an' bring the dog with you, an' we'll kill some."

Tim was perfectly sure that Tip was able to kill any number of bears, and he told his companion so, adding that he hardly thought he could get away from the steamer long enough to make any kind of a visit; but Bobby felt sure it could be arranged somehow.

While they had been talking about Tip, the boat had started, but, among the freight as they were, they did not

Digitized by Google

know it until the pitching of the steamer as she left the harbor told that some change had been and was being made in their position.

Running hastily out to the rail, where they expected to see the wharf with its bustling crowd of hucksters and passengers, they saw to their astonishment the green rolling billows of the ocean. To Bobby, who lived on an island, the sea was no new sight, and his astonishment was only occasioned by the fact that the steamer had left the dock; but to Tim, who had never seen a body of water larger than the river in Selman, the scene was one that filled him with the greatest wonder.

He remained by the rail, only able to look over the top of it by standing on his toes, gazing on the sea, until Bobby asked, impatiently, "What's the matter? ain't sick, are yer?"

Until that question was asked, Tim had not thought of such a thing as being seasick; but the moment Bobby spoke, it seemed as if the entire appearance of the water changed. Instead of looking grand and beautiful, it began to have a sidelong motion, and to rise up and down in an uncomfortable way.

"No, I ain't sick," he said to Bobby, "but I feel kinder queer."

"That's it! that's it!" cried Bobby, eagerly; "that's the way folks begin when they're goin' to be awful sick."

Tim looked up in despair. Each succeeding motion of the boat made him feel worse, and that was speedily giving place to a very uncomfortable sensation in the region of his stomach.

"What shall I do?" he asked, in a piteous whisper.

"Go to bed, an' you'll be all right in the mornin'. Where's your berth?"

Tim made a motion toward the forecastle, but did not trust himself to speak. His stomach was already in too queer a condition to permit of words.

"I'll go down with you, an' see that you're all right," said Bobby, sagely. "I'm used to goin' fishin' with father, and I won't be sick."

Tim was about to follow his friend's suggestion, when the horrible thought occurred to him of what the result might be in case Captain Pratt knew of his being in bed in the daytime, and he went to ask advice of old Mose.

The old cook's advice was the same as that given by Bobby, and was followed at once, because it came from a semi-official source, and in a few moments afterward Tim was groaning in his berth, while Bobby sat by his side, and tried to persuade him to partake of some of the candy he had bought just before leaving port.

Tim refused the offering, and for the first time in his life looked upon candy as the stickiest kind of a fraud. He felt as though the kindest thing any one could do would be to throw him overboard in the midst of that treacherous sea which was causing him so much internal commotion.

He had been in his berth about an hour, although it seemed to him fully a week, when Mr. Rankin came into the forecastle, and told him that Captain Pratt had given positive and angrily issued orders that he be brought on deck.

A moment before, Tim would have thought it impossible for him to move, and felt that he would not be frightened by a dozen Captain Pratts; but the instant Mr. Rankin spoke, the thoughts of that whipping, the smart of which could still be felt, was sufficient to give him strength to make the attempt.

Staggering to his feet, encouraged by the kind-hearted steward, who pitied him sincerely, he crawled up the narrow companionway, shuddering as he went, and catching his breath in sickness and fear at each lurch of the steamer.

Bobby, who was awed into silence by the fear of the Captain which he saw plainly written on the faces of Mr. Rankin and Tim, would have gone with his friend at least a portion of the way if Tim had not motioned him back. If he was to be whipped for being sick, he very much preferred that his new friend should not witness the punishment. It was with the greatest difficulty he managed to keep on his feet as he staggered along the deck to the wheel-house, and just as he reached there, and had opened the door, a sudden lurch of the steamer sent him spinning into the room headlong.

It was unfortunate that Captain Pratt was sitting directly opposite the door, smoking, for he was directly in the way of Tim when the steamer shot him into the wheel-house like a stone from a sling, and the boy's head struck with no gentle force full on the chest of his irritable employer.

The mildest-mannered man would have been provoked if a boy even no larger than Tim had been thrown at him in this way, and Captain Pratt, always ill-tempered, had all his ire aroused by the blow that very nearly took away his breath.

As soon as he recovered from the effects of the blow, he seized Tim, who had continued on his flight until he landed, a forlorn little specimen, in one corner of the room, and shook him as a cat shakes a mouse after she has had a long chase to catch him.

"Is this the way you try to get even with me?" cried the angry man, slapping Tim first on one side of the head and then on the other with a force that made his teeth chatter. "What do you mean by such actions? Answer me—what do you mean?"

"I don't mean anything," said the boy, piteously. "I was comin' in all right, when the boat tipped up, an' I slid right along. I was seasick, an' I couldn't help it."

"Then I'll help it for you," roared the Captain, and he flogged Tim until he thought he had been punished enough to cure him.

It seemed to Tim as if either the flogging or the sickness would have been sufficient alone, but to have both filled his heart with all the sadness and grief it could well contain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE BOARDERS.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"CLARK," said Jim Ridgeway, "it's no use. We sha'n't board the *Rip Van Winkle* this morning."

"Why not?" exclaimed Barbie Kyle; but little Ben was reaching over too far after a stick in the water, and before she could pull him back a shrill, cracked voice came down from the bank above the beach:

"Look a-heah, you chil'en! wot you doin' wid my boat?"

"We're going to board the *Rip Van Winkle*," shouted Clark Ridgeway, and Willy Kyle added:

"Yes, Kisedek, and if we hadn't kept your boat off shore, she'd have been high and dry by this time."

"Dat's so. De tide's out, but it's a-comin' in agin. Jes' you fotch de boat right in."

"Are you going a-fishing?" asked little Ben Kyle.

"I's gwine foh some flonnders 'way 'cross de bay. Jes' you chil'en let de *Wip Van Rinkle* alone. She ain't no wreck oh yourn."

"Now, Kisedek Pound," said Barbie Kyle, "she's right there, and she's been there ever so long."

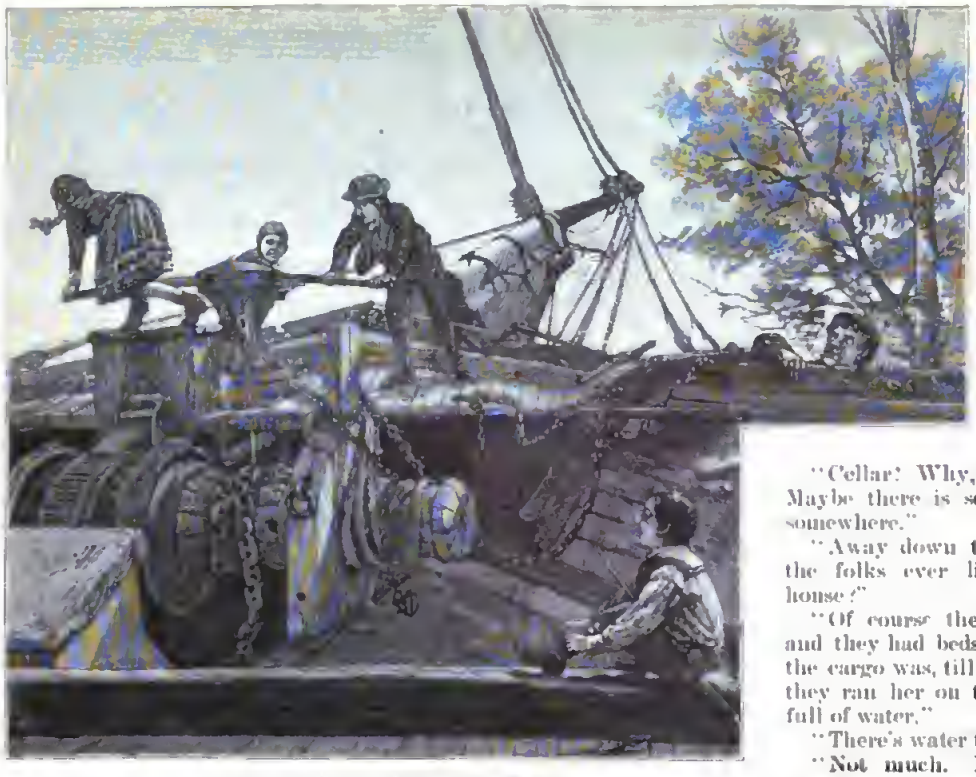
"Dat's so. Dah she is. But she's gwine away, chil'en."

"Going away!" said Jim Ridgeway. "I'd like to see her do it. She's half full of water, and stuck in the mud."

"Dat's so, but den it ain't jes' so. Dar's been men a-nailin' up de holes in her so she'd float. Dey jes' druv away all de black-fish. De fish won't come no moah, now dey can't git inside."

"We want to board her anyhow," began Jim Ridgeway; but Willy Kyle interrupted him:

Digitized by Google



"WIND HER UP! WIND HER UP!"

It was great fun, only there was very little to be discovered by the "boarders."

"She isn't so bad a wreck," said Jim Ridgeway. "Look at her masts."

Barbie Kyle was looking down the hatchway, and she almost shuddered as she exclaimed,

"Jim, would you dare to go down stairs, and see what's in the cellar?"

"Cellar! Why, Barbie, that's the beld. Maybe there is something down there somewhere."

"Away down there? Do you s'pose the folks ever lived there and kept house?"

"Of course they did. They cooked, and they had beds there. That's where the cargo was, till she got wrecked, and they ran her on the bar. Then it was full of water."

"There's water there now."

"Not much. Didn't you hear old Kisedek? He used to come and catch fish—"

"Do you know what they're going to do with her when she's mended?"

"Wot 'll dey do wid her? Wid dat ar ole wreck? Dat's de berry queshion yer fader said to yer uncle de Kernel yes'erday. An' de Kernel he said back to him dat she was mos' used up 'nuff to be huilded over new foh to be a man-ob-wah."

"Did father say so too?"

"Wot did he say? No, sah; he tole de Kernel back not to 'buse a pore ole wreck dat away. She was good for sumfin yit. Come, chil'en, git outen de boat."

Kisedek Pound's deeply wrinkled and very black face, with its wide fringe of white whiskers, had been all one friendly grin as he came down to the water's edge. He had even grumbled to himself: "I'd take de hull lot ob 'em wid me ef dey wasn't done gone shuah to skeer de fish."

Now, however, all five of them began to beg, and they were too many for old Kisedek Pound. It was but a few minutes before he was pulling his boat, with the children in it, out toward the bar on which the *Rip Van Winkle* had been run ashore, nearly a year ago, with two large holes in her side, made there by the clumsy head of a raft of logs. There she had lain ever since, almost high and dry at low tides, but not one of the children had thought of boarding her until that morning.

"Put me up first," shouted Clark Ridgeway, as the boat's nose struck the wreck. "Now, Barbie, give me your hand. Boost her, Willy."

Jim Ridgeway came near getting a duckling, clambering up without any help, and little Ben Kyle, just as Kisedek Pound hoisted him within Clark Ridgeway's reach, gave a great squall.

"She's all alone! I'm afraid! Nobody's in her!"

"Ob course dah isn't," said Kisedek. "Not eben de black-fish. Dey was pumpin' ob her all day yes'erday."

Ben's fright was over in an instant, for the older children were already taking possession of the wreck, and were exploring it in all directions.

"Come on, boys," shouted Clark Ridgeway, just then, "we can make this thing go round."

"That's the capstan," said his brother. "It lifted the anchor."

"Guess I know that. Only there isn't any anchor to lift."

Barbie Kyle herself seized one of the capstan bars, while little Ben tugged away at the capstan itself, shouting, merrily,

"Wind her up! wind her up!"

Old Kisedek Pound had rowed away as soon as he delivered his passengers, and he had gone nearly half a mile before he suddenly poised his oars, and exclaimed, very dubiously:

"Dat's so. Dat's de one ting I nebber t'ought ob. How de nashin 'll dem chil'eu git ashoah time foh dinnah? I jes' don't waut to see Missis Kyle 'bout dis time. Noh Missis Ridgeway. De chil'en's safe 'nuff. De ole *Wip Van Rinkle* wou't sink wid 'em no deeper. I tell ye wot, ole man, ef you knows wot's good foh yourself you jes' go an' ketch youah flounders, an' den you go an' fotch dem chil'eu ashoah. It's jes' like me. Dat's wot Missis Kyle 'll say. An' Missis Ridgeway. I guess I jes' won't go home by de way ob her house."

He anchored his boat on his chosen fishing ground, and the flounders bit well, and all the while he was pulling them in the fun went forward merrily on board the *Rip Van Winkle*.

The tide had turned before the "little boarders" took possession of their prize, and now it was rippling strongly around her stern. The water on the bar was fast growing deeper, but none of it poured into the wreck, as it would have done before the holes in her side were mended.

"Hurrah!" shouted Clark Ridgeway. "Her stern's lifting up, and her deck's almost level."

So it was, and it made a better place to play on, but there had been yet another change in the situation. With the rising tide a breeze had risen, and with the breeze a

Digitized by Google

thick white fog had drifted up the bay from the sea. Still, all the children knew something about tides and breezes and fogs, and they were not a bit scared when they found they could not see the shore.

"Barbie," said little Ben, at last, "I want to go home."

"Kisedek's coming."

"I want him to come now."

"Don't be afraid. He'll come.—Oh, boys, the wreck's moving!"

They all held their breath for a moment, and looked at each other, but Willy Kyle shouted, "Hurrah! We're afloat! We've got a ship of our own! Let's play sailor."

It was about the only thing they could do, and it helped them keep up their spirits, but there was no mistaking the fact that they were "afloat." That high tide had easily lifted the *Rip Van Winkle's* nose out of the mud, and it was now steadily bearing her along, up the bay. The fog was too thick to guess in what direction they were going, and the old schooner swung around a good deal, but the water was pretty smooth, for the breeze was a light one, and they could not see any danger.

"Barbie," whimpered Ben, "if we hadn't wound her up, she wouldn't have gone. Do you s'pose she'd stop if we unwound her?"

"Don't be afraid, Ben. Old Kisedek 'll come for us."

He was coming at that very moment, only he had not the slightest idea where to go, and he was the most puzzled old black man within a hundred miles of that bay. He had caught his flounders with uncommonly good success, and then he had pulled back across the fog-covered water, to the spot where he expected to find his young passengers.

"Right about yeah. It's de berry spot. Yes, dah's de float wot I tied to when I ketched dem big black-fish. But whar's de *Wip Van Rinkle?*"

It was an awful question for Kisedek Pound, and the perspiration came out upon his black face in great beads.

"No, sah. I jes' don't want to hab no conversation 'bout it wid Missis Kyle. Wot she'll say I doesn't keer to know."

He pulled around and over the vacant piece of water where the vanished wreck had been, and then a sudden thought struck him.

"Dem chil'en dey jes' couldn't hab took her off agin de tide. I'll find 'em."

He took to his oars desperately, and the tide helped him. At that rate he could have soon explored the whole bay.

"Oh, de fog!" he gasped, as he paused for breath. "Hi! dat's more'n fog." He drew in a long, full measure of the damp air, and then he shouted to something big and black about ten feet from him: "Ship aho-o-oy! Mars' Wot's-yer-name, hab you seen anyt'ing ob a lot oh chil'en wid an ole wreck?"

"Hurrah, Barbie! there comes Kisedek Pound. We're all right."

"Chil'en," said Kisedek, solemnly, as he came alongside, "doesn't yon know it's stealin' to run away wid anoder man's ship wot's had all de holes in her patched up? I's gwine to tell yer moders soon's ehber I git ye all ashoah."

There was great excitement for a few minutes on board the *Rip Van Winkle*, and then she was left, without crew or passengers, to be swept on by the tide, until she again ran aground on a muddy flat further up the bay.

Long before that occurred, however, old Kisedek Pound had explained to "Missis" Kyle and "Missis" Ridgeway why their children were not home to dinner.

MASTER SATURDAY'S PICNIC.

BY AGNES CARR.

LITTLE Master Saturday, who is devoted to holidays, and perfectly revels in all sorts of jollifications—although, poor boy, being a "Saturday's child," he has to "work hard for his living"—made up his frivolous little mind this summer to give a picnic, and invite all his

MASTER SATURDAY AND HIS FRIENDS.

Digitized by Google

cousins the Days to spend the livelong day with him in the "merry green wood."

It was easy to obtain leave of absence from his master, Mr. Workaday, on condition that he performed certain tasks before he went; so the earliest bird had not yet started out on his worm-hunt the next morning when Saturday popped briskly out of bed, and was so spry that all his "chores" about the house and barn were finished up long before breakfast, which so pleased Mrs. Workaday that she gave him a fine large frosted cake for his lunch.

"And a jolly good plummy one it is," remarked Saturday, with satisfaction, as he carefully packed it, surrounded by pickles, in a large basket, and set off for Monday's house, where he found the little girl, with her sleeves rolled up, merrily working away at the wash-tub.

"Dear Monday," he said, "will you not come to my picnic?"

"How can I," said Monday, "when I have all these clothes to wash and hang on the line."

"Oh, I will help you," said Saturday; and pulling off his coat, he set to work with so much vigor that in half an hour all the handkerchiefs and aprons were flapping gayly in the breeze, and the tiny queen of the soap-suds, hastily cutting a generous supply of sandwiches—for the Mondays always have a plentiful stock of cold meat in the house—they started off together to invite their cousin Tuesday, the little girl's pretty face peeping shyly out from beneath a picturesque gypsy hat, for every one knows that "Monday's child is fair of face," and all these little people were named for the day on which they were born.

Tuesday lived in a cozy, vine-covered cottage, and she opened the door for them herself, looking as red as a peony, and carrying a large flat-iron in one hand. On hearing their errand she at first danced for joy, for being "full of grace," she was rather fond of dancing, but stopped suddenly, exclaiming,

"But I have not finished my ironing yet."

"Oh, we will help you," said the two visitors; and before the hands of the clock had travelled half around the dial the clothes-horse was filled with nicely smoothed garments.

"It is so warm I will take lemonade," said Tuesday, bringing out a dozen lemons.

The syrup for the lemonade was soon prepared, and the three Days next called on Wednesday, whom they found as "merry and glad" as ever, busily helping his mother bake bread and pies in the great Dutch oven.

He would be delighted to join the party if they could wait until the last loaves were brown enough to come out of the oven, and meanwhile, to keep them out of mischief, his mother set them to filling tarts with strawberry jam, they being her contribution to the entertainment.

"Shall we invite Thursday?" asked Saturday. "He is always so 'sour and sad.' I'm afraid he will spoil all the fun."

"It would be too bad to leave him out," said Wednesday. "And perhaps he may be more cheerful to-day."

As they expected, they found Thursday with an ugly scowl on his face poring over a Latin grammar, with his little dog Tempus growling at his feet.

Whether time flies or not, Tempus certainly did at every cat, cow, or other animal he met, and he now, true to his name, flew at the children as though he would devour them.

"Lie down, sir," shouted Thursday, kicking at the dog, and frowning crossly. "Cousins, what brings you here to-day?"

"We have come to ask you to my picnic," said Saturday, politely.

At this, Thursday began to grumble and cry, whining out: "But I can't go, for I have to 'cram' to-day for examination. It is just my luck."

"Oh, never mind," said Monday, smiling sweetly, "I will stay and help you with your lessons, while Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday call on Friday, and I guess you will be ready in time."

So down she sat by the mournful student, and being a bright little Day, soon made a great deal clear to poor Thursday that was very dark before, while the other three hurried off to see Friday.

There have been "Black Fridays," and "Blue Fridays," but this was a very "Good Friday," and very "loving and giving," and she met them at the garden gate with both hands full of flowers, which she forced upon them, looking meanwhile as sweet as a rose-bud herself.

"Oh, Friday," they all called in a breath, "you must come to the picnic with us."

"I should love to," said Friday, "but I have the parlors to sweep, and a huge pile of stockings to darn."

"We will stay and help you," said the children, "for we won't go without you." So they all went to work with brooms and dust-pans, and needles and thread, and as many hands make light work, the rooms were soon as neat as wax, while not a pin-hole could be found in one of the hose.

"I have just made a lot of hot cross buns," said the cook, filling a paper bag, and tucking it under Friday's arm. Monday and Thursday too now joined them, bearing a large basket of golden pears, and followed by Tempus, who trotted along, quite serenely for him, sniffing at the lunch so anxiously that Friday presented him with a bun on the spot, and they then all started in a body for Baby Sunday's. "For we must take little Sunday," said Tuesday; "he is always so 'good and gay.'"

But Sunday's mamma did not approve of picnics for such little folks, and thought him too young and delicate to go.

The children, however, argued down her scruples, saying, "Of course it would be wrong for him to go to the woods alone, but surely there could be no harm with six Week Days to take care of him and do all the work."

So, on condition that Saturday and Monday would keep him between them on the road, and not let him fall, Mrs. Sabbath finally consented, dressed the boy in his best "bib and tucker," gave him a basket of sweeties and a dozen kisses, and sent him off as "blithe and bonny" as a lark.

The party being now complete, they started off with a hop, skip, and a jump for the jolly old wood, where the bees, birds, and flowers all buzzed, warbled, and nodded them a gay welcome.

"Hurrah!" shouted Saturday, tossing his cap in the air, "now for fun," and all the little people joined in the cheer, even Thursday venturing to smile a wee bit.

Sunday was chosen King of the festival, and seated high up on a moss-covered stump, while the other Days ran hither and thither, gathering for him the prettiest wild flowers and ripest and sweetest berries.

"Let us play 'Here we go round the barberry bush,'" suggested Monday, it being a favorite game with all the Days; and they were soon repeating in play what they had already accomplished in earnest—"washing, ironing, and folding clothes so early in the morning."

Then Tuesday led them in a lively dance, as light and graceful as an elfin sprite; and Wednesday twined beautiful wreaths of oak leaves for their hats, and daisy chains for their necks.

Thursday alone was cross and sullen, sulking by himself, because Monday gave so many berries to little Sunday, and he persisted in knocking off the heads of the flowers, and robbing the radiant butterflies of their wings, until tender-hearted Friday was almost in tears, and offered him a bright dime she had in her pocket if he would stop doing so; and I am sorry to say he was mean enough to take it.

Saturday, meanwhile, who felt himself to be the host, was working like a little Trojan, unpacking bags, boxes,

Digitized by Google

and baskets, spreading the cloth beneath a glorious old oak-tree, and bringing fresh sparkling water from a spring that gushed clear as crystal out of the solid rock, with which Tuesday brewed the lemonade.

"Make it sweet, and make it sour," laughed Wednesday, giving Tuesday's hand a squeeze that made her cry, "Don't take me for a lemon, I beg," and shower the squeezer with powdered sugar.

The forest, too, was not behindhand in adding to the rural feast, for the blackberries and blueberries hung thick and heavy on the bushes, tender wintergreen leaves grew beneath the children's feet, and down by a baby brook, that ran cooing and gurgling along into the arms of its mother, the river, they found quantities of spicy watercresses, while the wild roses, marguerites, and clover blossoms gave quite a festal appearance to the board. As at all picnics, they ate ants with their pickles, and flies with their bread and butter, but they only seemed to add a flavor to the repast, seasoned as it was with so much fun and frolic.

"Now, Sunday, sing for us," said Saturday, when they had all finished and were lying about on the green grass.

Sunday knew nothing but hymns, but these he sang in a sweet little childish voice, very pleasant to listen to; and he now warbled away with all his baby might, the older children joining in the choruses.

"Where is that singing-bird?" asked a cheerful voice behind them, as Sunday ended with a pretty trill, and they all turned to see a merry-looking old gentleman coming toward them.

"It is Grandpa Week!" they all cried, bounding toward him.

"I am glad, my children, to see you so happy," he said, patting each head kindly, "and gladder still to learn from your parents that you have all remembered 'duty before pleasure.'"

"That we did," said Saturday, thinking how hard he had worked for his picnic.

"And so I have brought you some little rewards."

"What can they be?" asked the children, clustering around the old gentleman, who drew numerous packages from his capacious pockets.

"You, Monday," he said, "are 'fair of face,' so I have brought you a parasol to protect it from the sun. Tuesday is 'full of grace,' so she must have a pair of fancy slippers in which to dance and skip more lightly. Wednesday is 'merry and glad,' and this *Nonsense-Book* will surely make him 'laugh and grow fat.' While Thursday, I am sorry to say, is so 'sour and sad,' he only deserves this birch rod; but in consideration of his progress at school I have added a collar for Tempus, and trust he will hereafter improve both his time and temper. Friday is so 'loving and giving,' I was sure nothing would please her like a knot of true-blue ribbon, and a box of sugar-plums to share with you all; while, as Saturday has to 'work hard for a living,' I shall give him his present in money, to spend as he likes."

"But have you nothing for Sunday?" asked the children.

"To be sure I have," cried Grandpa Week, catching the little boy in his arms and fastening a glittering belt about his waist.

"'The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny and good and gay;'

and Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the Weeks together."

"Hurrah for grandpa!" shouted all the young folks, hastening to thank him for their gifts. And then, as the sun's great red eye was blinking sleepily in the west, clinging to the hands and coat of the old man, they wended their way from beneath the protecting branches of the hospitable woods.

THE RHINOCEROS.

WHEN the rhinoceros is at home—where it is probable he had much rather be than dragged around the country in a gaudily painted cart as one of the attractions of a menagerie, or confined in some zoological garden, where he is prevented from goring the small boy who gazes at him as impudently as he pleases—he lives in Asia or Africa. Perhaps it would be more proper to say that he *fights* in those countries, for the greater portion of his long life is made up of combats with his relatives or any other animals who come in his way.

In Africa there are four varieties, distinguished by the natives as follows: the borelé, or black rhinoceros, the keitloa, or two-horned black, the moohooho, or common white, and the kaboba, or long-horned white rhinoceros. The first two are smaller but more fierce than the white ones, and are quite as willing to hunt the sportsman as to be hunted. The largest of the Africans is the long-horned white rhinoceros, which has been found eighteen feet six inches in length, and the circumference of its broad back and low-hanging belly is very nearly the same number of feet and inches.

There are three species of the Asiatic rhinoceros, two of which have but one horn, while the third has two. These are much smaller than their brothers from Africa, and their skin hangs in folds.

Mr. Greenwood says that the hunters and writers who have asserted that a bullet will hardly pierce this animal's hide are mistaken, and that a rifle-ball will penetrate the loose, baggy covering with little or no difficulty. The belief that the hide was so tough probably arose from experiments made with that which had been toughened almost like horn by a process employed by the natives, who make from it whip-stocks and walking-canes.

Mr. Gordon Cumming, the celebrated hunter, in speaking of the largest African species, says: "It is about as large around as it is long, while the body sets so low on its legs that a tall man a-tiptoe could see across its back. Attached to its blunt nose—not to the bone, but merely set in the skin with a net-work of muscles to hold it—is a horn more or less curved, hard as steel, sharp, and more than a yard long, and immediately behind this is a little horn, equally sharp, and nearly straight." His eyes are very small, and as useful to him by night as by day. His ears are long, pointed, and tipped with a few bristles, which, with a tuft at the end of his tail, make up all the semblance of hair he possesses.

The length of the horn varies in the different species, the main horn of the kaboba exceeding four feet, while that of the moohooho is seldom over two feet. In all cases, among the double-horned animals, the rear one—that is to say, the one nearest the forehead—is always short, not often more than six inches.

There are many singular superstitions regarding the horn of the rhinoceros, which is not as valuable for its ivory as that from the elephant. Rhinoceros-horn shavings are supposed by many people to cure certain diseases, and it is believed that if poison be poured in a cup made of the horn, it will burst it. A German writer says: "This horn will not endure the touch of poison; I have often been a witness of this. Many people of fashion at the Cape have cups turned out of the rhinoceros horn; some have them set in silver, and some in gold. If wine is poured into one of these cups, it immediately rises and bubbles up as though it were boiling, and if there is poison in it, the cup immediately splits. If poison is put by itself into one of these cups, it in an instant flies to pieces.... The chips made in turning one of these cups are ever carefully saved and returned to the owner of the cup, being esteemed of great benefit in convulsions, faintings, and many other complaints."

As to whether the horn of the rhinoceros is such a test

Digitized by Google

FIGHT BETWEEN A KEITLOA AND A PANTHER.

for poison, the reader may safely doubt; but it can make little difference, since it is hardly probable he cares either for the wine or the poison, and has no need of such a sensitive drinking cup.

Clumsy-looking as the great brute is, Mr. Gordon Cumming says "a horse and rider can rarely manage to overtake him." Another famous African hunter writes: "He is not often pursued on horseback, and chiefly because his speed and endurance are such that it is very difficult to come up with and follow him, to say nothing of the danger attendant on such a course. Many a hunter, indeed, has thereby endangered his life."

One of the most singular of attendants is that which the rhinoceros has. It is a little bird called by ornithologists *Buphagu africana*, and known to hunters as the rhinoceros bird. This little fellow clings to the animal's hide by means of its long claws and elastic tail, feeding on the insects that infest the leathery skin. In doing this it renders great service to the huge brute, but trifling as compared to its other duty. It acts as sentinel to warn its movable feeding-place of approaching danger. While it is eating it is ever on the alert, and at the first sign of the hunter it flies up in the air uttering its warning note, which is ever quickly heeded, the rhinoceros starting off at once in the direction taken by its watchful friend. Mr. Cumming states that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the bird, hearing the approach of the hunter, fails to awaken him by its voice, it will arouse him by pecking the inside of his ear.

Some species of the rhinoceros are inclined to peace, and will rarely attack man save in defense of their young or their lives, while others, and more particularly the keitloa, will attack man or beast simply to gratify their love for fighting. The lion never risks an encounter with the rhinoceros, save when absolutely necessary for his own safety, and it is but seldom the elephant cares to measure strength with him, for the larger animal is far less quick in his movements than the smaller.

A celebrated African hunter once witnessed a battle between these huge animals; but in this instance the impetuous rage of the rhinoceros proved his downfall, for having driven his terrible horn up to the hilt into the carcass of the elephant, he was unable to extract it, and the latter falling, crushed the life out of his assailant in the descent. A traveller once saw a fight between a gigantic male elephant and a black rhinoceros, that was ended by the flight of the former.

It is seldom that such an encounter as that shown in the engraving takes place, for the very good reason that the panther, knowing its death is the almost certain result of the combat, slinks away before the keitloa. Only in defense of its young, as in the case shown, or when it fears an attack is to be made, does it oppose the rhinoceros, and then the sharp horn easily pierces the spotted skin, or the ferocious mother is crushed beneath the ponderous feet of her enemy.

The rhinoceros of India is much better tempered than its African brothers, and Bishop Heber says of some which he saw at Lucknow: "These are quiet and gentle animals.... I should conceive that they might be available to carry burdens as well as the elephant, except that as their pace is still slower than his, their use could be only applicable to very great weights and very gentle travelling."

Nothing is definitely known as to the average age of this animal, but it is generally believed that the duration of life of an Indian rhinoceros is hardly less than a hundred years.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

Digitized by Google

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

ABOUT TELLING THE TRUTH.

ALL noble boys and girls tell the truth as a matter of course. In fact, the greatest possible insult that can be offered a person is to doubt his word. No matter what consequences are involved, it is always your duty to tell plainly and clearly just what has really happened so far as you are concerned.

I once knew a little fellow of quite timid and sensitive nature who had the misfortune to break a window while playing ball in the school yard. The teacher was thought to be very stern, and Charlie was very much frightened, but he went straight in-doors, and up to the desk, and told what he had done. A day or two later somebody said, "Who broke that window, Mr. ——?" "An honorable person, sir," was the reply, loud enough for everybody to hear.

When truth-telling concerns not yourself only, but others, it is sometimes right for you to refrain from speaking, simply declining to answer rather than to tell tales. You must judge about this when circumstances arise, but of one thing you may be sure, that it is never right to evade, or alter, or color a statement. Be true, whatever happens. An old pagan Emperor used to say, "No matter what other folks do, I must be good, just as if the emerald should say, I must always be emerald, and keep my color." Do not hesitate when questioned, but look the one who questions you straight in the face, and say what it is right to say, modestly and frankly.

Candor does not require you, on the other hand, to go about saying disagreeable things because they are true. A little girl I used to know once made a visit in a house where were twin sisters, one of whom was much prettier than the other. What should little miss do but remark, "I think Eunice is far more beautiful than Elsie, and I've heard Aunt Clara say she thinks so too." This was true, but it was a true thing which was never meant to be talked of. And the little girl felt very much ashamed of herself when she grew older and recollected it.

ALL FAIR, AND NO CHEATING.

Lewis had brought home dreadful reports for four or five weeks, and especially in spelling he had long lists of failures. How he did wish that the teachers in his school would believe in the spelling reform of which his sister's professor talked! So far as Lewis understood it, it appeared to him that the professor agreed with the schoolboys that a word should be spelled the way it sounded. But the teachers at his academy only grew stricter every day, and his demerits kept accumulating like a snow-ball that becomes bigger and bigger as it rolls along.

"Frightful!" mamma would exclaim, shuddering, as she gazed at Lewis's reports.

"Disgraceful!" was papa's opinion. "No more pocket-money, sir, till I see some improvement."

"Abominably stupid!" said Uncle James.

So Lewis became deeply discouraged.

One day when he felt sure of only one thing, and that was that he could not spell, he did what I am ashamed to tell you of. He opened his book, under the shadowy screen of the desk lid, and peeped. Were there two *l's*? Did *i* come first, or *e*? Alas! Lewis knew. He saw the letters plainly, and he spelled them boldly and clearly.

"Right," said the trusting teacher, with a smile of approval which went straight to the boy's heart. Oh, how sorry he felt! and how mortified when he felt that he had gained that pleasant word "Right" without deserving it!

He did not run merrily home that night. He had no desire to go out and play. He was far happier when he knew that a black failure was written against his name, for then he had not failed in himself. He had been honest, if he had not been clever.

That evening he told me the whole story, and ended by saying: "It has taught me a lesson, Aunt Marjorie. All fair, and no cheating, for me, after this. It's awful to feel so mean as I've felt all day."

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I HAVEN'T been able to write anything for some time. I don't mean that there has been anything the matter with my fingers so that I couldn't hold a pen, but I haven't had the heart to write of my troubles. Besides, I have been locked up for a whole week in the spare bedroom on bread and water, and just a little hash or something like that, except when Sue used to smuggle in cake and pie and such things, and I haven't had any penanink. I was going to write a novel while I was locked up by pricking my finger and writing in blood with a pin on my shirt; but you can't write hardly anything that way, and I don't believe all those stories of conspirators who wrote dreadful promises to do all sorts of things in their blood. Before I could write two little words my finger stopped bleeding, and I wasn't going to keep on pricking myself every few minutes; besides, it won't do to use all your blood up that way. There was once a boy who cut himself awful in the leg with a knife, and he bled to death for five or six hours, and when he got through he wasn't any thicker than a newspaper, and rattled when his friends picked him up just like the morning paper does when father turns it inside out. Mr. Travers told me about him, and said this was a warning against bleeding to death.

Of course you'll say I must have been doing something dreadfully wrong, but I don't think I have; and even if I had, I'll leave it to anybody if Aunt Eliza isn't enough to provoke a whole company of saints. The truth is, I got into trouble this time just through obeying promptly as soon as I was spoken to. I'd like to know if that was anything wrong. Oh, I'm not a bit sulky, and I am always ready to admit I've done wrong when I really have; but this time I tried to do my very best and obey my dear mother promptly, and the consequence was that I was shut up for a week, besides other things too painful to mention. This world is a fleeting show, as our minister says, and I sometimes feel that it isn't worth the price of admission.

Aunt Eliza is one of those women that always know everything, and know that nobody else knows anything, particularly us men. She was visiting us, and finding fault with everybody, and constantly saying that men were a nuisance in a house and why didn't mother make father mend chairs and whitewash the ceiling and what do you let that great lazy boy waste all his time for? There was a little spot in the roof where it leaked when it rained, and Aunt Eliza said to father, "Why don't you have energy enough to get up on the roof and see where that leak is I would if I was a man thank goodness I ain't." So father said, "You'd better do it yourself, Eliza." And she said, "I will this very day."

So after breakfast Aunt Eliza asked me to show her where the scuttle was. We always kept it open for fresh air, except when it rained, and she crawled up through it and got on the roof. Just then mother called me, and said it was going to rain, and I must close the scuttle. I began to tell her that Aunt Eliza was on the roof, but she wouldn't listen, and said, "Do as I tell you this instant without any words why can't you obey promptly?" So I obeyed as prompt as I could, and shut the scuttle and fastened it, and then went down stairs, and looked out to see the shower come up.

It was a tremendous shower, and it struck us in about

Digitized by Google

ten minutes; and didn't it pour! The wind blew, and it lightened and thundered every minute, and the street looked just like a river. I got tired of looking at it after a while, and sat down to read, and in about an hour, when it was beginning to rain a little easier, mother came where I was, and said, "I wonder where sister Eliza is do you know, Jimmy?" And I said I supposed she was on the roof, for I left her there when I fastened the scuttle just before it began to rain.

Nothing was done to me until after they had got two men to bring Aunt Eliza down and wring the water out of her, and the doctor had come, and she had been put to bed, and the house was quiet again. By that time father had come home, and when he heard what had happened— But, there! it is over now, and let us say no more about it. Aunt Eliza is as well as ever, but nobody has said a word to me about prompt obedience since the thunder-shower.

[Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 94, August 16.]

PENELOPE.

BY MRS. JOHN LILLIE.

CHAPTER IV.

NORA never quite understood what prompted her to call out to Penelope in that sudden fashion; it seemed like a dream to her that she found herself walking over the familiar ground to the Deanery garden, Miss Harleford uttering rapid, although but half-intelligible, explanations, and saying, from time to time, "Now don't talk yet, Nora; you are all worn out, I can see."

But how had time passed with her since she and her mother had left Mrs. Bruce's kindly shelter? Nora made no effort to unravel the mystery of her silence until she was seated in the elder Miss Harleford's room.

With her usual impetuosity Penny had gone directly to her aunt, holding Nora by the hand, and introducing her briefly and joyfully as:

"Nora Phillips's daughter. We found each other, aunt," cried Penny, still rather inclined to be tearful.

Then Nora's bonnet and cloak were removed. She was seated in a comfortable chair before the fire, and presently a cozy tea-tray heaped with delicacies was at her side, Penny declaring she was to be feasted on everything good the Deanery larder contained. Neither of her two new friends was surprised to hear that Nora had been violently ill since she bade good-by to Mrs. Bruce. The widow and her daughter had gone to London, trusting to find employment in the large city; but there, in the poor lodging they had found, Nora fell ill, a low fever prostrating her just as her mother most needed her help.

"As soon as I got better," said Nora, "I began to think of seeing Mrs. Bruce—I had a fancy she might give me work in her shop. I was afraid to write, for fear that her hard-hearted son would not let her have the letter, and then—it was queer," added Nora, with a little flickering smile—"I was so *sure* that screen was bought for you, I made up my mind to try and find you, and perhaps you would let mamma have it again—the loss of it always grieved her—and perhaps you might give her work. Often and often when I was so ill and weak I used to think of the garden here, and fancy I could hear your name, '*Penelope*,' and then everything seemed to be confused, and I fancied you were with me. As soon as I was better I persuaded mamma to let me come here. You know we have had to sell nearly everything we own, and to buy my ticket down here I sat up two nights working for our landlady in London. She is an actor's wife, and I helped her in making some costumes; but you don't know the feeling I had about seeing you. I kept saying to myself over and over, 'Penelope, Penelope—I will find her.' And so I did, for I was just coming from the train when I saw you. Oh, I could not help speaking your name aloud!"

"And how glad I am that you did!" cried Penelope, pressing Nora's hand. "Well, I'm sure it has all turned out beautifully, and all through Lion's thought of me—dear old Lion!"

The Deanery was in a state of pleasurable excitement that evening. First of all, a trusted old servant was dispatched to London to bring Mrs. Mayne back with her. What solid comforts went with old Harriet only she and Penelope knew; but certain it is the actor's family feasted on good things for a week to come. Then Penny established Nora in a pretty room near her own, insisting upon her going to bed, as she was so utterly exhausted. Nora lay still in the soft white bed, thoroughly happy, in spite of the queer sense that she must be dreaming. When Penelope left her alone, she raised herself in bed, gazing around at the pretty chintz-hung room, smiling at the reflection of her own face in the long mirror opposite. Finally she fell into a comfortable sleep, that now familiar name mingling with her dreams. Aunt Letitia, coming in to look at the girl, heard the name on her lips, "Penelope," and she said to herself, "Yes, I know Penny is doing just what her dear father would like."

What Penny was doing just then was to make her uncle feel for once he was the guardian of a very self-willed young lady. During dinner-time Penny discoursed eloquently upon the Maynes, repeating Nora's story with many exclamations of her own, and winding up by asking her uncle to grant her an hour alone in his study.

The Dean consented, wondering what his bright, impulsive Penelope had in her mind to say to him, and he was not surprised when she declared her intention of assuming full charge of the Maynes.

"I have nothing in the world to do," said Penny, making a little grimace as she sat in the lamp-light of her uncle's study; "and just reflect, uncle, what a responsibility a fortune like mine is. Why, it ought to be considered in *trust*, nearly all of it, for other people. I never felt half so interested in any one as I am in Nora Mayne. Now I'll tell you what I propose: I shall ask Nora and her mother to pay me a long visit at Harleford. There I can manage it so that Mrs. Mayne will not feel herself dependent. You know how much there is to do; and I will regularly agree with Nora that she is to be my companion at a fixed salary, don't you see? If it turns out badly, you are at liberty to send them back to America, if you will manage that they have a sum settled on them which they will never know comes from me. Now, uncle," added Penny, laying her pretty cheek against the Dean's, "you may as well give in first as last."

The Dean had known from the outset that Penelope would have her own way, but I think a few words Miss Letitia spoke to him decided the question in his mind. Something she told him of their elder brother's story. "And *he* would have cared for her child," said the gentle little lady with a sigh. So Nora Mayne awoke at the Deanery in a new position. She was brought into the breakfast-room by Penelope, who was proud of her new friend, and the Dean welcomed her with gentle courtesy. He was thoroughly pleased, he admitted to Penelope, by the American girl's manner. Evidently her companionship would not be an injury to his beloved niece.

Nora Mayne often speaks of that bewilderingly happy day. By eleven o'clock she and Penelope were in the Deanery carriage on their way to Mrs. Bruce's. The elder girl had made Nora feel thoroughly at ease about the favors lavished upon her.

"You see," she said, in a very matter-of-fact tone, "I was just needing some companion. Here in England we always engage companions for lonely sisterless girls like me" (a firm pressure of Nora's hand followed this), "and yet it is *so* hard to find just the right person. It has to

Digitized by Google

be"—Penny hastily reviewed what she knew of Nora's capabilities—"it has to be a young girl who is fond of music, and charity visiting, and walking, and driving, and studying a great deal. Perhaps you wouldn't like the place, Nora? Of course you have only to say so, dear. And the salary I meant to give isn't *very* large—about £250 a year. Perhaps your mother and my aunt will decide about it."

What could Nora do but fling her arms around her new friend's neck and burst into happy tears? And what could she find to say when, an hour later, as they started for Mrs. Bruce's shop, Penelope placed a little purse in her hands, whispering, "I thought, dear, you'd like some of your salary in advance, as you said it worried you so much to owe Mrs. Bruce."

Mary Jane was busily engaged sorting wools when the Deanery carriage appeared and its occupants descended.

"THE MANOR-HOUSE YOUNG LADIES."

She gave a little scream that brought her aunt from the back parlor. Through the glass of the door Mrs. Bruce recognized Nora, and flung the door open widely.

"My bonny lamb!" she cried out, and folded Nora in her arms warmly. What an hour that was! To behold Nora as Miss Penelope Harleford's chosen friend was to make her more than ever dear to Mrs. Bruce. The two young people sat down in Mrs. Bruce's parlor, Mary Jane hovering in the background, her broad face fairly shining with smiles. But I think the final triumph was when Mr. James Bruce's swaggering figure appeared in the doorway, his eyes lighting first upon Nora.

"Well, miss," he said, coarsely, "I hope you've come with our money—our honest due." He proceeded no further, for the young lady of the Manor stood up, saying, quietly:

"Miss Mayne has settled with your mother, Mr. Bruce."

His tone changed at once, profuse apologies and the most servile manner only half covering his mortification. He seemed glad to disappear, and Nora and her friend enjoyed a hearty laugh over his discomfiture when they were once more in the carriage. Their next stopping-place was at Searle's, the grocer, where Penelope insisted that Nora should order various delicacies to be sent for Mrs. Mayne to the Deanery. Mr. Searle was all good-humor, and his sharp-faced wife came out of the parlor rubbing her hands, and bowing a dozen times to the heiress of the Manor, who was so evidently the friend of their late unprofitable customer. Penelope took great pains to consult Nora's wishes or opinions on every point, saying, "Nora dear, shall you care for any more grapes?" or, "Nora, didn't we decide upon apricot jam?"

Such judicious remarks impressed Mrs. Searle deeply, and of course she soon learned that the young lady of the Manor was Miss Mayne's dearest friend.

Nora's joy was complete when, on returning to the Deanery, she found her mother established in Miss Harleford's room, the two ladies discussing "old times" with many sighs and pressures of the hand, and many glances at the two girls who seemed to be living over again the happy past. And when, before the spring had fairly set in, the party were fairly settled at Harleford Manor, the Dean himself declared there was nothing to find fault with in the new arrangement. Penelope's restless little brain had found something to think about peacefully. Nora's good sense and American ways made her companionship most desirable. Penelope had no more hours of nothing to do; Nora gave a stimulus to all the two girls shared together, and before a year was over the people about Harleford had learned to acknowledge and respect Miss Mayne almost as completely as they did Miss Penelope.

The great grief of Nora's life—her mother's death—was softened by Penelope's gentle sympathy; and how tenderly were the widow's last days guarded! After that the bond was permanently strengthened between the two girls who visit the Deanery as sisters, who are known everywhere as the "Manor-House young ladies." Even Penelope's marriage, when it occurs, which every one says will be next year, after "Lion's" Indian days are over, will not separate the two girls, for Nora is to remain as "housekeeper and manager" of Harleford. "The consoler-general," Penelope calls her, and Aunt Letty declares she could not live without her "American niece."

Mrs. Bruce is a trusty friend of the Manor House, and it is astonishing how often the young ladies have to buy wools and silks in the little shop, and how often Mrs. Bates, the real housekeeper at the Manor, requires the good woman's company to tea. Mary Jane occupies a position of honor as Miss Harleford's own maid. If ever Nora requires a champion, she will find one in the honest-hearted country girl.

There is one treasure Nora guards always with a loving care. It is the little screen, with its faded colors and pretty lettering, and which her mother's hand held almost in dying. The other day, as I stood in Penelope's sitting-room, she and Nora and I talked over the story I have been telling you. Nora was called away, and Penelope followed her with a loving glance.

"Yes," she said, smiling, "that screen gave me a sister, and taught me what I never knew before—that even trouble, want, and sorrow can perfect our natures, and that there is no deeper satisfaction than in helping one another."

When Penelope had said this, I suddenly realized how my young friend had changed since she was in London two years ago. All the brightness and prettiness remained, but she had gained something higher. That evening dear old Miss Harleford held my hand while the two girls played a duet in the long old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Nora Phillips's daughter!" she whispered. "She has proved my Penelope's blessing."

THE END.

Digitized by Google

EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.

No. VI.

I AM sure the girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE know better than to ask, as a lady did of me last summer, "Is that worked in the Keniston stitch?" First, the lady blundered, in forgetting—if indeed she had ever known—that the Royal School for Art Needle-Work is at South *Kensington*, England; and secondly, she fell into the mistake—which I want especially to warn my girl readers against—in supposing that there is any one stitch called *the* Kensington stitch. All good embroidery stitches are or should be South Kensington stitches.

A few years ago, while embroiderers here in America were counting the spaces on pieces of canvas, or carefully pushing needles in and out of the holes in perforated paper, pupils and teachers of the new English school were studying out the many stitches they could find in old embroidery, and were introducing them into their work. The so-called "Kensington" stitch is merely a form of stem stitch, taken always in a manner to fit the leaf or flower to be wrought. Its proper name is "feather stitch," because the threads are made to look as if they lapped over one another, like the feathers of a bird's plume. *Opus plumarium* was its old Latin name. Besides reviving a number of old stitches and introducing very many choice designs, the Royal School of Art Needle-Work has taken great pains to secure suitable materials to work on, and wools and silks of good quality and color with which to work. For the stitch is not the all-important part of embroidery. No matter how even and true the stitches, if the color or design is poor, the work will look *shoppy*, and not artistic. You wish any one who picks up your work to know at a glance that it is not the handiwork of an ignorant shop-girl, but of a cultivated little lady, and it is by the design and colors you choose that you show whether your eye and taste have had good training.

For a good lesson in color pick out from a bunch of wools the greens that seem to you a suitable leaf-color. Then bring in a few leaves from the lawn or garden and lay them beside your wools, and see if the greens you have chosen are not much too vivid. One of my scholars who made this experiment some time ago chose the green of a Brazilian beetle's wing, a color that is only needed in embroidery to give brilliancy to a bug or to a bird's plumage. The greens of nature are a great deal grayer and duller than those you will be likely to choose at first. As for design: In the shops you will find, perhaps, stamped on a single table-cover daisies, buttercups, cat-tails, clovers, wild roses, and grasses, a confused and irregular mass; leave out all but one, keep your clover, for example, and only the leaf of that. Take a real clover leaf, lay it on a piece of paper, and trace it off, with a closed leaf perhaps crossing the stem; then stamp, according to directions in embroidery article No. II., page 75, Vol. II., a row of these, three or four inches apart, across the ends of a piece of crash or linen for a little stand-cover, and draw lines for a finish above and below, as in Fig. 18. Match the color of the leaf as nearly as possible in crewel, and then work around the outer edge of the leaf, taking a long and then a shorter stitch (see A), so that the stitches will be even on the edge of the leaf, but irregular on the inside, and all point toward the stem; leave the light space, and beginning at the stem, work a few lines of stem stitch radiating from the stem, with a few extra stitches filled in where the lines spread apart. A good way to fill in these extra stitches is to bring the needle back, pointing toward the stem as at B. Afterward fill in the light space by putting the needle in and out, pointing the stitches toward the stem, but taking them irregularly according to the space.

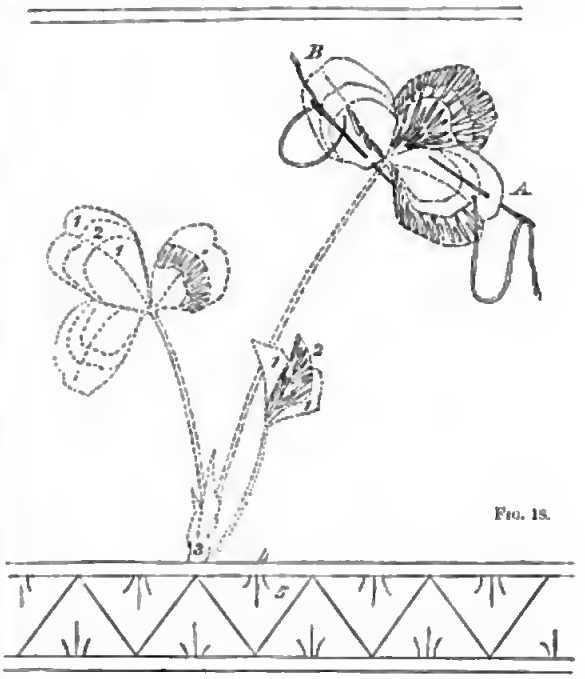
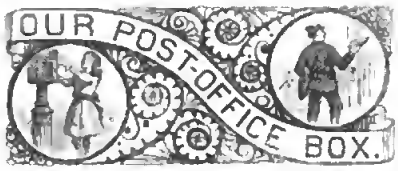


FIG. 18.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

ON THE BEACH.

Digitized by Google



WE publish with pleasure the following note from the Rev. G. H. Houghton, D.D., rector of the Church of the Transfiguration:

To the Editor of Harper's Young People:

You were kind enough to print in your number of July 26 a letter in which it was proposed that some of your young readers should unite in endowing or supporting a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital.

Connected with the Church of the Transfiguration, of which I am rector, there is a society known as the Holy Innocents' Guild. This guild has for its object the care of poor sick children, and has furnished within the past year a ward, called the Holy Innocents' Ward, in St. Mary's Hospital, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, where such children can have the kind nursing care of the good Sisters of St. Mary. It is a cot in this ward that it is proposed that some of your young readers should unite in endowing or supporting. The endowing of a cot, which will provide for the care of a sick child for all time to come, will cost three thousand dollars. The support of a cot for a year will cost two hundred dollars.

This statement, if you will print it, will enable all who may contribute to do so more intelligently.

G. H. HOUGHTON.

NEW YORK, *August 22, 1881.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and have found a great deal to interest me in its pages. My favorite pursuit is the study of natural history, and I have made a fair collection of insects, minerals, and shells since coming to this city about three years ago. I began by collecting insects, among which I have the following: a polyphemus moth six inches across the wings, a turnus or tiger swallow-tail butterfly, a large hawk-moth, an Arcilippus butterfly, Ajax and Asterias butterflies, a humming-bird moth, and several cicadas. I have some specimens of the *Mantis religiosa*, or, as the people here call them, the "rear-horse bug," because they rear like horses when disturbed. This praying mantis is a curious insect, and quite voracious, feeding on flies and other insects. My first collection, which contained a variety of dragon-flies, was destroyed by mites. I now have my second, as well as a collection of spiders.

I have explored the District of Columbia thoroughly for geological specimens. My cabinet now includes rough garnets, petrified wood, fossilized shells imbedded in stone, crystals, and iron pyrites. I have a microscope, which affords me many hours of amusement. I have examined water-fleas, the bell-flower animalculæ, and the miniature octopus the hydra.

I have had an aquarium, in which the fish were so tame that they would eat from my hand. I have raised toads and frogs and catfish from the spawn. I kept a nest of ants for a year in a glass jar, and diligently studied their habits. I once put a quantity of pounded cracker near their jar, and after they had discovered it, and were conveying it home, I placed some sugar near it; but although they observed the sugar, they finished carrying the cracker away before they touched the other, though they love sugar. Ants, as I have read, have their games, beasts of burden, and plans of defense and assault, marching in columns like armies, and they undoubtedly possess intelligence of a very high degree. I once tried to tame a large gray and black spider, but did not succeed. I found a small paper-making wasps' nest, and pinned it up in my room shortly after coming to Washington. One day a small wasp with black wings and red body flew in at the window. No doubt she was out house-hunting, for on perceiving my wasps' nest, she took possession, selected a cell, and deposited an egg in it. After this she flew away, but soon returned, carrying a small gray spider, placed it beside the egg, and sealed up the recess with some yellow mud. She then went in search of another spider, which she also placed in the same cell, but without laying another egg in the second compartment. Then she began on another cell. There were seventy cells in the nest, and it was curious to see a mud-wasp at work in a paper-wasps' nest.

There are many facilities for study in Washington. Here are the Botanical Gardens, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Agricultural Museum and Conservatory. There are several minor museums, and the Congressional Library. Washington is, in fact, an excellent school to an observing person.

JOHN B. T.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.

Last year I had YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday present. To-day I am six years old, and have had given me a knife with a whistle attached, and a pretty plate to eat ice-cream from. Mamma says it is pleasant to give things on birthdays as well as to receive them, so I am going to send ten cents for the "Young People's Cot," and when I go to New York again, I hope to visit the hospital, and see the cot. I live on the Des Moines River, but I was born in Connecticut. Mamma reads everything in YOUNG PEOPLE to me, but I hope soon to be able to read it myself.

ALLAN C.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

Parkersburg, our Post-office, is situated at the junction of the Ohio and Little Kanawha rivers. It is growing rapidly, and contains now about seven thousand inhabitants. We have a pulp factory here, which manufactures the material for making paper. We also have two railroads connecting with the town, and we will have a street railway and two more railroads in a few years. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE, ever since the first number, through the newspaper dealer. I have induced two other boys to take it, and we all think it splendid. Mr. Alden, I hope, will favor the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE with a story about canoes.

J. F. H.

RAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND.

My papa goes to sea. He is first officer of the steam-ship *Cohos*, which goes to Aspinwall, and he brings home shells, bananas, and cocoa-nuts. Our Polly has been ill, but is now a great deal better, and laughs and talks as she used to. I can write only with my left hand.

JENNIE B. F.

CLIFTON, NEW JERSEY.

I live in a beautiful village three miles south of Paterson. I consider Mr. Otis a splendid author. I am nine years of age. I have an excellent book on Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.

SADIE D.

RATHBUN, MINNESOTA.

The Blue Earth River, on which we live, rose twenty feet above low-water mark this spring, and logs and blocks of ice floated away. Among other curious things afloat was a wagon, and a pig-pen with pigs in it. I am eleven. I have three sisters younger than myself. My baby sister Maggie, who is only nineteen months old, cries, "Harp! Harp!" whenever YOUNG PEOPLE comes.

EDITH C.

NEW YORK CITY.

I would suggest that some of the collectors of postage stamps should turn their attention to butterflies. They cost nothing, and a child who lives on a farm can easily make a splendid collection of them. Rare butterflies, and even common ones, are very beautiful. Butterflies, for sea-weed, would make a good exchange, I think.

JOHN W. S.

HANOVER, GERMANY.

I thought perhaps some of the boys and girls who read the Post-office Box would like to know what I have been doing this summer. Part of the time I have been travelling with papa and mamma in Switzerland.

We went in a little village named Chamounix. It is at the very foot of Mont Blanc. The people there ride on donkeys when they are going up the mountains, the paths being too steep for horses. The mountains were covered with snow, but down in the valley, where the village is, it was very warm indeed.

We are now tarrying in Germany for a few weeks to study the German language. It is very quiet here, but we have seen the ten horses belonging to the ex-King of Hanover. They are white as driven snow, and very beautiful. There are also to be seen the carriages and harness which he formerly used. These harnesses are dark blue and dark red, with rosettes to match. They were taken from the King by the Prussian government, and will not be restored until he renounces his right to be King of Hanover, which the people say he will never do.

We hope to return in the fall to our home in New York, which is the best place in the world, if a little girl of twelve years may form an opinion.

JESSIE C. S.

KERSACO, NEW YORK.

I live on a farm in New York State. "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" was splendid. I am very sorry that our President was shot, and I hope he will get well again. This is the second year I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE, and I hope to take it next year.

FRANK R.

GADSDEN, ALABAMA.

Mother told me a good while ago that if I could succeed in getting on the Roll of Honor at school, she would give me a dollar, and my brother, who was here at the time, promised me another one. I was successful, and received the money. Mother thought I would better take a paper than do anything else, so I selected this one.

I am only twelve, but am large for my age.

SARAH L. D.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl almost eleven years old. I receive YOUNG PEOPLE every week through my grandma's kindness. I like the letters in the Post-office Box very much. I live in Buffalo, but am spending my vacation here. I want to tell you what my little brother did the first Sunday in vacation. My cousin, brother, and I were swinging in the hammock, while the other people were sitting in the grape arbor. Gussie, my little brother, got in the hammock, and I began to swing him, when he turned a somersault right around the hammock. We thought that he would cry, but he did not, and my cousin said that he was very brave. I began to take music lessons a few weeks ago, and am getting along nicely. I think the "Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" the "Moral Pirates," and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation," were splendid stories, and so is "Tim and Tip" thus far.

H. MAYME S.

MOUNT WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it has been published, and HARPER'S WEEKLY for twelve years, and like both very much.

I would like to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE how to make a pleasant drink of herbs. Take equal parts of yarrow, plantain, golden-rod, ground-ivy, pennyroyal, and dandelion; cover them with water, boil half an hour, sweeten the liquor with two pounds of sugar or a pint of molasses, add one and a half cakes of yeast, and one tea-spoonful of ginger. When done, add a little cold water, strain, and put in bottles. Allow it to stand overnight.

ANNA C.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have no sisters, but have a brother twenty-one years of age. I have no living pets, but have a great many dolls and toys. I have a swing in the yard, and I often treat my dollies to a ride in it.

FLORA L. A.

LAURAL, CALIFORNIA.

We live on All-Saints' Bay, a hundred miles from San Diego. The name of the ranch is Laural. Our house is a little way from the beach. I am taking YOUNG PEOPLE this year, but do not receive it every week, as our mail goes to San Diego, and we depend on people who are passing to bring it out to us. We sometimes have to wait for it several weeks.

We have goats, sheep, horses, cows, two dogs, and a cat. One of our dogs was wrecked on a schooner, and when she was brought to me was a forlorn little puppy, but she is now a good-sized dog. As I have no sisters nor brothers, I have to depend on my animals for playmates. The nearest neighbors are six miles away. I am twelve years old.

ROBERTO P.

EDNA, MINNESOTA.

We live away out on the prairies. We are two miles from the Post-office. We have no public schools here, but our sister teaches us at home. I have a little black dog named Jack, who will not lie down without his cushion, and barks and barks until I get it for him. I sometimes ride on horseback, though I have no side-saddle. I am twelve years old.

MARY M.

I am Mary's brother Bertie. I am seven years old. I do not like to go to school. I would rather be out on the farm with the boys. I was out in the wheat field when there were 418 men at work there. I have a cat named Stubbs, and a colt named Toby Tyler. He will shake hands with me, and take off my hat.

BERTIE M.

TREMPEALEAU, WISCONSIN.

We live in Trempealeau County. This is a beautiful village, situated on the banks of the Mississippi. My brother, with his wife, baby, and myself, and four other persons, with their children, took tents lately, and camped out at a place called Spring Slew. We had a very nice time, but were annoyed by the mosquitoes. We would like to exchange pressed ferns and oak leaves, for the same from any other State. The ferns are to be sent to Lizzie, and the leaves to Dena. Can those who are not subscribers be on the exchange list?

LIZZIE HUSTON,
DENA MCDONALD.

All readers, as we have said before, are entitled to become exchangers. They need not be subscribers to possess this privilege. We find it necessary to ask exchangers to be as brief as possible when writing an exchange. We have been obliged to condense some exchanges into half their original space, and still there are boys and girls who have been waiting their turn to appear for many weeks. When your exchange has been published, do not send another for some time. Let others state their offers first before you try a second or third time. Unless you could see with your own eyes, you would hardly believe what a host of exchanges arrive at the Post-office Box every day, and it would not do to fill YOUNG PEOPLE with them, and crowd all the stories, puzzles, and letters out. In all cases it would be well to have some correspondence by postal cards before sending what you wish to exchange. Then the terms could be clearly arranged, and if any special expense about postage were probable, that could be arranged too. We can not give addresses and assist readers to carry on private correspondences, however, except as they do it in this way.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

A halfpenny English stamp, for a 6-cent Canadian stamp. H. H. TOLER, Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio.

Moss from Texas and flint flakes, for sea-shells, sea-weed, or other ocean curiosities (a star-fish especially desired); three fossil shells, for a Florida sea-bean; petrified moss from Minnesota, for a king-crab

Digitized by Google

or a horseshoe-crab; eight foreign stamps, for a perfect specimen of Indian pottery. Please write before exchanging. EUGENE FLETCHER, Box 252, Bryan, Ohio.

Pressed flowers from Missouri, for pressed flowers from any other State. ORA W. BOYD, Box F, Fayette, Howard Co., Mo.

Copper and zinc in crystals, for rare stamps; South American stamps especially desired. HENRY A. GILDERSLEEVE, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

A genuine Indian bow, two arrows, and two arrow-heads, for a pair of ruffle-necks or carrier-pigeons. Please write particulars, and await reply before exchange. FRANK A. HERBST, Box 688, Moline, Ill.

A book entitled *Orient Boys*, by Mrs. S. F. Keene, for *The Young Nimrods in North America*. Please write and arrange exchange before sending. ROW. J. SAYER, Plato Centre, Kane Co., Ill.

A foreign coin of 1832, for an Indian arrow-head. F. A. JOHNSON, Shirley Village, Mass.

Hematite, mica, ilmonite, pumice-stone, garnets, iron pyrites, and magnetic iron ore, for gold, silver, copper, and zinc ores, graphite, nickel, manganese, agate, pyroxene, tourmaline, and tin ore. Label specimens. H. S. WARWICK, 205 Palisade Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

A handsome paper-knife, for petrifactions, Indian arrow-heads, ores, etc.; twenty-five foreign stamps, for a Lake Superior agate. C. S. CRANE, 41 West Forty-fifth St., New York City.

Thirty-four varieties of woods, with the person who offers the largest number of foreign postage stamps, all different. WILLIAM B. BESHORE, New Holland, Lancaster Co., Penn.

A French coin as large as a silver quarter, date 1782, in good condition, for U. S. coins, copper cents of 1801, 1804, 1809, 1811, and an eagle nickel cent of 1856. Write and arrange exchange. ADD PARKER, Fall's Mills, N. Y.

A piece of stone from Fort Adams, or a stone from inside the iron-fenced inclosure of the "Old Stone Mill" of Newport, R. I., the oldest structure in America, for Indian relics, curiosities, and fossils; 100 different foreign stamps, for an Indian tomahawk. GRAHAM LUDE, Guilford, Conn.

Forty-two postmarks, for fourteen foreign stamps. Please send list of stamps before exchanging. A piece of marble from Illinois, for one from any other State. HERSTER YOUNG, Care Edward Young, Joliet, Ill.

Postmarks and stamps, for stamps; one postmark from Paris, for a War Department stamp; and ten from other cities, for other stamps. H. B. CAMPBELL, State College, Penn.

Minerals and monograms, for stamps and postmarks. Write to arrange exchange. G. WARDLAW, Box 158, New Brighton, Richmond Co., N. Y.

Postmarks, revenue stamps, and business cards, for rare foreign stamps (no duplicates), five postmarks for one stamp. F. W. BLODGETT, 292 Greenbush St., Milwaukee, Wis.

One hundred and twenty-five star-fish and thirty-five saddle shells, for rare stamps, relics, shells, minerals, curiosities of all kinds, coins, etc. Box 5, Comstocks, Washington Co., N. Y.

Postmarks, for foreign stamps, five different postmarks for each stamp; Indian arrow-heads, and bullets from Lookout Mountain battle-field, for foreign postage stamps. W. H. FISHER, 510 Wenzel St., between Market and Main, Louisville, Ky.

For every Indian arrow-head I will send 25 foreign stamps (no duplicates); for a stone hatchet, 50; for bow and arrows, 100; for a rattlesnake's rattle, 10; for a star-fish, 10. Specimens must be labelled, and place where found stated. JOHN M., Room 47, 30 Broad St., New York City.

Stones from Ogeechee River, pine burrs, Spanish moss, and curiosities, for arrow-heads, spear-heads, foreign stamps, or curiosities. ANSON B. CUTTS, Eden, Effingham Co., Ga.

A new printing-press, with complete outfit, or a new scroll-saw and outfit, for a collection of 1000 or 1500 postage stamps, all different. Rare duplicates taken. M. A. CLARK, 519 East 119th St., New York City.

A piece of pepper-tree wood, which grows only in California, and a piece of eucalyptus wood, which grows only in Australia and California, for postmarks or stamps (postmarks preferred) from Bavaria, Cape of Good Hope, Cabool, Japan, China, Mozambique, Austria, Turkey, France, and Russia. GRACE BOWERS, San Diego, Cal.

A volume of *Robinson Crusoe* and one of Hawthorne's *Wonder-Books*, for four rabbits of any color, three females and one male. Both books are as good as new, and are illustrated. I have also *St. Nicholas* from 1875 to 1880, and will send two years of that for the rabbits, instead of the books, if preferred. Write before exchanging. JAMES VAN DUSEN, Jamaica Plain P. O., Mass.

A pair of young canary-birds, for a male mocking-bird. CORA EATON, Ellenville, Ulster Co., N. Y.

I will print the name of any girl or boy on one dozen cards called "Gems of the Sea-Side," or on bevel gilt-edge cards, for foreign and old U. S. stamps, old U. S. cents and half-cents, petrifactions, minerals, ores, medicine stamps, or good curiosities. CARL C. WHEELOCK, Woonsocket, R. I.

Woods, sea-shells, and valuable books, for coins, ores, and minerals; a book, for thirty coins. Write before exchanging. W. L. WEBER, Summerville, S. C.

Soil from Illinois, for the same from any other State or Territory except New York, Massachusetts, and Ohio; also one stamp, for any five postmarks. Write and tell what stamp is required. W. G. JAMESON, JUN., 3651 Vincennes Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Marble, silver, grape, and iron ores, and quartz crystal, for exchange. L. S. ROPER, Ishpeming, Mich.

Fifty postmarks, for any Indian relic. FRED BROOKS, 128 North State St., Chicago, Ill.

A printing-press, for a stamp album with about 500 stamps and curiosities. Please write to arrange exchange. HARRY FAGG, 256 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rare postmarks, for rare foreign stamps or coins. Stamps, for stamps or curiosities. D. and E. DEWITT, 657 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Stamps, for exchange. ROYAL CORTISSOZ, 282 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Foreign stamps, for match and medicine stamps. G. A. HERTHUM, Box 218, Baton Rouge, La.

Postage stamps from Uruguay, Guinea, Senegambia, Paraguay, Guiana, Morocco, Persia, for the same number from Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, East India, Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Turkey, and China. HENRY KOENIG, P. O. Branch C, San Francisco, Cal.

One $2 and one $3 card album, for coins or stamps. FRANK PUTNAM, Box 100, Salem, Mass.

Curiosities and old U. S. and foreign stamps, for minerals, agates, ores, old coins, arrow-heads, sea-shells, stamps from any U. S. department, or a second-hand stamp album. W. L. DOUGLASS, Princeton, Bureau Co., Ill.

Eighty-five minerals and curiosities, ten Indian arrow-heads, pieces of Mound-builders' pottery, carbonate of iron, 250 postmarks, 100 foreign stamps, and a Little Gem rubber family font, with ink-holder, etc., for a printing-press not less than 5¼ by 8½ inches inside of chase; list of specimens for a 1-cent stamp. Arrange exchange by writing before sending press. PAINTER, Hecktoo, Lincoln Co., Ark.

Stamps, for stamps. Send list of those desired and those you have; I will return if I can not exchange. EDWARD A. CROWNINSHIELD, Lancaster, Mass.

Bottons with shanks, for silk pieces for a quilt; or silks for silks. MAUD UNDERHILL, Franklin, Essex Co., N. J.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

WILD ROSE.—Your little story, though not good enough for publication, is very well constructed, and is creditable to a girl of fifteen. But you need to pay attention to punctuation, and to the proper use of capital letters, quotation marks, etc. We would advise you to take the advice lately given to Jennie and Julia, and cultivate your mind by reading good books, and becoming familiar with the best authors. Do not read too many stories, and wait until you are a good deal older before you try to write for the papers.

G. C. M.—The mud-turtle can be obtained in the small, sluggish streams and ditches back of Jamaica, L. I., from ponds in the neighborhood of Flushing, L. I., and also near Springfield, L. I. One of the very best fishing grounds for all sorts of specimens for an aquarium is Rockland Lake, N. Y.

CARRIE M.—PEKIN.—The city of Peking, or Pekin, the northern capital of China, is situated on the river Tunghui, a tributary of the Pei-Ho. It consists of Kin-Ching, the prohibited city, where the Emperor and his immediate suite have their dwellings; of Hwang-Ching, the imperial city, where many court officials reside; and of a Tartar and Chinese city. Each of these cities is surrounded by a wall, and the outer wall has thirteen gates. In Pekin are many magnificent temples and palaces. For many centuries it was closed to the outside world, but in 1860, by the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, the British government succeeded in gaining substantial commercial advantages from the Emperor. In the war which preceded this treaty the splendid summer palace was pillaged and destroyed by the French and English forces.

AMATEUR INQUIRER.—You can present your sketch for an illustration on ordinary drawing-paper, with common ink or lead-pencil. If you wish to become a proficient, it will be well for you to acquire the art of drawing on wood. A fine, hard box-wood is preferred for this purpose.

Robert E. Crosson and Harlan C. Clark withdraw from the exchange list.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from George Sylvester, "*Paxton*," "*Jer. Z. City*," Charlie Burr, Leo Marks, J. W. Slattery, Edith S. Hequembourg, "Dandy," *Augusta Low Parke*, Frank Davis, C. F. Vogelins, Willie F. Collins, *Agnes F. Fletcher*, "Princess Feather," *Frank Lomas*, Jacob Marks, Lilian Holmes, Minnie Hazard.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A string. 2. A boy's name. 3. At the back. 4. A girl's name. Primals and finals are girls' names. PHIL. I. PERK.

No. 2.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

1. A disease. 2. A violent wind. 3. A wild flower. 4. Part of a fence. 5. A crime. 6. A letter found in Thursday. 7. A venomous reptile. 8. A color. 9. A sign of grief. 10. A bird. 11. To oversee. Centrals read downward give the name of a river of North America. A. B. C.

No. 3.

DIAMONDS.

A thousand. A darling. A memorial coin. A brown tint. Fifty.

No. 4.

TANGLE.

I am a Swiss river. Change my head, and I become successively an obstruction, a vehicle, a part of the body, distant, to shake, a Roman deity, to deface, a sort of propeller, of equal value, a sailor, and a state of armed enmity.

No. 5.

RIDDLE.

Why will next year be the same as last year? M. S. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 94.

No. 1. Abraham Lincoln.

No. 2.

```
B A R D   M A R L
A M O O   A O U E
R O A M   R U I N
D O M E   L E N T
```

No. 3.

```
        H
      T O N
    H U S K S
  V A C A N C Y
    T O N I C
      A N T
        A
```

No. 4. Everlasting. Water-melon. Fox-glove.

To solve the Geographical Puzzle, published on page 704 of No. 96, substitute the following names in the order given for the portions inclosed within brackets: Snake, Gardiner, Dexter, Fairweather, Bowling Green, Lacrosse, Highgate, Start, Wheeling, Banks, Catastrophe, Clew, Lonely, Black, Snake, Yellow, Gardiner, Little Rock, Snake, False, Flinders, Eureka, Charlotte, Encounter, Save, Clear, Peace, Race, Spires, Reunion, Farewell, Gardiner, Flattery.

Digitized by Google

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

THROWING LIGHT: WHAT AM I?

BY C. E. M.

I BELONG to the animal kingdom, yet am made of both wood and metal. In winter I make my home near a lake or swamp in some warm country, but in summer-time I occasionally take a flying trip to the North. I can not live in a cold climate, yet that is the only one in which I am of use.

I have only one arm, with which I can easily lift weights far too heavy for a man to bear; and although incapable of living without motion, I may remain suspended in air, and motionless, for years, without injury.

I am especially useful in foundries or upon piers, yet if found in either of these places I should inevitably be hunted to death.

My favorite diet is small fish and eels, although I have no powers of digestion, and have never been known to eat even one mouthful.

I belong to no royal line, yet am a crowned head. I utter loud, shrill cries, although I am mute. Though surrounded by fire, I am not consumed.

I am much admired for my beauty of form and color. Poets have sung my praises, and I am extensively used in decorative art, yet I doubt if there ever existed a form more plain and ungainly than mine.

Though innocent of crime, I have been hung; and indeed I can not be said to have accomplished my mission in life until this has been done to me.

I am considered fair sport for hunters, and in olden times pursuit of me was a favorite amusement among the nobility. No one has ever thought of employing me as a police agent, yet once, long ages ago, I indirectly denounced and brought to judgment the murderers of a wealthy merchant of world-wide reputation.

The works produced in my name have gladdened the hearts and delighted the eyes of many children, and grown people as well, both in this country and in foreign lands.

The Raccoon.—The home of the raccoon is generally in a hollow tree; the young are brought forth in May, and are from four to six in number.

In captivity this animal makes a very cunning and interesting pet, being easily tamed to follow his master, and when dainties are in view becomes a most adroit pickpocket. His food is extensive in variety, thus making it quite an easy matter to keep the creature in confinement. He eagerly devours nuts and fruits of all kinds, as well as bread, cake, and potatoes. He manifests no hesitation at a meal of rabbit, rat, squirrel, or bird, and rather likes it for a change, and when he can partake of a dessert of honey or molasses, his enjoyment knows no bounds.

In cold climates the raccoon lies dormant in the winter, only venturing out on occasional mild days; but in the Southern States he is active throughout the year, prowling about by day and by night in search of his food, inserting his little sharp nose into every corner, and feeling with his slender paws between stones for spiders and bugs of all kinds. He spies the innocent frog with his head just out of the water, and pouncing upon him, he dispatches him without a moment's warning. There seems to be no limit to his rapacity, for he is always eating and always hungry. The print of the raccoon's paw in the mud or snow is easily recognized, much resembling the impression made by the foot of a babe.

The best season for trapping the raccoon is late in the fall, winter, and early spring, or in and between the months of October and April. During this time the pelts are in excellent condition. Early in the spring, when the snow is disappearing, the raccoons come out of their hiding-places to start on their foraging tours, and at this time are particularly susceptible to a tempting bait, and they may be successfully trapped in the following manner:

Take a steel-trap and set it on the edge of some pool or stream which the raccoons are known to frequent; let it be an inch or so under the water, and carefully chained to a clog. The bait may consist of a fish, frog, or head of a fowl, scented with oil of anise, and suspended over the trap, about two feet higher, by the aid of a sapling secured in the ground. The object of this is to induce the animal to jump for it, when he will land with his foot in the trap.—From *Camp Life in the Woods*. Harper & Brothers.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

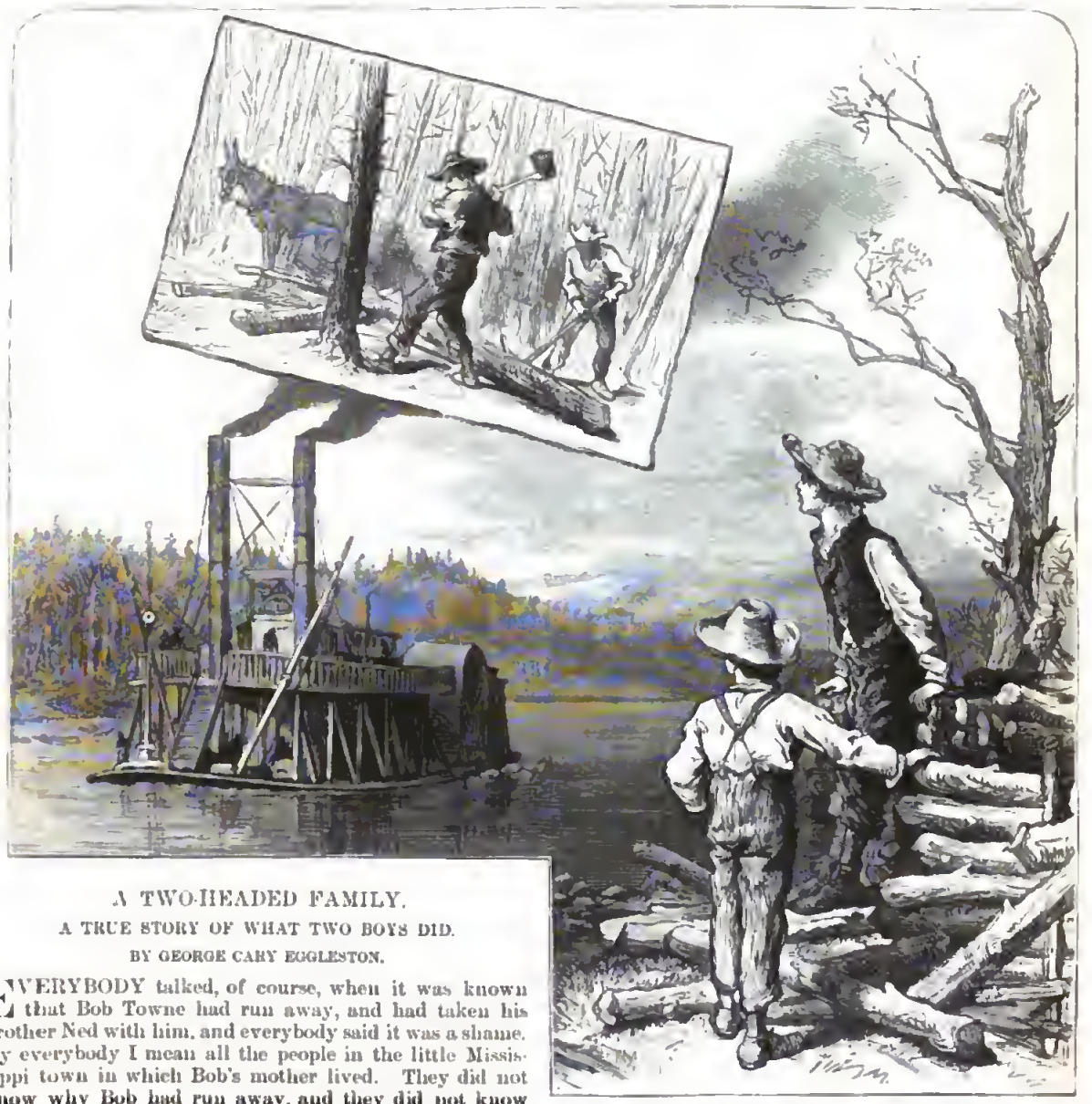
"Say, Billy, how would you like to be left alone wid dat wagon for twenty minutes?"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 98. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, September 13, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

A TWO-HEADED FAMILY.

A TRUE STORY OF WHAT TWO BOYS DID.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

EVERYBODY talked, of course, when it was known that Bob Towne had run away, and had taken his brother Ned with him, and everybody said it was a shame. By everybody I mean all the people in the little Mississippi town in which Bob's mother lived. They did not know why Bob had run away, and they did not know where he had gone; but they talked about it all the same.

Digitized by Google

They said it was a shame for him to leave his widowed mother, and worse still to take his little brother with him, though not one of them could have suggested any possible way in which Bob could have helped his mother by staying. Bob was "curious," however, and people never think well of persons whom they do not understand. Bob was fond of books, for one thing, and because he read a great deal, and did not "sit around" in the village, they said he was morose; and so when the news spread that Bob had gone away in the night, and had taken his brother with him, everybody said, "I told you so," in a tone which indicated that that was the very worst thing they could say.

Bob's mother had a letter, however, which convinced her that her boy was not heartless at any rate. She said nothing about this letter—found in Bob's room—but she read it over and over again, and cried over it, and even kissed it sometimes in secret. The letter was brief and simple. It said:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Please don't feel badly at my going away: it is my duty. When I found, after father's death, that the estate was worth so little, and that you had almost nothing except the house you live in, I made up my mind that I must be the head of the family, although I am only fourteen years old. After a good deal of thinking, I have hit upon a plan to make some money, I think, and as Ned wants to join me, I'm going to take him with me. Neither of us can earn anything here, but I believe we can where we're going. At least you won't have us to feed. We shall work for you and for our little sisters, and if we make anything, it will all be yours. If we don't, we will at least have tried. When we succeed we'll let you know where we are. We hate to go away without kissing you and little Kate and Mary and Susie, but we must, else you will never let us go. Good-by, and God bless you, mother!"

That was all the trace Bob and Ned left behind them, and nobody could guess where they had gone.

Two days after their disappearance the boys presented themselves to a gentleman who had been a friend of their father, living fifty miles away, and after exacting from him a pledge of secrecy, Bob introduced his business.

"You said last year at our house that you would let any man who chose to get up your swamp land use it for ten years, or something of that sort."

"Yes, I said this: I have ten thousand acres on the Tallahatchee; part of it was under cultivation before the war, but it has grown up in cane so that it is worth almost nothing now to sell, and I haven't the capital nor the energy at my time of life to get it up again. It is superb land, capable of yielding three bales of cotton to the acre, and if it was under cultivation again it would sell for fifty dollars an acre. What I proposed was to let young Bowling go there and get up as much as he pleased of it, cut and sell all the wood he chose, use the land rent free for ten years, and at the end of that time receive from me a bonus of five dollars an acre for all the land brought under cultivation. But what of it? Bowling didn't accept the offer."

Bob explained his own purpose to accept it in a small way, going into the swamp country, and making what money he could with his own hands, for his friend knew he had no capital.

"But, my dear boy," said the gentleman, "a white man can't work in the swamp, and you have no money to hire negroes with."

"Did any white man ever try it?" asked Bob.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Besides," said Bob, "we're not white men; we're only white boys, and we won't be very white either, after we've been at work a few months."

After a good deal of explanation and discussion, Major Singer consented to let the boys try their plan, though he had no confidence in it.

"I'll do this," he said. "You may go into the swamp, cut and sell all the wood you can to steamboats when they come up, and cultivate all the land you choose to grub, without any charge for rent. I'll give you a mule and a cart, and enough bacon and meal to last you for a month or two. By that time you'll be tired of the experiment, and you can return the mule and cart on your way home."

Bob asked for the privilege of paying for the mule and cart out of the proceeds of his first crop, and, laughing, the Major consented, naming one hundred dollars as the price.

Five days later the boys ate their supper of bacon and ash-cake on a log on the banks of the Tallahatchee River. It was a lonely, desolate swamp region, and the log on which they sat was twelve miles distant from the nearest human habitation. They were a trifle lonely there in the wild woods, but they had a camp fire and courage, and those go a long way.

The next day they set to work and built a hut to live in, with a rude bunk for a bed. Then Bob "prospected." Much of the land about them had once been cultivated, and there were no trees of any considerable size upon the parts which had been fields; but the growth of cane and brush-wood was appalling.

"Never mind," said Bob. "It is only September now, and we'll get a few acres cleared by spring. Our first work must be to cut a big pile of wood to sell to the steamboats when they come up; if we don't, we can't buy ploughs or food for our farming operations."

"When will the boats come?" asked Ned.

"Late in the fall or in the winter, whenever the river gets high enough. It isn't navigable now, but when it rises, the steamboats come up to get loads of cotton."

With brave hearts the boys set to work chopping and hauling cord-wood. They made very little progress the first day, but after they had practiced for a few days they became more expert, and at the end of a week they found by measurement that they could together cut and haul about a cord each day. One grown man would have accomplished more than this; but the boys were satisfied. They had brought a grindstone and some iron wedges with them, and there was no reason to doubt that they could maintain their average of a cord a day. The mule kept in good condition on swamp grass and young cane.

Bob laid out, next the river, the little field which he hoped to get ready for cultivation, and before attacking the timber land he took care to cut into cord-wood all the trees in that little patch which were big enough for the purpose. Then the young pioneers went into the woodlands a little further up stream, and there made rather better progress. The fall was unusually dry. No rain fell, and the river got steadily lower. Meantime the wood-pile had grown by the last of November to more than sixty cords—enough to pay the boys well for their work whenever the steamboats should come. But when could they come? This question was giving Bob a good deal of uneasiness, because his bacon and meal were running low, and he had spent all the money he had for the axes and other implements. If the river should not rise before the meat gave out, what should he do? Bob did not know, and the fact troubled him.

In one way the dry season served him well. It parched the swamp, and one morning, Ned, who had shrewdly observed this, went out and applied a torch to the dried-up grass and leaves. The fire swept fiercely over the projected field, and when it had burned out, a good deal more than half the work of clearing that field for cultivation was done. But this did not help the boys to live through the winter, and that was a perplexity. If they could not manage it, all their work would be thrown away; and

Digitized by Google

Bob passed many anxious hours thinking and planning, but with no other result than to make him sleepless.

Still it did not rain, but one morning Ned came in from observing his water-marks, and reported that the river had risen about three inches during the night. This puzzled Bob, and he carefully watched the water. At noon it had risen two inches more. During the night it rose fully a foot. Then Bob began to suspect the truth.

"I have it, Ned," he said.

"Well, how is it? Where does the water come from?"

"From the Mississippi River. That river is high from rains in the north, and it has broken through one of the passes into the Tallahatchee. We'll have steamboats here yet."

"Well, I hope they'll come soon," said Ned. "I've fried our last slice of bacon, and we have only a few pounds of meal left."

"We can eat the mule," said Bob, "rather than starve; but we'll wait on short rations and hope."

There had been a great crop of cotton grown on the Tallahatchee that year, and the dry fall had enabled the planters to pick it more thoroughly than usual. Knowing this, the owners of steamboats at Vicksburg were watching the reports of the water in the Yazoo and Tallahatchee as eagerly as Ned and Bob were watching the water itself, each anxious that his boat should be the first to go up the river.

On the 12th of December Ned cooked the last of the meal. The boys went to bed that night out of food. The next morning they had no breakfast, and had begun to think of killing the mule, or making a journey to the nearest plantation, when about noon a boat appeared. She blew her whistle, and stopped her engines.

"What do you ask for your wood?" shouted the Captain.

"Three and a half," answered Bob.

"Give you three and a quarter, and take all you've got," said the Captain.

"Will you throw in a decent dinner?" asked Bob.

"Yes."

And with that the boat made her landing, and the wood, sixty-three cords, was measured. Then the boys went on board to dinner. There they learned that in consequence of the prolonged dry season all the people along the river had been too busy picking cotton to cut any wood, and hence the boat had been obliged to send her own men ashore twice to chop wood for her engines. Knowing that other boats were coming, the Captain of this one had made haste to buy all of Bob's wood, meaning to take a part of it at once, and the rest on his way down the river. He had driven a sharp bargain, under the circumstances, but Bob was well satisfied when he received $204 75 for the pile. His first care was to buy of the Captain a good supply of provisions; his next to write a letter to his mother, inclosing a fifty-dollar bill, and, without telling her where he was, giving her news of his own and Ned's health, and promising to write again at the next opportunity. This letter the Captain took to post at Vicksburg.

The mule was saved, and the problem which Bob and Ned had set out to solve was in a fair way to be worked out. They had money enough now to buy necessary ploughs, etc., which they ordered from Vicksburg by the next trip of the boat, and some cash to spare for emergencies. They went to work with a will at their clearing, and before spring opened they had a field prepared which was two hundred yards long and one hundred and fifty yards wide. Its area was therefore somewhat greater than six acres, and it was land of the very richest sort. Bob made a journey to the nearest plantation, and brought back a cart-load of cotton seed, together with the seeds of a variety of vegetables, for which beds were made around the hut.

The summer's work was very hard and very hot. The rich land produced weeds as well as cotton, and Ned remarked that "weeds never go to picnics or take Saturday afternoons off."

In this the boys imitated the weeds, working early and late in their crop, barely giving themselves time to hoe out their kitchen-garden occasionally. They had distinctly overcropped themselves, but that was better than the opposite mistake. In August the bolls began to open, and the boys to pick cotton. It was not long before they discovered that they had grown more cotton than they could pick, and that they must either have help or lose a part of their crop. So one day Ned mounted the mule, and rode across the Yalabusha River, and out of the swamp into the poor hill-country. There the scanty crops were easily picked, and as he was able to offer money wages, he easily secured some half-grown negro boys as pickers. Their wages amounted to comparatively little, and their help secured the whole of the boys' crop.

Bob had no gin or cotton-press, but there were both on the plantation twelve miles down the river; and when the picking was over, the boys built a raft, and loading their whole crop of cotton on it, floated it down to this neighbor's gin.

They had not made the three bales per acre which the land was said to be capable of producing under good cultivation, but they had made twelve bales, worth—at the high price which cotton at that time commanded—somewhat more than one thousand dollars.

Bob and Ned now closed their hut, turned the mule out to browse, and took passage for Vicksburg on the boat that carried their cotton.

One morning the rumor ran through their native village that "Bob and Ned Towne had come home, ragged, and looking like tramps."

But there was one woman and there were three little girls in that town in whose eyes Bob and Ned looked like anything but tramps. Their clothes were worn, indeed, but they were hugged and kissed by their mother and sisters just as heartily as if they had been the best-dressed youths in the village.

"Now you'll stay at home, won't you, you naughty runaway boys?" said their proud and happy mother when they had fully recounted their fifteen months' experiences. "I want my boys."

"We can't, mother," said Bob. "We're the two heads of this family, you know. I'm one head, and Ned has fairly earned the right to be the other; and we've got property interests now. We stopped at Major Singer's on the way home, and have made a new bargain with him. We've bought a plantation."

Then Bob explained that the Major had agreed that they should mark off a tract of four hundred acres where their hut stood, and take it at five dollars an acre—quite all that it would sell for then, because of the difficulty of getting labor for clearing land. They were to have their own time in which to pay for the tract, but they meant to work the debt off within a year or two by hiring one or two hands for their crop, and thus increasing their force and their earnings.

"So you see, mother," said Bob, "we've got to go back to our plantation."

"Very well," she replied; "and we are going with you. The family mustn't be separated from its heads, and I want my boys, and I think my boys want me too when they are lonely down there in the swamp."

"Indeed we do," exclaimed both boys. "Hurrah for mother!"

Three years later, as I happen to know, the last dollar of debt on the plantation was paid. The boys have built

Digitized by Google

a good house there, which their mother has made a home for them. They have now, after a dozen years' work, a gin-house, a cotton-press, twelve mules, a good many cows, and Boh has a baby of his own, having found a wife on one of his business trips.

The people of his native village, when they heard that he had actually bought the plantation, said again that "Boh Towne *always was* a curious boy."

THE COUNT OF CORFU.

PRINCE GEORGE of Greece, the second son of King George I. and his wife Olga, is known as the Count of Corfu. He was born at Athens August 2, 1868. His father is only thirty-six years old, is the son of the King of Denmark, the smallest of the European kingdoms, but very intelligent and interesting. Hamlet wandered on its shores—Shakspeare's famous character. Poets and sculptors have made Denmark renowned. Prince George's mother is Olga, a cousin of the Emperor of Russia. She is about thirty. The young King and his wife live in a fine palace at Athens, and have two other children. The government of Greece is a limited monarchy. Athens, the capital, was once the most famous and beautiful of all the ancient cities. Even now its ruins are finer than any other remains of past ages. It was once the home of all the chief writers, painters, and sculptors of the world. The young Prince George has been educated in the same scenes where Socrates and Plato taught, and the Greek King and his fair wife and children would seem to be happy in their pleasant capital.

One danger alarms them. War is threatened between Greece and Turkey. The Greeks have gathered an army of seventy thousand men at Athens to take possession of the part of Epirus and Thessaly given them under the Berlin Treaty. They are resolved to march to the frontier and defend their countrymen. It is feared that the Turks will resist their claims, and war must yet break out. The Greeks can defend themselves by land, but on the sea the Turks have a powerful fleet that may ravage all the coasts of Greece. The Turks are savage and brutal. They may attack Athens, and batter down its palace and its ruins. But it is hoped that the war may be averted, and King George and his young family live in peace among his people.

PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

BY MRS. MARGARET SANGSTER.

Oh, where did it come from, I wonder?
  There wasn't a cloud in the sky,
And the first thing I heard was the thunder,
  The first thing I did was to cry.

There goes a bright flash! there's another!
  I was never caught this way before.
I wish I was home with my mother,
  And out of this terrible pour.

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

TIP'S HURRIED LANDING.

TIM went below, where Bobby was waiting for him, and the sight of his tear-filled eyes, and face red with the marks of the whipping, told the young gentleman from Minchin's Island that there were very many positions in the world more pleasant than that of Captain's boy on board the *Pride of the Wave*.

"What is the matter, Tim?" he asked, in a half-whisper.

"Nothin'," was the sobbing reply; and then the boy ran to the only living thing he knew that would sympathize with him in his grief.

Bobby stood back in astonishment as he saw Tim lie down by the side of that wonderful hunting dog, and, pouring out his grief in indistinct words, sob and cry in deepest distress.

"What *is* the matter, Tim? Don't cry so, but tell me what ails you."

It was some time before Tim would speak; but when once he did open his heart to his newly made friend, he

Digitized by Google

told the entire story from the time he ran away from Captain Babbige's house up to this last whipping he had received. When he had concluded, he said, in the most sorrowful tone, "I jest wish I was dead, Bobby; for there don't seem to be anybody in all this great big world who wants to have me 'round, 'less it is to lick me when they ain't got nothin' else to do."

"I wouldn't stand it, Tim; that's what I wouldn't do," said Bobby, indignantly. "I'd jest leave this old boat the very first time she stops."

But Tim had more wisdom now than he had the day he ran away from Captain Babbige, and he said, mournfully: "Where could I go if I did run away again? Nobody wants me an' Tip, an' we've got to have somethin' to eat."

This way of putting the matter rather confused Bobby; he had never known what it was to be without a home, and Tim's lonely position in the world opened his eyes to a new phase of life.

"I'll tell you what you can do; you can come to my house, an' stay jest as long as you want to."

Tim shook his head; he remembered the invitation given by Sam Simpson, and how it had been seconded by his parents, and he did not care for more of the same experience.

"But you can't stay here, an' let Captain Pratt knock you 'round."

Tim assented to this; but still he did not see how he could prevent it, unless he was willing to risk suffering in another form.

"I s'pose I'll have to go up stairs an' show the Captain that I ain't in bed," he said, as a shudder of seasickness came over him again. "It must be as much as ten minutes since I was there."

"I wouldn't go," said Bobby, stoutly; "I wouldn't let him think I was afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him, an' so would you be if he was to beat you once the way he has me;" and then he started for the deck again.

This time he did not attempt to enter the wheel-house, but stood by the rail outside, where the Captain could see him, and leaned over the side until it seemed to him that everything he had eaten for the past month was thrown to the fishes.

It was impossible for him to have waited on the Captain at the table that day, even if he had been called upon so to do; but Mr. Rankin had told him that he need not come into the cabin until he had recovered, and he was truly thankful for that permission to remain away.

The steamer had sailed at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and by two o'clock Tim was so sick that the very worst punishment Captain Pratt could have devised would not have troubled him in the least.

The vessel tossed and plunged as if she were bent on going to the bottom of the sea at the first opportunity, and Tim, in his berth, with the faithful Bobby at his side trying to cheer and comfort him, felt that he would not raise his hand to help himself even though he knew the *Pride of the Ware* was foundering.

During the remainder of that day, and all the night, Tim lay in his berth wondering why it was he did not die, since he was so sick, and expecting each moment that the steamer would go to the bottom. He almost forgot Tip, save once or twice when he asked Bobby to see whether the dog was feeling as badly as he was, and when he was told that Tip was apparently enjoying very good health, he felt a sense of injury because his pet did not share his sickness with him.

When Tim awakened on the following morning—for he did get some sleep that night—the steamer was yet pitching around wildly as though she was mad, but he had recovered from his sickness, and felt weak and hungry. He looked as pale as though he had been confined to his bed for a week, and he imagined that he was so thin the sun would shine right through him; but in this he was mistaken.

Of course his first visit was to Tip, and after he had petted him to his heart's content, given him a hearty breakfast—thanks to old Mose's generosity—he went below to report to Mr. Rankin for duty.

CAPTAIN PRATT THROWS TIP OVERBOARD.

There was plenty of work to be done, and now that he had paid his "tribute to the sea," the steward showed that while he could be kind when there was reason for it, he also believed in making boys useful.

During the morning he had not once caught a glimpse of his friend Bobby Tucker, nor, indeed, had he had time to look for him. He had asked old Mose where Minchin's Island was, and when the steamer would arrive there; but although Mose could give him very little geographical information, he knew certainly that the *Pride of the Ware* was due at the island about noon.

Tim was impatient to get through with his work, so that he could talk with Bobby a few moments, and when Mr. Rankin told him that he was at liberty until dinner-time, he went at once to Tip's narrow quarters, believing he would find the boy from Minchin's Island there.

Nor was he mistaken, for there was Bobby examining

Digitized by Google

the dog very carefully, measuring his legs and the stump of his tail, in order that he might give accurate information regarding him to his friends at home.

Although the boys were very glad to see each other, the meeting was not a particularly affectionate one.

"Hello, Bob," cried Tim; and Bobby answered,

"Hello, Tim."

"What are you doin' to Tip?"

"I was only kinder lookin' him over, to see if he was all right for the bears when he an' you come down to see me."

"Oh, he can take care of the bears fast enough, but I'm afraid he won't get down to your house."

"Oh yes, he will," was the confident reply. "The very next time the *Pride* comes to the island I'm goin' to get father to make the Captain let you come ashore, an' father's one of the selectmen, so I guess Captain Pratt can't help hisself."

The idea that Bobby's father was one of the town officials appeared to put the matter in a different light, and Tim began to have great hopes that the visit might really be made.

Then the chance of catching a bear, or of getting near enough for Tip to catch one, was discussed. Tip was unfastened in order that all his beautiful proportions might be seen more distinctly, and the boys grew so excited over the subject that they forgot the flight of time, until the steamer's whistle aroused them from thoughts of bear-killing.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Bobby, "here we've got home, an' I'd forgotten we was so near."

"Was it Minchin's Island the boat was whistlin' for?"

"Yes. That's the first place she stops at after she leaves the city. Come quick, so's we can get my valise out of the kitchen."

Bobby's valise with its precious contents was still in the care of Mose, its owner not having looked after it more than once each hour, and now he was very uneasy lest he should not be able to get it in time.

Tim was so excited by his companion's fears that he fastened Tip as quickly as possible, not noticing in his haste that the knot was only half tied, and could easily be unloosened.

The valise, with apparently as much in it as when it was intrusted to the old darky's care, was soon in Bobby's possession, and the two boys went on the upper deck, from which the landing was to be made.

Here, standing by the rail, Bobby pointed out the various objects of interest on the island, not forgetting the woods in which he was positive Tip would one day roam in search of the ferocious bear.

Captain Pratt was standing near them, but he was so much engaged in giving orders for the proper landing of the boat that he did not notice his cabin-boy, who was breaking one of the rules of the steamer by loitering on that deck.

The boat was still quite a distance from the shore, and Bobby was pointing out his father's house, when they heard a furious barking, and before they could turn, Tip was jumping up around them. He had found no difficulty in escaping from the half-tied rope, and after that was done it was an easy matter for him to find his young master.

Captain Pratt had heard Tip's joyful greeting also, and as he turned to see the cause of it, the dog, who was in such high spirits at having escaped from his imprisonment that he was ready to show his good-will for every one, left the boys, and fawned upon the Captain as if he was his best friend. Captain Pratt showed very little consideration for the dog, even while he thought he belonged to one of the passengers, and gave him such a kick as sent him half the length of the deck, changing his note of joy to loud yelps of pain.

The place in which Tip had been confined was anything but a clean one, and as a natural consequence, when he jumped upon the Captain, he left the muddy imprints of his paws on the clean blue clothes in which the commander of the *Pride of the Wave* had that day arrayed himself.

"Whose dog is that?" roared the Captain, as he surveyed the damage done.

"He's mine," answered Tim, who, at the first blow struck his pet, had jumped toward the poor brute, and taken him to his bosom to soothe him.

Then it was that the Captain first saw his cabin-boy on the forbidden ground of the upper deck, and it is positive that if he had had the time just then he would have given him a painful intimation of the mistake he had made. As it was, he walked up to Tim quickly, seized poor Tip by the neck, and flung him as far as possible into the water.

"Now you go below," he said, in a low, angry tone, to Tim, "and after we make this landing I'll settle with you."

Tim paid no more attention to the Captain's words than if they had been uttered by a boy smaller than himself, but rushed frantically to the rail as if he was about to jump after his pet.

The steamer was already so near the wharf that Captain Pratt had no time to see if his order was obeyed, but was obliged to give all his attention to the management of the boat.

It was fortunate for Tip that the Captain was very angry when he threw him into the water, since he, using all his strength, had tossed him so far from the steamer's side that he was in no danger of being drawn under the wheel, as would have been the case had less vigor been used in the cruel deed.

Tip acted like a very sensible dog under the circumstances; he held his head up and struck out boldly for the shore, urged on by a crowd of boys on the wharf.

Tim was almost frantic with grief, believing his pet was perishing before his eyes, and he powerless to save him. It is quite possible that he would have obeyed his first impulse and leaped into the water to try to save Tip, if a passenger had not taken a firm hold of him.

"It's a wicked shame. I'd jest like to take that Captain an' do to him jest as he has done to Tip, an' he such a nice bear dog too," said Bobby, who stood by Tim's side watching Tip's battle for life.

"Do you s'pose he'll drown?" asked Tim, the great tear-drops rolling down his cheeks.

"I dunno," was the cautious reply. "It seems to me his legs is rather short for swimmin' very far, an' then, you see, he ain't got any tail to steer hisself by."

Tim was just giving way to a fresh outburst of grief at these words, which seemed to sound Tip's death-knell, when a gentleman said:

"There isn't the slightest danger of his drowning. It will take him some time to reach the shore, for he's not swimming directly toward it; but he'll come out all right, and it won't do him the least harm."

"An' jest as soon as I get ashore I'll run 'round an' call him in, an' bring him to you," said Bobby, anxious to do something toward saving the life of an animal as valuable as he believed Tip to be.

The dog was yet some distance from the shore when the boat was made fast to the wharf, and Bobby rushed on shore, going toward the point where Tip must land, wholly regardless of his parents, who were waiting to greet him.

Tim started to follow him, bent only on saving his pet, and forgetting that there was such a person in the world as Captain Pratt, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

FRIENDS IN NEED.

THIS is another "once upon a time" story, only that it was not such a very long time ago that old Grandma Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and three little Sparrow children lived on Bird Alley, only three doors away from Mr. Jack Rabbit's house.

When the Sparrow family first moved into Bird Alley the weather was warm, and Mr. Sparrow had not the slightest difficulty in doing his marketing, for food was plenty in the streets, and he knew of as many as a hundred cozy places where water could be found.

So all the summer long this family had three good meals each day simply by going a short distance for them, and when it was very stormy some of the children brought grandma's dinner to her, which showed that they loved the old lady very dearly.

They were as industrious a family as ever lived in that alley, the children doing exactly what their parents desired without ever once crying to go out and play marbles, or to have a new doll, and they always minded their own business, instead of idling around to see what the neighbors were doing.

They knew that just around the corner the Rabbits lived, for several times, when they had been out for food, the Sparrows had seen them at the window, but the two families had never visited each other. Perhaps they were not acquainted, because Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Sparrow had never been introduced, or perhaps politics had something to do with it; at all events, they were not acquaintances, and paid very little attention to each other during the entire summer.

But one morning they awakened very early shivering with the cold, grandmother shaking worse than all. The children were very much surprised, for they had never had any experience with cold weather; but the old folks looked worried, and Mr. Sparrow, without even stopping to read the morning paper, said to his wife:

"I shall have to go out and see if any crumbs have been left for us. You take care of grandmother, and keep the children in the house until I come back."

The baby—for one of the children was so much smaller than the others that they always called her the baby, even though she was only two days younger than the oldest—cried to go out, and was so naughty that grandma had to explain to her what the winter was.

She told her that Mr. Frost came each year on a visit, and locked everything up in ice and snow that he could get hold of, which made it very bad for Sparrows, unless some kind people left bread-crumbs where hungry birds could get them.

The baby was not exactly satisfied with the explanation, because she could not understand how it was that food should be so scarce then, when it had been so plenty the day before; but she was naturally a good little sparrow, and therefore did not grumble at being obliged to remain in the house, even if she could not understand what her grandmother told her.

It was late, and every one was very hungry, when Mr. Sparrow came back. From the look on his face it was easy to see he had not been successful; and after he had warmed his nose and his toes, he told them of the long journey he had taken without finding a single chance for them to get breakfast. Everything out-doors was frozen solid, and it seemed as if the frost had found its way into the hearts of the people at the same time, for not a crumb was to be seen anywhere.

Of course he knew that they must have something to eat, and he said to his wife, much as if he was sorry at being obliged to come to such a decision:

"Every bird in the alley is in the same plight we are, and I don't believe any one of them has food enough in the house for a decent-sized lunch. If it wasn't for grandmother and the children we could go hungry for one day; but they must have something, and I have decided that I will go over to Mr. Jack Rabbit's, and tell him just how we are situated. He always has plenty of oats and barley in the house, and never would miss the little we should eat."

Mrs. Sparrow did not like the idea of begging for a breakfast, and she proposed that they should offer to pay for it by giving the Rabbit family a concert—a plan of which Mr. Sparrow thought very highly.

It did not take them long to dress, for each one had his winter coat on, and in a few moments after they were all sitting on a trough in front of Mr. Rabbit's house.

Grandmother was still so lame that she could hardly sit up straight, and the two older children felt so bashful at having all the young Rabbits looking them straight in the face, that they got over at one end of the trough where they could not be seen so plainly. But the baby sat up between her mother and father as pert as possible, all ready to join in the chorus as soon as the concert should begin.

Old Mrs. Rabbit was so surprised at the sudden appearance of visitors when her house was not fully in order, that she stuck her head out between the bars as if she wanted to smell of them to make sure they were alive, and the children crowded so rudely that Mr. Rabbit was obliged to look over his wife's head in order to see his guests.

Mr. Sparrow began the conversation by saying that he was sorry at thus intruding on strangers, and then told of the condition of affairs in his household, concluding his story by saying that nothing save absolute hunger would have induced him to ask such a favor as that of something to eat.

Then the baby spoke up, and would have told just how hungry she was, but that her mother stepped on her toes to remind her that it was much better for little folks to be seen than heard.

Mr. Rabbit stroked his whiskers sagely while Mr. Sparrow was speaking, and after the baby was hushed, he said, kindly:

"I'm very sorry for you, neighbor, very sorry, and I will take especial pains to have grain enough for your wants pushed out through the cracks of our dining-room when we have our meals. I have always thought that you Sparrows were not treated exactly as you deserved. In the summer the children watch your funny ways, and think you're very nice, while some, I am sorry to say, even steal the eggs from your nest. But when winter comes, they seem to think it too much trouble even to throw out a piece of bread where you can get it when the ground is covered with snow. I shall speak about that same thing to certain parties I know, and next winter I hope it will not happen."

Then Mrs. Rabbit apologized because she had no napkins to give her guests, but Mrs. Sparrow begged of her not to feel badly about that, since they were all so hungry that they would not even stop for plates or forks, and in a few moments the Sparrow family had eaten all they needed.

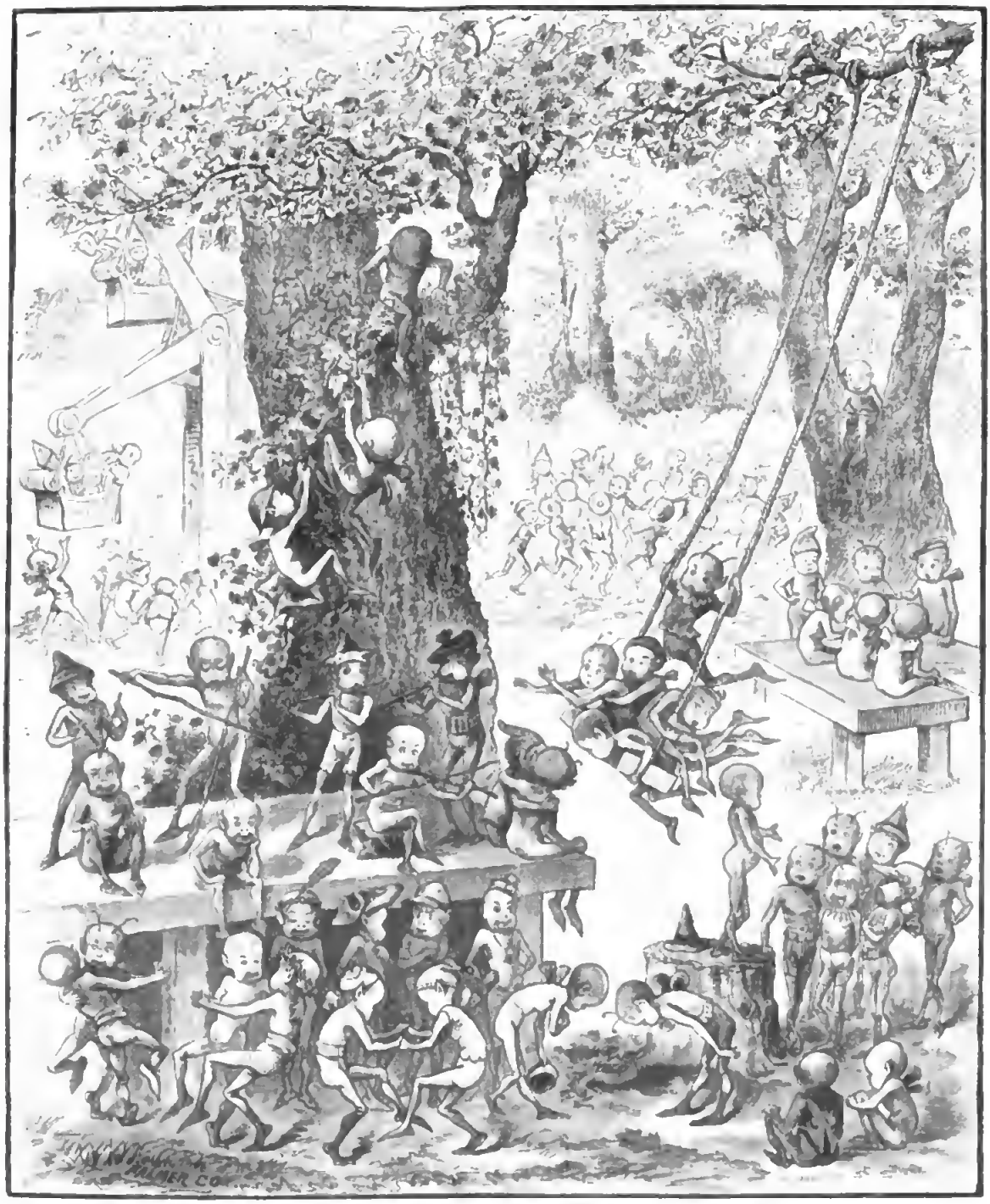
Mr. Sparrow, anxious to repay his neighbors for their kindness, started a song, and all joined in the chorus, while the Rabbit family clapped their paws until it was repeated over and over again.

These two families became firm friends after that first call, and during all of last winter the Sparrows ate at the Rabbits' table; but Mr. Rabbit says that when the cold weather comes this year he firmly believes his friend the Editor of YOUNG PEOPLE will do all in his power to induce his young acquaintances to see that their bird friends, who have done so much for their amusement during the summer, are provided with a liberal supply of crumbs during the cold winter months.

Digitized by Google

THE SPARROW FAMILY VISIT THE RABBIT FAMILY.
See Page 727.

Digitized by Google



ELVES IN THE PICNIC GROVE.

LAVINIA'S LAWN PARTY.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"LAVINIA DEAN!"

"Well, what?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"What for? What am I doing, I'd like to know?" and Lavinia looked out from between the hands that framed her face with an expression of anger, annoyance, and surprise.

Gussie Turner laughed, took off her hat, brushed up her bangs—for it was a warm afternoon—and sat down on the porch beside Vinnie Dean, imitating her very attitude. Lavinia frowned, for she disliked being made fun of; but Gussie was such a jolly girl that it was impossible for any one to be provoked at her for any length of time.

"What's the matter?" asked Gussie. "Why do you sit like a squaw, with your elbows on your knees, and your chin on your hands? Is there trouble on the war-path?"

"No," was the snappish response.

Digitized by Google

"My!" exclaimed Gussie. "I had no idea you could be so savage. May I inquire to which tribe you belong?"

"I don't belong to any tribe. Do stop your nonsense."

"Don't belong to any tribe? Then why have you put on the war-paint and feathers? Ah, I have it! Eureka! Alabama! The white man has entered your camp and stolen your humpty-dumpty little pappoose. Come, let us prepare for revenge;" and Gussie slipped her arm tenderly round Vinnie's waist. "I ain't much of a fighter myself, but I have a brother who thinks he is equal to a whole tribe of Indians, and if there are any scalps to be taken, we'll send for Tad Turner."

Vinnie found it impossible to resist Gussie Turner; and although she still maintained her humped-up position, her face gave token that the war cloud was almost if not quite dispelled.

"It's about my birthday," said Vinnie.

"What? Wish you'd never been born?" inquired Gussie, with a comically anxious expression. "Dear me!"

"No," said Vinnie, clasping her knees with her hands, "not so bad as that; but I do wish I had been born in the winter."

"Why?" asked Gussie, fanning herself with her hat.

"Well, because I might have had a party then, and music and ice-cream and all the nice things that other girls have. I think it mean to be born in the summer, when it's too hot to do anything, and lots of folks are away."

"Except mosquitoes," said Gussie, striking Vinnie a blow on the shoulder that would have killed a mosquito as large as a grasshopper. It had the effect of rousing Vinnie from her attack of the doldrums; and although she was rather inclined to be angry and resentful, she was soon restored to a more peaceful frame of mind.

"It was a mosquito, really," said Gussie; "but I didn't mean to hit him so hard."

"Hit *him*?" said Vinnie, rubbing her shoulder. "Hit *her*, I should say."

"Yes, the females do all the biting," said Gussie, "and that's all I know about them. My birthday is in December," she continued, as if there had been no interruption in the discourse.

"Oh, that's nice!" exclaimed Vinnie.

"No, it isn't," said Gussie. "It isn't nice at all to be born on the 23d of December, for then it's so near Christmas that nobody takes any notice of it."

"But you could have a party."

"We don't have parties at our house, you know," said Gussie, with a change of tone which reminded Vinnie that Mrs. Turner was a nervous invalid, and had to be kept quiet and as free as possible from every annoyance.

Gussie Turner when out-of-doors was an entirely different creature from what she was when in the house, and those who called her a "tomboy" and "hoyden" should have seen her when officiating as head nurse at her mother's bedside. She had a great flow of animal spirits, and was naturally the leader in all out-door sports, which kept her from being cross and cranky. Besides, she had a taste for reading, and was as interested in her brother Tad's adventures as any girl could expect to be, and went fishing or boating with him whenever she could get a chance.

Tad said she was "as good as a boy," which was a very great compliment, I can tell you, and Gussie was better skilled in boys' sports than she was in girls', because she had no sisters to play with. Parties she had no fondness for; they were stupid affairs at best, and she never had been to one that she did not feel as if all her clothes were made of whalebone.

"I'd like a lawn party," she said to Vinnie. "They must be nice."

"What are they like?"

"Oh, I don't know! There's never been one here," said Gussie, "but I've read about them. They're all out-doors. Splendid for summer."

"I should think so," said Vinnie. "But—"

"Well, as Tad would say, what have you butted against now?"

"The lawn. We haven't any;" and Vinnie looked as if she were nearly related to White Cloud or Sitting Bull.

"No," said Gussie, eying the small patch of grass in front of the house almost concealed by the tall shrubbery. "It's too bad. But—"

"Now you've butted against something," exclaimed Vinnie, catching the infection of Gussie's merriment.

"No, I haven't," was the reply. "I've butted over the fence, and have the bull—no, the goat—by the horns. We have—a—lovely—lawn!"

"Gussie!"

"Fact."

"But your mother?"

"I think she'll like it. Tad 'll help us. We'll combine our birthdays, and have a royal good time." Here she seized Vinnie around the waist, and waltzed her about to the tune of the "Racquet Galop" until both were out of breath.

Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Dean were consulted, and gave their hearty consent to the proposed plan, and Tad saw a good chance for distinguishing himself. He and Gus had been reading about lawn tennis, and had seen so many illustrations of the game that they were sure they could play it if they had a chance.

Vinnie's birthday was on the 12th of August, and she was to see that the invitations were sent out and the guests invited to her house. The rest was to be kept a profound secret, and as neither Tad's nor Gussie's friends were in the habit of collecting near the house, on account of the known sensitiveness of Mrs. Turner's nerves, it was easy to make all the necessary arrangements.

Tad rigged a fish-net on the lawn, following the exact directions given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and was wonderfully well pleased with his success. Vinnie and Gussie encouraged him by their presence, and admired the ease and skill with which he drove the posts and fastened the guy-ropes.

"It's splendid!" exclaimed Vinnie. "Is that all? I don't know much about the game, but I'd like to learn it."

"It's easy," said Tad. "We'll practice before Thursday, if—"

Here Tad gave a comical look toward Gussie, who returned it with a shake of the head. Vinnie caught the signs, but could not interpret them.

"What is it?" she asked. Tad walked off with his hands in his pockets. "It's an *if*, and you must tell me, Gussie, or I'll be real angry."

"It's mean," replied Gussie, her bright face in an unusual snarl. "We need the racquets and balls, and Tad says they'll cost at least two dollars."

"And did he suppose I'd let him buy them?" asked Vinnie, an indignant color flushing her cheek. "Why, this is *my* party, you remember!"

"Yes, but it's *our* lawn, don't you know, and we mustn't have the wrong kind of a racket on it."

Vinnie failed to appreciate the joke, not having much acquaintance with the game. But she talked the matter over with Mrs. Dean, and on Wednesday morning, when Tad was busy picking up the sticks and stones about the lawn, an express wagon drove up to the gate, and a parcel was handed him marked

Mr. Thaddeus Turner.

Tad never felt quite so important in his life, or much better pleased than when he found it contained two handsome racquets and two balls, so that the worry was over about the game of lawn tennis.

Digitized by Google

There was a note with the parcel from Mr. Dean, which ran thus:

"*Mr. Thaddeus Turner:*

"DEAR SIR,—I have no idea what the expense would be of hiring a lawn, but the inclosed may to some extent cover the ground and relieve from any feeling of indebtedness. Yours very truly, HARRISON DEAN."

"He's a gentleman," said Tad, folding the note and tucking it away in his vest pocket. "If he is ever up for Congress, I'll vote for him."

It would make too long a story to tell of all the wonderful preparations that were made for the party which was to be the event of the season, or how much Vinnie was benefited by the intimacy with the Turners, who were the nicest kind of people.

The important day arrived, and the girls and boys met at Vinnie Dean's about four o'clock in the afternoon, and were received in the sitting-room, where they laid aside their hats and fixed their frizzes (the girls did), and were prepared to have a good time.

Mrs. Dean had asked Tad to be master of ceremonies, as Arthur was too young for such service, and Tad proved himself equal to the emergency.

He was a great mimic, and amused the company with imitations of Dutch, French, and Irish characters, and was so clever in giving the dialect of each that his anecdotes were received with uproarious laughter.

After an hour of such fun, the merry boy covered his face with a comical mask, and requested "dat all de congregation would jine hands by twos and twos, and peramberate around de kentry for de benefit ob dem fokes what ain't in der percession."

Laughingly they obeyed his command, Gussie and Vinnie taking the head of the column, their eyes dancing with merriment, and their actions betraying that they knew more than they were going to tell. Tad turned the mask around to the back of his head, took a whistle out of his pocket, and began playing "The Rogue's March," which started the "congregation" of twenty off at a lively pace.

Imagine their surprise when they entered Mrs. Turner's grounds and saw the arrangements made for out-of-door sports.

Mrs. Turner was in an easy-chair on the porch, and gave them a smiling greeting, which Tad in a moment returned by getting his troops into line, and giving her a military salute. And then the fun began. Everybody was anxious to learn lawn tennis, and for an hour or so little was heard but the batting of balls and the cries that are a part of the game. Some enjoyed the swing, and others sat on the grass under the trees, or walked about with arms interlaced.

Gussie was everywhere, and at a signal from her, six of the larger girls took their places on the lawn, facing the house, and ready to have a "fan drill." This was a surprise to Vinnie Dean and her mother, who sat beside Mrs. Turner on the porch, and for the time being the lawn tennis court was abandoned.

The six girls were in white; three of them had red fans, three blue. Gussie acted as Captain, and her fan was of both colors, her dress being also red and blue. The orders were given so nicely and obeyed with such precision that even Tad was surprised. He had no idea that girls could be so smart, or had so much knowledge of military affairs.

As they stood in line each girl held her fan closed at her side.

"Carry fans!" said Captain Gus. The fans were brought to the shoulder.

"Present fans!" They were struck on the left hand with a unanimous sound.

"Open fans!" They were spread with a rush.

"Rest fans!" They were closed with a snap, and returned to the right side. Then there were the "bashful flutter," "angry flutter," "scornful flutter," and a variety of other movements not set down in any military tactics.

The audience were delighted, and for some time after the drill the snapping and fluttering of fans continued.

When Tad blew the whistle there was a general start, for it was an afternoon of surprises.

In single file the company marched back to "The Deanery," where they were received by Vinnie's mother, and regaled with cakes, bonbons, and ice-cream. At the close of the repast each girl and boy was presented with a German bonbon containing a paper cap or mantle, some of which were very becoming to their wearers.

As it began to grow dark preparations were made for a general breaking up, which Tad prevented by calling his recruits together, and marching them back to his own house, where they found the lawn illuminated with colored lamps, and looking "just like fairy-land." Then they danced and sang and played games until they were tired, and by nine o'clock the party was over.

Vinnie thanked Tad and Gussie, who thanked her in return, all three declaring they had had a "perfectly lovely," "splendid," and "magnificent" time; and it was such a co-operative affair that to this day Vinnie is in doubt whether it was her birthday party or Gussie's. It was such a funny thing to borrow a lawn! But Tad and Gussie thought it an excellent arrangement, and told Vinnie that whenever she gave a birthday party they should expect to do their part of the entertaining, and Vinnie begins to think that, after all, she must have been born under a lucky star even if it was in the dog-days; for it is the luckiest thing in the world to have friends who are willing and ready to put themselves out in order to do us a favor.

HALICORA, THE MERMAID.

BY E. MULLER.

LITTLE Halicora Cetacea lived in the Mediterranean Sea, near the south coast of Italy. She went to Miss Delphina's school, with other nice little mermaids, and learned how to knit sea-weed lace, and how to do up her hair becomingly, and many other useful things. Miss Delphina had a good deal of trouble with her pupils, for sometimes they were very full of mischief. They used to bring oysters to school in their pockets, and eat them slyly, and some of the pupils had a perfect passion for pink and purple jelly-fish, though Miss Delphina always forbade them to eat sweetmeats; and others used to bring their pet sea-horses with them, and play with them in class, which kept Miss Delphina always scolding. The merboys, too, gave her trouble, for they hid among the rocks, and threw sting-rays and sea-eggs at the mermaids, making them jump and shriek and drop stitches. Then Miss Delphina would unchain Cephalopterus, and set him at the boys. Cephalopterus was a large devil-fish, which Miss Delphina kept as a watch-dog, and when he laid hold of a merboy, that boy was sorry. But merboys were not the only troubles that Miss Delphina had; there were great rude dolphins and porpoises and sharks and sword-fish, and other sea creatures, and, worse yet, there were land creatures too, which came to annoy her. One day, while the knitting class was at work, there suddenly descended an awful monster right before them. It was a diver in a diving suit, with a long air-pipe leading from the top of his head to the surface of the water, and any creature quite so ugly not even the oldest mermaid, not even Miss Delphina, had ever seen. Every mermaid shrieked, dropped her knitting, and hid behind the rocks. The diver was looking for a place to lay a submarine cable; he walked about, getting his feet entan-

Digitized by Google

gled in the knitting-work, mixing up every one's ball, and pulling out rows and rows of stitches. This was too much. Miss Delphina called to the oldest and bravest mermaids to come to the rescue, and told Halicora to unchain Cephalopterus. Then they all rushed at the diver, Halicora with the devil-fish first. The diver only gave one look; that was enough; he gave such a pull at his air cord that his friends up in the boat thought he was dying, and hauled him up in a twinkling, and the mermaids never saw him again. Halicora was the brightest and prettiest of all Miss Delphina's mermaids, and after she showed herself to be so quick and brave in setting Cephalopterus at the diver, Miss Delphina said she might go up on land to bring down the offerings from the fishermen. These offerings were fruit and flowers left on the shore for the mermaids, because the fishermen believed they would send them good luck in fishing, and a safe return from their voyages, if presents were given them; so every week a large basketful was left on the shore, and some of the older mermaids usually went up just at dawn and brought it down.

On the shore lived a very good fisherman named Pietro Monaldi, whose little boy, Leonardo, used to gather the fruit and flowers, and leave them for the mermaids. Leonardo had always longed to see a mermaid, though his father said they were invisible, and he had often watched on the shore at dawn, but had never been able to catch a glimpse of one until Halicora came up. Perhaps Halicora had forgotten that she was to seize the basket and instantly plunge into the water, or perhaps she felt too curious to be quite obedient. At any rate, when she saw a nice black-eyed boy peeping from behind a rock, she did not hurry away, but said: "Good-morning. Is this the offering I am to take?"

Leonardo came from behind the rock, and bowing politely, said, "Yes; and I am 'Nardo Monaldi, at your service."

"And is it you who brings us these nice things?" asked Halicora.

"It is," answered 'Nardo. "And I beg you will take care of my dear father, who is now out fishing."

Halicora thought she had never seen such a handsome, well-behaved boy. She was sure he would never hide

MISS DELPHINA'S SCHOOL.

Digitized by Google

and throw things at his cousins the way her cousins, Manatus and Rytinus Cetacea, threw sting-rays at the mermaids.

"Tell me your father's name, and he shall be taken care of," she said.

By the time 'Nardo had told her his father's name, and the names of several other good fishermen who lived near, Halicora saw the sun rising; so she said good-by, promising to come again. When she went home she wrote notes to all her relations, the Cetaceans and the Sirenidians, telling them to be particularly careful of Pietro Monaldi, as he was a good man and a friend of hers; and as Halicora was dearly loved by every one, all her relations promised to look out for Pietro Monaldi, and send him plenty of fish. After that, Halicora and 'Nardo became very well acquainted, and told each other a great deal about the land and sea, and Halicora became quite certain that no merboy ever could be so pleasant and good as 'Nardo. One beautiful morning she told him there was going to be a fearful storm, and that his father ought not to go out in his boat.

"I will tell him you have told me," said 'Nardo.

"No, no; if you even tell him you have seen me, I can never come again," said Halicora, for she had warned him when they first met not to speak of her.

So 'Nardo only told his father that there would be a terrible storm—that the wind and waves had whispered it to him. But his father laughed at him for a silly dreaming boy, and went out in his boat with the other fishermen. The storm came, a terrible storm, just as Halicora had said, and the fishing-boat was wrecked, and all the men in it were drowned, except 'Nardo's father. Halicora had helped him to swim, had lifted him out of the waves, and brought him a piece of the wrecked boat to hold upon. Pietro thought the piece of board came by a lucky accident; but Halicora was holding it, and she brought him safely to land just at dawn. 'Nardo was on the shore, waiting in great anxiety for the boat to come back. When he saw Halicora helping his father, he forgot her warning, and exclaimed: "Thanks, dear Halicora! See, father, the good mermaid has helped you."

But his father saw nothing—only those who are young and truly good can see the mermaids; so Pietro only saw the waves and the piece of wood which he had floated upon. But he was very glad and thankful that he was saved, and so was 'Nardo.

The next day 'Nardo carried a large basketful of the

HALICORA.

finest fruit he could find, and waited on the shore for Halicora. As soon as she came he exclaimed, "Dear Halicora, how good you are!"

"You are good too, 'Nardo," said Halicora; "and I am sorry I must leave you."

"Oh, Halicora, why must you leave me?" asked 'Nardo.

"Because you spoke my name aloud," said Halicora. "My father heard you, and he says there can be no friendship between land and sea people; and so I must go up to the Arctic Sea, among the ice and polar bears, to stay with my aunt Rytina Borealis until I forget you."

Then she said good-by, and went down into the water, and 'Nardo never saw her again. He often goes to the shore, hoping she may have come back; but though the other mermaids come and take the offering, Halicora has never returned, and so 'Nardo knows that she has not forgotten him.

THE HOME OF AUNT RYTINA BOREALIS.

Digitized by Google

NOW that vacation is over, we shall expect to hear from our girls and boys about their school affairs. Let us know which of you have been promoted, and tell us how you like the new teachers, the new scholars, and the new studies. We are sure you mean to take hold of school work heartily after having had the splendid summer holidays. What do you do mornings and evenings to help mother? What do you mean to be when you shall be grown up? Some of you are sorry that your letters are not published in Our Post-office Box. It is impossible to publish all, because we have such a crowd of correspondents; but we try to select the letters which will be most entertaining to everybody, and if you will remember this, and when you are writing tell us something interesting that has happened in your home, or something droll that your pets have done, or some bright thing that the little ones have said, you will very likely see your letter in print.

HAVANA, CUBA.

I am studying English with an American lady, and as she does not wish me to read Spanish, I read only English books and papers. I like your paper better than any book. I have in New York three friends, who are the nieces of my teacher. Here too I have many friends, and some of them, like myself, are studying English.

We have a pair of very pretty rabbits. They are white and brown. They are called Bunny and Funny, and are very tame.

I wish very much indeed to visit New York, and I mean to beg papa to let me go next year with my teacher.

The story that I like best of all that I have read in YOUNG PEOPLE was "Aunt Ruth's Temptation."

This is the rainy season, and we have rain every day. We are very desirous to see the dry weather come back.

We have a large farm in the country, and there we have a fine croquet ground, where we play very often. We speak only English in the school-room and with our teacher. SIRENA C.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

We have a very droll pet, but if you were to guess all day long, you would never find out what it is. It is nothing less than a tame woodchuck. He is quite pretty, and will follow those he fancies all over the house, running up to any one who taps upon the floor, that being our way of calling him. I am sorry to add that he is often very mischievous, and sometimes gets into trouble in his anxiety to see what is going on. One day we found him floundering in a kettle of grease, in which he had fallen while trying to keep his balance on its edge and discover its contents at the same time. I derive much pleasure from Our Post-office Box, and thought I would like to become one of its correspondents. WALDO L.

OSHOG, LOUISIANA.

I live very far down South, on a beautiful river-bank in the country. Perhaps some of you will pity me, but I would not like to exchange my quiet country home for one in the busy city. I have a black pony as gentle as he can be, and every day at four o'clock I saddle him, and off go Billie and I to the Post-office, a distance of two and a half miles.

My mamma is an invalid, and I help her all I can to clear up the dishes, sweep, and attend to the little chickens. Our nearest neighbor is only at the distance of a few minutes' walk, so I often run up there to play with the children. M. L. U.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I was quite interested in Mary W. H.'s letter about her dog Prince. I have a dog of the same name. He is only a year and a half old, but he knows a great many tricks. He can walk on his hind-legs, sit on his haunches, speak, give his right or left paw, shake hands, crawl like a baby, and turn a somersault. He is very cute. A man shot him in the hind-leg one night, but it is not broken, and will soon be well.

We girls have organized a society lately, which we have called "The Dainty Finger Cooking Club." I am secretary, and every member has chosen a nom de plume for herself. BERTHA L.

We hope the Dainty Fingers will become very skillful.

NEW YORK CITY.

We have come all the way from Queensland, Australia, and are travelling around the world. Our home is in Rockhampton, which we left about four years ago. Since then we have lived in Brisbane, Sydney, and Auckland; then we crossed the Pacific to California, visiting Honolulu on our way. We spent some time in San Francisco, and then crossed the great American continent, and arrived in New York a few months ago. On our way over we stopped at Salt Lake City, Chicago, Detroit, Niagara, and other places. We saw Indians, Mormons, bears, buffaloes, California lions, coyotes, antelopes, etc. We crossed the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains. On the Sierra Nevada we saw snow for the first time in our lives, and we did not know what to make of it at first. My little sister said it was soap-suds, and my little brother thought it was cream pie.

After a while we are going to Boston, and will then cross the Atlantic to Ireland, go from there to England, thence to Paris and Berlin, and finally we will return to our old home in Australia by way of the Suez Canal. By that time we shall have been pretty well around the world—don't you think so? We have a jolly family: papa, mamma, auntie, four sisters, and three brothers. One brother, three years old, is named Sydney Francis, but we call him Captain Cook, and another, Arthur Cecil, we call Nipper. We lost one dear little girl soon after we came here; poor little Mabel took diphtheria and died. We have a little American baby to take home with us. Her name is Marion Ruby, and she is three months old. If you would like me to write to you from Ireland or England, please let me know. We are always going to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, even after we are again at home in Australia. OLYMPIA R. B. C.

Yes, we will be glad to hear again from you. Such a journey as you are taking must be very delightful, and very instructive too. It is the pleasantest way of studying geography and political economy we ever heard of.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am not sure, but I think I shall like Mr. Otis's new story even better than I did "Toby Tyler." I do hope he will not kill Tip, as he did Mr. Stubbs. I have no pets. Was that robin which Mr. Otis once wrote about a real bird? WALTER M. G.

Yes, the robin was a real bird.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

I am a little American boy living in England, and am nine years old. A lady sends YOUNG PEOPLE to a friend of mine, and he gives it to me. I enjoy reading it very much, and after I have finished a number I give it to some of my English friends to read. I have been very ill, and my mamma took me to a farm half a mile from the sea. The Coast-guards live on the beach to prevent smugglers from landing there. LOUIS THOMAS M.

ALLEGHANY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Don't you want to hear about our little kitten? She can spring from the third-story window to the roof when she wants to chase the birds, and she stands on a chair by the window and plays with the flies. AGNES U. J.

MARENGO, IOWA.

Our four cats are named Spot, Nig, Toby, and Tyler. Our dog's name is Vet. A long while ago I had two cats which were called Moody and Sankey. They ate dead. I would like to exchange pieces of silk for sea-moss. LINNIE ALVERSON.

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I suppose everybody has heard of Stony Point, which General Anthony Wayne took by storm at midnight on the 15th of July, 1779. Two years ago they had a centennial celebration on the spot. I have been visiting during a part of my vacation at my uncle's farm at Stony Point. In ploughing he has found cannon-balls, stone axes, and soldiers' buttons. I myself found a cannon-ball, and prize it highly. I helped with the farm-work, hoeing corn and cabbages, and taking hold heartily of whatever was going on. I went in bathing, and learned to swim a little, though I am not yet an expert swimmer. My father, who is, has saved several lives. My Sunday-school teacher lately took her class to West Point. We saw Custer's monument, went through the library, staid until evening, and saw the dress parade. I think it is splendid to see the officers go forward to salute the commanding officer.

Thinking I would like to earn some money, I have undertaken a paper route, and have lately been delivering two hundred papers a day. School begins the first Monday in September. ALBERT J. B.

IDA ST. GEORGE, OHIO.

I live on a little island in Lake Erie. It is real pleasant here. I have the very nicest kitten you ever saw. He is nestling on my lap and purring contentedly while I write. His name is Jetty. We have a dear little white pony named Billy. I had a pet chicken, but it died. I wish Jimmy Brown would relate more of his ups and downs. EMMA G.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I think Toby Tyler was a very original little boy, and it was too bad to end his experiences so soon. I would like to hear of his life at Uncle Dan'l's. You have no idea how glad I would be to see his little, innocent, wistful face in the paper again. I wish to tell you that I have received a letter from one of your correspondents in Europe. It was not written with a view to exchanges, but was such a letter as one school-girl would write to another. The correspondence is certainly interesting, as neither of us has friends in the other's country.

I wrote to you last winter for certain information, which you very kindly gave me. Allow me to thank you for it. It was quite satisfactory. I often wonder who it is that answers all the questions of the YOUNG PEOPLE'S friends. What piles of letters they must read! And, dear me! don't their heads ever ache? If you don't think my curiosity impertinent, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me about them. LILLIAN P.

The Editor's head never aches after reading such letters as yours, Miss Lillian, nor after answering the questions which inquisitive young people send to Our Post-office Box. But as for telling you any more, that would be out of the question.

WOODBINE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Again I write, almost fearing you will grow tired of my many letters and the space I occupy in your Post-office Box, but I wish very much to thank you for many more little packages that you have sent since I last wrote. They have come from: Mrs. E. James, Oshkosh, Wis.; Miss Isabel Chambers, Fifty-second Street, Lancaster Avenue, West Philadelphia, Penn.; Miss Edna Van Note, Lebanon, Ohio; Mrs. Rebekah Snyder, Parton, Ill.; Maggie and Eliza Bell, Sabbath Rest, Penn.; Russell Lubeck, Auburn, Cal.; Maude Buckner, Covington, Ky.; Charles Thompson; Misses Anna and Louisa Favre, Ontario, Iowa; Miss Miriam Oliver, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Isabel Oakley, Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss Beckington, Des Moines, Iowa; George F. Curwen, Villa Nova, Penn.; Miss S. Wilson, Honeoye, N. Y.; Mrs. R. E. Ormsley, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Miss Lena Turch, Alma, Mich.

Our school has grown since I wrote first, and now numbers thirty-seven. There are several more that want to come. Our dining-room is full; they use all the chairs, with all from the lower floor of the house that can easily be carried out. We will have a bench made for their use, and until it gets cold can put some on that on the long gallery between the house and dining-room. They sing "By rest Siloam's shady rill" very nicely indeed, and are learning "Onward, Christian Soldiers." We need an instrument very much, and when we get one we will teach them twice a month, if not oftener, on Saturday afternoons.

While we were away, Pete's older children grew up very wild. We feared we could not reach them, but we are very glad that now the oldest son has come to Sunday-school. There is one more, off on the railroad; but as Fayette has come, he will follow when he comes home. Fayette does not know his letters, but comes in the evening during the week to my little son; so he will soon get up with the others. I do not know how to thank you for your kind and generous help. Without it we could not have taught these children, much as we desired to do so. I think they too are very grateful to you all.

We are keeping back the best books and prettiest cards, for we want, if we can, to make a feast and have a tree for them at Christmas, and make them all supremely happy for one day. They have never seen a Christmas tree, and have never had any Christmas presents, except Pete's children, who always have a gift from us. I am not sure that we can do it, but hope we can. Truly your grateful friend,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

SYKESVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

In No. 93 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Mr. Eggleston says the baby elephant cracks pea-nuts with its feet, and that it did not learn this from the grown-up elephants, "for they eat nuts without cracking them." This is a mistake, for I have seen the large elephants at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia crack nuts with their feet, as Mr. Eggleston says the baby elephant did. SAMUEL B.

Perhaps the elephants you saw learned their cute way of cracking nuts when they were baby elephants, and never forgot it.

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have seen a good many letters in the Post-office Box, but none from Carlisle. We live about half a mile from the Indian school, so I thought I would tell you about it. The boys all wear blue uniforms, and the girls bright dresses and ribbons. They make many useful articles, and also moccasins and bows and arrows, which they sell very cheaply. I am twelve years old. A. DUNCAN Y.

BOWMANSVILLE, NEW YORK.

My mamma takes you for us, dear YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like you so much! I am going to send this, my first letter, to you. I am eight years old. I have one brother and three little sisters. We have nice times watching cows in papa's orchards. Our Sunday-school had a picnic at Buffalo Park last week; rowed on the lake, and saw the swans. We are disciples, like our poor President. Our district is building the nicest school-house in the country. We think your stories all splendid, and could not do without you. ALICE Y. B.

LOGAN'S FERRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

My home is on the banks of the Alleghany River, and on the farm on which my great-grandfather lived when these woods were the home of the savage Indians. When my grandfather was a little boy, his mother used to take him, with her other children, into Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, for safety. I have two little sisters, one five years and the other less

Digitized by Google

months old. I had a nice old dog named Shep. He died. Then we had none until my aunt came from Tenoessee, and brought a cunning little dog with her. She thinks a great deal of him, for one night, when she was all alone, her house took fire and burned down, and Prince, who was sleeping in her room, barked and barked, and jumped on her bed, to awaken her. But for him she might have been burned with the house. He is in my care, and is faithful and obediant.

I would like very much to see Mrs. Richardson's school, and old Pete. HINON L. S., Jun.

Prince was a very good watch-dog, and you ought to be proud of him. Fidelity and obedience are splendid qualities in a dog's character, and in a boy's too.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Red scallop shells, Indian money from Buzzard's Bay, and stones from the Bay of Fundy, for a stone from any Territory. LAWRENCE BROOKS, 7 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Postmarks, for anything suitable for a museum; or thirty-five postmarks, for an Indian arrow-head. ARTHUR R. WILLYOUNG, 147 Park St., Detroit, Mich.

Rare coins, postmarks, and rare stamps, especially from South and Central America, China, etc., for other rare stamps, foreign and U. S. Higher values of the 1869 issue of U. S. America especially desired. SIDNEY ARENSOHN, 127 East Sixty-ninth St., New York City.

A set of Paraguay stamps, for the 24, 30, and 90 cent issue of U. S. stamps for 1869. One Paraguay stamp, for any one of those. A Nova Scotia and an Egypt official stamp, for the 7 or 90 cent War Department, or any stamp from the Executive Department. ARTHUR CORP, 4 Washington Avenue, Madison, Wis.

A very beautiful topaz stone from Pike's Peak, for coins and curiosities. HARRY WALLACE, Winterset, Madison Co., Iowa.

An autograph note of nine lines signed with the initials of Longfellow, one of seven lines signed with the initials of J. R. Lowell, one of nine lines signed O. W. Holmes, one of thirteen lines signed R. W. Emerson, and a signature of Louis Agassiz, for a signed note or document of Abraham Lincoln or John Brown; or any one of them, for a signed note or document of U. S. Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General Thomas, or Admiral Farragut. RICHARD NORTON, Ashfield, Mass.

Postmarks, for postmarks. Minerals, for red and brown hematite and black magnetic iron ores, tin and nickel ores and cinnabar, sea-shells (rare only), ocean curiosities, especially a horseshoe-crab and a sea-horse. Send postal to arrange exchange. WALTER S. STILLMAN, C. B. Natural History Club, Box 906, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A specimen of genuine lava from Vesuvius, for an Indian arrow-head, or Indian relics of any kind. JOHN S. WOODRUFF, 310 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stones from New York, Vermont, or Massachusetts, for stones from any State or Territory except New Jersey and Pennsylvania. JESSIE J. EDWARDS, Plattsburg, Clinton Co., N. Y.

A Cape of Good Hope or New Zealand stamp, for an Indian arrow-head. EDWARD WENDEHACK, Jun., 465 Third Avenue, New York City.

Two pieces of iron ore, for the same of any other kind of ore; twenty Canadian stamps, for two Mexican agates. JOHN KELLET, Whitby, Ontario, Canada West.

Coins and postage stamps from Turkey, Austria, Russia, and Italy, for their value in the same from other countries. ROGER SYDNEY, Station C, San Francisco, Cal.

Eight postmarks, for an African or Brazilian stamp. WALTER DEVELIN, 2039 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Minerals and curiosities, graolte, marble in the rough, mica, gold, lead, and silver ores, all in the same stone, for other minerals. Iron ore especially wanted. The wing of a flying-fish, caught by myself in the Gulf of Mexico, is also offered. W. M. VAN DER WEYDE, 236 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stamps from Mauritius, Falkland, Marquesas Islands, Moluccas, Caroline Islands, Spitzbergen, Persia, and Tripoli, for stamps from Turkey, Austria, Portugal, South America, Central America, Heligoland, Feejee Islands, Germany, Sandwich Islands, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Cape of Good Hope. Rare stamps required. CHARLES STERLING, Station C, San Francisco.

Peruvian stamps, for U. S. revenues, and postage stamps from China, Prince Edward Island, and Cape of Good Hope. F. H. LOMAS, Box 466, New York City.

Stones of public buildings and soil of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for arrow-heads and postmarks of North Carolina, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. HARRY M. GLOVER, 1922 South Tenth St., Philadelphia, Penn.

A piece of elm under which Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, made a treaty with the whites, and shells from islands around Australia, for Indian and other curiosities, type, games, etc. Type especially wanted. JOHN S. DUFFY, Circleville, Pickaway Co., Ohio.

Berries, and cotton in the pod from Cuba, coffee seeds and leaves, and botanic specimens for a museum, for genuine Indian relics. Send postal in advance. JOSIAH H. FARGO, 246 East Thirty-fourth St., New York City.

A box containing eleven different curiosities, for three African, Asiatic, or Australian stamps. A U. S. dime of 1853, for gold ore. A. A. BAGAR, Box 102, Nahant, Mass.

Stamps, for stamps from Cape of Good Hope, Holland, Spain, and Russia. JAMES HESLETINE, 1710 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

One hundred postmarks, all different, including some foreign ones, for rare foreign coins of any country except England. C. E. DEVELIN, 2039 Camac St., Philadelphia, Penn.

A magic lantern, with slides, for a printing-press and type. F. J. HILL, Jun., 122 South Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Carbonate ores, containing lead, silver, and other minerals, naming the different mines from which they come, for Indian relics and curiosities suitable for a cabinet. Fifty foreign stamps, for a genuine Indian tomahawk. Write before sending articles. JEROME T. GARDNER, 1394 Tenth Avenue, East Oakland, Cal.

Forty stamps, for Indian relics. Please write to arrange exchange. SAMUEL SINCLAIR, Box 59, Winooski, Chittenden Co., Vt.

Fine specimens of iron pyrites, for any curiosities except stamps. ARTHUR COWDIS, Delphos, Allen Co., Ohio.

Three foreign postage stamps, for one from Turkey. S. J. WEISS, care of J. Kearney, 32 Park Place, New York City.

Foreign and old U. S. stamps, for stamps from Asia and Africa. JESSIE NEWTON, Fayville, Worcester Co., Mass.

Fifty mixed Canadian stamps, for a piece of red coral; twenty-five, for a piece of petrified hickory wood. JOHN A. JOHNSTON, Whitby, Ontario, Can.

Norwegian, French, Danish, and old and rare U. S. stamps, for any South American stamps. Stamp for stamp. HAROLD CHANNING, Care of Wilkes Roper, Princeton, Mass.

Postmarks from all parts of the world, and very rare foreign stamps, including two varieties of Grenada, for minerals, ores, and Indian curiosities. Several fine garnets, for Iceland spar or gold or silver ore. F. W. ROE, 105 West 133d St., New York City.

One hundred postmarks, for an 1856 nickel cent or U. S. copper cents of 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1809, and 1811. ORY PERRY, 206 Prince St., New York City.

Shells from the West Indies, silk for quilts, buttons with shanks, and a set of fancy gilt cards, for curiosities. Please label specimens. NINA WATTS, Box 136, Station A, New York City.

A 1, 2, and 3 cent Norwegian, a 1 and 2 cent Japanese, and a 5-cent Canadian, for an Indian arrow-head. J. A. HARRIS, Box 10, Attleborough, Mass.

Foreign stamps and U. S. postmarks, for stamps from Hamburg, Gold Coast, Egypt, Japan, China, Hong-Kong, Straits Settlements, Prince Edward and Virgin Islands. W. F. G., 324 East Fifty-fifth St., New York City.

A genuine bracket-saw and outfit, with thirty-five patterns and thirteen saw-blades, to any one sending me the best offer of any kind of curiosity. Also rare postmarks, for foreign postage stamps and coins. A microscope especially desired. FRANK NELSON, Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill.

Rare foreign stamps, for the same from Brazil, Ceylon, Argentine Republic, Hong-Kong, Japan, etc. W. E. OTKNE, 112 Henry St., New York City.

A telephone that will work two miles, for a photographic camera like one advertised in YOUNG PEOPLE. H. HAIGHT, 240 Washington St., Hoboken.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

A. S. D.—Wood's *Illustrated Natural History*, Ingersoll's *Friends worth Knowing*, Wnit's *Wild Animals*, and Jaeger's *North American Insects* are all excellent works on the subjects they treat. These books are published by Harper & Brothers, and are illustrated.

N. ENA F.—We can hardly blame you for feeling dissatisfied with your present position. A boy of sixteen, who is well and strong, and who has acquired a common-school education, ought to do better than remain in an office at $2 a week, with no prospect of advancement. You might learn a trade. You might, if your parents gave their consent, go West and engage in farming. You might enter a business house at the bottom, and work your way up. Whatever you do, thoroughness, honesty, and diligence are necessary to success. So is self-denial, and a steady effort to do your best every day.

LEWIS R.—Directions for making a steam-engine and boiler were given in No. 49, Vol. I.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. Denny Paxton, "Queen Bess," Flavel S. Mines, Rose B., "Miss Onri," *Marion E. Norcross*, *George Sylvester*, "Will O. Tree," Little Tommie, Frank Lomas, G. Volckhausen, "Wiggins and Spriggins," Paxton, Lizzie Cramer, *Frank S. Davis*, Emily Fane, C. T., John W. Ward, O. A. A., Jacob Marks, "North Star," Leo Marks, James Watson, Jemima Beeston, Emma Roehm.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CHARADES.

My second, though stationary, carries my first, and my whole is an indispensable article in the kitchen.

My first is the cause of my second, and my second is a defense against my first. My whole is part of a lady's toilet. ELEANOR.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

My first is in poot, but not in spring.
My second is in toil, but not in ring.
My third is in cat, but not in dog.
My fourth is in mouse, and not in frog.
My fifth is in ann, and not in moon.
My sixth is in rabbit, not in 'coon.
My whole sings in a mournful way
The livelong hot midsummer day.
GEORGE E. W.

Pray who can guess my name?
My first is in Susan, and not in Nell.
My second is in Inez, and not in Belle.
My third is in Rosa, and not in Nan.
My fourth is in Ellen, and not in Fan.
My fifth is in Nora, and not in Bettie.
My sixth is in Anna, and not in Hettie.
My whole might be worked in the sampler's frame.
S. C.

No. 2.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A strong drink. 3. A sweet substance. 4. A girl's name. 5. A consonant.

2.—1. In river. 2. A metal. 3. A kind of serpent. 4. A trap. 5. In river. DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 95.

No. 1.

R	E	G	A	L	C	E	A	S	E
E	L	I	D	E	E	A	S	E	L
G	I	V	E	N	A	S	I	D	E
A	D	E	P	T	S	E	D	A	N
L	E	N	T	O	E	L	E	N	A

A C I D
C G D E
I D L E
D E E F

No. 2. L copar D
A ntelop E
M oos E
B adge R

No. 2. Preach, reach, each. Chest, heat, eat.

No. 4. Obelisk.

Throwing a Light, on page 730—Crane.

Digitized by Google

TEDDY, PET, AND DOT.

Teddy so big, and Dot so small,
And Pet half way between,
Ran when they heard dear mamma's call;
And the sly tall grass
They had to pass
Hid them from being seen.

Teddy so big, and Dot so small,
And Pet of middling size,
They climbed Miss Spankem's garden wall,
And—ping, pang, ping!—
The jolliest swing
Hung right before their eyes.

Cried Teddy, with his cap a-twirl:
"It's ours, for—don't you see?—
Miss Spankem's got no boy nor girl.
So jump in, Pet;
Dot, don't you fret—
I'll swing you, after me."

As Teddy pushed, as Pet she clung,
And Dot sat on the wall,
The sly old swing, as it swing, swang, swung,
Knocked Ted about,
And spilled Pet out,
Giving them both a fall.

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE MIRACULOUS APPLE.

To divide an apple into several parts without breaking the rind: Pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again at the same hole it came out of; and so passing on until you have gone round the apple. Then take both ends of the thread in your hands, and draw it out, by which means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same manner you may divide it into as many parts as you please, and yet the rind will remain entire. Present the apple to any one to peel, and it will immediately fall to pieces.

THE OMELET COOKED IN A HAT.

State that you are about to cook an omelet; then you break four eggs in a hat, place the hat for a short time over the flame of a candle, and shortly after produce an omelet completely cooked and quite hot. Some persons will be credulous enough to believe that by the help of certain ingredients you have been enabled to cook the omelet without fire; but the secret of the trick is that the omelet had been previously cooked and placed in the hat, but could not be seen, because the operator, when breaking the eggs, placed it too high for the spectators to observe the contents. The eggs were empty ones, the contents having been previously extracted by being sucked through a small aperture; but to prevent the company from suspecting this, the operator should, as if by accident, let a full egg fall on the table, the breaking of which induces a belief that the others are also fall.

THE INK AND FISH TRICK.

This is really a first-rate delusion. You bring before the spectators a glass vase full of ink. You dip a ladle into it, and pour out some of the ink upon a plate, in order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase, and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with pure water, in which a couple of gold-fish are swimming.

This apparent impossibility is performed as follows: To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adheres closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle, with an opening into the bowl; in the handle is a spoonful or so of ink, which runs into the bowl when it is held downward during the act of dipping it into the vase.

THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER.

"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, sit steady, trim the boat, and away we go. *One!* two!—THREE!"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 99. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, September 20, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.

Digitized by Google

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Now, right about face!" September cries,
"Right about face, and march!" cries she;
"You, Summer, have had *your* day, and now,
In spite of your sorrowful clouded brow,
The children belong to *me*.

"Come, fall into line, you girls and boys,
Tanned and sunburned, merry and gay.
Turn your backs to the woods and hills,
The meadow ponds and the mountain rills,
And march from them all away.

"Are you loath, I wonder, to say farewell
To the summer days and the summer skies?
Ah! time flies fast; vacation is done;
You've finished your season of frolic and fun;
Now turn your tardy eyes

"Toward your lessons and books, my dears.
Why, where would our men and women be,
If the *children* forever with Summer played?
Come, right about face," September said,
"And return to school with me."

SOMETHING ABOUT SHIPS.

SAILING vessels carry either square-sails or fore-and-aft sails. A square-sail is one the head of which is "bent" or made fast to the jack-stay—an iron rod on a yard. Fore-and-aft sails, instead of being bent to yards, are mostly supplied with a boom or gaff, or both. The lower corners of square-sails are called clews. The fore-sail and mainsail are often called the courses. Sail is seldom carried on the cross-jack (pronounced krojik) yard, the lowest yard on the mizzenmast.

The courses, when "set," are kept down by means of ropes leading from the clews fore and aft, called tacks and sheets. Above the courses come the topsails; above the topsails, the top-gallant-sails; and next above, the royals. Some very large ships carry still loftier sails, called sky-sails.

Most merchant ships carry double topsails, one above the other, for greater ease in handling; but on men-of-war, having large crews, single topsails are the rule.

The head-sails are those which the bowsprit and the booms it supports carry forward. These are the foretopmast stay-sail, the jib, and flying-jib. Large vessels carry even more head-sails. The spanker, or driver, as our merchantmen sometimes call it, is a fore-and-aft sail, and is the aftersail of a ship or bark.

A compass being divided into thirty-two points, sailors consider the horizon at sea as having an equal number of divisions, and speak of a ship as sailing within five or six points of the direction the wind is blowing from.

When the sails of a ship are filled with wind, they are said to be drawing or full. A good sailor is never so happy as when with a whole-sail breeze he sees all his canvas spread and drawing, and feels himself "off before it."

THE BROKEN VASE.

BY MRS. W. H. SNYDER.

"NOW," said Mary, impatiently, as she came in from school, "I shall have to draw another hateful old design, for she wouldn't accept the one I took in this morning. She said it was drawn carelessly, and that I hadn't followed her directions, and that I had made thick lines, and hadn't properly erased my guide lines. She was ever so hard to please, and I hate her."

"I am sorry to see my little girl in such a bad humor to-day," said mother. "I thought I heard her say this morning that Miss Jones was 'so nice.'"

"Oh yes, but she isn't always nice. She's dreadfully particular sometimes—at least with me. She was pleasant enough to Jenny Kirkland and Clara Sackett, and she almost always says to those two girls, 'You have done very well, and you deserve a great deal of credit.' And to make matters worse, Miss Howland had to go and say, 'Mary, you must bring in a better design to-morrow, or I shall have to discredit you.' Well, I'll bring her in a design to-morrow," and she added, in an under-tone, "I'll just copy it off of grandpa's old Nantgra vase." So saying, she approached the table upon which stood the vase, with a few flowers in it tastefully arranged, and throwing her hat and books petulantly down, the corner of her geography struck the vase, and it fell upon the floor, and was shattered into half a dozen pieces.

Emma and Walter, hearing the crash, hastened in.

"See what I have done!" said Mary, sitting down upon a chair with tears in her eyes, and holding up a portion of the broken vase. "I am so sorry that I have broken dear grandpa's vase."

"And grandpa will be sorry too," said Emma, "for he highly prizes his vase. Grandpa"—as the old gentleman walked feebly into the room—"Mary has broken your vase, and she is very sorry."

Grandpa took the fragments in his trembling hand, and looked almost lovingly upon them.

"Oh, grandpa," exclaimed Walter, sympathetically. "I think father will be able to mend it with some of his new cement when he comes home to-night."

"I hope so, my boy," said the old gentleman, "for I value it very much. It was given to me many years ago by my friend Mr. Barr, who had a large porcelain manufactory in Worcester, England."

"Please, grandpa," said Walter, "tell us something of the history of your vase."

Grandpa sat down in the large easy-chair, and the children gathered around him, anticipating a pleasant story, for grandpa told a great many pleasant things about events that happened during his youth.

"One sultry day in May, in the year 1811," began grandpa, "I went to visit my friend Mr. Barr in Worcester. Mr. Barr had one of the most celebrated china manufactories in England. Barr, Flight, & Barr was a firm widely known in those days.

"I accompanied my friend to his factory, for I was greatly interested in the manufacture of porcelain, and indeed of any article. After spending several hours in passing from room to room, I noticed that it was growing dark, and drawing out my watch, saw that it was but little after four o'clock. Mr. Barr remarked at the same time, 'I shouldn't be surprised if we had a shower before long.' Just as we were speaking we heard the rumbling of distant thunder.

"We then walked to a window that looked out toward the east, and noticed that very dark clouds were rising in that direction, and that they extended to the south. We stood some time watching the rising storm. The sky in an incredibly short time presented a very threatening appearance. Inky clouds piled up rapidly in huge masses, and the continuous roar of distant thunder and the terrible flashes of forked lightning filled us with apprehension as to what the storm would be when it reached us.

"About this time Mr. Barr's attention was directed to something in another part of the building, and for a while we lost sight of the storm, but suddenly we were startled by a tremendous clap of thunder, accompanied by a flash of dazzling brightness, and then the storm swept upon us in all its fury.

"The roar of the tempest, the crashing of thunder, and the dashing of hail-stones against the windows and upon the roof of the factory were really appalling. Awe-stricken, we stood and listened.

"Presently a man rushed into the room, and approaching Mr. Barr, said, 'Oh, sir, I do believe that every winder in the whole factory is broke with the hail. I never

Digitized by Google

in my life see such stones before; they are surely five or six inches round.'

"This was no exaggeration. We hurried through the rooms on the exposed sides of the building, and everywhere destruction met our view: broken glass, hailstones, and broken china were scattered over the floors. The tempest continued to rage with unabated fury long after ordinary storms would have exhausted themselves or have passed away.

"After a while men came in with pale and anxious faces, and told us that the river Severn had risen six feet in one hour, and that it was still rapidly rising, and they feared great distress would be occasioned by the flood.

"The time seemed interminable while we waited and watched for the storm to subside. At last, as if reluctantly, the thunder became more and more distant, and the lightning flashes less dazzling and terrific. Every one breathed more freely now. We felt as if a terrible dream had been upon us, and we were just waking from it. By-and-by the clouds drifted away, and only occasionally a far-off flash illumined the horizon. The air was wonderfully pure, and the moon and stars shone out brightly over a scene of desolation.

"That night I spent at Mr. Barr's house, and the following morning, after visiting the factory, we took a drive through the town, and out into the surrounding country. In the city, gardens were laid waste, trees were torn and almost stripped of their foliage, and nearly every window that faced the east was broken. One of the newspapers of the day said that the town looked as if it had been besieged.

"But the country—oh, how sad and desolate it looked! The fields of grass and corn that yesterday were so beautiful, and the luxuriant crops that promised such an abundant harvest, were everywhere beaten down and destroyed. The river, too, had risen twenty feet during the storm, and had swept madly over the adjacent fields, carrying away houses and barns, destroying many peaceful and pleasant homes, and sweeping herds of cattle from the pastures.*

"As we reached the top of a certain hill, I looked anxiously toward the river for a picturesque little cottage that I had often admired on account of its pretty porch that was overrun with roses and honeysuckle, and because of the fine elms that overshadowed it. I had always imagined that place to be the home of some refined person. All the surroundings indicated it, although it was quite apparent that the owner was not wealthy.

"'Ah,' said Mr. Barr, looking in the same direction, 'the Professor's little cottage has gone too!' He reined in his horses, and sat silently looking toward the spot.

"'Mr. Barr, sir,' said a man, approaching the carriage, 'last night was a fearful night. We narrowly escaped with our lives.' And pointing in the direction of the cottage: 'The Professor yonder was drowned, and his house swept away by the flood. The Lord help his little gurl!'"

"'Where is she?' asked Mr. Barr.

"'She's with me wife in the hut over on the hill, and she's entirely heart-broken with the loss of her father, sir.'

"'We must do something for her at once,' said my kind-hearted friend. Then turning to the man: 'Jump in; we are going to drive up to the hut.'

"We drove on at a brisk pace, while the man related his sad story.

"'You see, sir,' he began, 'the storm got so fierce, and the water riz so high about the cabin, that I told Betsey to get the children ready and we'd take to the boat. Now the big boat had capsized at the stake, and I had naught but the little one, and I wuz afeared the weight of us would swamp her in such a sea. Just as we neared the cottage the Professor he come out on the shed and shouted to me, sez he, "James, for the love of Heaven save my child." I sez, "Ay, ay, sir, I'll do me best." It wuz no small thing to get her aboard, I can tell yer, sir. The wind wuz a-blowin' a gale, and it waz all I could do to keep the boat steady before it. After a good deal of hard work, and no little danger, we got her under the lee of the house, and took the little gurl in.

"'Oh! but, sir, it would hev made yer heart ache to see her there eryin' about leavin' her father. I really do think she'd hev staid with him and died if he hadn't hev sed, "Mary, my child, you must get into the boat at once; then I will only have myself to look after, and I will be much more likely to be saved. God keep you, my darling!" Them was the last words I ever heerd him say.'

"By this time we had reached the top of the hill, and we were not long in getting to the hut.

"What a lovely child it was that ran out to meet us as we approached, but soon stopped, and looking wistfully at us, inquired, in a low sad voice, 'Have you found my father yet?'

"The boatman in his gentlest manner said, 'Not yet, dear.'

"The child's large blue eyes instantly filled with tears, her lips quivered, and she turned quickly and went back into the hut. I felt a sudden sickness at my heart, and I saw my friend pass his hand across his eyes.

"Presently we followed her in, and Mr. Barr took her hand and kindly said, 'My child, you can not remain in this place. Come home with us, and we will take every possible means to find your father.'

"'Ay,' said the boatman's wife, 'Mr. Barr is a good gentleman, and he'll do all he ken for ye.'

"The child was attracted by his kindly manner, as indeed every one was with whom he had to do, and she readily consented to go.

"We gave some money to the boatman to relieve his present necessities, and tenderly placing our little charge in the carriage, drove rapidly back to the city. It is needless to say that her father was never found.

"Before I left Worcester I told Mr. Barr that as I was a young man of some means, and happily for myself had a disposition to do some good in the world rather than to live in selfishness, I would esteem it a favor if I might be permitted to educate this little girl, so that she could sustain herself in a manner that would not be burdensome, and that would at the same time give her a place among refined people. Mr. Barr was pleased with my request, and willingly gave his consent; so little Mary was at once placed in an excellent school."

"Grandpa, what was her name besides Mary?" asked Walter.

"I will tell you by-and-by," said grandpa.

"Shortly after this," continued the old gentleman, "I returned to America, and it was several years before I visited England again; but finally business compelled me to cross the ocean once more, and you may be sure that I was not long in seeking my old friends and my little protégée. But she was no longer little; she had grown to be a lovely young lady, gentle, intelligent, and beautiful."

"And what was her name?" we all asked, in chorus.

"Her name was Mary Ames."

"Mary Ames!" we exclaimed; "why, that is grandma's name."

"And she is grandma," he said, with a smile.

"What a beautiful story!" we cried, "and all about grandma."

"But you haven't told us about the vase yet," said Walter.

"Well, my boy," said grandpa, "Mr. Barr gave Mary an elegant set of china, such china as is rarely seen in these days; and he said to me, 'Farrington, I will give

* A true account.

"GRANDPA TOOK THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS TREMBLING HAND."

you a specimen of this new porcelain that I have been experimenting upon so much of late. I regard this as quite a success. We call it Nantgru.' And so I came by the vase, and on account of these associations I value it."

"Here comes father," said Walter. "Now I'll ask him to mend your vase," and away he ran to meet his father.

"Dear grandpa, how good you are!" said little Mary, standing very close to his chair. "I am so sorry that I broke your vase!"

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINCHIN'S ISLAND.

"I THOUGHT I told you to go below," said an angry voice, and, looking up, Tim saw it was the Captain who was detaining him. "If you so much as make a motion to go on shore, I'll whip you within an inch of your life."

Then, without giving him an opportunity to disobey, the same heavy hand pushed him back on the deck, and Mr. Rankin led him forcibly below.

"I won't stay here. I won't go down stairs an' leave Tip there to drown," cried Tim, passionately. "It's awful wicked, an' I won't do it."

"Listen to me, Tim," said Mr. Rankin, kindly but firmly. "There is no possible chance that your dog will drown, and you must come below, for it is the Captain's orders."

"But I must go an' get him," wailed Tim.

"Suppose you could get him before we leave the dock, which you can't, and suppose you should get him aboard without the Captain's seeing you, which is an impossibility, what would be the result? Captain Pratt would throw him overboard after we got out to sea again, and then he would be sure to drown."

Tim knew the steward's reasoning was correct, and yet he refused to be comforted. He was led below despite his struggles, but when he reached the main-deck he ran to the rail, from where he could see all that was going on in the water.

"Do you s'pose he will get ashore all right?" Tim asked of Mr. Rankin, as he watched Tip's exertions to save himself.

"Of course he will; he's almost there now, and in five minutes more he'll be just as safe as ever, and a good deal cleaner."

By this time the freight for the island had been landed, and the steamer was already leaving the wharf. Tim was in an agony of fear lest he should be obliged to depart without assuring himself that Tip was a saved dog.

But in order that the steamer should be put on her course again it was necessary to back her for some distance, and that was a bit of good luck for Tim, since they moved in the direction taken by Tip. Tim could see Bobby at the extreme point of land that jutted out into the sea, urging the dog to increased exertion, and aided by all the boys who were on the wharf at the time Tip was thrown overboard, as well as by a number of others who had learned of the excitement by seeing Bobby as he ran around the shore.

Just as the steamer's paddle-wheels ceased to force her back, and began to urge her in the opposite direction, Tip's short legs touched the bottom, and in another instant Bobby was holding him, all wet and dripping, high up in the air, while he executed a sort of triumphant war-dance before Tim's delighted gaze.

Tim stood looking with his very heart in his eyes as the *Pride of the Wave* carried him farther and farther from the only friend he had, and when he saw Tip run along the beach and shake himself, he laughed from very joy.

But in another instant he understood that if the dog was safe, he was being separated from him very rapidly.

"I sha'n't see him ever again in the world," he wailed, "an' he is the only feller that cares anything about me."

Then he ran to the little hole which had served Tip as a state-room, and there gave vent to his sorrow in passionate weeping.

When Tim had so far recovered from his grief as to present himself for work again, Minchin's Island was far astern, and the voyage drawing rapidly to an end.

Those who were friendly to the boy thought the wisest and kindest course to pursue was to say nothing about poor Tip, and as those who were not friendly did not speak of him, Tim got on without giving way to his grief in public. Captain Pratt seemed to have forgotten his threat of punishing Tim for venturing on the upper deck, or he may have thought best to wait until the end of the trip, for he said nothing to the boy, which was far more kind than he had any idea of being.

At the different landings Tim did not have curiosity enough to look at the towns, but worked as hard as he

Digitized by Google

could, in order to prevent thinking about poor Tip. Captain Pratt summoned him to the wheel-house several times, and whenever he went there he felt certain he was to receive the promised whipping; but he was mistaken, for after ordering him to do some trifling work, the Captain paid no attention to him.

At about six o'clock on the afternoon of that day the steamer was made fast to the wharf at Bedlow, and the trip was ended.

After the work of cleaning the cabin was done, Mr. Rankin said, "You can go ashore and see the town if you want to; but be back by nine o'clock."

Tim shook his head; he had no desire to see anything new, since Tip was not there to enjoy the sights with him, and he crept off to his dirty berth in the forecastle, where he cried himself to sleep.

On the next morning he succeeded in supplying the Captain's wants at the table as quickly as that gentleman thought proper, and yet no mention was made of the events of the previous day.

The steamer was to leave Bedlow on her return trip at noon, and Tim took no interest in the hustle and excitement on the wharf, save that each succeeding moment was one less in the time that must elapse before he saw Tip again.

As the steamer started, his spirits rose, and he watched her course carefully, fretting at the time spent at each landing, content only when she was going at regular speed toward Minchin's Island and Tip.

He had formed no plan as to what he should do when he got there. He knew that Mr. Rankin's advice that Tip be left there was good, and should be followed, but he could not make up his mind to do so. Parting with Tip seemed like parting with a portion of his very life, and he could not bring himself to say that he would leave this his only friend, no matter how short the time.

It was nearly night-fall when the steamer neared Minchin's Island, and Tim was as far in the bow as he could get on the main-deck, in order that he might catch the first glimpse of Tip, for he felt sure Bobby would bring him to the wharf.

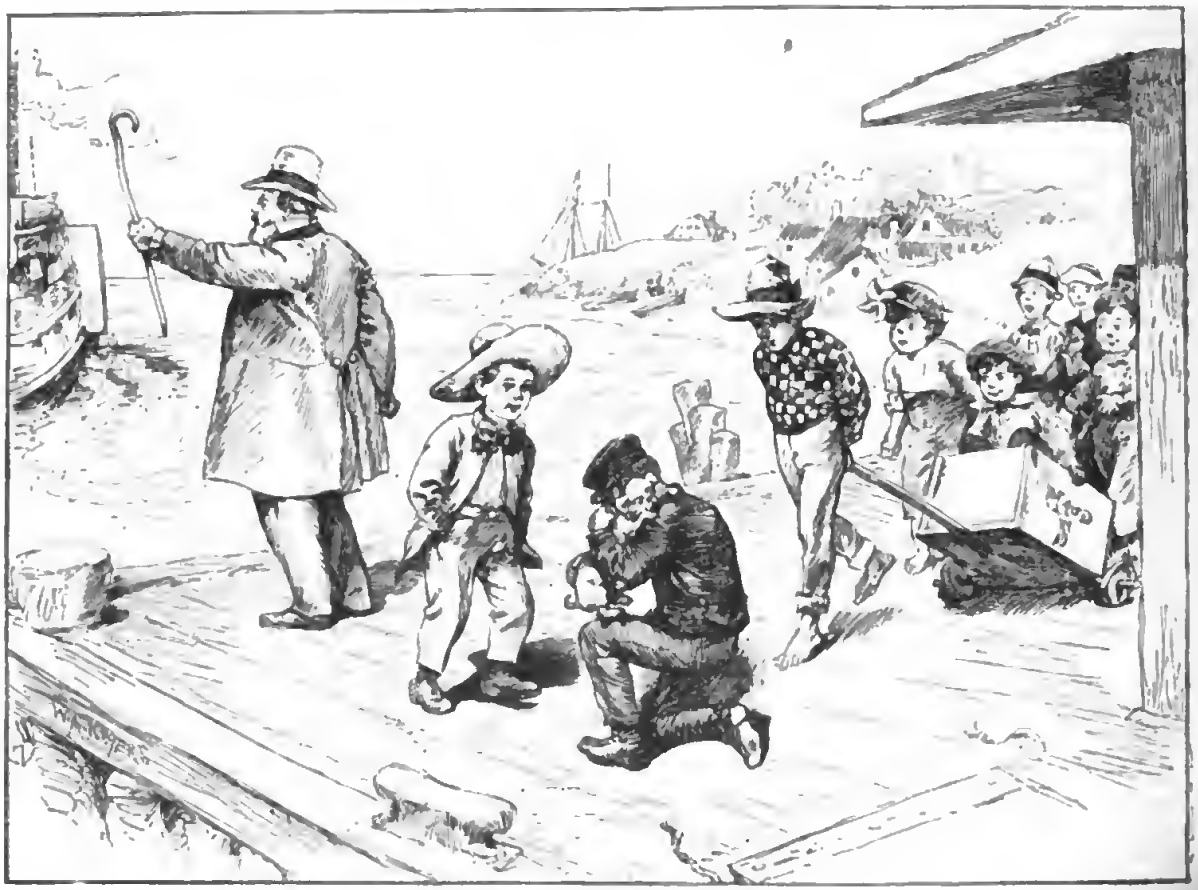
At last he could distinctly see the different objects on the wharf, and his heart sank when he failed to see any one who at all resembled Bobby. He looked eagerly among the crowd assembled, and could not even see one boy, when on the day before there had been at least twenty there. He was at a loss to account for this cruelty on Bobby's part. He knew the dog had been saved, for he had surely seen him held aloft in Bob's arms, and a cruel suspicion came into his mind that perhaps the boy was keeping out of sight with the intention of claiming Tip as his own.

The boat arrived at the wharf, and was made fast. Not a single boy or dog could be seen.

Tim's heart was full to bursting, and as he leaned against the rail he thought it was not possible for greater trouble to come to him, since he was denied even a sight of Tip.

Now he would willingly have promised that the dog should remain with Bobby if by making such promise he could see and hug him each time the boat arrived at that place.

So absorbed was he with his grief, caused by what looked very like an act of unkindness on Bobby's part, that he failed to notice what several of the employés on the steamer saw and wondered at. A man had called Captain Pratt on shore, and was talking to him in such a manner as to make him angry. So excited was he that he paid no at-



TIM RECOVERS HIS LOST PET.

Digitized by Google

tention to the fact that the steamer was ready to continue the trip, and that every one waited for him.

Tim saw nothing of all this; but when the Captain called loudly to him he started as if he had been caught in wrong-doing.

"Come ashore here," cried the Captain, much as if he was angry with himself for giving such an order.

Tim walked on to the wharf in a perfect maze of surprise, and when he went near his employer his wonder was increased by hearing that gentleman say to the one he had been talking with, "Here's the boy, and I wish you joy of him." And then to see him go quickly on board the steamer.

Before Tim had time to recover from his surprise the steamer had started, and as she was leaving the wharf he was almost knocked down by some soft substance that hit him on the legs.

It did not take him many seconds to discover that this substance which had struck him so suddenly was his own little bob-tailed Tip, and then he sat right down on the wharf, and hugged him desperately, giving no heed to anything save the happy fact that he had his pet to himself once more.

Some time before he had finished hugging and kissing Tip a noisy crowd of boys appeared from behind one of the freight sheds, where they had evidently been in hiding, and gave him such a welcome to Minchin's Island as he never expected to receive anywhere.

Bobby was among the number, of course, and it was so long before he could calm himself down sufficiently to explain the meaning of all the strange occurrences, that Tim was left some time in doubt as to whether he had really escaped from the savage Captain Pratt, or if it was all a pleasant dream, from which he would awake to receive the promised flogging.

When Bobby did sober down sufficiently to talk understandingly, Tim learned that owing to his friend's pleading, and tales of how he had been abused, Mr. Tucker had promised that he would oblige Captain Pratt to let the boy come ashore at Minchin's Island, where he should have a home for a time at least.

Relying on that promise, Bobby had gathered all the boys of the town together to give Tim a proper welcome, and all had been hidden behind the shed when the steamer came in, so that the surprise should be as great as possible. By what means Mr. Tucker had induced Captain Pratt to part with the cabin-boy he was "breaking in" no one knew, and no one seemed to care, since it had been so successfully accomplished.

When Bobby looked around for his father, to introduce to him the boy for whom he had done so much, he was nowhere to be seen, and Bobby said in apology: "I s'pose he thought we would want to talk a good deal, and so he went off; but we'll see him when we get home."

"But am I really going to live with you?" asked Tim, hardly able to believe the good fortune that had come to him so suddenly.

"You're goin' to live with me a good while anyhow, an' I guess for all the time; but father didn't say." Then, as the boys started up the wharf, he added, eagerly: "We're goin' over to Bill Thompson's father's schooner now. We've got some chowder, an' Bill's father said we could go over there an' have supper, so we're goin' to show you one of the best times you ever had."

The countenances of all the boys told that some big time was near, and more especially was that the case with Bill Thompson. By his very manner he showed that he considered himself of the greatest importance in that party, and walked on in advance, almost unable to contain himself because of his excessive dignity. Instead of going up into the little town, Bill led the way around the shore, and as the boys reached the headland where Tip had first touched the land of Minchin's Island, Bobby pointed to a small fishing-schooner that lay at anchor a short distance from the shore.

Then the other boys began to tell about the supper and the good time generally, until it was impossible to distinguish one word; but Bill Thompson walked on in silence, looking neither to the right nor the left. It was enough for him that he was the one on whom the pleasure depended, since it was to take place on his father's vessel, and he could not lower his dignity by talking.

A dory hauled up on the beach served to convey the party to the schooner, and once there, Bill Thompson led the way to the cabin, where every preparation had been made for the feast of welcome.

The table, formed by letting down a shelf from the side of the cabin, was large enough to accommodate half the party, and was laid with every variety of crockery and cutlery such as would be likely to be found on board a fishing vessel. The only food on the table was crackers; but a huge pot, which was bubbling and steaming in a contented sort of way on the stove, told that there was enough to satisfy the wants of the hungriest boy there.

"Set right down to the table, Tim," said Bill, unbending from his dignity a little, "an' the rest of us will do the work; you're the company, you know."

Tim took the place of honor, the only arm-chair in the cabin, and was more than gratified to find that a seat had been placed close beside him for Tip, who had already jumped on it, sitting there looking as wise and hungry as a dog could look.

The entire boy portion of the population of Minchin's Island had worked hard and earnestly to prepare this feast of welcome, and the result of their labors was the chowder, which was being served by means of a cocoa-nut-shell dipper, with a large hole in the side that somewhat delayed the progress.

At last all were served, and those who could not find places at the table were seated on the sides of the berths, on trunks, fishing-tackle, or any available space, and the feast was begun.

Tip had his share in a saucer, and he ate it in as dignified a manner as the best-behaved dog could have done.

For several moments all gave their undivided attention to the chowder, which was not exactly as good as they were accustomed to at home, but which, being the product of their own labor, tasted better than anything they had ever eaten before.

Especially to Tim was it good, because of the spirit which prompted its manufacture, and because it was an evidence of their good-will to him. Tip rather turned his nose up at it, however. Since his arrival at Minchin's Island he had been petted and fed by every boy in town, thanks to Bobby's stories of his ability as a bear dog, until now it required something more than ordinary food to tempt his appetite.

But the feast was not the only way by which the boy who had come among them was to be honored, as Tim soon found out. A very elaborate programme had been arranged, and not one single detail was to be omitted.

Bill Thompson, with his mouth uncomfortably full, arose to his feet in such a clumsy manner that he upset what remained of Bobby's chowder, very much to the disadvantage of the table-cloth and his trousers, and said, with some hesitation:

"Mr. Babbige, we fellers heard all about you last night from our esteemed feller-citizen Mr. Bob Tucker, an' we wanted to do something to show you what we thought of you."

Here Bill stopped to swallow a portion of the cracker that impeded his speech, and Tim looked around him in blank amazement, not understanding this portion of the proceedings. Bill continued in the most serious manner:

"We knowed what a hard time you was havin' on the *Pride*, an' we wanted to have you come an' live here.

Digitized by Google

'cause we thought we should like you, an' 'cause you had such a fine dog. This little chowder welcome ain't all we've got for yer. To-morrer we're goin' to take Tip an' you out in the woods, an' we've decided that the first bear he kills shall be skinned, an' the skin nailed up on Bobby Tucker's father's barn, where everybody can see what your Tip has done."

At this point Bobby Tucker slyly pinched Tip's stub tail, and he uttered such a yelp that the remainder of the company applauded loudly, thinking he must have understood what was said.

When the noise ceased, Bill bowed gracefully to Tip as an acknowledgment of his appreciation, and having swallowed that which had been in his mouth, was able to speak more plainly.

"Mr. Babbige, we fellers want to 'gratulate you on gettin' off the *Pride*, an' more 'specially on comin' to this town, where the fellers will treat you an' Tip as you ought to be treated. We hope you'll stay forever with us, an' never want to go away. Now, fellers, I say three cheers for Tip and Tim Babbige."

The cheers were given with a will, causing Tim's face to turn as red as a boiled beet, while his confusion was as great as his face was red.

As soon as the noise had died away, Bobby was on his feet ready to express his opinion on the subject.

"Mr. Tim—I mean Tim—no, Mr. Timothy Babbige," he began, very earnestly; but his difficulty in getting the name right so confused him that he forgot what he was to say next. He cleared his throat until his voice was as hoarse as an aged frog's, and yet no words came. Then he seized a glass of water, drinking it so fast that he gasped and choked until the tears came into his eyes, and his face was as red as Tim's.

"Mr. Babbige," he began, and Tim's big eyes were fixed on him so pityingly that he was all at sea again so far as words were concerned, and making one desperate effort, he said, "Well, we're glad to see you here, Tim, an' we mean to make it jest as lively for you as we know how."

Then Bobby sat down very much ashamed that he had made such a failure: but when the boys cheered him as loudly as they had Bill, he began to think it was quite a speech after all.

Now every one looked expectantly at Tim, and he knew he was obliged to make some reply. He gazed at Tip, and Tip gazed at him; but no inspiration came from that source, and he stood up in a desperate way, feeling that as a rule he had rather go hungry than pay such a price for a supper.

"Fellers," he said, loudly, believing, if the thing must be done, the more noise the better, "I want to thank you all for what you did for Tip when you pulled him out of the water, an' for what you've done for me. The chowder was splendid—"

Here he was interrupted by loud and continued applause as he paid this delicate compliment to their skill as cooks, and it was some moments before he could continue.

"Tip an' me have had a nice time eatin' it, an' we're a good deal more glad to be here than you are to have us."

He could think of nothing more to say, and was about to sit down when Bobby asked, "What about killin' the bears?"

"I'd 'most forgotten about them," he said, as he straightened himself up and looked down at Tip with pride. "If you've got any bears 'round here that wants to be killed, Tip will fix 'em for you; but if you want to save the skins to nail up on the barn, you must rush in an' catch Tip before he chews 'em all up. Why, I saw Tip catch a woodchuck once, an' before you could say 'scat' he'd chewed him awfully. So you'll have to be kinder careful of your bears when Tip once gets his eye on 'em."

That was the end of Tim's speech, for the applause was so great that for the next five minutes it would have been useless for any one to try to make himself heard.

It was very near nine o'clock by the time the formal welcome to Tim was concluded, and after the cabin had been cleaned, Bill Thompson said, as he wiped the dish-water from his hands, smoothed down his hair, and made himself presentable for an appearance at home, "I guess we'd better go now, an' to-morrow mornin' we'll go 'round back of Bobby Tucker's father's wood-shed an' fix up about the bear-hunt."

The idea that they were to start the ferocious bear from his lair so soon caused a fresh burst of enthusiasm, and each one made another and a personal examination of Tip, until the much-inspected dog came very near being cross.

It was rather a sleepy party that clambered over the side of the schooner that night, but it was a party that had the most absolute faith in Tip Babbige's ability to kill all the bears on the island.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIGEONS AND DOVES.

VERY likely more than one boy will say, when he reads the heading of this article, that any fellow knows how to take care of doves, and that it is perfectly needless to tell him anything regarding them. But however many there may be who know, or think they know, exactly how these feathered pets should be treated, there certainly are some who have had difficulty in keeping their pigeons at home, or found it almost impossible to raise any young ones.

It is for the benefit of this last class of readers that this article is written, and all others may pass it over if they choose.

Certainly it is a very easy matter to keep pigeons or doves, for they are pets that require but little care; but this care consists in something more than putting them into a box that is nailed to the side of the building, and then allowing them to get along as best they can by themselves.

The dove-cote should either be placed on a pole at such a height that it can readily be reached with a ladder, in order that it may easily be kept clean, or inside a building with the entrance facing the south, in order that the inmates may, in a measure, be sheltered from the winter storms.

In this dove-cote should be separate apartments for each pair of birds, and at the entrance should be a broad ledge for them to alight on when coming home, or to sun themselves on when they do not care to go on a visit. These little houses should be cleaned at least once each month, and plenty of gravel and old mortar spread on the floor. A little salt must be sprinkled around once in a while, and every precaution taken to guard against the invasion of rats or mice.

Wheat, oats, or barley should be fed each morning, with plenty of water, and green food if they are confined any length of time. Care should be taken to have the food fresh and clean, and not allow it to decay in the cotes.

If there is any trouble in keeping the birds at home, or if they persist in flying back to their old quarters, do not clip their wings or pull their tail feathers out, for both practices are barbarous. Instead of doing that, clean the dove-cote thoroughly, and sprinkle the floor with lavender, assafœtida, or anything that gives forth a strong odor. A sweet, cleanly house, with good food, will make home bodies of your doves more quickly than anything else, and once they begin to build a nest, there will be no longer any difficulty in persuading them to remain.

Doves that are cared for properly will produce from ten to twelve pairs of young each year, and at this rapid rate

Digitized by Google

A VISIT TO THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.—DRAWN BY HENRY BACON.

of increase it may readily be seen that the young fancier need not buy a large stock to begin with.

Of the different varieties of these feathered pets there are so many that it is impossible to name them all in the space given here; but a few of those best known to fanciers generally can be mentioned.

Among the high-priced pigeons is the Crowned Gouri, which comes from the Indian Archipelago. It is a beautiful purple-brown, with gray breast, and has white bars across the wings, while on its head is a light blue or delicate gray crown.

The Nicobar also has a crest. The upper portions of this bird are green, shading to bronze and steel, while the head is slate-colored, with purple shades. Long pointed feathers grow from the neck, showing almost every color in the different degrees of light.

The Top-knot comes from Australia, and is a large silver-gray bird, striped with black, having a crest on his forehead and another on the back of his head.

The Bronze-winged pigeon also comes from Australia, and is brown and gray, with bronze-green spots on the wings.

From India and Java comes the Aromatic Vinago, with back and neck of dark red and purple, while the under feathers are green; the forehead is green, the throat yellow, and the tail blue, gray, green, and brown.

The Passenger-pigeon is too well known in this country to need any description, since he is to be seen by scores in almost any market.

The Carrier-pigeon should be dark blue to possess the color supposed to be the requisite of a good bird, but he is often seen of a dun or cinnamon color.

The Tumbler-pigeon may be of any color, and his antics in the air, as he turns all sorts of somersaults, are very funny. There are many varieties of these pigeons, such as the German Feather-footed, the Baldpate, Short-faced, and Almond, while according to their color they are known as Rocks, Blues, Checkers, Silvers, Duns, Kites, Reds, Yellows, Buffs, Drabs, Mealies, Gray-mottled, Blue-black, Strawberries, and so on through every shade and combination of color.

Of the Pouter there are the Ring-headed, Swallow-tailed, Rose-pinioned, and Bishoped, nearly all of which varieties the boys are familiar with, since with his apparently swollen crop the Pouter always attracts attention.

The Runt is a common bird, and the easiest of all his tribe to keep. The chief varieties are the Roman, Leghorn, Spanish, Friesland, and Frill-back. The first is the largest, and the last the most singular, of the species, since the feathers seem to grow from the tail toward the head.

The Nun is a nice little bird, with a tuft of feathers at the back of the head, and it is from the shape and color of this that the varieties are known as the Red, Black, or Yellow headed Nuns.

The Archangel is dark blue and copper-color, and is a good bird for the dove-cote.

Then the Fan-tail, or Broad-tailed Shaker, with his tail spread out like an angry turkey-gobbler's.

The Trumpeter is usually a yellowish-white bird, with a crest on his head, and what looks very like a mustache.

The Jacobite has a ruff around his neck; the Turbot looks as if it had on a ruffled shirt front; the Owl has a hooked nose and great staring eyes, similar to the bird for which he is named; the Laugher makes a noise like the gurgling of water; the Barb has pink wrinkled skin around the eyes; the Mawmet, Magpie, Helmet, and Spot are varieties but seldom seen.

But though there are so many varieties of beautifully colored and formed birds, the ordinary Dove-house pigeon is by far the most satisfactory to raise, and repays its owner far better both in young and domestic habits than do those which are not only rare, but difficult to rear.

Digitized by Google

HOW THE DAY WENT.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"IT was your work, Put, all of us fellows getting down here this morning. Now what 'll we do?"

"Well, now, Dan, it's the last day of vacation, and school begins to-morrow, and we've just got to do something."

"I don't care a cent for ball," remarked Charley Farrington at that moment, as he listlessly pitched a flat stone into the shallow river. "You don't catch me on the green to-day, anyhow. It's too near the 'cademy."

"Might go a-fishing," said Abe Larrabee, with a look of sadness on his sunburned face. "Jim Chandler, does your scow leak as bad as it did?"

"Worse and worse, and there isn't a fish left. I tried 'em yesterday all the way down to the mill."

"Nothing to shoot," said Dan Martin, "and no powder nor shot either. Boys, this 'ere vacation of ours is windin' up."

That was about it, or else it was very nearly run down, and there they all were on the bank, just above the old bridge, and not a boy of them could think of anything he cared three buttons to go and do. It was a trying time, and they all broke down under it, for in less than an hour there were five listless boys sauntering along up the hill toward Beecher's Woods, across lots, without any earthly reason to give for doing it. They could not travel straight, somehow, even then, for they went around through Deacon Chittenden's pasture lot. There was a level stretch in the middle of that pasture, and in the middle of that level there was a hole about five feet across. It had been a round hole once, Put Boswell remarked, but he may have been wrong in adding:

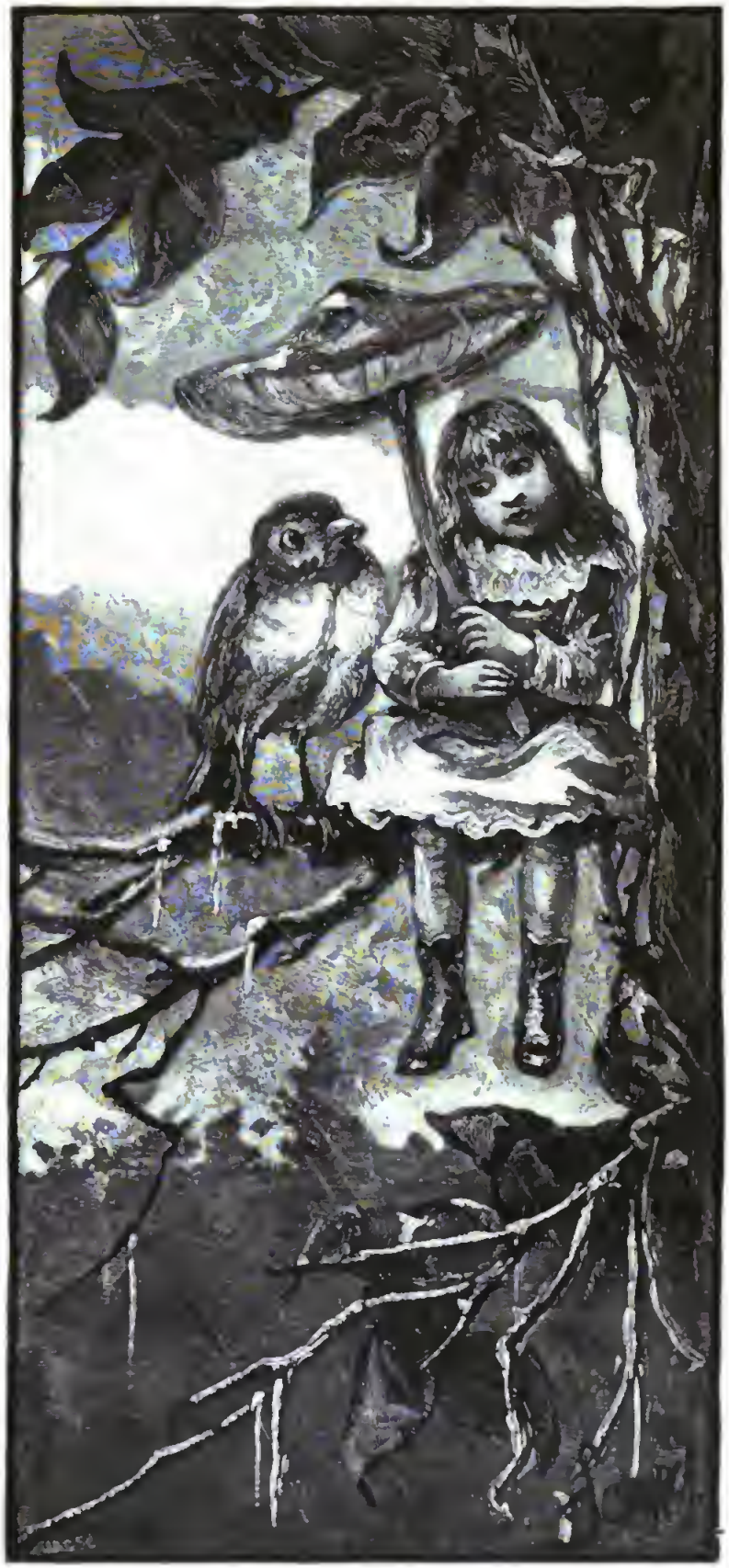
"You see, boys, he had two old wells at the house, and this was the meanest; so he carted it up here, and drove it into the middle of his cow lot."

"Didn't drive it in very deep," said Charley Farrington. "Not more'n ten feet. If I should tumble in there, I could climb out again up that broken side."

"Water's pretty deep."

"Guess not. The Deacon isn't the kind of man to throw away anything. That's why he saved up his old well."

Put Boswell must have had his reasons for disliking Deacon Chittenden, from the way he talked



A RAINY DAY.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Digitized by Google

about him; but the whole party was too full of that end of their vacation, and of talk about all they had done since they got hold of it by its July end, and they began to walk on. They walked as far as Beecher's fence, but they were unwise to trust themselves on the rotten top rail all at one time, for Abe Larrabee was just saying, "If there ain't Beecher's prize ram! look at his horns!" when there was a cracking sound under them, and down they came, in a tangle, with a length of the rickety fence criss-crossed beneath them.

Worse than that: Abe had pointed straight at the ram, and the insulted animal was coming in a hurry to see why there had been such a gap made in his boundaries.

"Run, boys, run!" shouted Put Boswell. "He's the all-killingest butter in the county!"

They had found something to do, and so had the ram, and he seemed, in a minute more, to have decided that his duties included the care of Deacon Chittenden's cow lot.

It was odd, but every one of those five boys had the same idea in his head: "If I can only put that well between him and me."

They ran straight for it, and the ram was so close on Charley Farrington's heels when he reached it that there was nothing left for Charley but a long jump. Well for him that he was a good jumper on a run, and he landed three feet beyond the well, while the other four were dodging around it.

Where was the ram?

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

Either he had begun his leap too soon, or he had not made it long enough, for it had carried him with great accuracy to the very middle of the old well, and his piteous voice was now coming up from just above the surface of the water at the bottom.

"Beecher's lost his prize mutton."

"Hear him! Oh, but doesn't he feel bad!"

"He isn't drowning, anyhow."

"Not exactly drowning, but it's an awful cold bath."

"Boys," said Put Boswell, "we must get him out. Old Chittenden 'll be sure to find out that we fellows were up here, and they'd lay it all to us."

"They lay pretty much everything to us now," remarked Dan Martin. "But how'll we ever work it? Put, you go down and lift him up, while we get hold of him. You ain't afraid of a sheep, are you?"

"Not where there's any chance to run, if he wanted to bite me. You go down. The water's real nice and cool."

Not one of them wanted to go down, and the council they held around the mouth of that well used up a good deal of what was left of that morning.

"Tell you what," said Jim Chandler at last, "I'm getting hungry. Let's go for dinner, and not say a word to anybody about it, and come back with a rope. We can rope him out."

There was a unanimous vote in favor of that, for Jim was not the only member of the council who had been thinking about his dinner. There was not an ounce of listlessness among them all the way back to the village, and there was plenty of rope at the side of the old well early in the afternoon.

"Is he there yet?" said Charley, eagerly, as he came up.

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!" arose in response from the dismal depths, where the ram was awaiting his deliverance.

"Ain't his feet wet by this time? Let's get some fence rails," said Put. "Good ones, too."

"Or we may join the ram," remarked Dan Martin. "That's it, Put, make a slip-noose."

"I'm going for his horns, soon as the rails get here."

That was quickly enough, and there was no special difficulty in dropping a wide noose over the horns of that ram, and in drawing it tight.

"We've got him now, unless his horns come off," shouted Abe Larrabee. "He's safe."

In the bottom of a well, and fastened by his horns to five boys and a fence rail, there was not a particle of danger that Beecher's prize ram would get away. The problem yet to be solved was at least as deep as the old well, nevertheless, and there was no telling how soon Mr. Beecher or Deacon Chittenden might put in an appearance.

"It's got to be done," said Put. "We can't leave an unfortunate fellow-creature in such a fix as that. Let's haul on the rope over the rail, and see how far we can draw him."

There were a good many experiments tried, hand running, and every boy had had his turn, sitting on the fence rails in the middle, and studying the ram after he had been let down again. It was beginning to look a little dark for him, when something put it into the head of Charley Farrington to grasp the rope tight at the rail where it was hitched, and swing down a little, with his feet on the projecting stones of the rude siding.

It was too bad for Dan Martin and Jim Chandler to get up from the rails to come and see what he was doing, for the one with the rope wound around it began to turn, with Charley's weight to turn it, and in five seconds more he was standing at the bottom of the well, by the side of what Put had called his "unfortunate fellow-creature."

"Boys! boys! pull me up."

"You're the man for me," responded Put Boswell, for it was plain no harm had been done. "That's just the thing. Now we'll haul on the ram, at the broken side, and we'll get him up. There's just slant enough, if you'll boost him behind and get him started. Is the water very warm?"

"Hurry up, then. It's cold as ice. I'll shove him."

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

"Don't those two feel bad?" unfeelingly remarked Abe Larrabee. "Let's hurry, boys. Charley's all right. He's a brick, too."

So he was, and when the moment of trial came he lifted and helped with a will. All the ram really needed was to be helped to put his fore-feet on the tumbling stones, and then to be hauled and shoved until his hind-feet were compelled to follow.

Ten minutes more, and then, with a big pull and a great shout, out came the unlucky sheep. It had been an unsettled question in the minds of the boys, until that instant, whether his horns, or his neck, or the rope might not give way, and as for themselves, a redder-faced lot had not been seen in the whole valley since school closed.

"Now, boys," shouted Charley, "the rope. Hitch it strong."

Charley's weakness was for climbing, and he would have scorned the idea of not being able to master so simple a situation as that.

"Here comes the other sheep," shouted Put. "Charley, are your feet wet? Look at your friend."

He was worth looking at, for he was himself looking at the well mouth as if he was studying, under his much-pulled horns, how on earth he ever got out of that thing.

"Ba-a-a-a-a! ba-a!"

"I'll take the rope off, and then we'll cut."

Abe was saying that in the very act of loosening the rope with his jackknife; but he should not have stood right in front of the ram to do it, for the very second the prize brute felt himself free, Abe felt something bump against him just above his waist. It was not very vigorous butting, and was only done from force of habit, but Abe went down.

"Run, boys, run! He'll go for you next."

"Deserves to have been left in the well," exclaimed Jim Chandler, "the ungrateful beast!"

There was no need of any running, however, for the

Digitized by Google

ram had no heart, perhaps no very serviceable legs, to follow them. Abe Larrabee was the only fellow who really hurried much.

It was just as they all got to the other side of the old bridge on the road to the village that Put Boswell suddenly broke out with:

"Look a-here, boys, wasn't we a-wondering this morning what we'd do with this here last day of vacation?"

"That was just the trouble," said Charley Farrington, "and we've put it in a-helping an old sheep out of Chittenden's well."

"Don't care for that," stoutly responded Put. "Didn't I say last night I'd find something to do? I say it's the best day we've had. We know just what to do with an old well now. It's been real interesting."

"Yes," drawled Abe Larrabee, "so it has. Interesting to the old ram too. Worst of it is, we daren't tell anybody."

That was too bad, but they could all go back to school more cheerfully for it the next day.

THE UNGRATEFUL WOOD-CUTTER.

ONCE on a time there lived in a village a wood-cutter so poor, that he had only his hatchet with which to gain bread for his wife and children.

"What am I to do?" said he, one day. "I am worn out with fatigue, my wife and children have nothing to eat, and I have no longer strength to hold my hatchet to earn even bitter black bread for my family. Ah! it is very bad luck for the poor when they are brought into this world."

While he was lamenting in this way, a voice called to him in a compassionate tone, "What are you complaining of?"

"Am I not likely to complain, when I have no food?" said he.

"Go home," said the voice, "dig up the earth in the corner of your garden, and you will find under a dead branch a treasure."

When the wood-cutter heard this he threw himself on his knees, and cried out, "Master, how do you call yourself? who are you with so kind a heart?"

"My name is Merlin," said the voice.

"Ah, master, God will bless you if you will come to my aid, and save a poor family from destitution."

"Go quickly," said the voice, "and in a year's time come back here, and give me an account of what you have done with the money you will find in the corner of the garden."

"Master, I will come in a year's time, or every day if you command me."

So he went home, dug the earth in the corner pointed out to him, and there found the promised treasure.

At the end of the year he went, according to agreement, to the forest. The voice cried,

"So you have come?"

"Yes, master."

"And how have you fared?"

"Well, master: my family have good food and clothing, and we have reason to thank you every day."

"You are well off, then, now: but tell me is there anything else you long for?"

"Ah, yes, master, I should like to be made Mayor."

"All right; in forty days you shall be named Mayor."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, my dear protector."

The second year the rich wood-cutter came to the forest in fine new clothes, and wearing tied round his waist the scarf of Mayor.

"Mr. Merlin," called he, "come and speak to me."

"Here I am," said the voice. "What do you wish?"

"Our Bishop died yesterday, and my son, with your aid, would like to replace him. A fresh favor, then, I ask of your kindness."

"In forty days it shall be done," said Merlin.

Accordingly, in forty days the son became a Bishop, and yet they were not contented.

At the end of the third year the wood-cutter sought his protector, and in a low voice called,

"Merlin, will you do me another favor?"

"What is it?" said the voice.

"My daughter wishes to be the wife of a Director."

"So let it be," replied Merlin. "In forty days the marriage shall take place."

And so it all came to pass.

Then the wood-cutter spoke in this wise to his wife,

"Why should I go again into the forest to speak to a creature whom I have never seen? I am wealthy enough now, I have plenty of friends, and my name is respected."

"Go once more," said she. "You ought to wish him good-day, and thank him for all his benefits."

So the wood-cutter mounted his horse, and, followed by two servants, entered the wood, and began to shout, "Merlot! Merlot! I have no more need of you, for I am sufficiently rich now."

Merlin replied: "It seems that you have forgotten the time when you had not enough to eat, possessed only your hatchet, and could scarcely earn sixpence a day. The first service I rendered you, you went on your knees, and called me 'Master'; after the second, a little less polite, you said 'Mister'; after the third, only plain 'Merlin'; and now you have the impudence to address me as 'Merlot.' You think that you have made your account well, and have no longer need of me. We'll see to that. You have always been heartless and stupid; continue to be stupid, and remain poor as you were when I took you up."

The rich man laughed, shrugged his shoulders, and did not believe a word that had been said to him.

He went back to his home. Soon his son, the Bishop, died. His daughter, the Director's wife, also had a bad illness, and she died too. To crown his misfortunes, a war broke out, and the soldiers of each army entered his cellars, consumed his wine and his granaries of corn, and burned his maize in the field. His house also they set fire to, so he remained penniless and uncared for.

LITTLE JACK'S DREAM.

LITTLE Jack Jones considered himself the happiest boy in Jonesborough when his father gave him a gun. The fact that it was a weapon with which to shoot peas, and had a spring that did away with the necessity for powder, did not make it any less dangerous in Jack's eyes, and he felt very warlike with it in his hands.

He was positive he could kill birds, and even animals for that matter, provided his aim was true, and the peas could be sent with sufficient force. That the woods in the rear of his house were alive with all kinds of animals he had no doubt, even though he had never seen any, and his father had said rabbits were the largest game to be found there. He felt certain his father was mistaken, for what were woods made for if not to shelter every species of the brute creation?

For a long time Jack had been anxious to go out for a day, and shoot about as many animals as would be necessary to start a large menagerie; but until this gun was given him he could not satisfy his desires. Now, however, all was changed, and he began the most warlike preparations.

He found an old powder-horn which would serve to hold his stock of peas, and make him look like a hunter, and the obliging tinman cut him out one of the most ferocious-looking tin knives that can well be imagined.

That night his gun, carefully loaded, stood by the head of his bed, while his knife and powder-horn of peas were

Digitized by Google

tucked snugly away under the pillow, where he could reach them at a moment's notice.

It was a long time before he fell asleep that night, and as the last idea in his mind when the sand-man closed his eyes was of his hunting expedition, when he thought he awakened he was not surprised at finding himself already in the woods.

His gun was in his hands, his terrible knife in his belt, and his pea-horn slung over his shoulder in the proper manner. He laughed to himself at the thought that he was in the woods without remembering anything about the disagreeable morning task of combing his hair or going for the milk; but he took good care to peep cautiously behind every bush or rock lest an elephant should pop out and trample on him before he had time to kill him.

With his gun ready for instant use, he walked on, but saw nothing, not even a bird, that was anxious to be killed, until he heard a gruff voice just behind him shout,

"Here, young fellow, what are you trying to do?"

Jack turned very quickly, for he had not supposed any one was near, and his surprise was great at seeing an enormous gorilla, armed with a large club, and wearing two feathers on his head, and an apron of leaves, coming directly toward him.

"I wasn't tryin' to do nothin'," said Jack, in greatest alarm, and doing his best to keep his knees from shaking. "I was only walkin' round."

"That's a story," said the old fellow, sternly, as he called up five chimpanzees, all of whom wore aprons and carried clubs, and ordered them to lead Jack away to the court-house.

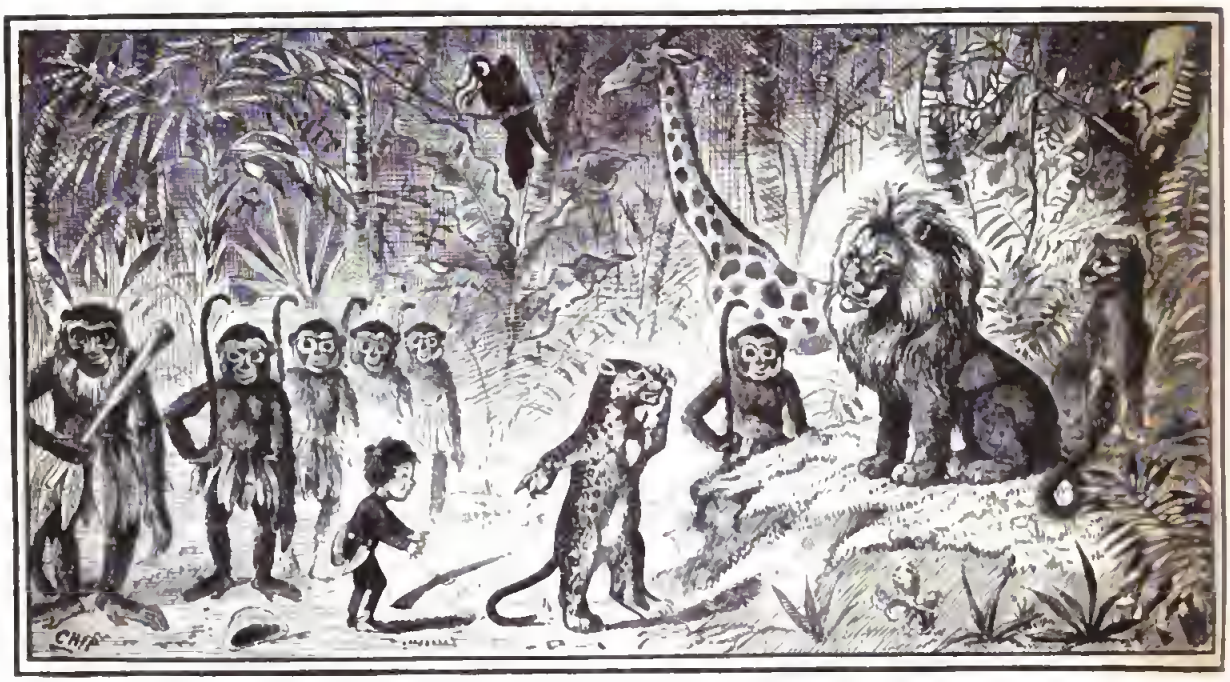
Frightened as Jack was, he thought how strange it was that animals should have a court-house, and then as he looked at his captors more closely, he fancied they acted something after the manner of policemen.

How frightened he was then, and how he wished he had never seen a pea-gun or a tin knife!

The policemen did not speak to him, but marched him along, the gorilla leading the way in the most dignified manner possible.

The distance was very long and Jack was tired; but he would willingly have walked during the entire day if by such means he could escape going to that court, where he felt certain some terrible punishment awaited him. There was no such good fortune for him, however, for when they reached what it seemed must be the very centre of the woods, they entered a cleared space, which marked the end of the journey.

Jack knew he stood in the animals' court-room, for there, on a high bank on which moss had been spread for a carpet, sat a very ferocious-looking and very old lion, wearing an enormous pair of eyeglasses, while just behind him his wife looked over his shoulder curiously at the prisoner. Just below the lion a tiger sat on his haunches as if he was the clerk of the court; at one side stood a giraffe as crier, and on a swinging vine overhead perched an old crow, who, as the shade over his eyes plainly told, was the court reporter.



BEFORE JUDGE LION.—Drawn by F. Bellew, Jun.

It was a terrible moment for poor Jack as he stood there before the savage-looking judge, and he resolved from that instant that there was not half so much fun in the so-called sport of hunting as some people seemed to think.

"What's your name?" asked the tiger, with a growl, and Jack's teeth chattered so that he could hardly answer.

"Jack Jones."

"What is the charge against the prisoner, Captain Gorilla?" asked the judge, as he stroked his whiskers and adjusted his eyeglasses.

"Carrying dangerous weapons," answered the old fellow, as he pointed to the pea-shooter, and then he motioned one of the chimpanzees to tell the story, he standing ready to corroborate what his lieutenant should say in case Jack attempted to deny his guilt.

The chimpanzee told the judge that he had been out with Captain Gorilla and his four comrades since six o'clock that morning, looking for some suspicious-acting animals who had been reported as being in that ward; they had discovered the prisoner, who was armed as his honor could see; he was, at the time of his arrest, looking around him in a singularly cautious manner, and was, to the best of his (the officer's) belief, a dangerous person to be at liberty.

The old crow looked down at Jack as if he was about to

Digitized by Google

A COUNTRY DAISY.

write a description of him for the next number of the *Forest Herald*, and the judge wiped his eyeglasses with his tail, as he asked, "Is his gun loaded?"

Captain Gorilla stepped forward, and was about to examine the weapon, when the giraffe put his hoofs in his ears, and insisted that if it was absolutely necessary to go into such slight details, the captain should go at least a mile from the court, since he was very nervous, and afraid of a noise.

The judge thought that perhaps it made no difference whether the charge was actually in the gun or not, since the prisoner had the ammunition in his possession, and then paused as if to consider what the sentence should be.

Jack, who was more frightened than ever before, had had no chance to speak since his trial began, but now he commenced to cry and plead his cause at the same time.

"Dear, kind, good Mr. Lion, if you'll only let me go home, I'll bend the knife all up, an' I won't ever shoot a single pea, except at the side of our barn, where they can't hurt anybody. *Do* let me go, 'cause I'm afraid I didn't get the milk for mother before I came here."

"If you neglected to do the errands for your mother, your punishment must be all the more severe," said the judge, and his wife nodded her head as if to say she thought that decision exactly correct.

"I'll never come out here again, an' I'll always do everything mother wants me to," pleaded Jack, but all in vain.

The judge considered the case in silence for some moments; the clerk licked his chops hungrily, as if he expected to be called upon to eat the prisoner; the captain of police brandished his club savagely; the crow made preparations for writing down the prisoner's last words; and Jack's hair would have stood straight up, because of his fright, if he had combed the snarls out so it could.

"Tie him up to the tallest tree by the hair, so he may act as scarecrow to other boys who come out pea-shooting in the morning before they have done the chores," said the judge, with a roar, and no sooner had he spoken than the gorilla and the chimpanzees caught Jack up, climbing the tree with him in their arms without the slightest difficulty.

It hurt terribly to hang there by the hair, but the pain was still greater when the branch broke, and he fell to the —floor, now thoroughly awakened, because he had tumbled out of bed.

It was some moments before he could understand that it was all a dream; but it had frightened him so that he bent the tin knife double and threw it out of the window before he crawled back to bed.

The next morning his mother was pleasantly surprised by seeing him do his work without being reminded of it, and that forenoon, when some of the boys asked him why he was not in the woods shooting lions, he simply told them that it was because he was obliged to take care of the baby.

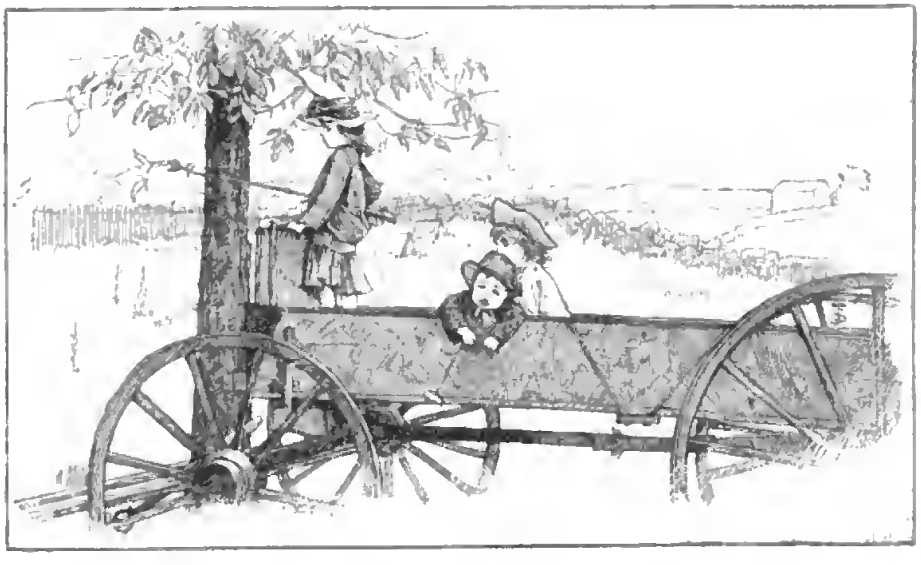
THE LAST FROLIC.

THREE little children at grandpa's—Archie, Kitty, and May—
After a summer of sunshine have the last frolic to-day.
High in the old farm wagon—never was carriage so grand—
Three little children are ready for a drive to fairy-land.

The ponies are off in the pasture, the black horse stands in the stall,
But make-believe steeds are harnessed and there at the children's call;
They'll race over hill and valley, they'll dash through village and town,
And surely they'll find the fairies before the sun goes down.

Three little children at grandpa's have tossed the fragrant hay,
Followed the cows to the meadow, and weeded the garden for play,
Hunted for Tops and Speckle in every cranny and nook,
Carried the eggs home gayly, and fished with pins in the brook.

They are going home to-morrow, this frolic will be the last;
So trot away bravely, horses—no danger of going too fast.
Aloft in the old farm wagon, dimpled and freckled and tanned,
Hurrah for the dear little children, driving to fairy-land.



Digitized by Google

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY.

I would like to tell the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE how nice it is to go all through Harper's establishment. Papa took me there the other day, and got a permit to go through it, and we saw so many interesting things that I don't know where to begin to tell about them. We went into the rooms where all the machinery and presses are. I saw them printing *Harper's Monthly Magazine* and a whole lot of things. I think it is very nice to look at the man spattering different-colored paints on the water to make the marbling on the edges of books. I liked to watch the women who were spreading gold-leaf on the covers of books. After this is done they are placed in a press, and the letters and pictures are stamped on the cover, and the gold-leaf that is not needed is brushed off. We visited the room of the Editor of YOUNG PEOPLE, and had a very pleasant time there. He showed us an Easter-egg which one of the young people had sent him. A great many people think that the letters in Our Post-office Box are not genuine, but I know they are, for the Editor showed me a pile of them which he had just received. He said he expected to get as many as that twice a day, and that they came from all parts of the United States, and even from Canada and Europe. If they printed all the letters which come from the children, they would have no room for anything else in the paper. I think HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is delightful, and I mean to take it until I am a woman. I am eight years old now. EMMA S.

Emma's papa assures us that this letter, in spelling, composition, and writing is entirely Emma's own work, without any assistance. It is a very well-written letter in every sense for a little girl of eight.

MOLINE, ILLINOIS.

I think that a short account of the Artesian well which is being bored here will interest the members of the Young People's Natural History Society. The well is being bored near the Moline Paper-Mill for the purpose of procuring pure water to be used in the manufacture of paper. It is not bored with an auger like an ordinary well, but is drilled with a drill which works up and down in the well in the same way that a man drills a hole in rock to blast it, only of course this drill is larger, and is worked by a steam-engine and a walking-beam like those on steamboats. The drill is fastened to one end of the walking-beam by long wooden rods. It grinds the rock quite fine, like sand, and some of it is ground to a fine powder. They drill several hours or more, according to the hardness of the rock, and then pull up the drill, and let down a hollow iron tube with a valve in the bottom, into which the pulverized rock, which is mixed with water, runs, and where it is prevented from coming out by the valve. They have at present drilled to the depth of 700 feet, and expect to find water at 800 feet. STILLMAN G.

LYONS FALLS, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old. I picked up potatoes last fall, and earned the money with which I bought YOUNG PEOPLE. Papa gave me one cent a bushel. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box, and also "Tim and Tip." I think YOUNG PEOPLE is good, and we read "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" there. I have a Newfoundland dog, whose name is Chuck. His color is old gold. We bought him to help us churn, but our milk now goes to the factory. I get up early in the morning and help milk. There is a little creek back of our house, and I skate there in the winter when it is frozen over. I have lots of fun. I fall down sometimes, but it don't hurt me much. CLINTON H. J.

CLARKE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Since school closed I've had a splendid time in the country, fishing in the Shenandoah, and doing other charming things. I am now going home with papa, and shall take my baby brother a great red apple. I mean to study very hard, and do everything I can to please papa, for his kindness in having sent me to the country. W. H. T.

I don't care about letting you all know where I live; but here I am, shut up in this great Noah's ark of a parlor, alone, just because the teacher came here last night and told Aunt Quillet that I had refused to write my composition. So aunt sent me here, where I could be quiet, and think without being disturbed. What is there to think about, I wonder? There's only a crack between the shutters to let in light, and the furniture is done up in linen bags, and the pieces peek and stare at me as if every chair were a mummy. Why can't folks buy things that don't need bagging, or else use the pretty things while they're pretty, and bag them after they've grown shabby? They make me think of that ship which like Walton dived into, where the men were all sitting round just as they had been doing when it went down. I hate parlors anyway. I hate things with Ulsters on.

Auntie opened the door just now, and inquired how I was succeeding. I told her I was writing to YOUNG PEOPLE. She said that letter-writing was a very fine variety of composition. I did not know that before, and have always thought it easy enough to write letters. If the teacher were of the same opinion, I would not be marked deficient so often in this study.

Aunt Quillet is spending a month here. Mother has gone to grandpa's. Aunt I very stylish, and spends most of her time in making edging. The time she spends in knitting she might employ better, I think. The other day I asked her about Moses—I was studying my Sunday-school lesson at the moment. She said, "Oh yes, Daniel, I'll help you. Slip one, knit two, pass, slip over, thread toward. I haven't had time—narrow three times—to read much lately—knit back plain. Things were very—make tagging, thread forward, knit three—different then." So I had to depend on myself, for aunt could not stop her lace-work to pay attention to me. DAN J.

MCGREGOR, INDIAN TERRITORY.

I have a little jet-black pony with a frizzly mane. Its name is Princess Ethelfrida—rather long, perhaps, but romantic and beautiful. My home is five miles back of Brushy Mountain. I enjoy reading Our Post-office Box. ANNIE K.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

The other day a lady came in to see me, and our talk happened to be about apples. She had been in her garden, and picked up a few apples to take in to her children. One which she gave to her little girl had a large worm-hole in it. The little girl bit quite near the hole, and out fell the worm; but there still remained in the cavity something which appeared to be a thread. On examination it proved to be eight inches long, and when put under the magnifying glass it was found to have several legs and feet, little black eyes, and a tongue that hung out of its mouth. The lady dropped it into a tumbler of water, and it rolled itself up like a little ball of thread, then unrolled again, and stuck its head out of the water. It still lives in the tumbler. People should be very careful about eating apples in the dark.

I have been spending my vacation here, and have had many delightful adventures. I have a few stones, some pressed flowers, and curiosities, to exchange for ores. My city address is 771 Park Avenue, New York city. FLORENCE H. BRADY.

GREENVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

I have seen so many letters in the Post-office Box about pets that were named Toby Tyler that I thought I would write you about mine. We had two beautiful kittens. I named mine Toby, because he was always hungry. My brother named his Ella, he thought it was so pretty and cunning. They both died last Sunday. Mamma thinks they must have eaten something poisonous. They used to catch and eat bugs when they ran in the grass. Toby and Ella were loved more than any other pets we ever had. We had a kitten named Mr. Stubbs. I gave him to a little girl, and he is living yet. I like *all* of YOUNG PEOPLE the *best*, and can make no choice. DOT H.

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have had a dear little sister, who has always read me the paper every week, and we were so happy, and enjoyed it so much together, but in June Jesus took her to heaven, and I am very lonely without her, for we loved each other very dearly. She was thirteen years old. Papa and mamma read to me now, but I am going to work hard when school commences, so that I may soon read to myself.

I dreamed last night that sister Ida came back. I went out to the gate to meet her, and talked with her, and the talk was pleasant. I asked her if she was not hungry, and wanted her to come into the house and get something to eat, but she said she was never hungry now; and then she was gone again away from me, and I woke up.

I have five pets this summer—a mocking-bird, a canary, a hunting (or Mexican canary), a parrot, and a white rabbit. The parrot talks a great deal—calls "Papa," "Albert," "Kitty," says "Good-by," whistles, and does a good many other things. The rabbit gets into her cage, and helps eat up her dinner, and Polly does not care a bit, for they are very good friends.

Mamma has done the writing for me, for it is such hard work for me, and takes so long. I like the new story of "Tim and Tip" very much. ALBERT W. B.

ITALY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI.

My uncle is editor of *The South*, and takes your paper, which we all enjoy reading. I saw C. H. Williamson's idea of a Natural History Society, and liked it so much that I made up a club. When we had our first meeting, July 27, 1881, Mary Burton was elected President, and I was elected Secretary. We took the katydid for our first subject, and were much interested in the little creature. One of our members asked if the katydid is found in all parts of the world, and none of us could tell. Can Mr. Williamson give us any information? There are only five members in our society, but we very much enjoy our meeting once in every two weeks.

I read all the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE, and like "Toby Tyler" best of all, and next Jimmy Brown's stories. I wish he would write oftener. Our whole household was interested in "Toby Tyler." I have a little sister who has been playing on the piano ever since she was three years old. One lady called her a second Mozart. I love to live in Holly Springs, though it is a small place. It is called the "City of Flowers," but the weather has been so warm and dry there are not many flowers this summer. Not to make my letter too long, I will close. MAMIE CLARK.

President Williamson will please notice the inquiry addressed to him, and reply in our Post-office Box.

OTTERBEIN, INDIANA.

Last winter we wanted so badly to take YOUNG PEOPLE that we wrote a letter to Santa Claus about it. We sent it on Tuesday, and on Saturday the paper came. We are much interested in "Tim and Tip." I think Mr. Otis is just as good as he can be. We have five birds; their names are Tom, Fluffy, Nubby, Daisy, and Beauty, and our dog, who is a little mischief, is called Tricks. RAY and RENA D.

AYLMER, QUEBEC.

I am a little boy ten years old, and have a little sister and brother. My brother can just talk, and my sister is eight years old. We live in Aylmer for the summer. We have a lake, on which boats go back and forth. Their names are the *Chaudiere*, the *Monitor*, the *Custer*, the *Jessie Cassels*, the *Aylmer*, the *Lottie*, and the *Ida*. And we have a catamaran. I have been across the lake once in the latter. I have been to several picnics and two entertainments this summer. We have a dog whose name is Puzzle. DON W.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

I have just returned from my summer vacation, which I spent at Auburn, New York. While I was there I went to Owasco Lake, and saw a new style of row-boat which Mr. Stout was trying on the water. There is an iron wheel in the centre of the boat, with double handles on each side. Two men can manage it easily, and one of them while working can steer by putting his feet in chains attached to the boat. In this way the boat goes twice as quickly as it does when rowed by oars. The men carry a paddle with them, so that if the wheel should break they could paddle to shore. I think the stories of "The Moral Pirates," "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" "Susie Kingman's Decision," and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" are very nice, and I like "Tim and Tip" and "Penelope" so far. I am collecting picture cards, and have over four hundred. If any little girl or boy who is collecting them would like to exchange with me, please address H. MAYO SIMSON, 188 Maryland St.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

My little kitten is dead. I have a pony, and every evening my sister and I go riding together. One day lately we saw a gray bird pose itself on the branch of a tree. It uttered a cluck just like a person. Our horses were startled, and began to run. Sister thought I made the queer sound, and I thought she had made it. DIMPLE K.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

My little brother has four pet rabbits and two pet chickens. I go to school, and am in the grammar department. There were two robins that built their nest in an apple-tree at the side of our house this summer, and they had four young ones. My cousin and I are making a collection of advertisement cards. ALBERTA D. G.

I am Alberta's cousin, and she kindly lets me read her paper. My papa is an army officer in Texas, and I have just come from there to visit Alberta. I brought with me a black quail which a Mexican had trapped, but soon after arriving here it was lost. I have three sisters and one brother, whom papa calls Prince Ronald. MAGGIE Y.

ROCKY COMFORT, ARKANSAS.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have never gone to school, but mamma teaches me at home. I study geography, writing, and music on the piano. I have a black-and-tan terrier named Toto. How he does love to catch mice and rats! He'll stand up on his hind-legs and beg me to open the store-room door when he hears a rat inside. I've taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since I was seven. On my last birthday papa gave me a pony and a bridle, and mamma gave me a saddle. I have no brother, and only one sister, who is married, and has a home of her own, and the cutest little baby boy. I lived with them over two months while mamma was at Hot Springs. She is at home now, and quite well. KATE KNOX H.

JONESVILLE, MICHIGAN.

I am sometimes very lonely, and would not know what to do without my dear paper. I have neither brother nor sister. My pet is a little kitten named Tinker. My papa is a doctor, and I like to go with him around the country. I was eight years old in May. I have lots of flowers, and pick a bouquet nearly every day. I go to school, and have a number of studies. GRACIE E. S.

RACINE, WISCONSIN.

I have a pet dog named Fido. He stands up in a corner on his hind-legs and shakes hands. My au-

Digitized by Google

ter and I also have two pet squirrels, who play many tricks. Their names are Bunnie and Jack. This is the first letter that I ever wrote to YOUNG PEOPLE. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I am nine years old. My brother, sister, and myself take YOUNG PEOPLE together. S. BELLE C.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Foreign stamps, for minerals.
L. WEBSTER,
East Walnut Lane and Hancock St.,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.

Japanese and Chinese coins or postmarks, for other coins. MIRIAM HILL,
Lock Box 79, Middletown, Conn.

A good spy-glass and four packages of colored inks, for a printing-press with type.
W. C. ROSENBERGER, Tiffin, Seneca Co., Ohio.

Foreign stamps, three for three.
BANKS H. BOUTON,
New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

I am making a collection of woods, and would like to get pieces of such as do not grow in this part of the country. Other woods or curious stones given in exchange, and postage repaid. Send pieces large enough to make, when planed, blocks one and a half inches in length and three-quarters of an inch square. ALDA M. MICHAEL,
Congress, Wayne Co., Ohio.

Two perfect locusts, for two foreign stamps, a small piece of petrified wood, or a rare butterfly.
A. F. WOOD, care of Box 287, Jacksonville, Fla.

Rare foreign stamps, stones, shells, mosses, and curiosities, for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 26 of YOUNG PEOPLE, in good condition. BESSIE H. LITTLE,
Care of A. Pidgin, Lewiston, Me.

Toad-stone, found in only one locality in America, for Indian curiosities.
GEORGIANA R. and HATTIE D. PERKINS,
Newburyport, Mass.

Indian arrow or tobacco pouch, for fifty foreign stamps (no duplicates). WILLIAM E. DEVIS,
1312 East Franklin St., Evansville, Ind.

Stamps, minerals, ores, and coins, for orange, olive, pomegranate, red cedar, and eucalyptus woods, ores, and curiosities. A. M. C.,
447 West Twenty-second St., New York City.

Foreign stamps, for picture cards. A good book, for a chick of good breed. JESSE D. BEANS,
1123 Christian St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Boxes containing 200 small assorted West Indian shells, bright colors, specimens of coral, two sea-beans, five eye-stones, and twenty black-eyed Susans for exchange. CLARENCE PAYNE,
162 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ten postmarks, for five advertising cards for a collection; or a specimen of iron ore, for ten cards.
NELLIE C. S.,
Box 5, Duoulings, Lackawanna Co., Penn.

Rock from Long Island, for wood from any other than New York State. H. BACHMAN,
193 Scholes St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Five Indian arrow-heads, for eighty foreign stamps. EDDIE MENTZ, Woodsonville, Ky.

Forty foreign stamps and twenty postmarks, for a half-cent of 1831, '36, '40, '42, '43, '47, '48, '49, and '52, or a 2-cent piece of 1872, or a cent of 1804.
FRED CORNETT, 209 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J.

Stamps, for stones and minerals.
WALTER SNYDER,
Duoulings, Lackawanna Co., Penn.

Foreign stamps, stones, and minerals, a base-ball belt, and curiosities, for copper cents of 1799, 1804, 1805, 1806, or 1810, sand from remote places, and Indian relics. REDWOOD,
147 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Coins, and a collection of unique and valuable curiosities, for Liberty heads bearing date from 1793 to 1817 inclusive. W. A. GRANT,
Lock Box 152, Ingersoll, Ontario, Can.

Two stamps from Bavaria, Hungary, France, or German Empire, for one from Turkey or Africa.
E. D. KELLOGG, care M. C. Kellogg,
Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., N. Y.

Fossils, for pink or mushroom coral, asbestos, gold or silver ore, star-fish, and other curiosities.
T. P. MORGAN, Garnett, Kansas.

A collection of shells, forty-five foreign stamps, and a stone from the Atlantic coast, for an Indian bow and arrow or a printing-press and type.
W. SHEPPARD, 180 Macomb St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A five-foot bow or a seven-inch foot-ball, for a collection of 400 or 500 stamps (no duplicates).
PAUL Q. FOSS, 97 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Seven postmarks, for one foreign stamp.
HARLEY STEVENSON, Hartwell, Ohio.

Five postmarks, for two foreign stamps. English stamps not desired. N. G. HILLS, Hartwell, Ohio.

Minerals and botanical specimens for exchange.
STEPHEN H. BARWS,
Gilbert's Lane, St. John, N. B.

A boy's book entitled *Stories of Courage and Perseverance*, by William H. G. Kingston, 323 pages, bound in cloth, and in good condition, for a postage-stamp album moderately filled.
ALBERT SHULTZ, Box 175, Staunton, Va.

A 10-cent War Department stamp, for a German, French, Swedish, Chinese, or Spanish.
ROSCOE N. DOYAL, Frankfort, Clinton Co., Ind.

Stuffed birds, Indian relics, fossils, and minerals, for other curiosities. C. L. RAYMOND,
Garrettsville, Portage Co., Ohio.

Ores and minerals, for Indian curiosities.
J. W. LIVINGSTON, Dodgeville, Wis.

Newspapers from Alabama, for the same from any other State. Cotton from the field, for curiosities.
EDDIE MALONE, Troy, Ala.

Pressed leaves and ferns, soil and stone, postmarks, and crystallized grasses, for Indian relics, sea-mosses, Florida sea-beans, and other curiosities.
Box 1001, Canton, Ohio.

Peruvian stamps of different varieties, and other rare foreign stamps, for foreign and U. S. Executive and Agricultural Department stamps.
EARL F. PEABODY, 28 Hodge St., Fall River, Mass.

A magic lantern which cost $5 50, and is in good condition, with three chromotypes and twenty-six views, for Will Carleton's *Farm Festivals*, and *The Tramp Abroad*, by Mark Twain. The books must be in good condition.
WALTER J. WELLS, Oswayo, Potter Co., Penn.

Rocks, soil, sand, postmarks, leaves, and newspapers from Missouri, for papers, stamps, or minerals.
JAMES LEWIS, Nevada, Vernon Co., Mo.

Rare U. S. stamps from 1851 to 1869, a petrified horn from the Rocky Mountains, petrified moss, and pine, and other curiosities, for coins, spear-heads, stone axes, and other Indian relics.
WILLIAM MCELMORE, 22 Brill St., Newark, N. J.

A stamp from Russia, for a stamp from Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, Persia, Iceland, Norway, Turkey, or Bermuda.
GEORGE S. NICHOLAS, JUN., Babylon, L. I.

Ocean curiosities, quartz, mica schist, and pretty stones, for quartz crystals, iron pyrites, bark from California redwood-tree, and other curiosities.
L. J., Box 529, South Berwick, Me.

English, French, German, and Russian stamps, for foreign coins. J. BURBRIDGE BUTLER,
Care of Rev. T. D. Butler,
112 Spruce St., Akron, Ohio.

Twenty postmarks, for an Indian arrow-head; and five postmarks, for a stamp from Peru or Brazil, or a Spanish stamp. ALBERT RABESHINE,
740 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.

A three-wheeled iron-mounted velocipede in good condition, for a complete steam-engine.
LOUIS FLITZ,
2 West Thirteenth St., New York City.

Five and ten cent Mexican and five-cent Cuban, for other rare stamps. AL. EASTON,
233 South Second St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Postmarks and curiosities, for sea-shells or star-fish. E. C. WHEELER,
Grant's Pass, Jackson Co., Oregon.

Stamps and lava, for stamps and curiosities, especially arrow-heads. ALEX. ROBERTSON,
Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Soil or minerals from this, for curiosities or stamps from any other State. WILLIE B. HEATH,
Hastings, Dakota Co., Minn.

The *Swiss Family Robinson*, in paper form, *Our Year*, bound in black cloth, and with gilt edges, and by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, a base-ball, and an Indian canoe 14 inches long, for a good printing-press. A. W.,
Box 15, Theresa, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Ocean curiosities, coins, fossils, and foreign stamps, for Indian relics. WILLIAM A. WHITE,
Sag Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

Lava, fossils, petrifactions, and shells, for amethyst, red and mushroom corals, and minerals.
LULU CRAFT, Bergen Point, N. J.

U. S. stamps of many denominations, for rare foreign stamps; three-cornered Cape of Good Hope and South American stamps desired.
ANNA G. HESSE,
236 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fossil shells, crystallized gypsum, talc, and other minerals, for minerals and sea-shells.
JAMES D. KEYES,
926 Ninth St., Des Moines, Iowa.

A stamp from Venezuela, South America, for one from Japan, Cape of Good Hope, or Russia.
W. M. VAN DER WEYDE,
236 Duffield St., near Fulton, Brooklyn, L. I.

Department stamps, for coins, butterflies, cocoons, moths, and chrysalides.
WILLIAM B. KEARFOTT,
Tenth and Market Sts., Wilmington, Del.

Pieces of the "Old Elm" of Boston, for curiosities. Stamps not desired.
MIRIAM AUPLEY, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

E. H. Stallcup, Julia F. Squires, and Florence Pope withdraw from our exchange list.

Fred Crossett will please send his exchange again.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Will O. Tree," Eva Jane Ward, "*Castor and Pollux*," Jessie Newton, "A. U. Gusta," "Handy," "North Star," "Prudy," J. C. Tumes, "*Aerolite*," F. Nichols, *Bessie Linn*.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. An article of furniture. 3. Fastened. 4. Relating to the base. 5. Destroying the tenth. 6. Retarded. 7. Tropical fruits. 8. A color. 9. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. To injure. 3. Ghosts. 4. Lacerates. 5. Mortifies. 6. Sets free. 7. Feeling. 8. To perceive. 9. A letter. AMOLITE.

No. 2.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A wild animal. 2. A river of Europe. 3. Having power. 4. A water plant. MONSTRUM.

No. 3.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters, and am a familiar adage:

My 12, 6, 3, 9 is a heavenly body.
My 1, 7, 19, 8, 2 is an animal.
My 21, 5, 4, 14, 11 was a King of the Jews.
My 18, 10, 17 is the reverse of cold.
My 13, 5, 22, 16 is a vessel for water.
My 20, 7, 15, 23, 24 is a young person. J. C. T.

No. 4.

A HIDDEN CITY.

My first is in Berlin, but not in York.
My second is in Paris, but not in Cork.
My third is in Belfast, but not in Cologne.
My fourth is in Lyons, but not in Boulogne.
My fifth is in Naples, but not in Geneva.
My sixth is in Florence, but not in Messina.
My seventh is in Lisbon, but not in Rome.
My whole, without an attempt at mystery,
Was a famous city of ancient history. R. T.

No. 5.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

1. e—e—e— A city of the United States.
2. e—e—e— A gulf which enters China.
3. e—e—e— A large sea in the Old World.
4. e—e—e— A bay in the United States.
5. e—e—e— An island in the Pacific. DANDY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 96.

No. 1. I.
L A W
S A T E D
R E C E D E S

No. 2. Gladstone.

No. 3. S A N A
A D E N
N E V A
A N A M

No. 4. Portolaca.

Digitized by Google

ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE.

SENTENCE-MAKING.

BY J. R. SEVER.

HARRY PENWRIGHT came home from school one day grumbling, and with a frown on his brow.

"Another composition," he said, crossly. "I wish we never had any compositions at all to write. I don't see what good they are, anyway."

Harry grumbled himself out of temper at first; but finding at length that grumbling was not likely to help him do his task, he took the better course of seeking his father's advice on the matter. His father explained to him the necessity of training boys and girls to express their ideas in simple, well-chosen language, and to write with ease and entertainingly on all topics. Then he explained an exercise called "sentence-making" which he used to have at school when a boy, and which he said might help Harry to write compositions more readily, while it would at the same time afford him a pleasant pastime.

Harry was eager to begin the new exercise, and he got the big dictionary from the library table and brought it to his father.

The latter, pleased at his awakened interest, said: "I will select some words at random from the dictionary, and you must try and combine them into sentences. Now if you are ready, we will have our first exercise in sentence-making."

While his father turned over the pages, Harry copied down the following words: Intrusts, Idle, Account, Merits, Follow, Strict, Cultivate, Excel.

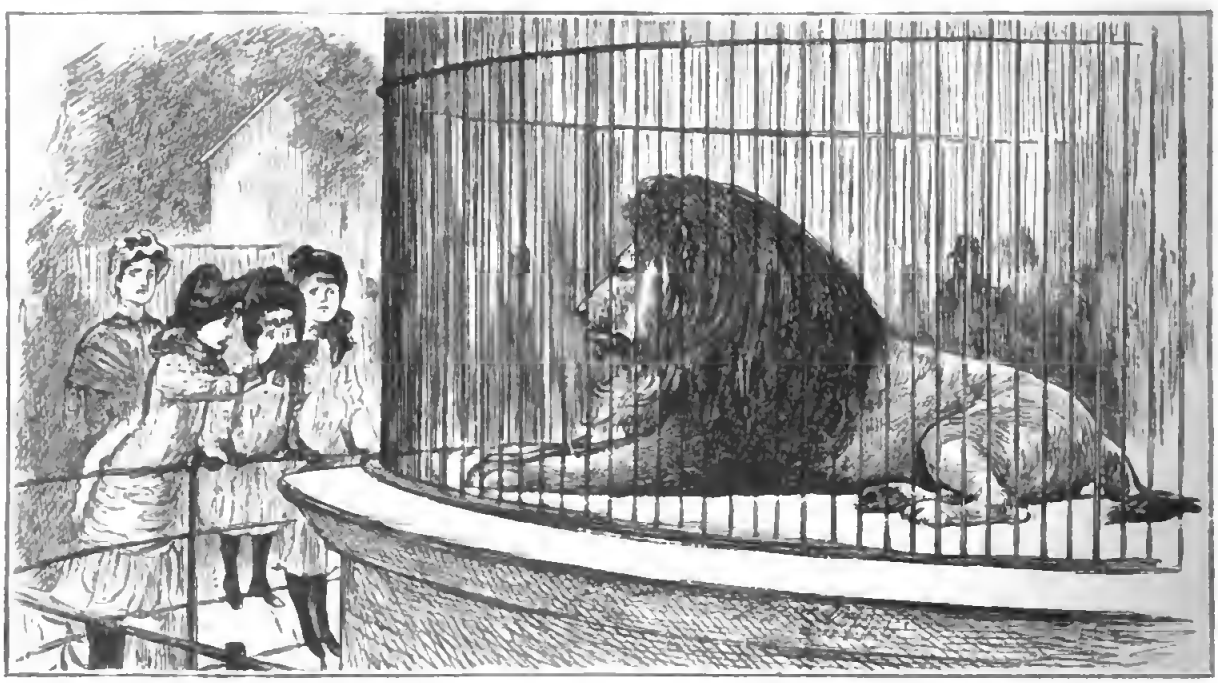
"There," said he, "that will do for the present. When you have written your sentences, come and show them to me."

Harry, after thinking a long while, and scratching out a great deal he had written, finally finished his work to his satisfaction, and copied it out neatly on a clean sheet of nice white paper, as follows: "Boys at school should never *idle* away their time when at work at tasks their teacher *intrusts* to them, and for the proper performance of which they are rightly held to *account*. They should rather *follow* the example of those whose *strict* attention to their studies *merits* praise, and strive to *cultivate* an ambition to *excel* in all their work."

Harry's father said the sentences were very creditable, and commended the sentiment expressed in them. Harry himself soon became very fond of the new work, and sometimes, on rainy evenings, when at a loss for employment, he and his sisters amused themselves for hours together in making sentences from words their father selected.

One night not long ago, however, their father gave them some words which puzzled them greatly to combine into sentences. Here they are: Abdicate, Bequeath, Planned, Design, Encroach, Foresee, Glory, Hero, Impassioned, Jeopardy, King, Laurel.

How many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE can make them up in good sentences? Let them try, and we promise to tell which we consider the best, and to show them the sentences Harry's father made from the words.



TENDER CONSIDERATION.

"Oh, *don't* make faces at him, Effie! it might *frighten* him, you know."

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 100. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. Price Four Cents.
Tuesday, September 27, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

READY FOR THE ATTACK.

[Begun in No. 92 of Harper's Young People, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG

BY JAMES OTIS.

Chapter IX.

THE FAMOUS BEAR-HUNT.

WHEN Tim went home with Bobby he saw Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, and from them received such a kindly greeting that he thought he must be remarkably good in

Digitized by Google

order to repay them for their kindness. He was a happy boy when he went to bed that night, and made more so by seeing Tip stretched out on a rug by the side of the bed whenever he took the trouble to look that way.

On the first morning after Tim's arrival Mr. Tucker, without saying what his intentions were regarding the future of the homeless boy, told him and Bobby they could enjoy themselves after their own fashion for two weeks, at the end of which time school began. Therefore there was nothing to prevent the bear-hunt from taking place, unless it should be the failure of the bears to show themselves.

Bill Thompson was the first of the party to arrive at the rendezvous back of the shed, and almost before he spoke to the boys he made another and a more critical examination of Tip. Bill was not only eager for the fray, but he was thoroughly well armed. He had a murderous-looking carving-knife stuck in a belt that had been hastily made of a strip of black cloth, and in his hands he carried a small shot-gun, which he might have some difficulty in discharging, owing to the fact that he was obliged to carry the lock in his pocket.

When Bill's attention was called to this fact, he explained that he did not depend so much upon the gun to shoot with as he did for use as a club, with which the bear's brains could be easily dashed out. The knife was the weapon in which he put more dependence, and he proved that it was a good one by making shavings of fully half a shingle in less than five minutes.

This display of weapons and air of ferocity on Bill's face so pleased Tim and Bobby that they blamed themselves severely for not having made their own preparations for a fight. That oversight was quickly remedied, when Bobby produced an old army musket, the weight of which made him stagger, and a veteran revolver that had lain at the bottom of the ocean for nearly a year, and was now preserved by Bobby's father as an ornamental rather than a useful relic.

"You'll want the pistol, Tim," he said, as he handed that weapon to his friend, "'cause it 'll be a good deal handier to fire when you're close up to the bear, an' you know you'll have to go pretty snug to him so's to keep Tip from eating the skin."

Bobby, with all possible precaution against accidents, loaded the army musket with the powder taken from six fire-crackers, and rammed home five or six small stones in place of bullets. He had no percussion-caps; but he felt certain he could discharge it as well by holding a lighted match at the nipple as if he had all the caps ever made. Owing to Bobby's mother's decided refusal to loan two of her carving-knives, they were obliged to get along without anything of that sort, and depend on the one carried by Bill to skin their game when it was killed.

The other hunters arrived in parties of twos and threes, and each new arrival thought it necessary to make another and more minute examination of Tip, in order to be certain that he was in the best possible condition for the hunt. Each of the new-comers was armed, but none could boast of having more destructive weapons than those carried by the three leaders.

Bill was anxious to start at once, in order, as he said, to get the skin nailed up on the barn before night; and as they were about to set out, Bobby exclaimed:

"Here! how do you s'pose we can get any bears if we let Tip go on ahead? Why, he'll rush off jest as soon as he sees one, an' we can't catch him before he eats 'em all up."

It was almost a shudder that ran through the party as they realized how near they had been to losing their game before it had been caught.

"What shall we do?" asked Bill, completely at a loss to arrange matters. And then, as a happy thought came to him, he cried, "I know now: we can take turns carryin' him."

A look of scorn came upon Bobby's face as this brilliant idea was given words, and he said, almost with a sneer:

"Now what a way that would be, wouldn't it? How do yer s'pose he could smell out the tracks if we didn't let him run on the ground?"

That one question made Bill Thompson feel very cheap indeed, for it showed plainly that he was not posted in bear-hunting, and he was anxious to be looked upon as one who knew all about it.

"What shall we do, then?" he asked, mournfully.

"We must tie a rope round his neck, so's we can hold him back."

Bill actually looked ashamed when this very simple plan was proposed, and he was angry with himself for not having been the first to think of it. But he saw a way to save his reputation.

"That's a good plan," he said, gravely, as if he had thought of it before, but had not suggested it, hoping a better one would be proposed, "but you'll want more'n one rope. Why, if Tip should see a bear suddenly, he'd break the biggest rope we could get, an' go after him before we'd know anything."

Every boy there agreed with Bill, and they again regarded him as an experienced bear-hunter.

Bobby got two pieces of an old clothes-line, each about five yards long, and these were fastened securely around Tip's neck, while Tim and Bobby each held an end, with the understanding that if the dog struggled very hard to get away, the others of the party were to rush in and help hold him.

The party was ready for the start, and the precautions they took even before they were clear of the shadow of the wood-shed told that they did not intend to lose any game by carelessness. Tim and Bobby went in advance, leading Tip, who did not make the slightest effort to get away, and followed by Bill Thompson, carrying his gun in one hand and his knife in the other. Then came the remainder of the party, near or at a distance, as their fear of bears was much or little.

Although it could hardly be expected that any bear had been so venturesome as to cross a field almost in the centre of the town, Tip was encouraged to smell of the ground, and each of the boys was ready for an immediate attack before they were beyond the sound of Mrs. Tucker's voice.

The march to the edge of the grove was necessarily a slow one, for Tip, finding that he was encouraged to run from one side of the path to the other, did so to his heart's content, while the boys expected each moment to see him start off like a race-horse, and were ready to spring at once to the aid of Tim and Bobby.

If their caution was great before they left the field, it would be almost impossible to find a word to express their movements when they entered the woods. Every weapon was handled as though it was to be used at once, and the greater portion of the time every eye was fixed on Tip. But not once had he pulled at the ropes that held him; not once had he shown any desire to start away at any furious rate of speed. But after half an hour he suddenly smelled of the ground, and then started away on a run.

"He's after the bear now, sure," cried Bill Thompson, as he brandished his knife savagely, and swung his gun around so that it would be ready for use as a club.

At this startling announcement one or two of the boys who had been careful to keep well in the rear ran considerably slower, as if they were perfectly willing their companions should have all the glory and fight, while one of the party actually turned back, and went home.

On sped Tip, now really pulling on the ropes, and Bobby's face grew pale as he thought how rapidly he was being forced toward the dangerous and anxiously expected fight.

Digitized by Google

Tip, not understanding that two boys were obliged to follow directly behind him, and still hot on the scent of some animal, suddenly darted between a couple of trees standing very near each other.

It was impossible for both Tim and Bobby to pass through this narrow space together; but in their excitement they did not stop to think of that, and the consequence was that they both fell sprawling to the ground, while Tip was brought to a very sudden stop.

The dog seemed rather discouraged by the sudden check to his speed, and it was some time before he could be persuaded to start again. This second race had just begun, and the boys were growing eager again, when Bill Thompson shouted:

"There he is! there he is! Hold on to your dog now, an' let's get all ready before we rush in."

"Where is he?" "Where is he?" asked each one, as he halted and tried to distinguish the form of the animal in the direction pointed out by Bill; but none of them feeling quite as brave as they did a moment before.

"Look right there;" and Bill pointed to a certain spot in the woods where the trees grew thickest. "Now watch, an' you'll see him move."

It was possible to see some dark-colored body moving among the thick foliage, and there was no longer any doubt but that one of the animals they were in search of was very near to them.

A shade of fear came over the faces of quite a number of that hunting party then, and the most frightened-looking one was Bobby Tucker. He who had been so proud a few moments before because he had been given the post of honor was now perfectly willing that some one else should hold Tip when the expected rush was made, and he appeared to have suddenly lost all desire for the bear-hunt.

Bill Thompson now assumed the command of the party, and no one questioned his right to do so. The orders he gave were obeyed as promptly as could have been expected under the circumstances, and he began the delicate task of posting his men in those positions best calculated to bring out their fighting qualities.

Tim and Bobby, being nearer the dangerous animal than the others, were ordered to keep strict watch of the spot where the bear was last seen, and on no account to let him get away without their knowledge.

"Keep your eyes right on him," shouted Bill to the two who were preventing Tip from eating the bear. "The first minute he starts to run let Tip go, an' yell as loud as you can."

Then he ordered this boy behind a tree, and another into the branches, making such a warlike hubbub as probably was never before heard in those woods. Meanwhile Tip had concluded the best thing he could do was to take a rest, and he lay at full length under the tree, as if such an idea as chewing a bear had never entered his head.

Finally Bill made all his arrangements, and cautiously stepped a yard or two in advance, with both knife and gun ready for instant use.

"What do you think, Tim, had we better rush right in, or shall we throw a stone, an' let Tip catch him when he runs out?" he asked, in a whisper, as if he was afraid of scaring the beast after all the noise that had been made.

"Heave a stone in; that's the best way," said Bobby, quickly, not liking the idea of being one of the party who were to make the rush.

Nearly all the boys showed that they preferred the most peaceable way of commencing the fight, and Bill prepared to start the savage beast from his lair.

At first he was at a loss to know what to do with his weapons while he cast the stone that might do so much mischief; but finally he arranged it to his satisfaction by holding the knife under his left arm, so that it could be drawn readily, and by keeping the gun in his left hand.

"Now look out!" he shouted, "an' be ready to let Tip go when the bear comes out. All yell as loud as you can when I fire, so's to scare him."

Then Bill raised his hand, took deliberate aim at the centre of the clump of bushes, and threw the stone.

The instant he did so he grasped his knife, and the others set up such a cry as ought to have startled a dozen bears.

It was some seconds before any sign was made that the animal in hiding even knew the stone had been thrown, and then there was a movement in the bushes as if it had simply changed its position—nothing more.

Bill stood silent with astonishment; he had expected to see that bear come out of the bushes with a regular flying leap, and he was thoroughly disappointed.

"Better let Tip go in an' snake him right out," suggested Bobby, who was afraid Bill would again propose a charge by the party.

Bill looked at Tim to see what he thought of such a plan, and the dog's owner nodded his head in approval.

"Then all get ready, an' take the rope off his neck," shouted Bill, as he set his teeth hard because of the struggle that it was evident would come soon.

Having the most perfect faith in the ability of his dog to kill any animal not larger than an elephant, Tim cautiously untied the ropes. But Tip did not appear to be excited by the prospect; he did not even get up from the ground, but lay there wagging his stub tail as if he was playing at "thumbs up."

"Set him on!" cried Bill, tired of the inactivity; and Tim, now afraid his pet might be accused of cowardice, set him on with the most encouraging cries of "s't-aboy." But Tip, instead of running toward the bear, seemed to be bewildered by the noise, for all hands were shouting at him; he jumped to his feet, and ran round and round his master, as if asking what was wanted of him.

Tim grew nervous, more especially as he saw some of the boys who had appeared the most frightened when the stone was first thrown now smile, as if they were saying to themselves that Tip couldn't be so very much of a bear dog after all, if he was afraid to kill one that had been found for him.

Tim walked as near the bushes as he dared to go, pointed with his finger, and urged Tip to "go an' bring him out," but all to no purpose. The dog seemed willing enough, but it was evident he did not understand what was wanted of him. Then Tim picked up a piece of wood, and after showing Tip that he was to follow it, threw it in the direction of the supposed bear.

This time Tip understood, and he bounded into the thicket, while each one of the party almost held his breath in suspense, and grasped his weapons, ready for immediate use.

The moment Tip was hidden by the bushes he began to bark furiously, and there was no doubt but that the battle had commenced. Even Bill Thompson appeared to be a little timid, and he no longer advised a rush, even though there was a chance that the skin was being destroyed. However, he did suggest that Tim and Bobby should go in and put a rope around Tip's neck, so that he could be pulled away as soon as the bear was dead; but his advice was not taken, nor did there seem any chance it would be.

Once Bobby took deliberate aim in the direction of the noise made by Tip, and was just lighting a match to discharge the weapon, when Tim stayed his hand.

"You might kill Tip, an' then we'd have to fight the bear all by ourselves, 'cause Tip must have hit him some by this time, an' made him mad."

No suggestion could have been made which would have stopped Bobby quicker, and he turned very pale at the thought of being deprived of Tip's protection, dropping his gun very quickly.

Just at this time, when all were growing nervous and excited, the sounds in the bushes told that the beast was at last being driven from its lair. Quite a number of the

Digitized by Google

party lost all interest in the matter when they found they were to have a full view, and immediately retreated to a safe distance.

The crackling and crashing of the bushes told that some large animal was being driven out by Tip; and as they watched in breathless—perhaps frightened—anxiety, one of the causes of the commotion stalked out into view, while at the same time an exclamation of disgust and relief burst from Bill Thompson's lips:

"Gracious! it's only Bobby Tucker's cow."

And so it was. The bear had turned into a peaceful, rather sleepy-looking old cow, who had sought the shade of the bushes only to be driven from her cool retreat by Tip Babbige and a lot of noisy boys.

How brave they all were then, and how they laughed at each other's cowardice, declaring that they had only feared it might not be a bear after all! But they patted Tip's head, and spoke to him kindly, as if he had relieved them from some terrible peril, instead of only disturbing a cow.

After the first excitement attending the finding of the cow had subsided, the question arose as to the proper course to pursue, and it was decided that the bear-hunt must be continued, as it would not be at all the right thing to delay another day in nailing a skin to Bobby Tucker's father's barn.

This time the march was not made with so much caution, and Tip was allowed to roam about loose, in the hope that he might find the bear's trail more quickly. Bobby even proposed to shoot a squirrel; but this plan was quickly frowned down by Bill Thompson, who reminded him that he had no more powder, and that the bear might come upon them at the very moment when the gun was empty.

Tip ran on, joyous at having recovered his freedom, and in a short time was out of sight. Then the boys ceased even to keep a look-out for large animals, growing so careless as to watch the squirrels, hunt for birds' nests, and to act in every way unbecoming bear-hunters.

But suddenly they were roused into activity and excitement by furious, angry barking some distance away.

"He's caught one this time!" shouted Bill, as he drew his knife from his belt, and started forward rapidly, followed closely or afar off by the remainder of the party, according to their degree of courage.

As the scene of the conflict was reached, and it was positive that a fight was in progress, because Tip's barking had changed to short angry yelps, the greater portion of the party found that they were too tired to run any farther, and fell into such a slow pace that they could not arrive until the battle was over.

"I can see them!" shouted Bill, exultantly; "an' it ain't a very big bear, only a small one. Come on quick."

As the leaders of the party dashed into a small cleared space they saw Tip actually fighting, and this time it was no cow, but a small dark-colored animal, which, if it really was a bear, must have been a very young one.

Bill was not afraid of so small an animal, and he jumped forward with his knife; but Tim cried: "It's only a young one. Let's get him away from Tip, an' take him home alive."

He spoke too late to save the animal's life, for just then Tip gave the small bundle of fur a toss in the air, and when it came down it was dead.

Tim caught Tip by the neck to prevent any further attack on his part, and the boys gathered around the victim. It was no bear, but a woodchuck, Tip had killed, as they all knew after a short examination, and the disappointment they felt at not having slain a bear was greatly lessened by the fact that they had really killed something.

How they praised and petted Tip then! Not a boy among them, from that moment, but believed he could have killed a bear as easily as he had killed the woodchuck, and Tim was happy.

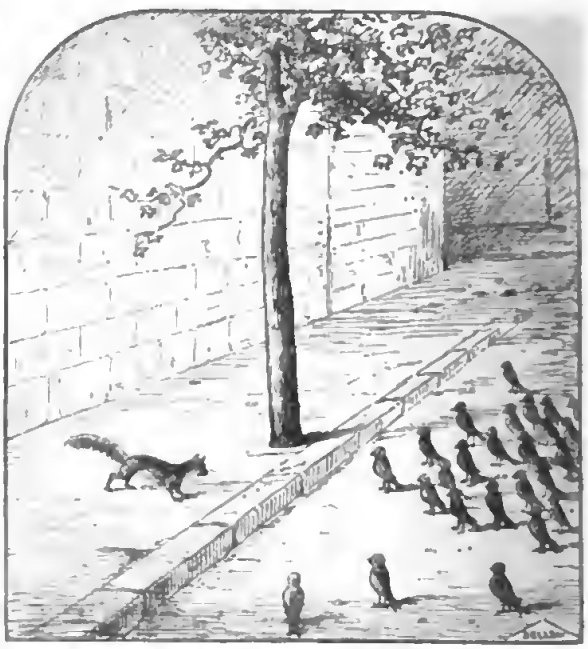
That night there was a skin nailed on Bobby Tucker's father's barn, but it was not a bear-skin, and it was wofully cut and hacked, owing to Tip's teeth and Bill Thompson's very unscientific skinning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPARROWS AND SQUIRREL IN MONTREAL.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

VERY early one morning, as I was strolling along one of the quiet streets of Montreal, and feasting myself with the wonderful beauties of that most beautiful city, my attention was attracted by a great commotion going on among a flock of sparrows, which flew together from one place to another, sometimes alighting in the roadway of the street, and sometimes among the branches of the trees. At first I could see no cause for all this unusual fuss; but presently my eyes fell upon a little squirrel on the sidewalk, which seemed quite as much excited as the sparrows. If he ran along the street, the sparrows flew after him; if he stood still, the sparrows alighted, and faced him like a regiment of soldiers; if he scampered up the trunk of a tree, the



THE SPARROWS AND THEIR ENEMY.

sparrows collected in the branches above him, with a great chattering, until he ran down again, and then they followed him as before. The poor little fellow seemed fairly distracted, and I felt quite sorry for him. But then he was a thief. He had come down from the mountain at the back of the town to rob the sparrows' nests of their eggs, just like some Scottish Highland chief of old descending on the Lowlands to levy black-mail. What became of him I do not know, for after watching the encounter for ten or fifteen minutes I moved on. No doubt he was driven back to his mountain home a wiser and a better squirrel, having learned a lesson to content himself with vegetable diet, and not hanker after the luxuries of the city.

Many a country boy can draw a moral from this, if he chooses.

Digitized by Google

M. DE LESSEPS AND HIS CHILDREN.—(See Page 758.)

Digitized by Google

CHILDREN OF BOHEMIA.

BY LAURA LEDYARD.

THE Daisies have come to town:
Perhaps here and there a new gown,
But mostly in tatters—oh, not that it matters;
Not one of them cares half a crown
If they are.

They'll pitch their small tents on your lawn,
And if you should bid them begone,
Will smile in your face with the sunniest grace,
And nod to you gayly next morn
If you scoff.

A happy-go-lucky young crew,
As merry as heaven is blue,
These gypsies of flowers will stay a few hours,
And then tell your fortunes for you,
And be off.

THE CHILDREN OF M. DE LESSEPS.

THE picture which we give on the preceding page presents the famous builder of the Suez Canal, and seven of his children, as they are to be seen in the Paris Park, the Bois de Boulogne. The gray-haired father is seventy-six years of age. His companions in the "village cart" are Mathieu, ten years old; Ismaïl, nine, named after the man who ruled Egypt when the great canal was dug: Ferdinande, eight, named for her father, and his special pet; Bertrand and Consuelo, twin boys of six; Hélène, five; and Solange, between three and four. Besides these the sturdy old man has two sons, grown-up men, whose mother is dead, and a little blonde baby about a year old, for whom, small as he is, there seems no room in the cart. M. De Lesseps has his ideas about children's health and habits. All his little ones go with bare arms and legs summer and winter, and are toughened with active life in the open air. Ferdinande, who travels much with her father, is as brown as an Indian, and very self-helpful. She goes about without a maid, cares for herself, and has as much pluck and as little fear as her father. The mother of this happy-looking family is a native of the island of Mauritius, and a very bright and lovely lady. Her wedding with M. De Lesseps took place twelve years ago, in Egypt, the morning after the great festival that was held at the opening of the Suez Canal. In spite of her large family she finds time to keep her house open to many guests, who come gladly and go away delighted.

Of the children in our picture three have been in this country. They are Mathieu, Ismaïl, and Ferdinande, who bears the queer pet name of Tototé. They went with their father in the winter of 1879 and 1880 to the Isthmus of Panama, the strip of land which unites North America and South America. M. De Lesseps has started a canal across this isthmus—no small task for a man three-quarters of a century old! He finds the work much harder than across the Isthmus of Suez, because on the Isthmus of Panama there are very high and very rocky hills—a strip, so to speak, of the great backbone of mountains which runs all the way down the two continents of North and South America. The lowlands, moreover, are terribly unhealthy, and already the poor workmen, brought mostly from China and from the West Indies, are dying rapidly from the fever. But such vast works only too often cost many human lives. When the canal is finished, ships can sail through it, which now have to go around Cape Horn, at the south end of South America, or else have to land their passengers and loads to send them across the Isthmus by a railway. Many well-informed persons in this country think that the last great work of M. De Lesseps is a mistake, and will not be of much real use. But it is surely a very great and daring thing for an old man to try to do.

A PRICKLY PET.

HOW many boys know that they can have one of the oddest kind of pets, and yet at the same time have one which their mother and all the servants will look upon with the greatest possible favor, however much they may dislike pets generally?

Such a pet is a hedgehog, a sort of walking pincushion or animated burr, which is easily tamed, easily cared for, and in return simply for a place to sleep and something to drink will rid the house of rats, mice, cockroaches, beetles, spiders, or, in fact, anything of that kind to which housekeepers particularly object.

The writer once caught a hedgehog in a box trap, he having ventured there probably in search of a spider, and in two weeks he was so tame as to run around the kitchen in a very much more harmless way than a cat, making himself generally useful and contented by sleeping all day and working all night. He was the most industrious mouser one could ask for, and in addition to these duties, he cleared the house entirely of roaches, not one showing his head there until after a very fat cook ended his useful life by stepping on him. When the dog attempted to be too familiar with him he rolled himself into a prickly ball, lying perfectly quiet and safe, until the dog had fully convinced himself that he had no very urgent business with such a globe of spines, and then Master Prickle would begin to unroll himself; first the snout would appear, then the head, then the feet, and the old fellow would trot off toward the pantry, grunting in the most contented fashion. Prickle was quite fond of being petted, and with his spines lying down like hair, would make a queer little sound indicative of pleasure at being caressed.

A hedgehog is really no hog at all, but simply resembles one in having a snout with which to dig in the ground, for when cold weather comes he digs a hole and buries himself in it, where he awaits the approach of spring. The spines with which he is armed are rather uncomfortable if one chances to get them in his flesh, and will cause a sore, as would any foreign substance, if not removed; but if they are immediately removed there is no more to be feared from them than from the prick of a pin.

During the autumn, or until the first frost comes, is the best time to catch hedgehogs, and a common large box trap, baited with a piece of fresh meat, is all that is needed. Select such a place in the woods as these prickly pets have taken up their temporary abode in, and then cover the trap as nearly as possible with leaves or underbrush. The hedgehog will scent the bait, and then proceed to dig for it, very likely overturning the trap unless it is weighted down.

It is possible to secure them after they have retired to their winter-quarters by digging them out of their holes, but by such a course it is almost impossible to secure the animal without injuring him in some way, thus perhaps depriving him of his usefulness.

Having once secured your needle-pointed prize, make a cage for him of a reasonably large box, inside of which is a smaller one filled with hay or straw, where he can hide until his first fright is over. Feed him with meat, eggs, bread, or, in fact, as you would a cat, and give him plenty of milk to drink. Serve him his meals about sunset or very early in the morning, and do not attempt to force him to show himself for a week or ten days.

At the end of that time leave his cage open in the kitchen, or any other place most infested with roaches and mice, and after that first night's work his education in the way of becoming a pet is completed. In the morning he will probably be found curled up in one corner of the darkest closet, sound asleep, looking as if he had been having a very hearty dinner.

Digitized by Google

Do not disturb him then, but leave him to his own devices a few days longer, and he will make no attempt to leave the place where he can get his food so easily. In two or three weeks he will have become so tame that he will no longer raise his quills when any one tries to pet him, but will allow himself to be fondled like a cat or dog.

When it becomes necessary to feed him—and he will so clear the house of vermin that in a few weeks his own larder will have become exhausted—he should be given animal food, as well as milk and water, for without such food he will die.

He is remarkably fond of raw eggs, and if while he is hunting for mice he finds any, he will bite off the smaller end neatly, sucking them without spilling so much as a drop. But he does not climb trees for the purpose of biting off the fruit, as some of his enemies charge, nor is he guilty of many mischievous things of which he is accused, save, as has been said, in the way of sucking eggs. He would probably prefer meat to mice, and would take it if it was left in his way; but that a cat will do, and she will also kill birds, if any are kept as pets in the house, which sin can not be laid to the hedgehog's door.

Treat him as you would a cat, and you will find him equally as pleasant to pet, at the same time that he is more industrious.

CHATS ABOUT PHILATELY.

BY J. J. CASEY.

VI.—BHOPAL.

AMONG the most interesting and curious stamps are those issued by a few of the native states of India. The cut represents one of the stamps issued for the state of Bhopal. The first series, the date of which is not yet settled by collectors, consisted of two values, a quarter-anna, represented in the cut, and a half-anna, similar to it. The central portion of the stamp is embossed without color. The inscription between the lines is "H H Nawah Shah Jaban Begam," or the name and title of the native ruler—Her Highness, Nawah Shah Jahan, Begam (or Begum) of Bhopal—a lady, as will be seen. The characters in the lower part of the octagonal frame represent the value. The quarter-anna was printed in black, the half-anna in red, the central design or seal being, as was stated, without color.

In 1878, this series was replaced by one smaller and rectangular in shape. The inscription given above is arranged in an oval; the oval is filled with what is presumably the signature of the Begum. The value is below. These stamps also have the uncolored embossment as in the first series.

Like its predecessor, this series has also two values, the quarter-anna, green, and the half-anna, red. I believe that these stamps are intended to prepay postage only within the limits of the kingdom of the Begum, and are not officially recognized by the general government of India.

Bhopal is a native state in Malwah, in Central India. The length of the state from east to west is 157 miles, breadth from north to south, 76 miles, the estimated area being 8200 square miles. It was founded in 1723 by Dost Mohammed Khan, an Afghan adventurer. In 1818, a treaty of dependence was concluded between the chief and the British government. Since then Bhopal has been steadily loyal to the British government, and during the Mutiny it rendered good services. The present ruler is a lady, and both she and her mother, who preceded her as head of the state, have displayed the highest capacity for administration, and their territory is the best-governed native state in India. The Queen, or Begum, has the power of life and death. She is a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India (G. C. S. I.), and is also a member of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, instituted the 1st of January, 1878, and composed exclusively of ladies of high degree.

A TALK ABOUT TRAVELLING.

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

OF course every intelligent and ambitious American boy and girl wishes to go to Europe, and hopes to do so at some future time. The wish is a sensible one, for it shows an appreciation of the things to be seen abroad, and a desire to know more about them than can be learned by mere reading or study.

In the mean time, while "waiting for papa's ship to come in," you are going to school, busy with the conjugation of irregular French verbs and the pronunciation of "Ich," the location of Mont Blanc and the length of the River Rhine, the Elizabethan age of English literature and the poems of Wordsworth, the cause of the Thirty Years' War and the reason why Charles the First had his head cut off.

Sometimes all these things grow tiresome, and seem both needless and stupid, but in reality this school-time is giving you the best chance that you will ever have to prepare for that trip across the Atlantic of which you like to think and talk.

For such a trip needs preparation. It is true that you might enjoy everything to be seen abroad without knowing anything about it, as a child delights in the bright colors of a picture—just as well upside down as any other way. But no sensible person could be content with that, and to rely on guide-books, although they are necessary for much that can not be learned elsewhere, is like depending upon stilts or crutches for getting along in the world.

An English wit was once asked some simple question in history. "*I* don't know," he replied, with a wave of his hand. "You'll find it in some book. Books are made to keep such things in." But we can not carry a whole library around with us, even in the Handy Volume or Vest Pocket series. It is troublesome enough to carry a dictionary, and a small one at that. A great many things we can trust to books to keep for us, and go for them when they are wanted. You would not think of carrying a glue-pot on your arm or a bottle of arnica in your pocket all the time. You need them only once in a while, and know where to find them when you do. But your pencil and your handkerchief—these of course you want with you every hour of the day, wherever you may be. Your school-time is spent in selecting from books facts in history and geography, literature and science, and putting them safely away in your mental pockets.

Of course you read as well as study. What? The world is full of books which are as bright and sweet as sunshine and apple blossoms. There are good books which make you want to be noble and generous and heroic; wise books which teach you how great men and women have thought and worked, and what they have done for the good of the world in which they lived. Read the best books, and read for the best purpose, not simply to amuse yourselves, for you will get heartily tired of that after a while, nor to kill time, which is one of your best friends, but to take for your own possession the knowledge which the wisest of all men calls "more precious than rubies." When you start upon that dreamed-of and longed-for trip, you will be surprised to find how much the pleasure and profit of every mile of the way will be increased in exact proportion to the amount of what is well called "general information." Even the voyage is a different thing from what you imagine, and whether on sea or shore,

Digitized by Google

"SAY GOOD-BY, DOLLY."—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

you will find that ignorance is worse to carry about than a Saratoga trunk in a country which never checks baggage.

Last summer one of the Scotch steamers carried out a large number of young people, who quickly became acquainted, and were the best of friends.

"Where are you going?" asked one boy of another.

"To Scotland," was the answer.

"Scotland! I thought you were going to Europe. *We* are."

"Well, Scotland's in Europe, isn't it? I suppose you mean the Continent," which was exactly what he did mean, although he did not know it.

Four days out, and the steamer was feeling her way through a fog so thick that the whistle was obliged to do nearly all of the work on board.

"We are just getting off the Banks," the Captain said, in answer to a question from a young lady.

"The Banks?" she repeated, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes; Newfoundland."

She was more mystified than ever. "Why, Newfoundland is on the coast, and we have been out four days."

The Captain laughed, and passed on.

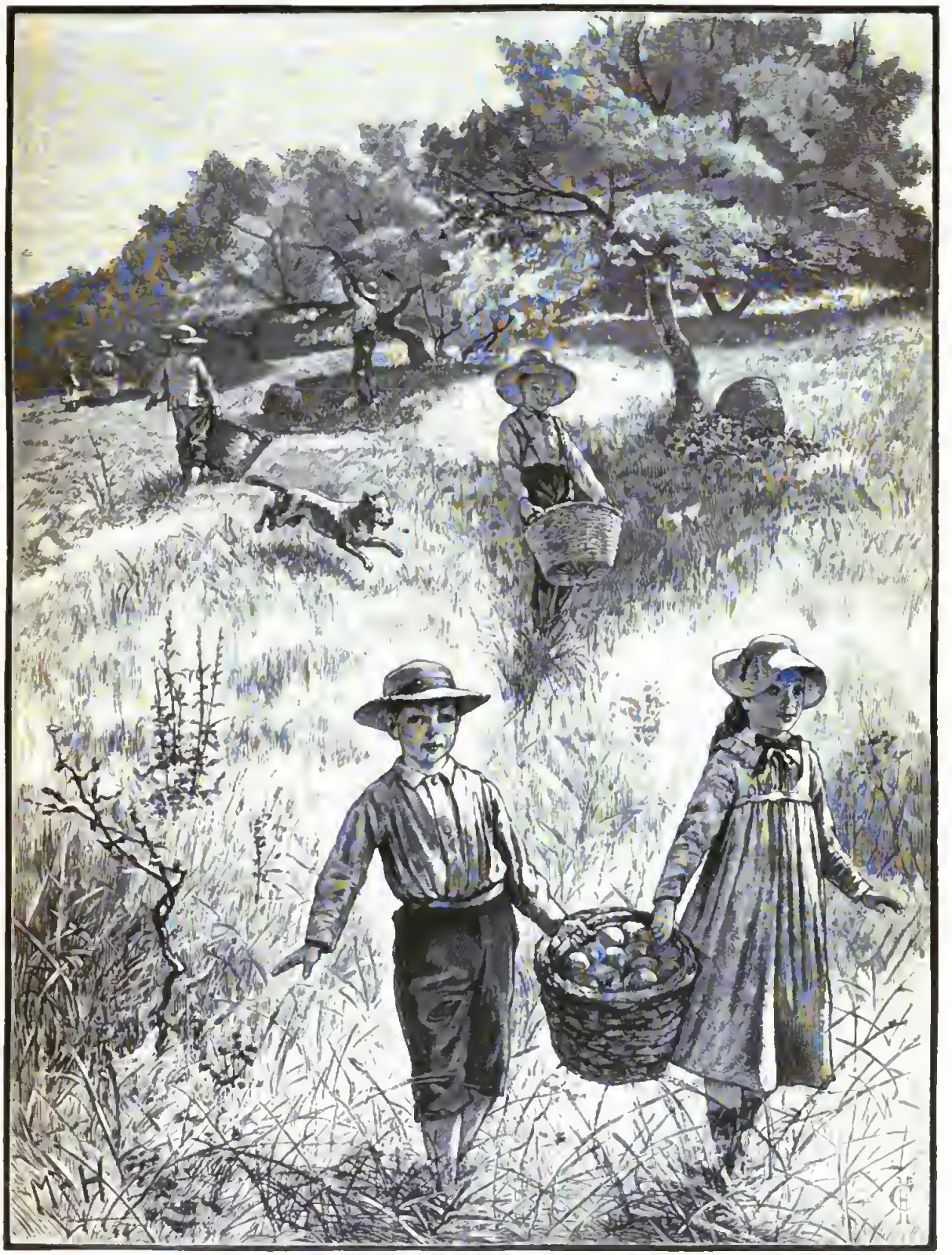
That evening, as a variation from concerts, tableaux, mock trials, and the usual kinds of amusements devised to pass away time on shipboard, there was a school and a spelling match in the cabin. The Captain, passing through, and catching sight of the young lady, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ask 'em all round where's Newfoundland."

Every one was sure it was on the coast. Most of them thought it was east of Nova Scotia, though a few were doubtful on that point. All were sure that it was northeast of Maine, and that Maine was one of the New England States. But the New England States joined New York, and it seemed strange that the ship had sailed fully one-third of the distance between New York and the British islands, and yet was not beyond those mysterious Banks.

The ship's surgeon drew a large triangle on a sheet of wrapping paper, placing the steamer at one angle, New York and Newfoundland at the others. This was hung up in the saloon, a perpetual reminder to the end of the voyage—and, it is to be hoped, afterward—of the practical reality of latitude and longitude.

But when you find yourselves in John Knox's old house in Edinburgh, at Alloway-Kirk, in Ayr, in the Douglas chamber of Stirling Castle, on the field of Marston Moor, at the ruins of Kenilworth, at famous Rugby School, at Stonehenge, at Canterbury Cathedral, where is your stock of geography, history, literature, and general information? What do you know of the great reformer and the times he lived in? of the poet Burns and the circumstances of his life? of the tragedy of the beautiful Scottish Queen? of Lord Leicester and poor Amy Robsart? of Dr. Arnold, the Druids, and the assassination of Thomas à Becket? What interest can you have in a castle if you do not know who lived in it? or a battle-field, unless you know for what cause men fought upon it? or a poet's favorite haunts, if you know nothing that he has written about them? Read profitably and study hard, not only to fit yourselves for sensible, contented stay-at-homes, faithful workers in your own fields of usefulness, but for intelligent and appreciative travellers if leisure and good fortune give you the opportunity to go abroad.

Digitized by Google



GATHERING APPLES.—DRAWN BY MILLER AND HAYDEN.

Digitized by Google

THE VIOLET VELVET SUIT

BY MARY A. BARR.

ONE morning last winter Katie Dawson stood at the window looking out upon the avenue. She stood amid flowers as fresh and green as if it were July instead of January. The fire in the bright steel grate burned cheerily, and the room was cozily warm and comfortable.

She was dressed for the street, and she made a very pretty picture. Her face was bright and piquant, her figure graceful, and her abundant hair carefully and becomingly arranged. But her whole attitude expressed a secret dissatisfaction, and she cast frequent discontented glances at her costume. And yet it was a very pretty one; Madame Dubaney had declared it to be her ideal school-girl's toilet. It was of fine material and exquisite fit, and the girl's Ulster and cap, boots and gloves, were alike neat and stylish.

She stood slowly buttoning the latter when her mother entered the room.

"Katie, do you know the time? You will lose your place in the French class. Listen;" and as she spoke, the clock on the mantel-shelf chimed in clear silver tones *ten*. "There, child, you ought to be in school now."

"I know, mamma, but I have no heart for French this morning."

"I am sorry for that, Katie. What is the matter?"

The girl was silent a moment, and then, in a low tone, she said, "Mother, can I have a velvet suit made for school?"

The answer was prompt and decisive: "Certainly not, my dear. The suit you have on is perfectly appropriate. I should not think of wearing velvet myself, except as an evening or visiting costume. It would be absurd in a school-room."

"Clara May has a velvet suit; so have Jenny and Julia Smith; and Cecile Bradley's is very nearly all velvet. I think that papa can afford it just as well."

"It is not a question of money, but of good taste and propriety. If you wear velvet as a school-girl, what do you propose to wear when you are a young lady? I am sorry you have missed your French in order to make a request so silly. Now, dear, had you not better hurry a little? Madame disapproves of late pupils."

Katie took up her books, and went off with a frown on her pretty face. All the way to Madame's she was considering how to accomplish her wish. Her grandfather would give her the dress, or her aunt Lucy; but even then her mother would not permit her to wear it to school, and if she could not wear it in the presence of Clara May and the Smith girls, there would be no consolation for her in velvet.

When she reached school her class had finished its recitation; she had lost her place, and Madame was cross. Katie to-day was careless of these things. Her mind was occupied with one ambition, a very foolish one, doubtless, but a very important one in her own eyes.

Never before, either, had Clara May looked so triumphantly happy and handsome. She had taken Katie's place at the head of the class, and the bright winter sun fell upon the girl's fair hair, turning it to gold, and made dark lustres in the folds of the envied black velvet. The Smiths were awkward, angular girls, and she scarcely envied them costumes which were not in the least becoming. As for Cecile Bradley's suit, it was *home-made*. Katie's critical eyes had detected that fatal fault at once. It was Clara May who sat in Katie's sunshine; for handsome and stylish as Clara was, Katie was certain if she only had a velvet suit she would far eclipse her.

Now it is a fact that among girls to be the belle of the school-room is quite as envied a position as it is to young ladies to be the belle of the ball-room. Hitherto Katie Dawson had been the recognized belle of Madame Blanc's fashionable classes. She had been an authority on the subject of braids and curls, and on all matters pertaining to rose-bud toilets. But Clara May—quite a new-comer—was heading an "opposition." She had declared she would not wear braids because Katie Dawson did, that frizzes suited her better; and frizzes, though still in the minority, held their own against remarks of the most cutting kind.

There is no contest some girls so thoroughly enter into as that of outdressing rivals. The black velvet suit was Clara's last defiance, and Katie was at a loss how to take it up.

"I will go and tell Agnes Hilton about it this afternoon," she thought, and in the mean time she kept a sulky silence, equally proof against curiosity and sympathy.

Agnes was older than Katie, but they had been companions for years, and now, though Agnes was released from regular school routine, and was "finishing" comfortably with private masters, she still regarded Katie as her chief friend and adviser.

Agnes had a bad cold, and was nursing it in her room. A good talk over things with Katie Dawson was just what she liked. She was soon helping Katie to take off her Ulster and cap, and she noticed at once—as it was meant she should—Katie's look of anxious annoyance.

"What is the matter, dear?"

Then Katie drew a large comfortable chair opposite her friend's, and told her all about her school troubles.

"I never thought Clara May had any style at all," said Agnes, with the authority of sixteen.

"Still, the girls copy her, and she is so unbearably independent. I merely said that frizzes and curls were going out of fashion, and she said pretty things were always in fashion, and that even if they were not, they suited her, and she meant to wear them. Why, you know, Agnes love, if every one was to follow that rule, there would be absolutely no fashions at all. Then," added Katie, after an effective pause—"then she came to school in a velvet suit, and immediately the Smith girls and Cecile Bradley imitate her."

"Get one still handsomer."

"Mother won't hear of it—says it is ridiculous, and unsuitable, and all that. Of course mother can't feel as I do about it, though I remember very well that she would not have diamonds at all unless they were bigger than Aunt Jemima's."

"Could you not get her to buy you a velvet suit for church, and then contrive to wear it once to school, just to show it? For a general stand-point you could take your mother's argument—it sounds sensible."

"I don't think mother would do it. Grandfather might, but there would be the delay, and very likely Clara would say I had copied her."

"What color did you say Clara's was?"

"Black."

"Oh, that is very common. See here, Katie;" and Agnes went to her wardrobe, and brought forward a most suggestive box. The two girls bent over its contents in a kind of rapture; Katie could only exclaim, with her pretty hands thrown upward,

"*Violet velvet!*"

"That is *the* shade, dear. Now look here;" and the dress was carefully unfolded. "Do you see the linings: They are all of pale violet satin. Do you see the bunch of violets worked on the cuffs, collar, and left breast? Ah, it is exquisite! I got it last week for Lydia Lane's wedding. It was the prettiest dress in the church. Katie, you stay here all night, and wear it to school to-morrow morning. You know to-morrow is Wednesday. The classes close early for the matinée, and you can say you dressed on that account. You could even apologize to the girls for the unsuitable school toilet, which would be

Digitized by Google

quite a snub, you know, to those who consider velvet the proper thing for school suits."

"Oh, Agnes, you are an oracle! There is nothing I should enjoy so much." Then the dress was tried on, found to fit admirably, and Katie laid it away while she wrote a note to her mother, telling her that she was going to spend the night with Agnes.

The next morning was as perfect as if made to Katie's order. The sun shone brilliantly over the bright, breezy streets and squares, and Katie got up with a sense of triumph in her heart. The girls had breakfast in their own room, and then the toilet was made. Certainly the dark violet velvet set off Katie's delicate, flower-like beauty, and her crown of yellow hair, just as a violet velvet cushion sets off the lustre of a diamond. There were a few exclamations, but for the most part the dressing was done in an eloquent silence. Then the Ulster was carefully buttoned over the magnificence, and the two girls kissed each other good-by.

Katie timed herself perfectly. She entered the class-room at the last moment, when the girls were all seated, and Madame in her place. They would have to endure her appearance in decorous silence, and she knew exactly how it would affect them. She advanced to her place with a graceful indifference which she felt to be a triumph. Her place this morning was at the bottom of the class; she took it with a kind of deliberate pleasure. She knew that she was effectually scattering the wits of her class-mates, and some one would change with her before the recitation was over.

In ten minutes she had taken her seat at the head again. Clara May had not been equal to participles and conjugations in the presence of that violet velvet. On the contrary, there was a distracting calmness about Katie, and when the quarter's recess came she was not to be confused by the questions and compliments that assailed her.

"Where *did* you get it?" said Julia Smith, who was not the least jealous.

"It is an imported suit."

"Worth's?"

"Oh dear no. Worth is becoming quite common. It is from De Lisle's."

"It fits exquisitely."

"I think it does."

"And is so becoming."

"Yes. Agnes Hilton says I look charming in it."

Katie was far too wise to undervalue herself in any way, and she accepted the girl's compliments as her right.

"Are you going to wear it every day?" asked little Florence Dixon, as she touched admiringly the wrought violets on the cuffs.

Katie stroked her curls with a patronizing kindness, and answered: "No, Miss Foolishness, that would be wretched taste. To the school-room, the school dress. Ladies have the proper toilet for all occasions." Then, before any one could answer her, she dropped her little air of instruction, and said, with the frankness of equality: "Girls, you must excuse me appearing in such a morning toilet. The fact is, I am going to the matinée, and one likes to be early at a Gerster matinée. You know how little time Madame gives us to dress in."

"Oh dear me, there is no need of apology," said Clara May, a trifle defiantly. "One understands quite well that there would be no pleasure in having a suit like that unless there were opportunities to show it; and whether it be in the morning or evening, in the school-room or the opera boxes, is all the same. I don't see why one should not wear as nice things in Madame Blanc's company as in Madame Gerster's, and some people would think a school-room just as worthy of a fine dress as an opera-house."

This argument was received with a murmur of approval. Girls rarely look beneath the surface, and it sounded well; but upon the whole, Katie felt that she had had a great triumph. For a month afterward she wore her brown cloth school suit with the air of one who has vindicated her taste, and who was quite content with its serviceable fitness.

The velvets began to look common, and a little shabby; imitations of a cheaper kind were plentiful on the streets. She almost wondered how she ever could have thought them so desirable. It was just when she had reached this position, when velvet suits had sunk below the tide of wishing for in her mind, that they were again forced on her attention.

One morning Clara May came to school in a state of great excitement. She threw aside her Derby and Ulster, and hastened to the group chatting by the open fire.

"Girls," she said, in a tone which implied something far beyond the words—"girls, I was at the charity fair last night."

"Oh!" from half a dozen voices at once.

"And I saw Agnes Hilton there. She had a stand—Japanese things."

"Did you buy?"

"I priced some scrolls; they were horrid, and very dear. What do you think she wore?"

"Could not guess; she has such lots of things," said an old pupil who remembered Agnes.

"A—violet—velvet—suit!"

"Oh!"

"Lined with pale violet satin!"

"Oh!"

"And little bunches of violets worked on the cuffs, collar, and left breast!"

"Never!"

"Yes, it is, I positively declare."

"Katie Dawson's?" inquired some one, in a hesitating voice.

"Or else—Katie Dawson wore Agnes Hilton's suit that day."

"They might have suits alike," said Julia Smith; "they are great friends."

"They *might*, but I don't believe they have."

Just then Katie entered the room, and there was a moment's silence. Then Clara said:

"Good-morning, Miss Dawson. Were you at the fair last night?"

"Yes. What a horrid crush it was!"

"Do you think so? What did you wear?"

"Navy blue silk."

"Why did you not wear your violet velvet?"

"In that crush? What an idea!"

"Agnes Hilton had hers on. I saw her; I priced some goods at her stand. I noticed particularly the flowers on her cuffs. It was a suit *exactly* like the one you wore that morning you came dressed for the matinée. Your suit was made precisely the same as hers. Perhaps it was"—and then she stopped, and with a very irritating smile turned to her books.

The attack had been so sudden that for once Katie was tongue-tied. That group of inquisitive girls was too much for her. She turned haughtily on her heel, and disdained to answer, but she felt that her sceptre had departed. There were whisperings in her presence, and confidences in which she had no share. Girls looked meaningly at her dress, and a week afterward, when the day for translations came round, Clara May read aloud the fable of the jay in peacock's feathers, which she had freely rendered into French from the English version.

To Madame it had no particular meaning; to the whole school-room it was startlingly intelligent. Katie tingled with shame and burned with anger. She had pretended not to notice much that had wounded her deeply. Should she continue a course which left her a text for sermons of this kind, or should she boldly take her punishment in her own hand? She decided that the latter would be the

Digitized by Google

bravest and wisest thing to do, and as soon as Clara sat down she rose and asked, "Will Madame allow me to answer Miss May's fable in English?"

"This is the French class, Miss Dawson."

"But, Madame, I desire all present to understand me clearly."

"You have a motive? Ah! then it is well you speak as you wish."

"Madame, *I* am intended to point the moral of the jay and the peacock's feathers. If Madame permits me, I will explain."

"I desire not to interrupt."

Then Katie spoke frankly of her desire for a velvet suit, and repeated her mother's objections to it—to which objections Madame said, emphatically, "Good, they were good."

"Then I went to Agnes Hilton's, and she proposed I should wear her dress, and I agreed to it very gladly. Madame perhaps remembers the dress?"

Madame nodded her head decidedly.

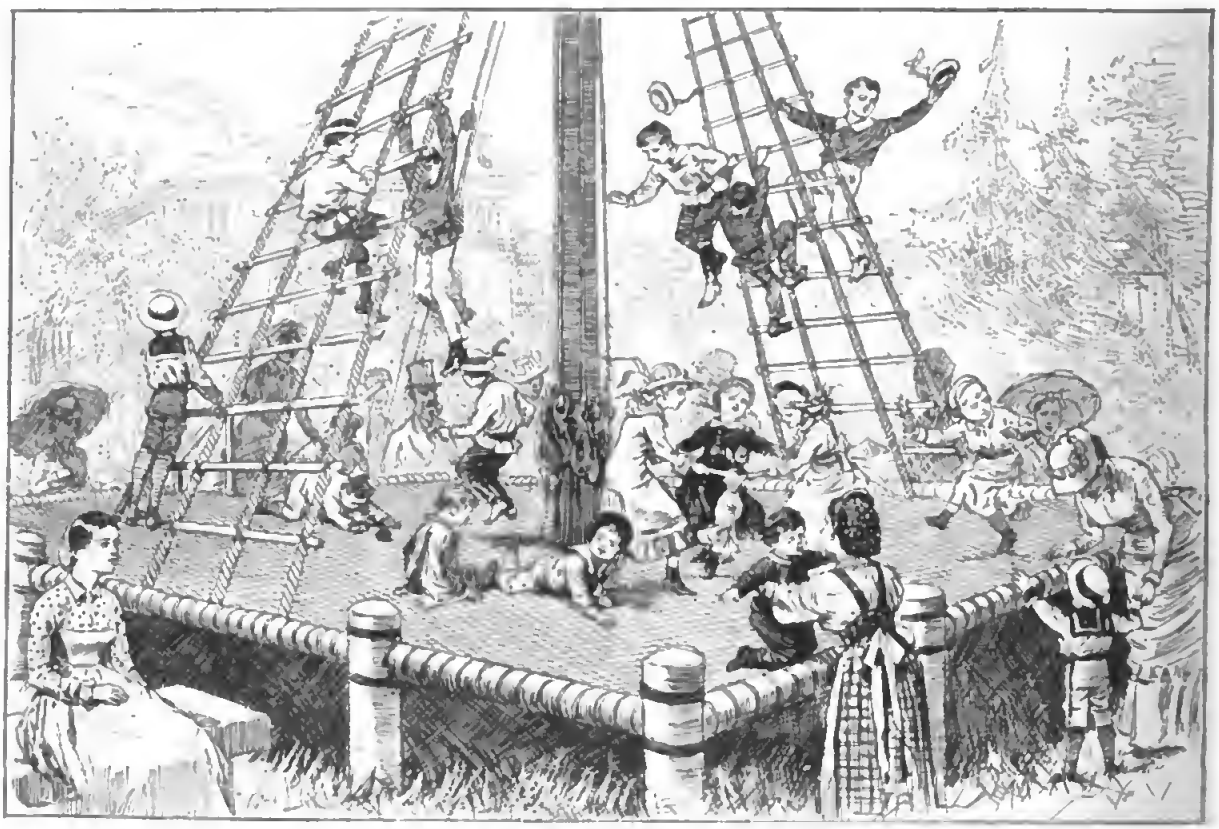
"And then, Madame, Miss May saw Miss Hilton at the fair in the violet velvet, and Miss May is very shrewd, and supposed what is really the case. I might, of course, have said that Agnes and I had dresses alike, and so have left the matter in doubt. But I have regretted my folly very often since, and I prefer to tell the truth. Whatever punishment Madame thinks I deserve, I am ready to accept."

"This is a great pleasure to me," said Madame. "What is a velvet suit?—a few dollars, a thing that quite common people may have. But the truth!—but the brave heart to confess a fault! That is beyond all price. Miss Dawson has taken her punishment this morning; now I give to her, with great pride, my hand."

There had never been such a sensation in the school before. Katie lifted her eyes, full of tears, to Madame, and in that moment the girl gained a point in character which vanity and deception never again will conquer.

Then the translations went on as usual, but when the books were closed, Madame said: "We have learned a lesson this morning, young ladies, which is the same in all the languages—the power of simple truth to conquer even the vanity and the ill-will. If you forget the French, then you will try always to remember this."

The girl whom I have called Clara May told me the story of the violet velvet suit, and she added: "I like no one so well as I do Katie Dawson now. Madame Dubaney will make our school dresses alike next winter, and they will *not* be velvet."



RUSSIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY.

A PLAY-GROUND IN THE CZAR'S PARK.

BY DAVID KER.

NO Russian boy with a half-holiday before him could wish for a pleasanter place to spend it than the great park which lies around the Czar's country palace of Tsarskoë-Selo (Czar's Village), sixteen miles southeast of St. Petersburg. The poor Czar himself very seldom goes there now, fearing to be shot or blown up; but plenty of his subjects do all through the summer, and many a hard-worked clerk or tired store-keeper, lying on the soft grass, with his children frolicking around him, or eating moroshki (Finland raspberries) and cream in one of the little trellis-work summer-houses near the lake, doubtless congratulates himself that he is not important enough to be assassinated, and can take a day's pleasure without fear of pistols, daggers, or dynamite bombs.

If you strike straight out through the park from the eastern corner of the palace, and head toward Pavlovsk (which lies two miles distant), you will soon hear a chorus of little voices, as if a party of children were enjoying themselves somewhere near. Ask any one what this

Digitized by Google

means, and the answer will be, "Matchta" (the mast), and in another moment you see the top of a tall mast above the trees, and come out upon a small open space with a shed along one side of it, and the mast itself in the middle.

All around the foot of it, for safety's sake, is spread a strong net, upon which a crowd of girls and boys are dancing, rolling about, and jumping backward and forward, while other boys of a more adventurous turn are chasing each other up and down the "stays" and rope-ladders, laughing and hallooing at the full pitch of their voices.

See what rosy cheeks this little lassie in the pink sash has got. She looked pale enough two months ago, but fresh air and out-door games have done wonders for her already. She and her sister Alexia (Alice) have taken her big doll between them, and joining hands with their cousin Nadejda (Hope) are dancing round and round in time to a funny little Russian song.

But who is that tall, bright-eyed, early-haired boy who is skipping up and down the rigging as nimbly as a cat, watched admiringly by the old Russian sailor who has charge of the play-ground? Young as he is, Michael Suvôrin has already made up his mind to go to sea, and never loses a chance of "practicing for a sailor." He is rather a wild boy, and just a little too fond of playing tricks upon his aunt and cousins, who are watching him rather nervously from below; but with all his wildness, he staid in only last week all through a half-holiday to read to his little sister when she was ill.

Suddenly he flings his straw hat to the ground, and starts right for the mast-head hand over hand in true man-of-war fashion. Up he goes—up, up, up—reaches the top, and giving a triumphant hurrah, turns to come down again.

All at once he is seen to lurch forward; a cry is heard; and the next moment he is hanging head downward in the empty air, caught by one foot in the strands of the rope-ladder.

Instantly all is confusion. Ladies scream, children cry, and the old sailor himself darts forward to mount to the rescue, when the mischievous boy clews himself up again with a loud laugh, and slides down unhurt, the whole thing having been only a trick.

But when he sees his aunt's white scared face, and his little cousins crying bitterly, Michael's warm heart smites him.

"I'm very sorry, aunt; I only meant it for fun, and I never thought I'd frighten you so. Scold me as much as you like; it 'll just serve me right."

"Nay, don't be too hard on him, barina" (madam), puts in the old sailor. "Boys will have their fun; but he's got the heart of a man in him, and a man that you'll be proud of yet."

And I should not wonder if old Ivan's prophecy some day came out true.

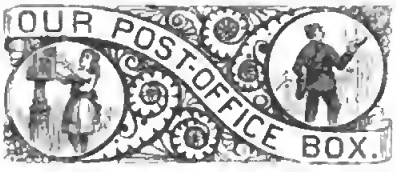
THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall—
Withered leaves, one, two, and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.

—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
What a tiger-leap! Half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again;
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart,
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Overhappy to be proud,
Overwealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

Digitized by Google



WE feel sure that our readers will be pleased by the announcement on the next page of a serial story by their friend Mr. W. O. Stoddard. The story is a long one, and will contain a chapter of intensely interesting reading for each week of the coming winter.

Sometimes when we open the Post-office Box, and read the letters you send us, we try to imagine how you look, and wonder whether we would know you if we happened to meet you going to school, or riding your gentle ponies over the hills, or perhaps busy feeding your pets, and helping along at home. We fancy we would recognize our own Young People by their bright faces and straightforward speech and polite manners. Though we can not print all the letters, we like to read them, and we think just as much of the letters we can not publish as of those which appear in these columns. Remember this, Hannah and Joe, Theodore and Bessie, and write to us again.

Please use black ink, boys and girls, and, to spare our eyes, do not use red ink nor a lead-pencil.

FORT RENO, INDIAN TERRITORY.

Would you like to hear about an Indian dance, or "medicine," which I saw a little while ago? It was in a very large tent composed of several "tepees," or tents of the kind the Indians live in. The dancers were almost naked, painted black or yellow with white marks, and most of them had willow wreaths on their heads, wrists, and ankles. They jumped up and down, blowing on whistles made of the bone of an eagle's wing. In one corner of the tent was a "tom-tom," or big drum, which was beaten by five or six Indians, who sang at the same time, or at least did what they called singing, though it sounded more like howling in my ears. After much drumming and singing, the "medicine-man" and two or three others came forward and stood near the middle pole. One took down two ropes, while another sat down. The "medicine-man" then picked up a knife and some sticks and went up to the side of the man who was sitting down, and pinching up some of the skin on either side of his breast, ran the knife through it, and then taking one of the sticks, he put it through the hole. Then he and another man slipped the ropes over the sticks and went away. The tortured Indian got up and jumped first to one side and then to the other, trying to break loose. The skin stood out about four and a half inches, but would not break; at last it gave way, and the man went head first into the drew which was behind him. After this several others were tied up in the same way. The dance continued several days.

I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" "The Brave Swiss Boy," and "Across the Ocean," but "Toby Tyler" is my favorite. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE from the first number, and could hardly do without it. I am just eleven years old. WILLIAM WIRT L.

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Most of the young folks who write to you tell of their pets. To avoid sameness, I will not tell of mine, but briefly mention the many curious things I lately saw at Spang's Natural History Rooms.

There were four or five kinds of sharks, the most formidable-looking being the hammer-head. It was indeed a monster; its head was three feet across, and its great goggle eyes stood out on each side. The man-eater was a hideous-looking thing, and would not be a very pleasant bathing companion. It has double rows of teeth, and is fully capable of making mince-meat of a person in a very short time. The manatee, or sea-cow, is an ugly-looking customer, in shape resembling the whale. This specimen weighs nearly two thousand pounds. The saw-fish is a queer-looking fellow, who has the advantage of all other workmen, as he carries his tool-chest with him all the time without inconvenience. This chest contains one formidable saw, which grows out from his snout. We saw two or three very large fish of this class, the saws being fully a yard long, with teeth on both sides. The king of fishes, the whale, would not care to combat with a saw-fish. Of all the odd-looking reptiles we saw it would be too tedious to make mention, so I will only allude to the little alligators, all dead and stuffed, which the ingenious Mr. Spang has arranged in the most laughable attitudes. He must have at least five hundred, some of them not more than a couple of weeks old. I hope that those of your readers who are fond of studying natural history may have an opportunity to visit this or some other equally good collection. EDITH C.

CONCORD, CALIFORNIA.

My home is away out in the country, in Contra Costa County. I have two sisters and three brothers. My sisters are Emma and Tina, and my brothers are Charlie and Louis; the baby's name we have not yet decided upon. Emma, Tina, and I go to a little school about two miles from home. I have some chickens, turkeys, ducks, and pigeons, four dogs, and more than a dozen cats. I must tell you what my brother Louis did to a pet pigeon of mine. He saw it walking around the yard, and he thought he would make it a prisoner by putting it in the tin oven of the stove. We built a fire in the stove next day, and soon we heard a noise in the oven. We took the captive out, and tried to save it, but it died in the night. My papa gave me a nice little pony, which I ride. His name is George. I am twelve years old, and as this is my first letter, I would like very much to see it in print. Good-by. BERTA E. L.

Of course your brother did not mean to leave the poor bird in prison, and he must have felt very sad at its unhappy fate.

ELYRIA, OHIO.

I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, for I see many letters in the Post-office Box from little girls who are about the same age as myself.

I want to tell you about a large black and yellow spider that had its home in the corner of a house of ours. Of course it was out-of-doors, for my mamma will not have spider webs in the house where we live. In the middle of her web Mrs. Spider made a kind of curtain, behind which she retired to eat her food. One morning I went to look at it, and there hung a brown bag about the size of a hickory-nut. The bag looked as if it had been drawn together at the top and tied with a string. It had all been made in one night. There was soon another, and then the spider was gone. My papa took one of the bags and opened it. The outside was thick and tough like leather, but soft and smooth as satin inside. In it there was a little round bowl with a lid; we lifted the lid, and found the bowl full of tiny yellow eggs. All around this bowl was something that looked like fine brown cotton. I wonder if it was put there to keep the eggs warm, or as food for the baby spiders. I am going to let the other bag hang as long as it will, and watch it.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost a year; it was a birthday present. ADA L. B.

BATAVIA, ILLINOIS.

I want to tell you about my dear little sparrow, which I found in a mill, all covered with flour. I took him home, and fed him for a week. When I thought he was old enough, I let him fly, but the cunning little fellow did not want to go. He chirruped all day in the trees around the house, and at night, when I called him, he flew right into my open hand. We continued to feed him, and now think we will have to keep him always. He flies out every day, but is sure to be close to his cage at night, and there he is satisfied till morning.

I also have a canary, which always whistles when he sees my papa, and keeps on calling till papa answers him. FREDDIE M.

HAZELWOOD, KENTUCKY.

I sold my last year's turkeys, and invested a part of the proceeds in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. It has proved the best investment I ever made. Papa, mamma, and my brothers and sisters older and younger than myself all enjoy each week's issue. I now have another flock of young turkeys, and when they are disposed of, I will certainly renew my subscription. I raised over two hundred chickens this year. I now have five brown Leghorn chickens, beauties, from which I hope to raise a flock next year. MATTIE L. O.

When you write again, tell us something about your turkeys, whether they are fond of wandering from home, and which you like best to care for, turkeys or chickens.

QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

My little son Alfred is, through his affliction, not able to write himself, so he requests me to say to you what he would like to say himself. When he wrote you the letter you were kind enough to put in your valuable paper for him, we thought it probable some few sympathizing children would send him something to read, and so help to pass away the time to him weary time. He little thought of the almost universal interest it would awake among your readers. He has received, I suppose, one hundred and fifty letters, and books, magazines, and newspapers enough to last him some time. Letters have come to him from almost every State in the Union, and one from a very kind lady in Helena, Montana. I have answered several by mail, but a great many kind friends have sent papers without name, and we wish in his place to thank all who have so kindly answered his letter, and we hope some day to do to others as they have done to our little boy.

S. JUDD, for ALFRED.

WYNDHAM, NEW YORK.

My friend from New York city and I thought we would write and tell you about our camping out upon a hill behind our house. We built a little shanty just large enough to sit up and lie down in, besides a little place to put our apples and drinking water in. We slept with soft hats on, pulled down over our ears to keep from catching cold, lying on and under blankets. It was quite a cold night outside, but with the aid of a lantern we read YOUNG PEOPLE, and kept warm inside by hugging up close together. We were very careful about the light being seen by the boys, for fear they would come up and trouble us as they did last year. We covered the cracks around the sides with old carpets, and the roof with oil-cloth, to keep from getting wet if it should happen to rain. We slept well, and in the morning I heard some one call, "Time to get up; half past five," so we got up and opened our house; and next summer, if we live, we will camp out again. We hope to have YOUNG PEOPLE till we grow up, and we always welcome it. RIP VAN WINKLE.
E. O. P.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

I think I must tell you about my gray cat. My papa brought him home from New York one day, and he was at first very wild, but plenty to eat and kind treatment soon tamed him. His color is gray, and he has black stripes on his head, paws, back, and sides. He is very greedy; we may feed him all day, and then he will come and rub up against us, as if begging for more. He is a very affectionate cat, for when I go out into the yard, he comes up out of the honeysuckles and purrs with pleasure. I have had him about three months. ROSIA E. W.

You might call your gray pussy Oliver Twist, after a certain poor boy who was abused quite as much as poor Tim, and who was always asking for "more," though he had far less to eat than your cat, and so had an excuse for being always hungry. Do you know who wrote the story of *Oliver Twist?*

My brother and I are making a "zoo," and have quite a collection. I would like to increase my stock with a live turtle or terrapin, and I will exchange twelve picture cards for a small one.

We are now reading *Life and her Children*, and find it adds much to the pleasure of our work in collecting.

My brother is eleven and I am nine years old.
F. C. ELY, 238 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Penn.

The following exchanges are offered by correspondents:

Stamps, foreign and domestic, for exchange.
F. H. WATERS, Cambridge, Dorset Co., Md.

Rare South American and East Indian stamps, for others equally rare. B. F. MCLAUGHLIN,
122 Front St., New York City.

A stone from Illinois, for three postmarks from any other State. RALPH B. LARRIN,
New Windsor, Mercer Co., Ill.

A hand-power scroll-saw, one iron stone, one flint Indian arrow-head, two books, entitled *The Six Little Rebels* and *The American Family Robinson*, for a bicycle, stamps, or coins. H. B. MCGRAW,
206 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A 20-inch miniature yacht, sloop-rigged, and warranted to sail, a three-draw spy-glass, and fifty stamps, for a foot-power scroll-saw and appliances in good condition. WILLIAM E. EDMONDS,
323 York St., Jersey City, N. J.

U. S. stamps, postmarks, New York papers and editors' names, for curiosities, stamps, etc., or for a printing-press and type.
THOMAS J. STANTON,
39 Madison St., New York City.

Fifty foreign and official stamps, several rare English and other foreign coins, for type in good condition. WILL J. DANTE,
1212 Sixth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Internal revenue stamps, ores, postmarks, insects, and arrow-heads, for stamps from Asia, Africa, or South America. ELMER PERRY,
Box 1503, Towanda, Penn.

Pressed flowers and ferns from Pennsylvania, lichens, etc., for ocean curiosities, minerals, or old coins. Please label specimens.
Box 26, New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Penn.

A dix-centimes French coin, for a stamp from Paraguay and one from Cashmere; an English halfpenny, for a stamp from Honduras and one from Orange States. ALFRED C. ROWLAND,
Montclair, Essex Co., N. J.

Hot Springs specimens, for a popular poem entitled "We've drank from the same Canteen," sent in order for a scrap-book.
MAIA G. HAMBLEN, Hot Springs, Ark.

Pretty pebbles from Lake Erie, for foreign stamps or curiosities. ALTHEA LEHMAN,
Bloomville, Seneca Co., Ohio.

Postmarks, for curiosities.
HARRY T. LOSE, Malden, Mass.

Stones from Colorado, mica from Illinois, stones and sand from Africa, 197 foreign stamps (no duplicates), four sea-beans, a fine collection of sea-shells,

Digitized by Google

gold and copper ores, a book, and a $1 gold piece, for a bicycle, wheel not less than 36 inches.
BUTTON MCPHERRIDGE,
Danville, Hendricks Co., Ind.

Seven postmarks, for one foreign stamp.
PERRY R. S. SWAYZE,
New Columbus, Luzerne Co., Penn.

Rare European and other foreign stamps, for the same. CHARLIE L. MILLER,
Lock Box 108, Bristol, R. I.

Foam of different colors from Oswego Iron-Works, or European stamps, for specimens of woods 5 inches long and over 1½ inches in circumference.
HOMER WOOD, 448 Eighth St., Portland, Oregon.

Woods from Indiana, for foreign or department stamps. Box 266, Bloomington, Monroe Co., Ind.

Nine fancy picture cards, for an Indian arrow-head. NELLIE M. BLODGETT,
119 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.

Seven rare postmarks, for one foreign stamp or U. S. issue older than 1860.
MAG ENTWISTLE, 603 Rives St., Troy, N. Y.

Two hundred feet of good cotton fish-line, for an Indian tomahawk or other Indian curiosities; seventy-five postmarks, for an Indian pipe or string of beads. E. C. SHAW,
459 Superior St., Toledo, Ohio.

Foreign stamps, for old and foreign coins, relics, and curiosities. C. SMITH,
Box 636, Pittston, Penn.

U. S. stamps, for foreign ones.
J. N. BUTLER, care of Hall & Macdonald,
1651 Broadway, New York City.

Postmarks or foreign stamps, moss from Idaho or Oregon, for a 7 or 90 cent U. S. department stamp of 1869. Oliver Optic's *Up the Baltic*, bound in cloth, for a stamp album little used.
CHARLES W. GRAHAM,
255 Taylor St., Portland, Oregon.

White birch bark, specimens of iron ore, mica, quartz crystals, and fossils, for rare or foreign coins, relics, and specimens. Everything must be carefully labelled. J. S. WANAMAN, Brooklyn, Ontario, Can.

Crystals, very clear and large, from the Black Hills, ores, petrifactions, and metallic specimens, for curiosities. CARL KEIRWEIDER, JUN.,
1111 Rittenhouse St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Two hundred and twenty-five postmarks, for foreign stamps and curiosities.
HORACE TOMKINSON,
Mount Salem, Wilmington, Del.

Foreign stamps, for the same, minerals, Indian relics, and other curiosities.
HARVEY C. SHAW, Box 607, Jamestown, N. Y.

Minerals, woods, ores, Indian relics, and curiosities, for coins, minerals, curiosities, and copies of the old *Farmer's Almanac* older than 1879.
HERBERT CARR, Box 1112, Brockton, Mass.

A stone and soil from New Jersey and New York, for the same from any other State; and a paper from New York and New Jersey, for the same from any other State except Massachusetts.
M. STIEFEL,
36 East Sixtieth St., New York City.

Three good books, called *The Burning Prairie, Ten Cents, Dick Chaverly's Adventures and Misadventures*, a stamp album containing 142 stamps, and three sets of fancy cards, for a good self-inking printing-press with font of type.
JAMES E. HARRENBERGH,
109 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ores and other minerals, and cocoons of a very large moth, six inches across the wings, some of the cocoons nearly as large as my fist, for Indian relics, ocean curiosities, and sea-shells. Correspondents will please write to arrange exchange. Also, if desired, large butterflies properly spread for collector's case. ARTHUR C. SMITH,
554 Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Three stamps of Argentine Republic, three of Brazil, two of Cape of Good Hope, three of Chili, four of Egypt, three of Hong-Kong, three of Norway, four of Russia, and one of Turkey, for a complete set of Curaçoa or of Surinam; twelve Switzerland stamps, for a 7-cent State Department. No duplicates in any of the above. H. HARRISON,
142 East Thirty-sixth St., New York City.

Foreign stamps, shells, minerals, and curiosities, for 7, 90, and 15 cent War and State, 15 and 24 cent Agriculture, 10-cent Executive, and 24-cent Treasury stamps, St. Helena coins, U. S. cents of 1793, 1799, 1804, and 1809, and Indian arrow-heads. I belong to the Providence Natural History Society, and am Secretary of it. H. R. Guild is President. Any letters addressed to the head-quarters of the club will reach me. H. BUFFUM,
101 Waterman St., Providence, R. I.

Three Months' Rustication, by Ballantyne, or *Don Quixote*, for one of Bayard Taylor's books of travels or Irving's *Astoria*. CHARLES BANNETT,
Boonville, Warwick Co., Ind.

Specimens, for Indian relics and U. S. half-cents and old cents. Porcupine quills from Manitoba and silk-worm eggs from Japan, for rare U. S. postage stamps. STILLMAN GRIFFIN, Moline, Ill.

Twenty foreign stamps (no duplicates), for a triangular Cape of Good Hope.
BENNIE SQUIER, Box 585, Orange, N. J.

All the stamps of British Honduras, for a set of Justice or State. Two stamps from Brazil, Russia, Turkey, Victoria, Jamaica, Egypt, Greece, Japan, French Colonies, British Honduras, British Guiana, Brunswick, Queensland, or New South Wales, for any of the following: Post-office 10-cent; Agriculture 1, 2, 10, 12, 15, 24, or 30 cent; Justice 1, 2, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30, or 90 cent; Navy 7 or 90 cent; War 7, 24, or 90 cent; and any of State or Executive.
A. B. C.,
166 West Fifty-fifth St., New York City.

Ten postmarks, for a penny of 1850, or a halfpenny of 1839 or any other year up to 1871; five different U. S. stamps, for one foreign stamp.
MAUDE SMITH, 111 Greene St., Dayton, Ohio.

A few pieces of fossil limestone, for rare foreign stamps. Stamps from Asia, Africa, and South America especially desired.
E. C. BAILEY, Decorah, Iowa.

Stones from the road made by General Anthony Wayne in 1792 going from Pittsburgh to Detroit, for sea-shells or pieces of different kinds of wood an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch square. Label the specimens.
ALDA M. MICHAEL, Coogress, Wayne Co., Ohio.

A good work in five volumes, for an alligator's tooth and other curiosities. Write to arrange.
CONSTANT READER, Box 465, Rome, N. Y.

A pair of roller skates in good order, for a pair of ice skates in good order. Please send postal describing skates before sending.
GRACIE A. PETTIT, Box 554, Yonkers, N. Y.

Three books, nearly new, *Rational Method for Learning French, Acme Biography*, and *American Patriotism*, a steel bracket-saw, and artist's sketching camera, papers and magazines, all for a self-inking press, chase not less than 4 by 6 inches. Write and describe before sending press.
C. H. NICHOLS,
Cumming P. O., Forsyth Co., Ga.

A sword-fish sword, from the waters around Block Island, and two books, for a pair of white mice and a young alligator. Write to arrange exchange.
EWING WATTERSON,
Everett House, New York City.

[*For other exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Exchangers will please notice again that we do not allow fire-arms to be exchanged, and that offers of anything curious or valuable for money are not accepted. We repeat, in answer to several questioners, that there is no charge for inserting exchanges.

We are very glad that Perry W. had such a delightful visit at his grandpa's, and would like to have eaten some of the fish he caught. The little sister's birthday was charmingly remembered. Spencer P. H. sent us a very bright little letter about the ants. Did he ever read H. H.'s clever story, "My Aat's Cow?" Ethel L.'s little sisters Marion and Moriel must be as sweet as their beautiful names. We would like to see the pets, of which we are sure Rena and Elsie take good care. Delia C. may be sure we quite agree with her about the unfortunate Jimmy Brown. Nellie F. may write and tell us about the fair. We are very sorry with Curtis and Appa that their dear cousin Freddie is dead. We may live, as they do, in a Happy Valley, and still feel the touch of sorrow. But Freddie had been ill "a long, long while," and he is now forever free from pain.

E. A. Houston's address is changed from Monmouth Beach, N. J., to 9 West Nineteenth St., New York City. "Reader of YOUNG PEOPLE," Box 114, Cumberland, Md., has received over 100 answers to his exchange, and his supply of coins is exhausted. He will return their postmarks to all who shall send him a stamp for the purpose.

C. H. B.—Articles in YOUNG PEOPLE are paid for according to their value. It is not best for very young writers to be in haste about sending their stories and poems to any paper for publication.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Castor and Pollux," "*Queen Bess*," Ed. S. Harrington, *Willie Volckhausen*, "Lodestar," Charles H. Battey, "Phil I. Pene," G. Volckhausen, C. A. N., "Young America."

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TRANSPOSITION—(*To Aerolite*).

I am a boy's nickname. Change my head, and I become a pest; again, a rug; again, a flying creature; again, a useful animal; again, an article of apparel; again, an adjective; and again, a verb. LODESTAR.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In wearing, not in twining.
In dazzling, not in shining.
In trimming, not in clipping.
In stepping, not in tripping.
In church, but not in steeple.
My whole an ancient people. OWLET.

No. 3.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A liquor. 3. A dazzling light. 4. To miss the way. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A girl's name. 3. A boy's name. 4. To help. 5. A letter. CASTOR AND POLLUX.

No. 4.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 12 letters, and am the title of a poem by John G. Whittier.
My 2, 5, 6, 3 is a place of industry.
My 9, 7, 4, 1 is nancy.
My 12, 10, 8, 11 is a timid creature. R. T.

No. 5.

CHARADE.

In every city my first is free;
In each back yard on the fence 'twill be.
My second is owned by every man;
You'll find it in can't, you'll find it in can.
My third, with a spring to the good roan steed,
The cry of the hounds impatient heed;
Ride like the wind, nor risk a fall,
For savage and fierce is my tameless *all*.
AEROLITE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 97.

No. 1.
C or D
O ut D
Rea R
A nn A

No. 2.
C O N S U M P T I O N
H E R R I C A N E
C O W S L I P
P O S T E
L I E
S
A S P
W H I T E
W E E P I N G
S A N D P I P E R
S U P E R I N T E N D

No. 3.
M
P E T
M E D A L
T A N
L

No. 4. Aar, bar, car, ear, far, jar, lar, mar, oar, par, tar, war.

No. 5. Because last year was 1880, and next year will be 1880 too (1882).

A NEW SERIAL.

In No. 101 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, issued October 4, will appear the first chapter of a fascinating serial story, entitled

THE TALKING LEAVES,

BY W. O. STODDARD.

The story of "The Talking Leaves" is one of Indian life in the far Southwest, the scenes being laid in Arizona and Mexico. Without being sensational or exaggerated, the story is of absorbing interest. The descriptions of places and persons are true to nature, and the illustrations, drawn by THULSTRUP, are reproductions of actual characters and incidents. Mr. Stoddard is already so well known to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE as the author of some of their favorite stories that the mere mention of his name is a sufficient introduction.

Digitized by Google

QUEER KITES.

I WAS once passing along a side street in an Eastern city when I caught sight of an object in the sky which seemed to be neither bird, nor balloon, nor kite. It darted about like a skipper on the surface of a pool. It would rush off to one side and the other, going through the queerest contortions and doublings, opening and shutting and throwing itself about like an acrobat. I started toward it, determined to know what the indescribable, twitching thing was. Before I had gone far I caught sight of a young Chinaman on a house-top making some queer motions with his hands. I soon saw that my curiosity in the heavens was a kite, and he was flying it.

I now saw that the kite was in the form of a parallelogram (this page is in the form of a parallelogram), and that it had no tail. What kept it from whirling round and round, as all my kites had done when their tails came off, I could not imagine. So I sought an acquaintance with the young Chinaman, and obtained a good look at the kite. I measured all the distances, and got the proportions. I looked at the materials, and learned all I could. Then I went home, and tried to make one.

I turned out something that looked very much like it. There is not much trouble in that. We can make a gong that *looks* like a Chinese gong, but it will not work. Neither would my kite. I took it out to try it, and before I had let out three feet of string it was whirling like a windmill. If it had any Chinese blood in its veins, it certainly hadn't become aware of it. It had all the characteristics of the rest of American-born kites.

I loosened strings and tightened strings, cut strings and slipped strings, and tied knots, but it still acted more like a windmill than a kite. I was about giving it up in despair when I happened to try a decided slip of the balance down, and the diving ceased. It would now stand still, looking as bob-tailed as one of the "three blind mice." I could make it dart about, and perform all the antics. By pulling it in rapidly I could even make it pass over my head, and go some distance back of me against the wind, and when I stopped pulling it would float back into place. I could make it double itself, and bow and dance as oddly as its Chinese model. It would sail up in the slightest breath of wind, and altogether was so entertaining that I believe some of the boys who read this paper would like to follow my recipe.

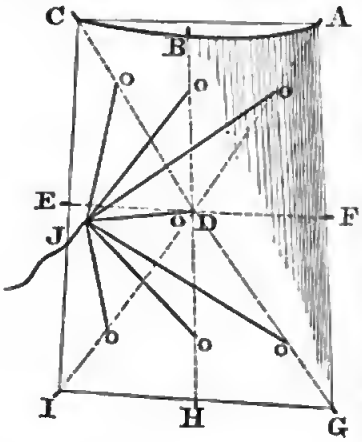


Fig. 1.

The frame is made of split bamboo. Get a piece of a bamboo or cane fish-pole (the dealers generally have broken ones which they will give you). Split it up into very thin strips, perhaps an eighth of an inch wide and a sixteenth thick. They must be very thin, for when your kite is done it ought to stand bending double as safely as a Damascus blade. You need five sticks in all. After you have these ready, make your frame in this manner (see Fig. 1): The heavy lines are the sticks, which must be tied together at A, B, C, and D. The dotted line represents the string which is put around them. A good size for the kite is about two feet. You now have the frame ready. For the cover get the lightest paper you can that is strong. Toughness of paper is very important. Put on your paper, pasting it over the strings and the stick A C. Now fasten the end of a string at A; lay the kite down with the sticks undermost; bring the string to C, and draw it until the stick A C rises in a moderate bow, B rising about two inches; then fasten at C, and clip.

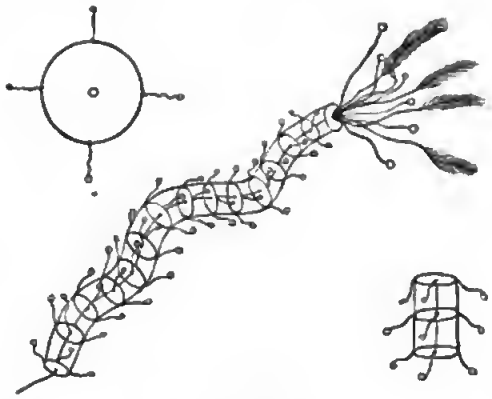


Fig. 2.

The balancing is much the same as for an ordinary kite. Fasten the ends of a balance at o, o, o, o, etc., letting them cross each other about eight inches from the kite. Having got these all even, let fall one more string to support the centre (D), and tie this in with the rest. Attach your string at a point (J) about opposite the cross-stick F E, and you are ready to try it.

Take it out when there is a light wind (they never behave well in a gale), and let it off. Very likely it will spin round at first, but by sliding the knot downward upon the balance strings you are certain to reach a point where the diving will cease. Then begin working it upward until the disposition to dive is but moderate, regulating the tendency to go to one side or the other by sliding the knot toward that side, and you will have a kite which will afford you more amusement than you have found in all your kite-flying before.

Another very curious kite is called the "dragon kite" (see Fig. 2), and when in the air it twists and makes a snake-like movement which is exceedingly curious and attractive. They can be easily made, and will fully repay the labor and pains taken.

The round hoops are made of bamboo or very light whalebone, and are about twelve inches in diameter in the centre, growing smaller at each end. The hoops are covered with thin strong paper, pasted carefully over the edges, and so loosely as to sink in the centre so as to hold the wind. Five strings connect the hoops together, the one in the centre passing through each one, and is part of the cord held by the kite-flyer. The little balls are made of many-colored down, fastened by threads to each quarter of the hoops, while the tails are made of worsted pulled out about six inches. They are easily raised and managed.

LOTS OF FUN.

NOT SO FUNNY.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 101. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.
Tuesday, October 4, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

"THEY ARE TALKING LEAVES."

THE TALKING LEAVES.

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

CHAPTER I.

"LOOK, Rita! Look!"

"What can it mean, Ni-ha-be?"

"See them all get down and walk around."

"They have found something in the grass."

"And they're hunting for more."

Rita leaned forward until her long hair fell upon the

Digitized by Google

neck of the beautiful little horse she was riding, and looked with all her eyes.

"Hark! they are shouting."

"You could not hear them if they were."

"They look as if they were."

Ni-ha-be sat perfectly still in her silver-mounted saddle, although her spirited mustang pony pawed the ground and pulled on his bit as if he were in a special hurry to go on down the side of the mountain.

The two girls were of about the same size, and could not either of them have been over fifteen years old. They were both very pretty, very well dressed, and well mounted, and they could both speak that strange, rough, and yet musical language, but there was no other resemblance between them.

"Father is there, Rita."

"Can you see him?"

"Yes; and so is Red Wolf."

"Your eyes are wonderful. Everybody says they are."

Ni-ha-be might well be proud of her coal-black eyes, and of the fact that she could see so far and so well with them. It was not easy to say just how far away was that excited crowd of men down there in the valley. The air was so clear and the light so brilliant among those snow-capped mountain ranges that even things far off seemed sometimes close at hand.

For all that, there were not many pairs of eyes, certainly not many brown ones like Rita's, which could have looked as Ni-ha-be did from the pass into the faces of her father and brother, and recognized them at such a distance.

She need not have looked very closely to be sure of one thing more—there was not a single white man to be seen in all that long, deep, winding green valley.

Were there any white women?

There were plenty of squaws, old and young, but not one woman with a bonnet, shawl, parasol, or even so much as a pair of gloves. Therefore none of them could have been white.

Rita was as well dressed as Ni-ha-be, and her wavy masses of brown hair were tied up in the same way with bands of braided deer-skin; but neither of them had ever seen a bonnet. Their sunburned, healthy faces told that no parasol had ever protected their complexions; but Ni-ha-be was a good many shades the darker.

There must have been an immense amount of hard work expended in making the graceful garments they both wore. All were of fine antelope-skin, soft, velvety, fringed, and worked and embroidered with porcupine quills. Frocks, and capes, and leggings, and neatly fitting moccasins, all of the best, for Ni-ha-be was the only daughter of a great Apache chief, and Rita was every bit as important a person, according to Indian notions, for Ni-ha-be's father had adopted her as his own.

Either one of them would have been worth a whole drove of ponies, or a wagon-load of guns and blankets, and the wonder was that they had been permitted to loiter so far behind their friends on a march through that wild, strange, magnificent land.

Had they been further to the east or south or north it is likely they would have been kept with the rest pretty carefully, but Many Bears and his band were on their way home from a long buffalo-hunt, and were already, as they thought, safe in the Apache country, away beyond any peril from other tribes of Indians, or from the approach of the hated and dreaded white men. To be sure, there were grizzly bears, and wolves, and other wild animals to be found among those mountain passes, but they were not likely to remain very near a band of hunters like the one now gathered in that valley.

Great hunters, brave warriors, well able to take care of themselves and their families, but just now they were very much excited about something.

Something on the ground.

The younger braves, to the number of more than a hundred, were standing back respectfully, while the older and more experienced warriors carefully examined a number of deep marks on the grass around a bubbling spring.

There had been a camp there not long before, and the first discovery made by the foremost Apache who had ridden up to that spring was that it had not been a camp of his own people.

The prints of the hoofs of horses showed that they had been shod, and there are neither horseshoes nor blacksmiths among the red men of the Southwest.

The tracks left by the feet of men were not such as can be made by moccasins. There are no heels on moccasins, and no nails in the soles of them.

Even if there had been Indian feet in the boots, the toes would not have been turned out in walking. Only white men do that.

So much was plain at a mere glance, but there were a good many other things to be studied and interpreted before Many Bears and his followers could feel satisfied.

It was a good deal like reading a newspaper. Nobody tears one up until it has been read through, and the Apaches did not trample the ground around the spring until they had searched out all that the other trampling could tell them.

Then the dark-faced ferocious-looking warriors who had made the search all gathered around their chief, and, one after another, reported what they had found.

There had been a strong party of white men at that spot three days before. Three wagons drawn by mule-teams. Many spare mules. Twenty-five men who rode horses, besides the men who drove the wagons.

"Were they miners?"

Every warrior and chief was ready to say "No," at once.

"Traders?"

No, it could not have been a trading party.

"All right," said Many Bears, with a solemn shake of his gray head. "Blue coats. Cavalry. Come from Great Father at Washington. No stay in Apache country. Go right through. Not come back. Let them go."

Indian sagacity had hit the nail exactly on the head, for that had been a camp of a United States military exploring expedition looking for passes and roads, and with instructions to be as friendly as possible with any wandering red men they might meet.

Nothing could be gained by following such a party as that, and Many Bears and his band began at once to arrange their own camp, for their morning's march through the pass had been a long and fatiguing one.

If the Apache chief had known a very little more, he would have sent his best scouts back upon the trail that squad of cavalry had come by, until he found out whether all who were travelling by that road had followed it as far as the spring. He might then have learned something of special importance to him.

Then at the same time he would have sent other scouts back upon his own trail, to see if anybody was following him, and what for. He might have learned a good deal more important news in that way.

He did nothing of the kind, and so a very singular discovery was left for Rita and Ni-ha-be to make without any help at all.

As they rode out from the narrow pass, down the mountain-side, and came into the valley, it was the most natural thing in the world for them to start their swift mustangs on a free gallop. Not directly toward the camping-place, for they knew well enough that no girls of any age would be permitted to approach very near to warriors gathered in council. Away to the right they rode, following the irregular curve of the valley, side by

Digitized by Google

side, managing the fleet animals under them as if horse and rider were one person.

So it came to pass that before the warriors had completed their task the two girls had struck the trail along which the blue-coated cavalry had entered the valley.

"Rita, I see something."

"What is it?"

"Come! See! Away yonder."

Rita's eyes were as good as anybody's, always excepting Apaches' and eagles', and she could see the white fluttering object at which her adopted sister was pointing.

The marks of the wheels and all the other signs of that trail, as they rode along, were quite enough to excite a pair of young ladies who had never seen a road, a pavement, a sidewalk, or anything of the sort; but when they came to that white thing fluttering at the foot of a mesquit bush they both sprang from their saddles at the same instant.

One, two, three—a good deal dog's-eared and thumb-worn, for they had been read by every man of the white party who cared to read them before they were thrown away, but they were very wonderful yet. Nothing of the kind had ever before been imported into that region of the country.

Ni-ha-be's keen black eyes searched them in vain, one after another, for anything she had ever seen before.

"Rita, you are born white. What are they?"

Poor Rita!

Millions and millions of girls have been "born white," and lived and died with whiter faces than her own rosy but sun-browned beauty could boast, and yet never looked into the fascinating pages of an illustrated magazine.

How could any human being have cast away in the wilderness such a treasure?

Rita was sitting on the grass, with one of the strange prizes open in her lap, rapidly turning the leaves, and more excited by what she saw than were Many Bears and his braves by all they were discovering upon the trampled level around the spring.

"Rita," again exclaimed Ni-ha-be, "what are they?"

"They are talking leaves," said Rita.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS OF ADVICE.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

A STITCH IN TIME.

THE other day a poor woman who lives near my house came running in in great excitement. "Oh," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Marjorie, I am in so much trouble! I have just lost all the money I had in the world, between my house and the corner. I must have dropped it in the street. What shall I do?"

The only thing I could advise was that she should insert an advertisement of her loss in the paper; and as she did not know how to write, I wrote one for her. Then I said, "How came you to lose your pocket-book? Was there a hole in your pocket?"

She showed me a rip between the lining and the outside of her dress, and said she supposed she had slipped her money through that instead of into the right place. "I've been meaning to sew that for a week," she said, very sadly.

I felt too sorry for her to tell her that experience had taught her a very dear lesson, but it did seem hard that the savings of two months should have been lost for want of a stitch in time.

The homely old proverb says, "A stitch in time saves nine." Please think of it when you are studying your etymology, and are not sure about a derivation. It will take only a few seconds to look it up now, but it may save you much trouble at examination-day to be sure on the subject. Think of it, too, when your little playmate passes you coldly; and when you feel that you have given offense to your teacher or mother, a frank word of apology, a kind, forgiving look *in time*, may save you from many hours of regret and distress. A great many tangled and troublesome things in this world would be set right speedily if everybody believed in a stitch in time. You may apply this principle to everything in life, and it will never fail you. A great poet, Mr. Tennyson, says,

> "It is the little rift within the lute
> That by-and-by will make the music mute."

A very tiny leak, if not repaired, will cause the great ship to go down in the midst of the sea. Any small wrong thing may be corrected or mended while it is small, but every day that it is left alone it will grow larger and stronger. One weed is easier to pull up than ten are. Don't forget the stitch in time, wherever you may be.

THE CALL OF THE CROW.

Caw! caw! caw!
Over the standing corn
The cheery cry is borne—
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!
Into the school-room door,
Over the clean-swept floor—
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!
The crow he is free to fly,
But the boy must cipher and sigh—
Caw! caw! caw!

Caw! caw! caw!
And I wish I could go with him
Where the woods are wild and dim—
Caw! caw! caw!

GALILEO IN THE CHURCH AT PISA.

ONE day Galileo, a young student of medicine at Pisa, saw the great bronze chandelier of the cathedral swing to and fro. He watched it carefully, and found that it moved regularly. It always came back to the same place. He thought he could imitate it, and suspended a weight to a string, and thus formed the first pendulum. His invention has never ceased to be of use to every one. The pendulum was attached to the works of a clock, and has from that moment continued the chief means of measuring time. It rules every family, directs the business of cities, and tells when to go to school and when school is out. The great clock in the City Hall and the clocks in all the steeples and towers are guided by Galileo's pendulum. The wooden clock we buy for two or three dollars, and the costly French clock that ticks on the mantel, owe their chief value to the invention of the young student. The pendulum, wherever it swings to and fro, seems to speak of Galileo.

He was born at Pisa in 1564, the same year with Shakspeare. His father was poor, and wished to apprentice him to the wool trade. But Galileo showed a strong love for mechanics and mathematics; he professed to study medicine at the University of Pisa, but was always busy with mechanical experiments. He worked incessantly with his tools and books, and produced a great number of inventions, more, perhaps, than any other man. From youth to extreme old age he was constantly in his workshop, and labored while others slept. One of his inventions was the thermometer that measures the heat or cold of every land. It is used to mark the temperature of the highest mountains, and is plunged into the depths of the sea; tells the boiling-point and the freezing-point, and governs in the house and the factory.

Digitized by Google

At last, in 1609, Galileo invented the telescope. It had been thought of in Holland, but never brought to any perfection. Galileo caught up the idea, and produced the remarkable instrument that brings distant things near. Until that time no one had supposed men could see beyond a certain limit, and the sailor on the ocean and the travellers by land could look only a few miles before them. Galileo's first telescope was made of lead, small and imperfect, but it was polished and perfected with his wonderful skill and industry. It filled all Italy and Europe with an intense excitement. Men came in crowds to look through the first telescope. At Venice, where Galileo was staying, the merchants climbed to the top of the highest tower to see their ships far off on the water two hours before they could have been seen without the telescope. Galileo was enriched with honors and a large salary. He went to Florence, and was received with wonder and delight by great crowds of his countrymen.

Next came a still more startling discovery. Galileo turned his telescope to the skies, and saw things that had never before been witnessed by mortal eyes. The Milky Way dissolved into a bed of stars; Jupiter showed its four satellites, Saturn its rings; the moon seemed covered with mountains, seas, and rivers. The heavens seemed revealed to man, and Galileo soon after, startled by his own discoveries, published his "Message from the Stars." In this pamphlet he describes the wonders of the skies he was the first to see. It was read all over Europe, and the people and the princes heard with awe the account of the new heavens. Many persons denied that there was any truth in the narrative; it was looked upon as a kind of "Moon hoax" or "Gulliver's Travels"; some said it was an optical delusion, and Galileo was attacked by a thousand enemies.

His health was always delicate, and he was always kept poor and in debt by a worthless son and an idle brother. His life, so prosperous, ended in misfortune. His telescope proved to him that the world moved round the sun, and he ventured to say so. Unfortunately the Inquisition and nearly every one else believed that the sun moved round the earth. Galileo was forced to say that he was mistaken. He was tried at Rome, condemned, and obliged on his knees to confess his error, and during the last years of his life was kept a prisoner in his own house near Florence. He passed his time in constant work, studying the moon, and making instruments. At last he became blind. Here Milton visited him, and looked upon him with veneration. He died in 1642, and was buried privately in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence.

Galileo was of a pleasant countenance, always cheerful. His hair was of a reddish tinge, his eyes bright and sparkling until they became dimmed like Milton's. His figure was strong and well formed. It was said of him that no one had ever seen him idle. He was never weary of improving his telescope. The first one he made only magnified three times, a second eight times, and then he made one that magnified thirty times. It is the men who are never idle that help themselves and others.

GALILEO IN THE CHURCH AT PISA.

MAKING READY TO EMBARK.

[Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.]

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC

CHAPTER X.

BILL THOMPSON'S TENT.

HARDLY had the boys ceased to talk of their grand hunt, when they were thrown into the greatest excitement by news which Bill Thompson had called them together to impart. This is what he said, when at least a dozen were present behind the same barn that had been ornamented with the skin of Tip's victim:

"Fellers, my father has just brought home a great big tent—a reg'lar canvas one—an' he says we may take it, un' all go off campin' for a week. What do you think of that?"

For some moments it was impossible to learn just what the boys did think of it, for they all attempted to talk at once, and some, who could not speak as loud as the others, began to cheer, until Tip, who of course had been called into council with the others, barked loudly at the confusion of sound. Although Bill knew that his companions were almost beside themselves with joy at the news, it was fully ten minutes before the noise had subsided sufficiently for him to learn that fact from their words.

Bobby Tucker was positive he and Tim would be allowed to go with the party, because his father had told them they might enjoy themselves in their own way until the summer term of school began, and the majority of those present were equally certain they could go. Those who had any doubts on the matter started off at once to gain the desired permission, and in a short time it was decided that just an even dozen—eleven boys and Tip—would make up the party. Then the serious work began.

It was necessary to decide where they should go, how they were to get there, and how a supply of provisions could be obtained.

Bobby Tucker was sure he could get a bushel of potatoes as his share, and a large piece of pork as Tim's. Bill Thompson owned three of the hens in his father's flock, one of which he agreed to carry, in order that at least one "big" dinner might be served, and he also agreed to get three dozen of eggs. Jimmy Newcomb, whose father kept a store, was certain he could get a large supply of crackers, and a small supply of candy. Another of the party promised butter, pepper, and salt; another agreed, in the name of his mother, to have some gingerbread and pies, and so the list of provisions was made up, thus settling the last question first.

Where the camp should be pitched was a more difficult matter to decide. Some were in favor of going in the same direction as that taken on the bear-hunt; but this was voted down at once by Bill Thompson, who, because he was the party furnishing the tent, had great weight in the discussion.

"We want to go 'way off where we can't get back for a good while," he said, decidedly. "An' besides, we must go where nobody lives, so's we can find more bears for Tip."

Then another of the party suggested getting a horse and cart, and going as far into the interior of the island as possible; but this Bill objected to on the ground that they would then be obliged to follow some road, which would still keep them within the range of civilization.

"Can't we get a boat, an' go 'way round to the other side of the island, where nobody lives?" asked Tim.

"That's the very thing," said Bill, decisively—"that's

Digitized by Google

the very thing; an' Jimmy Newcomb can get the one his father keeps at Dunham's wharf."

All three of the questions having thus been settled, the boys went over to Bill Thompson's to view the tent which was to afford them their highest idea of enjoyment. It was found to be quite large enough to shelter the entire party, being fully twelve feet square, and complete in everything save pegs and stakes, which could easily be made before starting, or after they should arrive on the spot where it was to be pitched.

It was some time before the boys had gazed sufficiently upon this canvas house so wonderfully come into their possession, and they would probably have spent more time in admiration of it had there not been some little doubt as to whether Jimmy Newcomb's father had the same idea regarding the loan of his boat as his son.

It was thought best to have an interview with Mr. Newcomb at once, and the entire party marched down the village to a point almost opposite the store, and waited there while Jimmy went in to ask the important question.

He remained inside so long that every boy's face began to grow sad, for each moment he was there seemed to tell that he was not succeeding in the project.

"I guess his father won't let him have it, an' he's stayin' there to coax," said Bill, sadly; but he had hardly spoken when Jimmy appeared. He could not wait until he crossed the street before he imparted the joyful news, but waved his hat even while he stood on the threshold of the door, and shouted at the highest squeak of his voice:

"It's all right, boys; we can have her as long as we want if we're careful not to get her stove up."

In the twinkling of an eye every one of those boys had started at full speed toward Dunham's wharf, that they might look at the craft which was to carry them on their journey. They had all seen the boat at least a hundred times before, but now that she was theirs for a while, she seemed like a new one.

Since the boat was ready, and the tent nearly complete for pitching, Bill Thompson proposed that each one should spend that day getting ready for the trip. The time set for the start was seven o'clock on the following morning, and every one was expected to be on hand promptly at that hour. Tim, Bobby, and Bill promised to make the tent pegs and stakes, and it was decided that if any important question should come up meanwhile, they could meet behind Bobby Tucker's barn that night to discuss it.

With this agreement the conference broke up, and during the remainder of that day, when any of the towns-people saw a boy running at full speed, or staggering under a load of bed-clothing, they knew he was one of the party who were going out camping for a week.

It would not be surprising if the mothers of those boys lost their temper several times during the following ten hours, so numerous were their wants, and such vague ideas did they have as to the amount of provisions necessary for a week's stay in the woods. But greatly to the delight of both the boys and their parents, the day came to a close, as all days will, and a very happy party met in the rear of Mr. Tucker's barn.

Each one had secured the articles promised, while some had been able to do even more. Bobby had found a flag, rather the worse for wear, to be sure, but still showing enough of the stars and stripes to allow one to see what it had been, and this was looked upon as the crowning triumph of all.

Tim, Bobby, and Bill had worked hard at the tent pegs, but had made only about half the required number. This, however, was not considered important, since the remainder could be made after they arrived at the camping place.

When the party broke up that night it was with the understanding that each one would be at the wharf as early as possible, and it was hard work for any of them to get to sleep that night. But nearly all of them were up and dressed before the sun had any idea that it was time for him to show his face in the east.

It was hardly half past six when everything, from the tent to Bill Thompson's live hen, was in the boat, packed snugly. The flag was raised at the stern on a thin slab of drift-wood, held in place by Jimmy Newcomb, who was given the position of helmsman, owing to the fact that his father owned the boat. The remainder of the party were to take turns at rowing, and when the boat was pushed away from the wharf, four oars were worked as vigorously as the boys at the end of them knew how.

Bill Thompson started a song, in which all joined; Tip barked until there was every danger that he would become hopelessly hoarse; and the old hen cackled and scolded as if she knew just what her fate was to be.

There was only one settlement on Minchin's Island, and it was the plan of the party to row around the coast until they reached a point as nearly opposite the village as possible. The distance was fully ten miles; but no one thought the labor would be too great if, by dint of hard rowing, they could reach a place that was uninhabited, and each one was ready to take his turn at the oars whenever another was tired.

Now Bill Thompson was a great stickler for discipline, and although he had said nothing about it when the details of the voyage were under discussion, he had a plan which he began to carry into execution as soon as the journey was fairly commenced.

"Now we've got to do this thing right," he said, as he braced himself in the bow, where he could have a view of all hands. "We must choose different ones to do different things, so's we'll know what we're about. We've got to have cooks, an' I nom'nate Tim Babbige an' Bobby Tucker to take care of the victuals, an' do the cookin'."

Bill paused as if for some one to second the proposition, and Jimmy Newcomb said, not very properly to be sure, according to the rules laid down for the election of gentlemen to office, but still quite decidedly enough to show he meant it, "That settles it," and Tim and Bobby were considered elected to the responsible offices of cooks and guardians of the food.

"Now I go in for makin' Jimmy Newcomb captain of the ship, an' he must boss the job when we're out on a trip, an' when we're landin'."

This time Tim, being already one of the most important officers of the expedition, considering it necessary to assist in the election of some of the others, said quickly, "That's jest the thing."

After Bill had appointed certain of the boys to cut wood and bring water, he said, with just a shade of hesitation in his voice, as if he was troubled with bashfulness,

"Now somebody's got to be captain of the huntin', an' if you boys are willin' I'll do that; an' whatever kind of wild animals we scare up, I promise to be the first one to rush in an' cut their throats after Tip has caught 'em."

This was considered as a sort of oath of office, and each member of the party made some sign of agreement in Bill's self-election, feeling perfectly satisfied that he should fill what was looked upon as a dangerous position.

After they had rowed at least three hours, different members of the crew insisted that they must have gone entirely around the island, and were then proceeding toward home; but Jimmy quickly put a stop to any grumbling. Both he and Bill knew when they were about opposite the village, for they had been there several times with Captain Thompson, and they were both equally positive that they had yet some miles to go before gaining the extreme end of the island.

It was about eleven o'clock, and nearly every boy was tired out with his work at the oars, when Jimmy ordered them to stop rowing, and pointed inshore.

The view which presented itself was a lovely one. Two points of rocks projected some distance into the sea, form-

Digitized by Google

ing a little harbor, at the head of which was a smooth shelving beach of sand. Just back of the beach was a dense grove of pine-trees, and through them led a narrow path, now so covered with vines and weeds as to show it had not been used, by man at least, for some time.

Jim had no need to ask what his companions thought of camping there, for each one appeared delighted with it, and the boat was pulled up to the beach.

Bill Thompson was the first to leap ashore, and even though he was only the chief huntsman, he assumed full charge of the expedition, so far as landing and setting up the tent were concerned.

A cleared spot in the grove about fifty yards from the beach was selected as the site of the tent, and then they wished that the pegs had all been made before they started, for the canvas could not be put up until they were done. Bill and two others set about this important work, while Tim and Bobby hustled around to get something to eat, and Jim made sure the boat was anchored securely.

The first thing done by the two cooks was to tie Bill's hen by her leg to a tree, and then it was found necessary to fasten Tip some distance from her, since he showed a decided inclination to treat her as he had the woodchuck.

Then the more skillful work of building the fire-place was begun, and this Tim took charge of, while Bobby unpacked the kettle and spider, got the potatoes ready for cooking, and made himself generally useful.

Tim made rather a good job of the fire-place, and after he had finished it to his satisfaction he cut three forked sticks on which to hang the kettle, but immediately afterward found that they had forgotten to bring a chain, and would be obliged to suspend the pot by a rope, thereby running some risk of its burning.

Meanwhile the wood and water carriers had done their part of the work, and the cooks found plenty of material close at hand for the beginning of their cooking operations. The potatoes were put on to boil, and thanks to the generous fire underneath them, gave promise of speedily being ready to do their allotted duty in the dinner which the hungry boys were anxiously expecting.

Bill had finished making his tent pegs, and by the time Tim had succeeded in hanging the kettle, the tent was up, needing only the delicate operation of setting the stakes properly to make it a large and habitable dwelling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TYROLESE NATIONAL DAY.

NAPOLEON has many sins to answer for, but there is no one deed of his for which he has been more justly blamed than for the killing of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot. From 1363, when Tyrol by inheritance came to belong to Austria, the Tyrolese had never wavered in their devotion to the house of Hapsburg, and therefore when in 1805, by the Peace of Presburg, Austria was forced by Napoleon to cede Tyrol to Bavaria, a thrill of indignation stirred the hearts of the sturdy mountaineers at being against their will forced to change rulers; and when they found that the mild rule to which they had been accustomed was exchanged for severe impositions, taxes, and drafting to fight against their friends the Austrians, it is no wonder they revolted against their oppressors. The Tyrolese are a nation of marksmen, and though ready to fight when occasion requires, they will not endure regular military service such as Bavaria then demanded (being obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the French armies), and, besides, rather prided themselves on their ignorance of military manœuvres. They have a rhyme—

> "You say 'tis luck alone when those
> Unskilled in tactics beat their foes,
> But better 'tis without to win
> Than with these tactics to give in,"

and their encounters with the French and Bavarians during the year 1809 only served to confirm them in this belief.

The Archduke John of Austria had been much in Tyrol, and had endeared himself to the people, and when the cession in 1805 forced him to quit the country, he disbanded his Tyrolese army, promising them, however, that if the time should ever come when it would be safe to try and recover their liberty, he would send them word, and become their leader; he also promised to keep up intercourse with the chief Tyrolese, and his favored correspondent was our patriot, Andreas Hofer.

Hofer was an innkeeper in the Passeyr Valley, as his ancestors had been before him, a wine dealer, and horse drover, all of which occupations brought him in contact with people of every rank in life. A Tyrolese innkeeper is a very important person, often serves as a banker for the neighboring settlements, and his house is always the place appointed for political meetings. Hofer's inn was called the "Sand House," and he was known and trusted from one end of Tyrol to the other. He was born in 1767, and was forty-one when chosen leader of the Tyrolese forces.

The Archduke in January, 1809, sent word that he would like to confer with Hofer and other tried friends, and they accordingly went to receive his orders. He directed them to hold themselves ready, promised that they should have due notice when a general rising was to be made, and desired Hofer to let the different districts know, in order that the suddenness of the revolt in so many places at one time might arouse all Germany. The signal was to be the floating of sawdust on the streams, and though more than two months passed before the plan could be carried out, and many were necessarily in the secret, there was never a suspicion excited in the minds of the enemy.

Within three days (from March 31) the whole of Tyrol was in arms, and Hofer captured at Innsbruck and Hall over eight thousand French and Bavarian prisoners; within the next fortnight the whole province was free, and over ten thousand French and Bavarian troops destroyed. The defeat of Austria at Wagram by the French caused a demand that the Austrians should evacuate Tyrol, and though three separate armies were sent against them, Hofer and his brave countrymen routed them all, and Tyrol declared herself free, formed an independent government, and Hofer was declared absolute Dictator.

For some time the Tyrolese fought against a superior foe. In the last battle the women bore arms alongside the men, and nearly four hundred were killed by the enemy's cavalry; but finding resistance vain, Hofer disbanded his forces. Refusing all requests to leave the country and seek refuge in Austria, he went to a lonely hut on the mountain, some miles above his inn. Here, though he remained for over two months, supplied by the peasantry with food, no reward could induce his countrymen to betray him; but one Donay, a traitor, and no Tyrolese, offered to lead a band to the place, and on the 27th of January two hundred men were sent to capture him. They reached his hut after dark, and when he was aware of their presence, he submitted to be ironed, and with his wife, daughter, and little son was marched to Botzen amidst the taunts of the French and the tears of his countrymen. He retained his cheerfulness, though worn with privation, believing that not even Napoleon could condemn him. He was taken under strong escort to Mantua, it not being deemed safe to keep him in Tyrol, and tried by a court-martial. The majority of his judges voted he should be imprisoned; two, that he should be liberated; but Napoleon, then at Milan, sent word that he should be shot within twenty-four hours. Hofer received the news with calmness; and on February 20, 1810, at eleven o'clock, he was led out to execution.

Digitized by Google

"THE NAUGHTY BOY."—From the Painting by C. T. Garland.

Digitized by Google

ANDREW JACKSON WASHINGTON JONES.

ANDREW was quite as black a little colored boy as if he had been well painted, and his mammy was in the habit of telling him that he was as lazy as he was black, a fact which Andrew Jackson never took the trouble to deny.

He had not a very clear idea of the proper definition of the word lazy; but even though he never made any attempt to correct the error into which his mother had fallen, he believed he could point out at least a dozen boys who were really indolent, while he was only what might be called tired.

He looked upon such work as carrying wood and water as something especially adapted to cultivate the muscles of older people, but decidedly injurious to boys of his age. Therefore whenever he saw anything at home which indicated the possibility of his being set at work, he always had immediate and urgent business which called him as far away as he felt able to walk, and he could go a long distance, however warm the day, when he believed he was fleeing from labor.

AS BLACK AS BLACK COULD BE.

But one day Andrew Jackson Washington Jones's father came home with a very long and stout willow switch in his hand, and told the ever-tired little darky that it was his intention to "use it upon his back, shuah," if a certain pile of wood was not split and into the shed by sunset.

Andrew would have turned pale if his skin had not been quite so dark, for from the way his father spoke, he was quite certain he would be just cruel enough to carry

ASLEEP IN THE FURNACE-ROOM.

Digitized by Google

his threat into execution; and he went out by the wood-pile wondering which would be the hardest—to do the work or receive the promised whipping.

He had just made up his mind that he would rather have the willow cut up by his back than to cut that pile of wood with the dull axe, while all the other boys were out cat-fishing; and he was already smarting from anticipation when another and more horrible thought came to him. He would probably not only be obliged to feel the willow, but to do the work also, and he was discouraged.

"Daddy 'll lick me fo' a fac', an' mammy will tear round dreffu' till it's done," he said, musingly, and he shivered at the thought. "Dar's gwine to be no rest fo' dis chile till dat yere wood am cut."

If Andrew had only ceased discussing matters with himself then, and set to work in earnest on that unlucky wood-pile, all would have been well, and one little colored boy would not have been missing from home that night. But he continued the discussion until he had decided to do the task, and afterward concluded that he could, by trying remarkably hard, catch just one cat-fish, and yet have the wood in the shed before the sun got through work and went to bed.

"Keep remembrancin' dis yere switch," cried his mother, when she saw him feel of the axe, then put his best bone clappers in his pocket, and start in the direction of the wharves.

Andrew nodded his head and shrugged his shoulders as if he had it ever before his eyes, but hurried on.

If he had attacked the wood-pile with half the energy that he started for the cat-fish, all would have been well with both him and the wood, for he walked along at a really rapid rate, considering how tired he always was.

At the wharves he saw none of his friends, but a steamer was there taking on freight, and to Andrew's mind it would be quite as interesting to examine her as to catch three or even four cat-fish.

His wanderings on board, unchecked by any of the officers because there was a possibility he might be a passenger, led him to the furnace-room, which was entirely deserted. A cozy seat made of rough boards was just beside the open door of the furnace, from which the heat was escaping in very welcome quantities, and Andrew popped into it, smiling as he thought of the difference between cutting the wood and sitting there where he was so thoroughly comfortable.

"Talk 'bout dat yere wood-pile," he muttered, and then he was sound asleep, while the light of the glowing coals played about his face, causing it to assume all shades from a light bronze to an intense black.

No boy ever slept more soundly than did Andrew Jackson Washington Jones then, and none ever awoke more quickly than he when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he was pushed on to the iron floor in anything rather than a gentle manner.

"G'way from me, g'way—" and then he stopped speaking that he might open his mouth wide with astonishment as he saw a man, a very big, stout man, looking at him angrily.

"What are you doing here?" asked the big party, whom Andrew would have known to be the fireman, if he had been better acquainted with steamboat life.

"I's gwine cat-fishin' fur a spell," said the boy, his eyes opening wide as he closed his mouth to speak.

"Cat-fishin'! Perhaps you're runnin' this craft, and are goin' to take her out on a fishin' cruise?"

The sneer which accompanied the words was lost on the boy, as, suddenly thinking of the neglected work, he replied, in a dazed sort of way:

"Daddy's gwine to lick me now fo' a fac'."

"He won't do it half as quick as I will," roared the fireman, evidently enraged by the astonished way in which the boy stared at him, his eyes seeming to increase in size each moment.

Before Andrew Jackson Washington Jones had any idea as to what was about to be done, the man had seized him by the collar of his jacket, and he felt blows compared with which those from the willow switch would have been pleasure.

"Now shovel over that coal," shouted the man, as he released his hold of Andrew Jackson's collar so suddenly that the boy spun around against the iron-clad sides of the room like a top in a box.

"Mammy says I's to come right back," blubbered Andrew, as he rubbed coal dust over his face in his efforts to wipe his eyes.

"It'll be quite a spell before you do get back, for the steamer left the dock ten minutes ago."

"Den I mus' shinny along, fur I can't stay here," said Andrew, hurriedly, as he started toward the door.

"Come back here," and the man made sure he would obey by catching him by the jacket, and pulling him toward him. "Didn't you hear me say that the boat had left the dock? We're two miles away by this time."

"Wha—wha—wha'll I do?" and Andrew Jackson burst into a fresh flood of tears, as the most lonely feeling he ever had in his life came over him.

"You'll take hold of that shovel and exercise it as lively as you know how," replied the man, and from the way in which he spoke Andrew did not think it prudent to make any objections.

Shovelling coal in the hot furnace-room of a steamer is work by the side of which almost any other seems like mere play, and if Andrew Jackson Washington Jones could suddenly have been carried back to that wood-pile he would have attacked it with an energy that would have astonished his mother.

But he was not there, which was his own fault, and he was obliged to shovel coal, which was the fault of the ill-natured fireman, both of which facts made of Andrew Jackson as miserable a little colored boy as ever strayed into mischief for the sake of a few cat-fish.

For nearly two hours—and he would not have been surprised had he been told two days had passed—he shovelled coal, while the perspiration rolled down in streams from his face, and to add to his misery he lost his valued clappers through the grating. Then the fireman said:

"Now, then, boy, we're going to stop pretty soon, and you'd better get on deck if you want to go ashore: for you're only about twenty miles from home now, and at the next stopping-place you'll be fifty miles away."

Andrew dropped that shovel as if it had suddenly become hot, and when the steamer stopped he was the first person who landed, having carelessly stepped on the mate's foot, and been thrown ashore by him before the gang plank was out.

The moment he was fairly on his feet he started up the pier toward the town at a speed that would have persuaded his mother he had a fit, could she have seen him, and it was not until he got into the very centre of the village that he attempted to form any plan as to the future.

There he was, twenty miles from home, without any money, and his clappers lost. His hands were blistered, his clothes covered with cinders and coal dust, and he was more thoroughly hungry and tired than he ever remembered being before.

He looked down the road which a gentleman told him led to his home, and as he thought of that wood-pile twenty miles away, it seemed as if it would have been happiness indeed if he could only be there cutting it up and carrying it into the shed. He was hungry too, wonderfully hungry, but fortunately an old lady gave him two doughnuts and three crackers after she heard his story, and then she told him he was a cruel, wicked boy for not having done as his father had commanded him.

Digitized by Google

He knew it was necessary for him to trudge along if he ever wanted to get home, and every lazy bone in his body rebelled against the exercise.

He walked and walked until he thought he must have gone fully a hundred and seventeen miles, and yet there was no sign of a town, while it had grown as dark as it well could be on a moonlight night.

He sat down by the side of the road to rest, but he heard so many strange noises, and fancied he saw so many horrible things, that he was forced to go on again, although his legs were so tired it seemed as if they would drop from his body, and his feet were very sore.

There was one thing he could do, which was to cry, and he set about that work with more real energy than he had ever set about anything before.

He roared so that the woods fairly rang with the echoes, and the night birds peered out very carefully to see what the matter was. But all his crying did not take him one inch nearer home, and the sound of his own voice actually frightened him.

After he had walked what ought to have been another hundred miles, and thought he should surely die from fatigue, he heard sounds in the rear which caused his heart to stand almost still, while he expected every moment to be killed and scalped.

No such fearful fate awaited him, however, for the horrible noise he heard was simply the driver of an ox-team singing to cheer himself on his journey.

It was singular how sweet that music sounded after Andrew knew what it was, and he ran back to meet the team rather than wait for it to come to him.

The oxen and the man were going directly past his home, though it would, of course, be some time before they reached there, and the boy who went for cat-fish rather than chop wood was to be allowed to ride over all level places in the road, and down hill. Up hill he must walk, for the load was heavy, and the patient oxen had about all they could draw without him.

If the driver of that team was to be believed, Andrew Jackson had walked about four miles; but the boy felt certain that either the man was mistaken or was wickedly concealing the truth.

The journey was not ended until noon of the next day, and it surely seemed as if it had been all up hill, so often was Andrew called upon to get down and walk.

His father and mother were both out hunting for him when he arrived home, and the way he made that wood fly, tired and hungry though he was, should have been a caution to any lazy boy. It was all cut and in the shed when his parents got home, but nevertheless the willow switch was well worn, and from that day forth Andrew Jackson Washington Jones was nearly, if not quite, cured of being lazy.

THE BOY WHO COULD NOT BE HURT.

BY DAVID KER.

I.

MANY, many years ago, about the time that Hendrick Hudson was smoking his first pipe with the Manhattan Indians on the site of New York, a group of school-boys were assembled one quiet summer evening in front of a house in the quiet little Swedish village of Hornelen.

"That's where the nest is, up there by the corner of the highest window," said one. "But who's to get it?"

"Oh! can't you really, Karl?" piped a poor little pale-faced cripple in the centre of the group. "That's just the egg I've been wanting ever so long. *Can't* you get it somehow?"

"I wish I could, little one, if only for *your* sake; but I've tried it twice, and got nothing but a good tumble for my pains."

"And so has Austrian Moritz here—haven't you, old fellow?" cried another, clapping the shoulder of a slim, dark-haired boy, who was spending his holidays at Hornelen with one of his father's Swedish friends.

"True enough," said Moritz von Arnheim, with a grimace. "But here comes Johnny Banner, and *he'll* do it if any one can."

"Hurrah for the boy who can't be hurt!" shouted several voices, as a big square-built lad, with a bold, bluff, sunburned face, joined the group. "Why, Johnny, man, how dusty you are!"

"And so would *you* be, if you'd just been run over by a wagon," grunted Johnny.

"Run over by a wagon!" echoed the boys, staring.

"Just so. You see, I was up in the big elm yonder, having a swing on one of the boughs, when Farmer Jansen, not seeing me, let fly at a rook that had perched there, and put a charge of shot through my cap. Look here;" and he held up the riddled cap to view.

"Another escape, I declare," laughed Moritz. "We shall have to call you 'Jack-of-Nine-Lives,' at this rate."

"So then, as you may think," pursued Johnny, "I came down again faster than I went up, and got into the road just in time to meet old Nils, the carrier, rattling along at his usual slap-dash pace. In trying to avoid him, I slipped and fell right before the cart, and horse and cart and all went merrily over me. Luckily, I had fallen lengthwise, so that the wheels went on each side of me, and here I am, all right."

"Well, old boy," cried Karl, "here's another chance for you. Try if you can get those eggs up yonder for little Olaf. None of *us* can."

The words were hardly spoken, when Banner was over the fence, and the next moment he was seen scrambling up the side of the house by the notches which time and weather had made in the masonry. Once he slipped, and came down with a run; but he only set his hard mouth a little more firmly, and went to work again. Inch by inch he worked his way upward, the boys holding their breath as they watched him, until at length a general shout proclaimed that he had got a firm hold of the ivy.

Once there, the rest was easy. Another minute brought him within reach of the nest, and the eggs were carefully stowed away in a kind of pouch in the breast of his jacket.

Just then the village school-master came by, and seeing what was going on, cried, indignantly,

"You cruel boy! it would serve you right if you were to fall and injure yourself."

The words were truer than he intended, for Banner, startled by the shout, lost his hold and fell headlong to the ground. A cry of horror burst from the lookers-on, who were all over the fence in an instant, and the old teacher, dismayed at the effect of his rebuke, was not the hindmost. But to their amazement they found that "the boy who could not be hurt" had deserved his name once more. He had alighted upon a heap of straw, and though stunned and slightly bruised, was otherwise not a whit the worse.

"All right, boys," said he, faintly, "the *eggs* aren't broken, anyhow. Here, Olaf." And he put his prize into the trembling hands of the little cripple, who was crying bitterly.

"God bless thee, my brave lad!" said the old teacher, losing all his anger in honest admiration of the boy's courage. "Thou art one who will be heard of yet."

II.

"Stand firm, lads! we'll beat them yet," shouted a tall handsome man in the uniform of an Austrian Colonel, who was doing his best to keep his men steady in the crisis of one of the hardest battles of the Thirty Years' War.

Few of his old playmates would have recognized little Moritz von Arnheim in that bearded face and towering figure; but it was he nevertheless, and the soldiers who

Digitized by Google

A SCHOOL FOR YOUTHFUL PRISONERS IN MAZAS, PARIS.

were pressing him so hard were men from the very part of Sweden where he had once spent his holidays.

"Forward, my Swedes!" roared a tremendous voice from the other side, and through the rolling smoke in front broke a long line of glittering pike-heads and stern faces, sweeping down upon them like a mighty sea. There was a crash and a terrible cry, and the Austrian ranks were rolled together like leaves before the wind.

Foremost among the Swedes, as they swept onward with a joyous cheer, was a big red-bearded man with the plumed hat of a General, whose face every Austrian leader already knew to his cost.

"Here's that fellow again," growled the Colonel. "He sha'n't escape *this* time, anyhow."

He discharged his pistol full at the General's broad breast, but the ball glanced off as if from a rock, and the next moment Colonel Von Arnheim and his horse were rolling in the dust together, under the very feet of the Swedish pikemen.

"Don't hurt him, on your lives!" roared the General. "Take him to my tent, and keep him safe till I come."

"Ha!" muttered the Colonel, "I ought to know *that* voice. A strange adventure, truly, if this be indeed he!"

But all his doubts were ended a few hours later when the Swedish General came striding into the tent, and holding out his huge brown hand, said, with a broad grin,

"Do you know me, friend Moritz?"

"John Banner, sure enough!" cried Von Arnheim, grasping the offered hand cordially. "Well, I see you're still 'the boy who can't be hurt,' for I'm certain I saw my bullet hit you right on the breast."

"Hitting's not killing," answered Banner, throwing open his uniform, and showing a breastplate of fine steel underneath. "I've had many a narrower escape than that since I climbed for the nest at Hornelen."

"Well, speaking for myself, I'm very glad you *have* escaped," said the Colonel; "but for the sake of Austria and the imperial flag, I rather wish *that heap of straw hadn't been there.*"

Banner answered with a hearty laugh, and the two old comrades, thus strangely reunited, spent a very merry evening together.

A PRISON SCHOOL IN PARIS.

IN the large and gloomy prison called Mazas, in Paris, there is a school for the instruction of youthful offenders against the law. Most of them are very ignorant when they enter the prison, but they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic during their term of confinement, and most of them leave their cells not only improved in morals, but fitted to earn their living in honest employment.

The prison is a gloomy place for a school; but it is better than the dreadful places from which its youthful inmates are taken, where they had begun to learn the ways and habits of older criminals. It is a wise thing to give them useful instruction as well as punishment, so that when they are set free they may not sink back into evil ways, and go on from bad to worse in a downward course.

No class in this prison school contains more than eight pupils at a time, and the school-room is very different from the pleasant, cheerful rooms where the pupils of our free schools are taught. It is a vaulted court lighted with gas, and the doors of the cells open into it. At each door is a plain wooden table, and the pupils sit in such a position that they can not see each other, while all are under the eye of the teacher.

The teacher, as may be seen in the picture, walks slowly back and forth in front of the open doors, listening to the recitation of the lessons. All the pupils respond at once, either reading from their slates or answering questions orally. It is really wonderful to see how quickly he

Digitized by Google

detects the slightest error, and corrects it, when all are speaking at the same time. You may think that this is a very inconvenient way to learn; but bright boys, who were entirely ignorant when they entered the prison, have been known to write legibly in a month's time, and to do quite difficult sums in multiplication and division. The fact that they have nothing to divert their minds from their lessons, and that study is really a new kind of recreation for them, may account for this rapid progress.

When Louis Napoleon overthrew the French Republic in 1851, and made himself Emperor, Mazas became famous for the number of distinguished patriots who were confined there by the order of the usurper. A full description of the prison is given in Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime*.

ANECDOTES ABOUT CATS.

A CAT that belonged to a coachman had a very curious way of bringing up her kittens. Soon after her first family was born, she disappeared one morning with all the little things, and could not be seen anywhere. In the evening she came in for food, but as soon as she had had enough, ran away again. I think it was the next morning that one of the kittens was found lying under a large tree in the drive, and it was then discovered that the mother had taken her favorite children up to where two branches, separating, formed a kind of nest for them, leaving the one poor little thing that she did not care for down below to shift for himself. Strange to say, she and the rest of her family remained safely up in the tree until they were old enough to run about, when she got them all down again. I do not remember whether the little castaway was ever taken into favor and allowed to share his brothers' airy home, but I think not. She found this plan succeeded so well with her first set of kittens, that she followed it with all the others.

A rather strange thing once happened to an ugly sandy-colored cat that lived chiefly in the stables. The coachman found her one morning in a most pitiful state, hopping about on three legs, with the fourth hanging down quite limp, and apparently useless. He took her up, and after examining it, felt quite sure that it was broken; and calling the gardener, asked his opinion, which was the same. They were both very sorry for the poor creature, and decided that she had better be killed, as she seemed to be in great pain, and would most likely never get better. Just then a farmer passed, and wanted to know upon what they were holding such a grave discussion. They told him, and after feeling the paw very carefully, he came to the same conclusion about the injury. "But," said he, "you need not kill poor Pussy; I will try and cure her." So he took her into the kitchen, and cut some little wooden splints. While he held her quiet, the housekeeper bound the leg carefully up between the splints with tape, which was then securely sewed, and poor Pussy was put to bed, with a great deal of petting and plenty of food. About two hours later she was found walking about firmly on her four legs, with no signs of the bandage that had been on her paw, and was never seen to limp again.

THE GARDENS.

THREE children and three gardens
  In this picture you may see;
One has planted a lily,
  And one a red-rose tree.

And one in the earth with a little stick
Has written her name, and then quite thick
The seeds of the water-cress has laid
In the little track the stick has made.

And here she sits with folded hands—
  In this picture you may see
What a very patient little girl
  This little girl must be.

And if you'd like to know her name,
  Why, when the cresses grow,
You can see as well as she,
  And then her name you'll know.

THE THREE GARDENS.

Digitized by Google

OUR first letter this week comes from a young lady who writes to the Natural History Society. All the way from Japan came a letter from a bright boy describing the Feast of Lanterns in his far-off home. We think the same boy, if he would, could tell us something about mission work in Nagasaki. Every letter we print is interesting, and we are very sorry that you can not enjoy the letters we have had to keep to ourselves. We are glad that so many of you like Our Post-office Box.

WATERTOWN, NEW YORK.

Good-morning, boys and girls! How are you progressing with your studies in natural history? Have you been successful in finding facts for your societies, and securing specimens for their collections? No doubt those who spent vacation away from home brought back many trophies which will be greatly valued. Have you added some of them to a cabinet where all the members of your society can enjoy them? Those of you who have staid at home, plodding on in the same old paths, have you noticed anything wonderful there? Surely there is no place where God is not, and where His works may not be studied. Sometimes children make fine and well-arranged collections not only of flowers, but of leaves, ferns, and mosses, some varieties of which can be obtained in all parts of our country.

One branch of natural history which is full of instruction is often neglected. I refer to the study of insects. Not only may butterflies and moths lay claim to beauty, but many beetles, flies, spiders, and worms. "Ugh!" says some little girl—"spiders and worms! The horrid things! Who ever heard of their being beautiful?" Little sister, have you been walking all this time with your eyes shut, so that you have not seen their velvet coats of many colors, ringed, streaked, and speckled? If you would but stop and watch them in the trains they follow and the houses they build, instead of running with fright or turning away in disgust, you would find them more interesting than you now imagine they can be.

I have a friend who has for a few months past been studying entomology. She has used her fernery, covering the top with mosquito bar, as a cage for worms, and there we have fed them with the leaves of the plants on which they were found, and have been quite delighted with their transformations. She had two green ones, with black bands running around them, dotted with orange. They were found on celery. We watched one hang itself to a piece of apple-tree branch put in for that purpose; saw it spin a small, thick patch of web, hook its hind-feet into it, then pull with all its might, apparently to see if the web was strong. After that it spun a silken cord for its back, attaching the ends to the bark, holding up its fore-feet and passing it back and forth over them to make it long enough. It then passed its head through the loop so made, and wriggled itself in. In about thirty-six hours the skin split on the back, and it slipped it off, unhooking its tail, and hooking it into the web again; and after repeating the operation of pulling, the little creature settled down for a long nap. As the skin came off, he looked like an entirely different fellow, both in shape and color. He is now a chrysalis, without legs or a distinctly defined head; in color, light gray, with brown stripes running lengthwise; there is also a delicate trace of wings. We are now looking for his last change, which will be to a dark swallow-tailed butterfly, spotted with yellow, blue, and orange.

All parts of the cabbage butterfly, even its eyes, can be clearly traced in the chrysalis.

Another worm, pale green, very large, nearly like the tomato-worm, laid himself away in the earth in one corner of the fernery, there to change into a pupa, and remain until spring, when he will become a pretty moth—ash-color and pink, with brown spots. It will measure over three inches when the wings are spread.

A stupid-looking bug, somewhat like a May-beetle without wings, was also put into the cage. It soon attached itself to the branch, split open its back, and out came a lace-winged cicada, wrongly called a locust. You would be surprised to see how much larger it was than the case out of which it came.

Have any of you ever watched the wrigglers in your mother's barrel of rain-water, and have you seen them change to mosquitoes? If not, keep your eyes open early in the morning, is the advice of

MARY P.

JERICHO, LONG ISLAND.

I live on Long Island, not very far from where HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is published.

My sister Annie and I started for school two weeks ago. We have a new teacher, and we like her very much.

The only pets we have are three rats, Tiny, Daisy, and Lillie. Tiny is the nicest. We think they are all pretty smart. I suppose all who have pets think the same.

I am eleven years old. We have a piano, and take music lessons. I am a little farther along than Annie, so I teach her. I have no teacher now, but hope I shall soon have one. I like music very much.

I like "Tim and Tip" very much. "Toby Tyler" was splendid. I hope Jimmy Brown will favor us with another account of his misfortunes soon.

MAGGIE J. L.

How charming it is for you to be able to teach Annie what you have learned! You will find that your doing this will help you to become a finer performer yourself. We like to hear of girls who believe in helping along.

BAYOU VERMILION, LOUISIANA.

I live on the bank of Vermilion River, in Louisiana, nine miles from Abbeville. I have been taking your paper for seven months. I have two little sisters and one little brother. I have a pet 'coon. It is a cunning little animal. When my little sister has a piece of bread in her hand, and he sees her, he comes and takes it away from her, and will then run and hide. I like "Toby Tyler," and I like "Tim and Tip" also.

FRANK C. R.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

A lady sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE every week from New York. I read all the stories, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation" better than any of the others. I have two little sisters who like pets. They have two pretty canaries, and between us we have a darling dog, a collie, and we call him Bruno.

GUSSIE L.

FORT CAMERON, UTAH TERRITORY.

I saw a large spider this morning. When I first observed it, it had already woven a large web in the corner of the window, and had attached it by long braces to a rustic lounge beneath the window. As I was watching it, a house-fly became entangled in the web. As it was struggling to free itself, the spider saw it, ran up to the spot where it was caught, seized and covered it with a slimy stuff, after which it proceeded to eat the fly up. It had a very small head, and a body the size of a small marble. It had four feelers curved over its head, and four legs, in three colors, red, white, and black, and covered with a kind of fur.

WILLIAM L.

What you supposed to be feelers were legs, spiders having eight legs, and no wings nor antennæ. If you could have looked at the threads of your spider's web through a microscope, you would have seen that each thread was composed of hundreds of fine strands. Inside the spider's body are bags filled with a gummy substance, out of which these strands are drawn through several knobs, called spinnerets, each of which is full of exceedingly tiny tubes, a thousand of them taking up about as much space as the point of a pin. The spider usually covers its victim, as yours did the fly, with a sticky substance, and if it is not very hungry it hangs it up for future use. Spiders live both out doors and in, and some of them select very splendid habitations. King Solomon said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." A spider once saved the life of Robert Bruce of Scotland by weaving a web over the mouth of a cave where he had taken refuge from his enemies. They saw it, and concluded there was no one inside. Spiders belong to the order of articulate animals, though they breathe like insects. There is another peculiarity about the garden spider, which you may have an opportunity of watching. The liquid silk of which a spider weaves its web is slowly secreted, and the spider never wastes it. So spiders do not spin or mend their webs when it is likely to rain, and if you see them with plenty of work on hand, you may take it as a sign of fine weather.

ALTON, ILLINOIS.

I am seven years old, and I like the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially "Toby Tyler" and "Phil's Fairies." I like "Tim and Tip" too. My little brother cried when mamma read how Captain Pratt whipped Tim. I felt sorry too, and hope Tim won't stay with him long. My little brother is five years old, and his name is Clay. We have three cats. The old cat's name is Spot, and the two kittens are called Browny and Blacky.

ETHEL B.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

As some of my little friends in America have asked me to write them about some Japanese festival through HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I will tell them about the "Feast of Lanterns," which has just passed. The Japanese call it *Bon saat suri*. It took place on the 13th, 14th, and 15th evenings of the August moon. The first night is not of so great importance as the other two, for then they only light the graves of those who have died during the past year. Nagasaki is right down among hills, and the grave-yards are on their sides. Some of them are quite covered with graves. On the festival evenings they light up the grave-yards with lanterns. Sometimes one grave has from twenty to thirty lanterns, and as they are very close together, you can imagine how pretty it looks. They hang the lanterns on bamboo frames, which are made by sticking two or three bamboos in the ground and fastening others across them. The Japanese think that on these nights the spirits of their ancestors come from heaven to see them, and so they make a feast for the spirits, and offer food and wine. On the third night the spirits are sent back to heaven in boats made of straw, containing food and wine. They also have lanterns on the boats. They first parade the boats around the city, after which they carry them down to the bay, and wade out into the water as far as they can, then set fire to them, and push them off. The spirits are supposed to go to heaven in the flames and smoke. This is the end of the "Feast of Lanterns."

J. PROVOST S.

I heartily indorse the suggestion made by John W. S. in No. 97, and have wondered much that the young people, who seem to be such enthusiastic collectors of all sorts of things, did not think of adding the beautiful things of the insect world to their cabinets.

I advertised to exchange stamps for insects early in the spring, thinking that the bright boys and girls whose letters appear in the Post-office Box would be just the ones to help me with my collection, but I have had very few responses.

It is a pity there are so few books on the subject in simple language, and I hope some of our writers will be kind enough to interest the children in this branch of science. I know by experience that it is a very fascinating study.

Will John B. T. please tell us how he preserves spiders for the cabinet?

H. H. K.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

I am a little boy almost eight years old. We live in Jefferson County, near Louisville, Kentucky, one of the prettiest cities in the United States. Papa gets HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us every week. I have two dear little brothers, Luddie and Charlie, and the sweetest little sister six months old. She can *pat a cake*, and laugh when she sees us boys coming, for we have lots of fun together. Her name is Annie Estelle. We have four kittens—Flossy, Tabby, Dot, and Snow. I have a fine dog named Tip. Papa says he will be a watch-dog when he grows up, but he does not look much like it now, for I can hide him in my hat. We have a calf named Bob. We do not play with him much for fear he may hurt us. We are going up to our grandfather's next week on a visit, papa, mamma, and all of us, and we intend to take Tip. Mamma says this letter is long enough, so good-by.

WILLIE R. B.

PINTON CAÑON, CALIFORNIA.

I live in Oakland, and have come to Pinton Cañon to camp. There is a high cliff across the road from where we are camping, and every once in a while the stones come rattling down.

Every evening I see a cunning little gray squirrel running down to get a drink of water.

Just below the cliff there is a large and swift stream, which has a great many fish in it, and where I saw a whirlpool the first day I came here. There is a rock on the cliff which looks just like a man laughing.

I have a brother who to-day started with me to get some pine gum. We had to cross the stream to get it. When we were about to cross it, a wasp stung my brother twice, and me once.

LOUISA L. S.

SLATE HILL, NEW YORK.

My kitten's name is Trickey, and she deserves the name, for she is full of play, and as cunning as she can be. There is an old cat that comes prowling around every night to get something to eat. We have to drive her away, or else she will come into the house. The other night our puss knew that mamma did not want the old cat to come in the house, so she ran after her and chased her off. I think puss has caught eight mice and one meadow-mole.

We have a cow named Daisy, two horses, named Billy and Fanny, and two pigs, named Grunt and Squeal.

Please tell Jimmy Brown to write about some more of his troubles, and ask him if he never has anything to be glad about.

I can not tell which of the stories in YOUNG PEOPLE I like best, but papa thinks Jimmy Brown's sad tales are the best.

ELSIE M. K.

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

I would like to tell the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about my goat Dixie. He is almost white, and very large and strong, and can haul a barrel of flour from the depôt, a half-mile off. I have a nice strong wagon and harness. I carry him, and treat him like a horse. I take the girls out riding, and often carry vegetables from place to place for our friends. Everybody knows Dixie. He loves mamma, and will follow her anywhere for bread, of which he is very fond; but he likes sister Mary best of all. My cousin says he is worth between twenty and thirty dollars, and I think so too. He walked into the parlor one day.

WILLIE T. S. (aged 5).

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

In No. 94 I saw a communication about white mice, signed "L. B. G." I have five, two of which I raised by hand. The mother had six little ones, and died when they were a few days old. A neighbor told me to dip a small piece of washed muslin in warm milk. I rolled one end of it into a small point so that they could suck it, and I fed them every two hours for a week and a half, holding the little mouse

Digitized by Google

in one hand and the rag in the other, and squeezing the rag so that the milk would run into the tiny mouth. I sometimes leave my mice on the table to play. One day, when they had been out of their box several hours, I wanted to shut them in it again, and one was missing. I looked all over, but could not find it; so I set a trap overnight, and in the morning there was little Sallie safely caught. I have two pet dogs, Gyp and Tiny. FRED K. M.

George L. W. may be sure we are glad that the truant bird found its way home again; and Bertha B. need not be afraid of the waste-basket: her grandfather did well to give their town its pretty Indian name. Louia and Bessie M. sent beautiful little letters; and don't we wish we could see Beauty and Topsy, and go with the girls to watch Ponto swim? We have a canary named Dick at our house. Yes, Roy S., your way of growing is more comfortable for a boy than the slipping off your skin would be. Thanks to Willie B. H. for letting us read the two pretty stanzas, although we can not make room for them in Our Post-office Box. Thanks, too, to Lilian E. W. H. for her verses. Joseph T. F., Jennie B., M. K., B. K., Percy P. E., and Ray B. have sent entertaining letters. Dear little Blanche E. H. printed her letter beautifully. Did that best of grandmas show her how? We could not have formed the characters more plainly.

L. G. B.—The best bicycle for your use is probably a "Youth's Mustang," with a front wheel of thirty-six inches in diameter. Go to 597 Washington Street, Boston, for it.

FRANK B.—Apply to the nearest dealer in birds, gold-fish, etc., for white mice. You would not have to pay expressage if you purchased them in this way, but if you obtained them from a boy who had white mice to spare, or from any private source, you would, of course, pay their travelling expenses.

BESSIE L.—In pressing flowers the most necessary thing is to select perfect specimens, and then laying them carefully between smooth sheets of paper, press them down with a heavy weight. Change the paper frequently. There is a way of preserving flowers by placing them stems upward in a dish, and pouring fine white sand upon them till they are entirely covered. Leave them a few days, and then remove the sand. This method is recommended for autumn flowers.

Mary Anderson, owing to prolonged illness, withdraws from our exchange list. Several correspondents complain of careless writers who forget to sign their names or state where they live!

C. Y.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE CHAUTAUQUA COLUMN,—It gives me pleasure to learn that the Harpers have decided to publish a series of articles in the YOUNG PEOPLE as Required Reading for the new Chautauqua Reading Union, and that you are to open a correspondence through your Post-office Department with our C. Y.'s in all parts of the land.

Were we in the auditorium at Chautauqua, under the shadow of the great trees, or in the amphitheatre, I should call for the "Chautauqua Salute" in honor of the Harpers; and then in the evening, the amphitheatre or auditorium all ablaze with the splendors of the electric light, I would make "the white lilies bloom" in another "Chautauqua Salute" to you.

As it is, I am delighted to recognize the honor thus conferred upon our new Chautauqua movement in behalf of pure, elevating, refining reading among young people.

Readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who desire to become regular members of the Chautauqua Union, to have their names recorded in our huge book, and to receive the president's annual address, memoranda, and other documents, should address me at Plainfield, New Jersey, sending their names and post-office address, not forgetting to inclose nine cents in postage stamps. Yours truly, J. H. VINCENT,
President C. Y.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

Enter Postmistress. You need not be surprised to see a meditative and rather important look on her face. You have read the letter of the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., so we have only to tell you that the Postmistress has become much interested in the host of young people to whom Chautauqua is a dear and honored name. She would like to gather them around her. She has heard that they wish to know about the world they live in, the history of the past, and the treasures of literature. This column, which will hereafter be headed C. Y. P. R. U., is to be bright and cheery. It will touch on many subjects, and vary from week to week as may be necessary. The Editor will give her and you at least one column every week in Our Post-office Box, and you may write to her on any subject you please—etiquette, household ways, social duties, what to do and how to act in company. Consult the Postmistress. Some may feel dissatisfied with their present positions, and anxious to prepare for wider usefulness; see what the Postmistress thinks of the situation. Some of you may find charming, wise, and witty bits of verse and prose in your reading; clip them, neatly copied, into an envelope, and send them to her.

Address your letters for this column to
THE POSTMISTRESS,
Care of Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Contributions received for Young People's Cot in Holy Innocent's Ward, St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. The next list will appear November 1:

F. D. W.	$3 00
Clarence Cook, Flat Rock, Mich.	25
"One of the Sick Ones," Bryn Mawr	1 00
Emila and Stanley Mitchell, Miamiville, Ohio	2 00
Charlie, Clare, and Fred Ray, Wabash, Ind.	30
Russell Grinnell, Providence, R. I.	68
Helen E. Villard and brother, Dobbs Ferry	25 00
Ned Bishop, St. Louis	50
"In Memoriam," —— Bishop, St. Louis	2 00
Monroe J. Rathbone, Parkersburg, W. Va.	27
Wilfred Hostetter, Alleghany City	2 00
Fletcher, A. H., Inland, Ohio	1 00
Gracie Blakeslee, ——	25
Fred, Edith, and Robbie Caton, Fort Bennett, Dakota	1 00
Marian Wallace, Bennetville, S. C.	10
Charlie G. Halliday, ——, N. Y.	1 00
Willie C. Chipman, Spring Hill	25
Mary Appleton, Boonton, N. J.	50
"D.," Elmira, N. Y.	25
Nellie Littlehale, Stockton, Cal.	2 50
Mollie W. Franklin, Vicksburg, Mich.	25
Helena ——, Boonton, N. J.	5 00
Fannie T. Metzgar, Butternut, Wis.	26
Helen Savery, Fort Cameron, Utah	25
William Savery, " "	75
M. D. L., Madison, N. J.	1 00
Percy and Guy Wilson, Fort Randall, Dakota	1 00
Maud Russell, New Haven, Conn.	25
——, Refugio, Texas	1 00
Annie Louise Huck, Dunning's Bridge, Tex.	1 00
Carrie and Helen Yardley, Lockhaven, Penn.	75
Lee Gray Wilson, Water Valley, Miss.	37
Edmond Genis, Terre Haute, Ind.	1 00
Bessie M. Morris, Lexington Avenue, N. Y.	1 00
May H. Wilson, Columbus, Ohio	55
Carlotta and Lulu R. Keep, Smith's Hill, Cal.	1 00
Allan Carpenter, Fort Dodge, Iowa	10
Ally J. Dent, Columbia, S. C.	10
Collected by Florence Woodcock, Morgan City, La.:	
Louisa Davis	$0 25
Arthur St. Clair	25
May Woodcock	25
Charles Woodcock	25
Willie Crawford	10
Joanna Luker	10
Anonymously contributed	2 05 — 3 25
Kate's "Little Kate," Brooklyn	5 00
Myrtle and Walter Wells, Oswayo, Penn.	1 00
Charles A. Lutz, Cape Spring Depot, Ky.	1 00
K. E. S., Philadelphia	10
Vena L. Haskin, Portland, Me.	1 00
Da Walker, Butte City, Montana	1 00
Mathilde Nell, Philadelphia	50
Nellie T. Willets, Westbury, L. I.	50
Samuel Willets, " "	50
Alice W. Titus, " "	50
Minnie W. Titus, " "	50
Edna Pearl Lick and Philip Clyde Lick, Grahamville, Fla.	25
May Blakeslee, ——, Kan.	25
J. B. Senior, Niagara, Ont.	36
John R. Blake, Seabright, N. J.	1 00
Mabel and Harry Wheeler, Birmingham, Ala.	2 00
Perly D. Temple, Blue Earth, Minn.	15
From six readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Convent Station, N. J.	2 00
"Elliot," Bangor, Me.	1 00
Virgie McLain, Nassau, Bahamas	30
Birdie Dorman, Carthage, Ohio	25
Alice Ward, " "	25
Nellie Nelson, Cold Spring, N. Y.	25
Sallie Nichols, St. Joseph, La.	50
Abbie Louise Bendet, Greenville, N. Y.	25
L. D. C., Chicago	25
Mary and George Hamlin, Willimantic, Conn.	1 00
Anna and Levi Paxson, Reading, Penn.	1 00
Florence and Nellie Bates, Winchester, N. C.	1 00
Alice Perkins, Rising Sun, Ind.	25
May Lilian Bishop, New Haven	1 00
—— Wilkeson, Washington	1 00
Ina Giles, Rugby, Tenn.	25
Etta Giles, "	25
Horace Giles, "	5
L. D. C., Chicago	2 00
Oliver Meeker, Puyallup, Wash. Ter.	50
Edna Bean, " "	15
Harry Campbell, " "	25
Alida Spining, " "	10
Stay Wilson, " "	25
Alice Winkler, " "	10
A Friend, " "	50
Bertha Sherwood, " "	15
Total	$93 08
Amount previously acknowledged	45 53
Total, September 14, 1881	$138 61

E. A. FARNHAWE, Treasurer.

Contributions for the Cot should be sent to Miss E. A. Farnhawe, 43 New Street, New York.

We select for publication a few of the letters received during the last month by the Treasurer of St. Mary's Free Hospital.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

Here are fifty cents out of my bank for the Harper's Young People's Cot, and mamma sends two dollars for my little sister who is dead.

I like my paper ever so much, and I hope all the little boys and girls who read it will send some money for the cot. NED BISHOP.

NIAGARA, ONTARIO, CANADA.

I saw your letter about the Young People's Cot, and I thought I would send a little, which I earned myself. I made some little boats and sold them in the store, and I now send thirty-six cents, and will send some more after a while. J. B. SENIOR.

CAPE SPRING DEPOT, KENTUCKY.

I saw your letter in YOUNG PEOPLE about Young People's Cot, and sold my chickens, and received $1, which I inclose. CHARLES A. LUTZ.

BLUE EARTH CITY, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE; have taken it ever since the first number, and like it very much. I picked up blocks for papa, and got fifteen cents, which I am going to send to you for the Young People's Cot. I wish it were more. PERLY D. TEMPLE.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I send you the money that I have earned picking berries for my mamma. It is for the Young People's Cot. I am six years old. RUSSELL GRINNELL.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

Little May Lilian Bishop wishes to send $1 toward the Young People's Cot, 50 cents being from her own small savings and 50 being the prize taken by her doll at a doll show last week.

WINCHESTER, NORTH CAROLINA.

My sister Nellie and I wrote a letter some months ago for the Post-office Box, but it was not published. I now write again to send one dollar for the Hospital Cot. Nellie is North at school now, but half of the money sent is hers. Mamma gives us all the surplus eggs, and we sell these and have the money to do with as we please. We have over one hundred chickens, young and old; they are quite tame. One rooster was so large that we harnessed him to a small cart. I have a little gold mine with a tunnel, pump, windlass, and a small rubber doll to go down in the bucket. I am nine years old.
FLORENCE JULIA BATES.

I hope that you will succeed in getting a real nice cot. Here is twenty-five cents that I have earned myself by helping my mamma, as she has not been well. MAY BLAKESLEE.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from "Castor and Pollux," George Sylvester, George McLaughlin, "Young America," Nellie Brainerd, Emma Roehm, Agnes G. F., "Florence Nightingale," Willie B. H., Maggie J. Laurie, T. M. Armstrong, Maud Williams.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. The Christian name of one of our most honored Presidents. 2. Supports. 3. A runner. 4. Single spots. 5. A pronoun. 6. A consonant.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A bird. 2. To infer. 3. Nips. 4. Sluggish. 5. Homes without hands. CLAUDE.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

My first is in fork, but not in knife.
My second is in guitar, but not in fife.
My third is in chain, but not in locket.
My fourth is in fire-works, and also in rocket.
My fifth is in early, and also in late.
My sixth is in pencil, and also in slate.
And when you have uttered my musical word,
You will find that my whole is a beautiful bird.
LULA.

No. 3.

TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A fruit. 4. An abbreviation of a boy's name. 5. A letter.

2.—1. A letter. 2. A part of the body. 3. A retreat. 4. A wild flower. 5. A musical term. 6. A track. 7. A letter. LULA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 38.

No. 1. Clothes-horse. Sun-shade.
No. 2. Locust. Sirens.
No. 3.

```
      S          V
    R U M      T I N
  S I G A R  V I P E R
    M A Y      N E T
      R          R
```

[For exchanges, see third page of cover.]

Digitized by Google

CONVENTIONAL ART; OR, RAPHAEL JOHN AND THE MOON.

A SADDER moon you never knew.
She was sailing away
(As poets would say)
O'er heaven's deep bay
Of invisible blue:
But of what avail
Was her silvery trail,
When the earth, rolling by
In the distant sky,
Brought a zealous young artist to view.

For Raphael John was learning to draw;
He could "do" very fair
A table or chair,
And he thought he might dare
"Do" the moon; for what flaw
In the world could be found
If he made it look round,
And with nose, mouth, and eyes,
Like the one in the skies,
A likelier moon, why, who ever saw?

But Raphael John was an artist too free
And a boy far too smart
To mistake for true art
What is only a part
Of her sphere; so, thought he,

"Not to make it too real
I will add my ideal
Of a face. Who need care
If I just—bang her hair?"
But a madder moon you never did see.

A (LAKE IN CANADA) STORY.

BY C. E. M.

"(LAKE in Switzerland)!" cried a voice beneath my window early one (cape in New Jersey) morning, "do you want to go (lake in Canada) with me?"

Of course I accepted with alacrity, and having effectually protected myself from sunburn by putting on my broad-brimmed (city in Italy) hat, trimmed with (island off the coast of Scotland), ran quickly down stairs, where I found my cousin (river in Virginia) (mountains in Australia) waiting impatiently. Now we had lived but a short time in this (river in Africa), and knew very few of the neighboring families, so that (river in Virginia) and I were continually in each other's (islands in the Pacific).

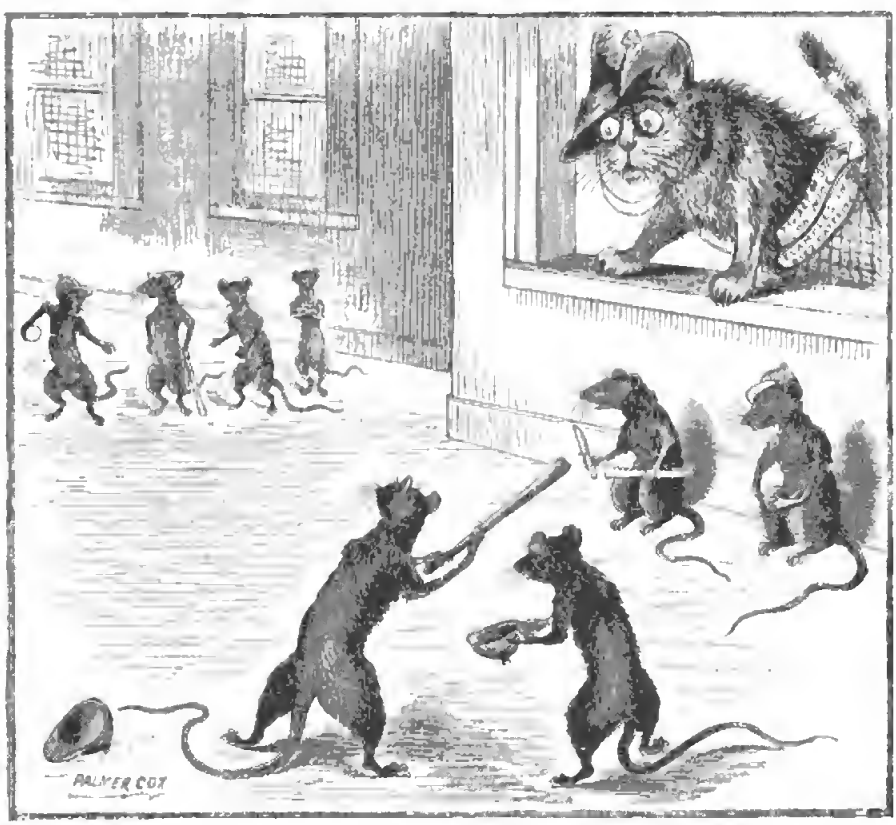
We walked briskly along the (one of the Bahama islands) path through the (river in Australia), and finally reached our destination, a pretty little brook, in the middle of which rose a small (city in Illinois). This we contrived to reach by means of wading, though in scrambling up the bank I ran a (town in Prussia) into my hand.

"One comfort is that we can't get much (island of Malaisia) than we are already," (port in Africa) my cousin, "and it certainly does look as though we should have a (lake in Canada) day. Come," he continued, "now we'll try our (bay in Newfoundland) (cape in Canada), and don't make any noise."

So we waited patiently, watching the insects skating over the (cape in Madagascar)-colored water, until I suddenly felt a (head on the Shetland Islands) jerk on my line, and after a slight struggle, succeeded in landing an unusually small (lake in Canada).

"What a (river in Africa)!" cried my cousin, sarcastically. "Why, you will need a (island off the coast of Australia) to carry it home."

Notwithstanding this unpromising beginning, we did have very good luck, and bore home in triumph to the (strait in New Zealand) a mess of fine (lake in Canada), off which we made a (lake in Canada) lunch.



A SHORT STOP.

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 102. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, October 11, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance

ISAAC NEWTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.—[See next Page.]

Digitized by Google

NEWTON'S CHILDHOOD.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day; but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste; he amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a windmill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running around its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been construing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys how to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings; and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil, and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motions of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

At last, when he was about sixteen, his mother placed him in charge of a farm, and every Saturday he went with a servant to Grantham market to sell his corn and vegetables. But the affairs of the farm did not prosper; the young philosopher hid himself away in a room in a garret which he hired, studying mechanics and inventing a water-wheel or a new model, while the sheep wandered away in the field, and the cattle devoured his corn.

Next he went to Cambridge University, and became a famous scholar. At the age of twenty-four he began his study of the spectrum, as philosophers call that brilliant picture of the colors of the rainbow, which is shown by the sun's rays shining through a three-sided piece of glass, called a prism. It is one of the most beautiful objects in science or nature, and Newton's study of its splendid colors led to his greatest discoveries in *optics*, or the science of the sight. In our own time the use of the prism and its spectrum has shown us of what the sun and moon are composed.

One day, as Newton sat musing in his garden at his retired country home, an apple fell from a tree to the ground. A great idea at once arose in his mind, and he conceived the plan of the universe and of the law of gravitation, as it is called. He was the first to discover that famous law. He showed that the heavier body always attracts the lighter; that as the apple falls to the earth, so the earth is drawn toward the sun; that all the planets feel the law of gravitation, and that all the universe seems to obey one will. Newton soon became the most famous of living philosophers. But at the same time he was the most modest of men; he never knew that he had done anything more than others nor felt that he was any more studious or busy. Yet he never ceased to show, even in late old age, the same love for mechanical pursuits and the study of nature he had shown when a boy. His most famous work, the *Principia*, proving the law of gravitation and the motion of the planets, appeared in 1687. He made beautiful prisms of glass and other substances, and fine reflecting telescopes, the best that were yet known. He wrote valuable histories and works. He was always a devout Christian and scholar. He died in 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Thus the puny babe that was scarcely thought worth the care of his nurses became an active and healthy boy and man, with the clearest mind of his time. He was stout, ruddy, healthy, and never, it is said, lost a tooth. But he preserved his health by avoiding all that was hurtful. He was a philosopher at twelve years old, and the world owes much of its progress to Newton's well-spent childhood.

TIM AND TIP;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.*

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE COOK SPOILS THE BROTH.

THE question of what was to make up the dinner bill of fare appeared to be an important one to all, and many were the suggestions made to the cooks. Some proposed that the work of raising the tent be intrusted to other hands, so that Bill and Tip could go out and bring in a deer or a bear; others thought the old hen should be killed at once, and served up as a roast; while one portion of the party seemed to think it Captain Jimmy's duty to get his ship under way, and go after some fish for a chowder.

But Tim and Bobby did not allow any of these remarks to trouble them; they were the legally elected cooks, and they proposed to do the work in their own way.

"We'll get the dinner," said Tim, with some dignity, "an' after it's done, if you fellers don't like it, you can cook one to suit yourselves."

But the cooks did listen to what Bill had to say, since he was one of the high officials, and he was strongly in favor of making the first dinner in camp a "big" one, even going so far as to propose in all earnestness that the hen be killed.

"We might jest as well eat her," he said, as he looked murderously toward the unhappy fowl, which was struggling to free herself from her bonds at the risk of breaking her leg. "'Cause jest as likely as not she'll get away, an' then we sha'n't so much as have a smell of her."

"It will take us too long to fix her up for dinner," said Tim, who was just the least bit afraid that he was not cook enough to serve the hen properly. "We can get enough to eat to-day without havin' so much fuss."

"I don't care how long it takes; what we want is a bang-up dinner, an' I go in for havin' it now," said Bill, decidedly.

Bobby was on the point of throwing the weight of his opinion against the proposed feast, when a bark of triumph was heard from Tip, and the question was settled without further discussion. The dog, which had been struggling to get free from the time he had been tied so near the hen, to which he seemed to think he had a perfect right, finally succeeded in releasing himself. There was a sudden rush on his part, a loud cackling protest from poor Biddy, and then she was tossed in the air a dead chicken.

Bill had presence of mind enough, fortunately for the dinner prospects, to seize his hen before Tip made his lunch from her, and he said, as he handed her to Tim:

* Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.

"There, you see Tip knew we ought to kill her, an' so he did it for us. Now we can have a good dinner."

Tim made no reply, and perhaps for the first time in his life he was angry with Tip for having meddled in matters which did not concern him. It was necessary now to cook the hen, and as he stood with her in his hand the terrible thought came to him that he did not even know enough to prepare her for cooking.

"Do you think we had better have her roasted or boiled?" he asked, in a low, reckless way, of Bobby.

Now this other cook was quite as perplexed about the matter as Tim was, and he was thoroughly well pleased that he had allowed his partner to take the lead in other matters, so that the latter would now be obliged to take all the responsibility of the hen's appearance at the dinner table.

"I think we had better roast her," he said, in a careless sort of way, as if to him one style of cooking was as easy as another.

Again was Tim disappointed. He had hoped Bobby would propose boiling her, in which case all he would be obliged to do would be to pop her in the kettle, letting her stay there until she was done. But since Bobby was so cruel as to propose the hardest way of cooking the hen, roasted it must be, or gone was his reputation as cook.

"I'll pick the feathers off," said Bill, gleefully; and Tim handed him the fowl.

"I don't seem to see how we're goin' to get along," said Tim to Bobby. "We ain't got any dishes to cook her in."

"We don't want any, do we?" asked his assistant, in some surprise. "I always thought when folks that were campin' out cooked anything, they stuck it on a stick in front of the fire an' let it sizzle."

"We can do it so now," he exclaimed; and since this suggestion had been made, roasting chickens did not appear to be any very hard matter after all.

He piled the wood on until he had a fire large enough to roast a pig, cut a long sharp stick on which to spit the hen, and had hardly completed these preparations when Bill Thompson re-appeared with the now featherless victim of Tip's blood-thirsty nature.

Bill's work might have been done more neatly; but what did a few feathers amount to when a dozen hungry boys were waiting to be fed? Tim was not quite sure whether he had better cut off the head and legs or not; but as they did not seem to be in the way, he concluded they might as well be cooked. Neither did he think any cleaning necessary, but plunged the stick through her, and stuck one end in the ground in front of the fire with all the grace of an experienced cook.

The remainder of the party watched this work with hungry eagerness; and when Tim filled the kettle with potatoes, they settled themselves down contentedly to wait for the "bang-up" dinner, which they in a measure owed to Tip.

The water in the pot bubbled and boiled merrily; the murdered hen began to steam and sizzle, until every boy's mouth watered; while Tim and Bobby hustled around in an important manner, feeling that they were looked up to as the head men of the party, and enjoying the honor immensely.

They piled on the wood, stirred the potatoes, as if that was the important part of cooking that vegetable, while every few moments Tim would smell of the hen, nearly singeing the hair from his head each time. They were certainly good cooks, if keeping up a big fire could make them so.

The hen did not appear to be revengeful at having been so suddenly deprived of life, for in a short time her rather lean body began to turn brown, and a most delicious odor arose on the air, even if she was thickly crusted with ashes.

As Tim turned her carefully, he thought with surprise that he was a really good cook, and blamed himself for having been so distrustful of his own ability.

Thus matters went on, successfully but slowly, until some of the boys showed such plain signs of impatience that Tim thought it necessary to display more evidences of the dinner, even though the hen was far from being roasted.

He and Bobby selected from the cooked provisions enough in the way of pies and cake to make twice as large a party feel very uncomfortable. They spread this feast at one side of the fire, where it would be out of the way of the smoke, and Tim was trying to calculate how it would be possible to cut an apple pie in eleven pieces, and have them all of equal size, when a sound as of water thrown on fire, accompanied by a cry of dismay from Bill Thompson, caused him to start violently.

The sight that met his startled gaze was a sad one, and it did not seem any less so to him than it did to all the others of that hungry party.

The kettle of potatoes had been hung to the pole by a rope, which had burned slowly, until it broke, letting the potatoes, water, and kettle into the fire, deluging the half-roasted hen, and basting it with cinders, until it looked like a huge ball of mud.

The steam and smoke were so dense that it was impossible to attempt any rescue. All that could be done was to wait a few moments, and Tim spent that time dancing around the ruins like a crazy Indian.

It was a horror-stricken party that stood around the drowned fire, watching the cooks as they fished up first the muddy hen, and then the potatoes, all looking very sorry for their plunge into the ashes.

"Now all you've got to do," said Bill Thompson, with the air of one who knew, "is to put the potatoes right back, an' wash the hen. They'll cook jest as well as ever, only it 'll take a little longer, that's all."

Surely there was nothing so serious about the accident, if it could be repaired with so little trouble, and the spirits of that party rose as rapidly as they had fallen. The hen was given a sea bath, which took nearly all the ashes off, and those which remained, Bill Thompson thought, would make her taste the better. The potatoes did not need any cleansing, so Tim thought, and were put into the pot again, looking quite dirty, but in very nearly a cooked condition.

Another fire was built, rocks were placed in such a way around it that the kettle could rest on them, the hen was put on another stick, and again the chances for dinner looked promising.

The food which had been spread out on the ground looked very tempting to the idle ones of that hungry party, and every now and then one would try to get a piece of pie or cake, until Tim, who was determined that no one should have anything to eat until all could be served, was almost at his wits' end to prevent them from making a perfect raid on the larder.

Finally, worn out with running from the fire to the table every time he saw one of the party moving innocently up that way, he told Bobby to keep strict guard over the food, and that young gentleman wiped the ashes and perspiration from his face with an air of relief, as he seated himself near the largest pie, prepared to act the part of watch-dog.

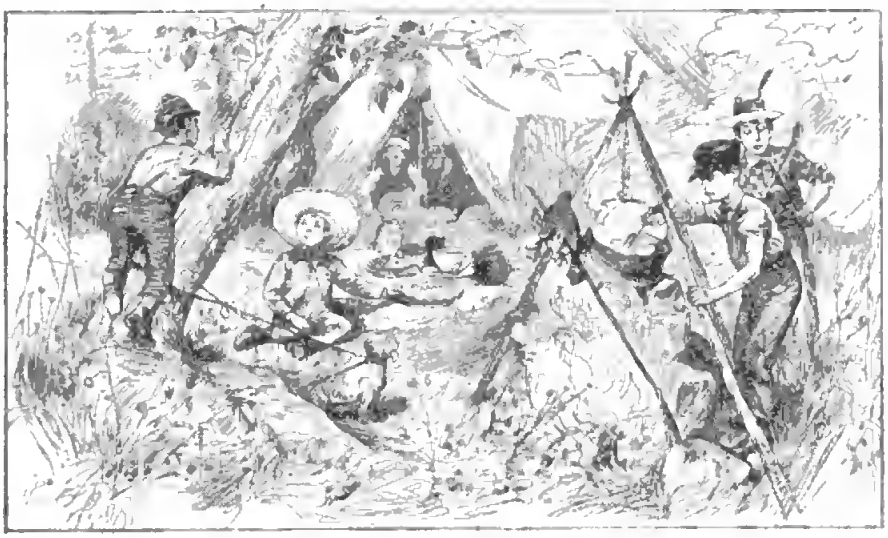
Tip, who had been running about in everybody's way, and seriously troubling his master, now came toward the fire, and sat down on his little stubbed tail in such a suspicious manner that Tim felt reasonably certain it was his purpose to steal the hen whenever a good opportunity presented itself.

Such base action on Tip's part caused Tim more delay, as he tied him securely to a tree out of reach of temptation, and by the time the tired cook got back to his work

Digitized by Google

again, a great commotion was raised by Captain Jimmy and Bobby.

When Bill Thompson had quelled the tumult, it was learned that Captain Jim had doubted Bobby's honesty from the first moment he had been appointed guardian of the food, and had watched him from behind a tree. He stated positively that he saw Bobby's eyes fixed on the apple-pie in such a way as no officer of the company should look at a pie, unless the time had come to eat it, and at a time when he thought no one was looking, Jim was sure he saw him put his fingers under the crust, pull out two slices of apple, and eat them.



PREPARING THE GREAT FEAST.

Of course such a charge as this caused intense excitement, and the majority of the party thought Bobby ought to be punished in some way as a warning to others, and more especially to show that the officers of the party should be above reproach, or, failing in their duty, be punished severely.

Some of the party proposed that the culprit be condemned to go without his dinner; others, not quite so blood-thirsty, believed he should be deprived of his office, while there were those who believed that to forbid him eating any pie would be punishment enough.

It is hard to say just how Bobby would have been obliged to atone for the sin if the hand of justice had not been stayed by the dinner itself.

"You'll have to let him go this time, for he must help me," said Tim. "We'll make him work all the harder to pay for what he's done."

Once more over the smoky fire and amid the flying ashes Bobby labored for the good of others, working out the punishment for his sin.

The kettle of potatoes was taken from the fire, and while Bobby picked out the pieces—for they had boiled until they were discouraged, and had burst their skins—arranging them on two shingles, Tim took the well-blackened remains of poor Biddy from the spit, laying them on a short bit of board in great triumph.

Then the hungry party gathered around the place which represented the table, and waited impatiently to be served to some of the savory roast.

Bill Thompson, with his hunting knife, proceeded to carve the fowl, which was a work of some time, owing to its exceeding toughness.

In order to show proper respect for the office he held, Bill waited on Captain Jimmy first, and that young gentleman did not waste much time before he began to eat.

The roast was quite raw inside, even though it was burned outside, but that, in Captain Jimmy's hungry condition, made very little difference. He cut off the first mouthful and began to eat in a ravenous manner, when suddenly he stopped, looking very queer.

"What is the matter?" asked Tim, anxiously, quick to notice the change in the Captain's face.

"I dunno," said Jim; "but it tastes kind o' funny."

"That's 'cause you ain't used to hen," said Bill, almost savagely, not pleased that any one should find fault with his fowl.

Just then another of the party, who had received his portion and begun eating, laid down his knife and fork with an unmistakable air of discomfort.

"Perhaps you don't like hen," said Bill, now growing angry that food of his providing should be refused.

By this time several of the party had shown signs of disliking the roast, and Bill proceeded to taste and try for himself.

He cut off a large mouthful, and began eating it with the air of one who thinks he knows just what he is about to taste, and has made up his mind beforehand to be pleased. But he stopped as suddenly as the others had, and looking sternly at Tim, he asked,

"What did you put on this hen?"

"Nothin'; perhaps it tastes queer 'cause the taters tipped over on it."

"It don't taste like taters," said Bill; "it tastes a good deal worse."

Then he examined the unearved portion of the fowl, and the mystery was explained.

"I know what the matter is, an' I don't think you're much of a cook, Tim Babbige. You've cooked the hen without cleanin' her, an' of course she's spoiled."

Tim could make no reply, for as soon as Bill spoke he remembered how chickens ought to look when ready to be roasted, and he knew he could no longer hope to be considered a good cook.

That day the party made their dinner of boiled potatoes and pastry, while Tip feasted on the half-roasted fowl he had so ruthlessly slain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEA.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

I.

HERE is a view of the sea. In front is a splendid wave just ready to put on its creamy cap, and to fall over with a glorious roar upon the shore. How the spray will fly as the white water rushes up the beach with a soft hissing sound, or dashes over those brown rocks! Behind is the level floor of the water, and far away the sky and water meet at that beautiful line called the horizon.

Did you ever see the ocean? Have you been to that most wonderful place in the world, the sea-shore? If you live in the interior, and have not seen the salt-water, save all your spare pennies, and resolve that some day you will travel east or west, and look at least once in your lifetime upon the great and wide sea. Perhaps you have seen it. All the better. You know how the waves look

how the sea-birds skim over the water, how beautiful the sky and clouds that rest on the horizon, how sweet the air, what grand sights and sounds you may find where the land and water meet.

If you live near the sea, take this book in your hand, and let us go down by the water. If you live far away from the sea, look at the picture, and at any other pictures like it you can find, and try to remember what you read, that when some day you do see the real ocean, you may perhaps understand it better, and learn to love it as do all those who see it every day. First, be careful. Do not be disappointed. Do not expect too much. You can see only a mere speck of the sea at once. As you stand by the shore, the vast circle of water seems to be immense, yet it is only a very little space on the wide sea. It is this that disappoints people who see the water for the first time. They expect too much, so that they do not really understand it.

Look at the big wave just ready to break. Where did it come from? How long have these waves been pounding on the shore? How old is the sea? When did it begin, and what does it all mean? If you wait here a little while, you will observe that the waves are slowly coming nearer and nearer, or are moving off, leaving the beach bare. Taste the water. It is bitter and salt, like brine. These are strange things, and perhaps if you sit here by the water for a while, we may learn something of what they mean.

The world is like a splendid picture-book, full of stories more wonderful than any fairy tale. The boy or girl who has eyes to see can read this book as he walks over the great pages. The sea is one of the best pictures in the book, its history and its work the strangest story you ever heard. This water you see from the eastern shore of the United States is a part of the Atlantic Ocean. If an ocean steamship should sail straight away toward the horizon at a speed of three hundred miles a day, she would be ten days in crossing to Europe. Yet this ocean is only a long gulf between the continents. Outside of this gulf is the real ocean, covering three-fourths of the entire surface of the earth, or, as they measure it, about 146,000,000 square miles of water.

How old is the sea? Thousands of millions would fail to tell the number of years that the sea has covered the earth. Before there was any dry land, as we see it to-day, there was water everywhere. The land sprang from the sea. These waves helped to build up the hills and rocks. The tides helped to carve out the continents. Nearly all the surface of the dry land was once dissolved in the sea, just as to-day we find salt dissolved in the sea-water.

Men who have studied the sea and the land feel sure that at one time, so long ago no one can imagine the number of years, the world was red-hot, and all the water hung in thick clouds of steam above the melting rocks. Showers of scalding rain fell on the glowing earth, and gathered in ponds and lakes of boiling water. As the earth cooled, more and more water fell from the steaming sky, and slowly the pools grew larger and became united, until at last all the waters were gathered together in one place. Just as now salt is dissolved in the sea-water, so many of the elements of which the dry land is composed were dissolved in the hot seas, or were suspended as soft mud in the swift currents that flowed hither and thither under the cloudy skies where the sun never shone.

In time the rain ceased, and the blue sky appeared. Then more wonderful things happened. The muddy water began to grow clear and cool. The materials dissolved or suspended in the water fell down to the bottom and covered the floor of the sea, and a new kind of rock began to be made. The soft mud became hard and firm. Earthquakes tore up the beds of hardened mud, twisted them into new shapes, and lifted them above the water into the air. Then the dry land appeared. Rocky, rough, and wild, without trees or grass. Much of it was the remains of the older fiery days before there were any seas, but much also came out of the water, and was once dissolved in it, just as salt is now dissolved. Iron, silver, gold, limestone, chalk, and slate, with many other things that go to make the land, were once drifting about in those old oceans, or lay as mud upon the bottom.

Then the waves began to work, tearing and rending the rocks, knocking off bits and pieces only to throw them about in every tide, grinding and rolling them together in the surf, and then appeared that strange thing under your feet—the sand. Pools and little bays were formed on that old shore, and the sand and mud settled in quiet corners. The rain fell on the soft mud, and every drop left its little mark where it fell. To-day we can see this very mud turned to stone with every splashing rain-drop printed on it. These pools and bays afterward became dry land, only to be turned over, twisted, and bent out of shape by earthquakes, or torn up by floating icebergs drifting on those ancient seas.

This has been the work of the sea—to create the dry land. To-day, even while you are looking on, the sea is at work. The waves are always tearing down and building up. The water holds countless millions of living creatures, each in its tiny shell. Each one drinks the water, and extracts from it the lime he uses to build his house. Millions of these creatures die every day, and their tiny houses sink down like a white snow-storm of shells and skeletons to the bottom of the ocean. Deep under the Atlantic these shells cover the bottom with a soft mud called ooze. Perhaps this ooze will in some long-distant time be lifted above the sea to form a new dry land, just as ages ago the bones of other creatures made vast ranges of hills along the shore.

THE SEA.

The water is the great land builder, and these waves are the hammer with which it grinds and pounds the rocks into sand. The tides and currents shift the sand about, making new beaches where the birds gather to find their food, and children come to play. Day by day, summer and winter, the work goes on. The sea is never idle, never hurries, never stops. The beach to-day is different from yesterday. To-morrow it will be different still. You may not see the change, but the change goes on, and will go on for countless years on years to come.

Digitized by Google

MAX RANDER'S WAR STORY.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was a year ago last fall. I was only eleven then, and we were all travelling over in Europe—father, mother, Thad, and I.

Thad's my little brother, you know, two years younger than I am.

Well, we had been to London, with its jolly cabs, and to Paris, with its funny sewers, and were on our way back from little Switzerland, with its big mountains, when father took it into his head to stop for a week in a poky old town somewhere in Germany.

Here we staid at a dreadfully quiet hotel on a narrow street, which Thad called an alley; but father liked it because it was right opposite a house where he used to board in a professor's family when he was a boy.

We had been in this dismal place for three or four days, when one morning mother woke up with one of her nervous spells, so instead of our all going off for a long walk in the country, father staid home with mother, and sent Thad and me to take a stroll through the streets near the hotel, where there was not any danger of our getting lost.

Well, we started out and walked twice around the market-place, stood gazing for five minutes at some dusty cakes and candy in the confectioner's window, and spent ten minutes more in watching the German boys play their stupid games during recess at the Gymnasium, which is not a gymnasium at all, but a grammar school. Then when they all went back to their books again, we were left out in the roughly paved street with no sidewalks, nobody in it to look at, no horse-cars to ride on, and the sun shining as brightly as if we were having a jolly good time, and were hoping it would not rain.

"Oh, how these stones hurt my feet!" exclaimed Thad, when we had stumbled along in an aimless sort of way for a block or so. "Let's go out in the country." And into the country we went, keeping on in the same street until it changed from a street into a road on which we had never been before, with tall trees in a straight line on each side of it, and nice green grass all along the edge.

I was pretty positive, to be sure, that father would not have approved of our going outside the town, but what else could we do to amuse ourselves?

"It's better than bothering mother, anyway," I finally decided; and so we walked and ran, played tag and counted trees, until we grew tired, when, spying a nice shady spot under the brow of a hill, I told Thad that we had better rest there awhile before starting back again for dinner.

"It's a valley, isn't it, Max?" observed my brother, as we stretched ourselves out beneath a large tree. He had just begun the study of geography, and feeling that I should never neglect any opportunity of training his young mind in useful knowledge, I at once began to point out all the geographical divisions within view, and was much encouraged by the respectful attention Thad appeared to pay, until I suddenly discovered that he was asleep.

"Poor little chap!" I muttered; "I wonder if I oughtn't to wake him up;" and while I was trying to guess whether we had come one mile or three, in order to reckon how long it would take us to return to town, I—well, I must have fallen asleep too, for the blue sky, and the green grass, and the yellow sun finally got so mixed up in my mind that I wasn't sure of any one of them, and then all was a blank, as authors say in books when they don't exactly know how to describe a person's feelings in an upset or a runaway.

Well, I lay there in that sort of a hollow place in the bank, with the tree in front of me, and Thad at my side, for an hour or two, I guess.

Of course I don't know what went on around me during that time, so I sha'n't attempt to tell; all I know is that when I had the natural use of my senses once more, I heard such a horrible noise right over my head as nearly made me lose them again.

Bang, bang, bang, and boom, b-r-r-r, bang!

What on earth could it all mean? I rubbed my eyes and felt of my ears to make sure they were in good working order, and then ventured to peek out around the tree which I have said stood directly in front of the little hollow in the side of the hill which I had chosen for a resting-place.

Goodness! didn't my heart beat like sixty when I saw what it was that made the racket. Soldiers!

There they were, whole regiments of them, standing on the edge of the field opposite, just where it sloped down to form the valley Thad had spoken about.

He had been waked up too by this time, and when he saw the troops over there blazing away right for the spot almost where we were crouching, he looked pretty well scared, I can tell you.

"What are they doing, Max?" he asked, grabbing hold of my jacket, and squeezing up closer to me.

"I guess they're fighting," I replied.

"Who are they fighting with?" But just then another bang, bang, hanging over our heads answered the question, and revealed to us the terrible fact that we were between two fires.

I won't pretend to say that I wasn't frightened, for I was, and I'll put it to any other fellow of eleven if he would not feel sort of trembly about the knees to wake up from a nap and suddenly find himself between two armies firing away at one another for dear life.

"But I didn't know there was any war here now," continued my brother, when there was a slight pause in the hostilities, as the newspaper writers say.

"Oh, you never can calculate on countries over here," I returned, as I wiped the perspiration from my forehead. "I s'pose the Emperor's got mad with France again, and they're going to kill off several thousand poor chaps, who don't feel mad a bit, to fix matters. Those are Germans over there; I can tell by the uniforms, so of course the French must be on our side. Now—" But at that instant the firing began again worse than ever.

The smoke filled the little valley in clouds, so we couldn't see how many men fell; and when it blew away, there was nobody lying on the ground, so we concluded they must have cleared the field of the killed and wounded under its protection.

Sometimes in the pauses of the shooting we could hear the captains and generals shouting, and the drums beating, and see the flashing bayonets, and the flags flying proudly.

"Perhaps they won't find us, after all," said Thad, during one of these peaceful lulls; and indeed I had already begun to indulge myself in the same hope, when what should the Germans do but rush down the opposite bank, and prepare to charge right for our tree.

On they came, plunging over stones and ditches, swords waving, bayonets flashing, fury gleaming from their eyes.

"Don't cry, Thad," I whispered, when there was only a few feet left between us and the advancing army. "Come, let's stand out in front of them, so they won't trample on us, anyway;" and summoning all my courage, I took my brother by the hand, and stepped out from behind the tree, facing the whole battle front.

As soon as the Colonel or Captain, whichever it was, caught sight of us, he shouted out at the top of his voice; but of course neither Thad nor I understood a word, although I supposed he was calling on us to surrender.

Thinking this a much more comfortable way of ending matters than by being put to the sword, I screamed out, as bold as I could: "If you please, sir, we're Americans, and I hope you'll whip the Frenchmen all to pieces."

I didn't expect he'd understand all I said, of course, although I was pretty certain of America's being nearly the same in German as in English.

Digitized by Google

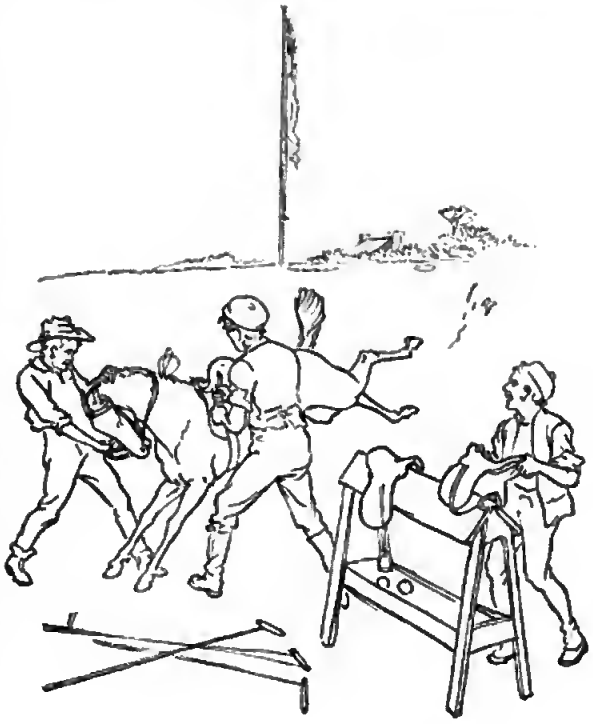
But what do you think the man did? He said something to the soldiers; then turning to me, he pointed to an opening in the ranks he had caused to be made just in front of us, and at once understanding what he meant, Thad and I ran for it, never stopping until we had left the soldiers far behind us, when I thought it would be as well to call a halt, and consider as to the quickest way of getting back to the hotel, for it was by this time long after the dinner hour.

However, we managed to find the road after a while, and then we made for the town as fast as ever we could. Of course we got a scolding for having staid out so late; but when the story of the exciting adventure we had passed through was told, I felt sure we'd both be looked upon with more respect.

Well, father and mother listened breathlessly, and when I had finished I asked father if he had heard anything about the invasion of the French army. At that he broke out into the most frightful fit of laughter, and really for a minute I thought that my account of the danger Thad and I had been in had made him kind of hysterical (I always used to think it ought to be *her*-terical, as men don't often get that way), until he caught his breath long enough to say: "Oh, Max, Max! there wasn't any French army there. The whole affair was merely a sham battle between two of the German regiments for practice, and the only reason you didn't get hit was because the guns were only loaded with powder."

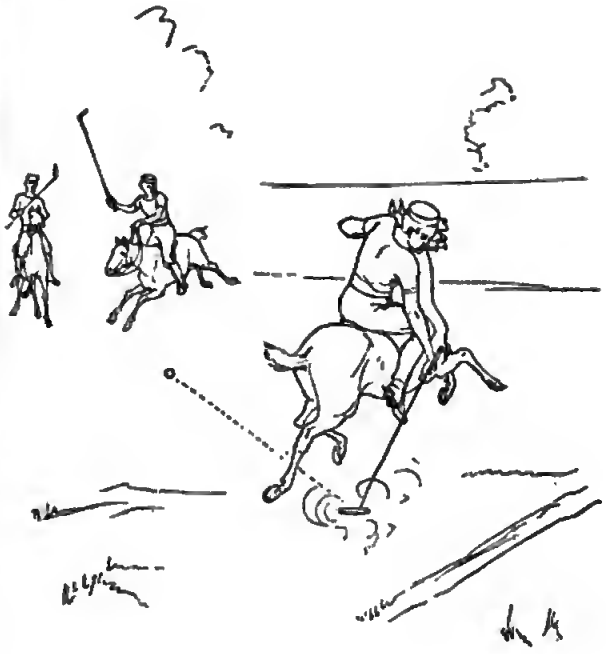
THE GAME OF POLO.

THE Polo family have always been great travellers. The adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo, who started Eastward long enough before Columbus thought of discovering America—or, indeed, before anybody thought of Columbus—was the first of the long line to make himself known throughout the world. This was about the year 1280, or more than six hundred years ago; and almost as long ago as that, according to all accounts, another branch of this distinguished family, which we have come to know as the game of Polo, was known and liked in other parts of the Orient. Travellers tell us that for centuries the inhabitants of certain districts of India have played the game, and liked it so well that they gave it a name signifying in their language "the game of all games." This game was born in a country where there were no telegraphs, no railroads, not even an old-fashioned stage-coach. All travelling was done on horseback, and all business depended upon the skill and fidelity of the horsemen. A game that taught the dusky lads to be good horsemen was more than an amusement—it was a national blessing. Polo was for ages, and is still, the national game of these districts. The boys are hardly large enough to lay their hand on a pony's back before they learn to play Polo. The English in India have taken up the game, but even with their superior ponies and equipments they can not vanquish the natives in a friendly contest with the ball and mallet. This is because the Indians from their earliest boyhood are taught to play the game, just as we, at a similar age, are taught the beauties of the Latin grammar. The English are almost as fond of good horsemanship as the East Indians, and as soon as their soldiers in India saw the game, they learned it and played it. Thus Polo travelled from India to England. Five or six years ago it took a trip to America: and although it still makes New York its head-quarters on



this side the Atlantic, it has travelled all over the United States, visiting nearly every principal city, and generally making a long stay.

The only thing to prevent American boys from learning to play this exciting game is the great lack of ponies. While an East Indian boy would have a pony, even if he were too poor to have a coat, many an American boy with plenty of coats is not able to have a pony. But with the ponies once at hand, and boys who can ride them well, the game is easily learned. It is no more, indeed, than "shinny" on horseback, and if there is any American boy who does not know how to play shinny, he is yet to be



heard from. Ordinary horses are too large for Polo, even when the players are full-grown men, for the higher a player is from the ground, the more difficult it is for him to strike the ball. The smaller the pony, the better for the player; and it should be as gentle as a kitten, as quick as a flash, and as swift as a deer. The ponies generally used in New York and Newport are brought from Texas and Mexico, and, as most boys know, these animals do not unite all the good qualities of the Arabian steed. They are a little too fond of kicking, and of stopping suddenly, and smiling with their ears, while their rider slides over their head. Sometimes, however, a young member of the party appears mounted upon a Shetland pony, a shining, bright-eyed little animal, as gentle as it is beautiful. These ponies are scarce, and often expensive; but it will be good news to some of the boys to hear that a gentleman has recently stocked a farm with them in Westchester County, only a few miles from New York, and that he intends to raise hundreds of them for sale.

A GAME OF POLO.—Drawn by J. E. Kelly.

The Polo costume is a very bright one, generally consisting of a colored shirt, tight-fitting cloth pantaloons, and gaiters, with the small cap that is well known as a "Polo cap." There may be any number of players on a side, from one to a dozen. The ball is made of wood, painted white, and looks like a base-ball. The mallet, which is called a "stick," has a handle six or seven feet long, and is used to drive the ball into the home of the enemy. Each side has its goal, made by driving two poles into the ground about six feet apart. The ball is laid in the centre of the ground, and at a signal the players make a dash for it. Whichever side succeeds in driving it through the goal of its opponents is the victor. The games that are played on the Polo Grounds in the upper part of New York city are usually very pretty sights. They are attended almost always by a number of ladies and gentlemen of fashion, who drive out in four-horse coaches, and are shielded from the sun either by the stationary awning, or by bright-colored tents, often made of the finest materials. In the heat of the summer the Polo centre is changed from New York to Newport, where most of the players are gathered. The last game at Newport for this season was played only a few days ago. A number of the fortunate New York boys who have spent the summer at Newport have been practicing frequently, with a view to making their first appearance in public in this city next spring. Some of them by a few months' practice have become very expert players.

Digitized by Google

GARFIELD'S BOYHOOD.

THE late President Garfield was born in a log-cabin—a real cabin, for it had only one room. The roof was of rude split shingles, and the floor of puncheons. His father died while the boy was still a baby, leaving the mother very poor, with four children to bring up as best she could. The country, Northern Ohio, was wild and new, and the boys had small opportunity for education, and few companions of their own age. Except the Bible, there were almost no books in that region, and there were no periodicals for young people then, so that even if the young Garfields had been able to spare time for reading, they had nothing to read.

MOLLIE GARFIELD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The boy who afterward became President of the United States found himself born apparently to a life of hard country work. As soon as he could do anything on the farm, he began to help, and as he grew older, the only change that came to him was a steady increase in the amount and difficulty of the work he had to do. It was only by hard work, indeed, that the family could live at all. His mother—the dear, brave old lady to whom we have all become attached—not only attended to all her household duties, but toiled hard besides. She made the clothes for her family, and took in sewing from the neighbors. She worked in the fields, too, and even helped in the clearing of timber land, her boys working with her.

James went to the country school to learn to read and spell and cipher a little; for very little more than this could be learned in country schools then. It is said that he had many fights there, frequently having battles with lads larger than himself; and throughout his boyhood he showed as much pluck and spirit in the discharge of duty as he did in these school battles. In the haying season he would walk ten miles to get a day's work to do, and he was always ready to do whatever there was to be done. He labored sometimes as a carpenter, and once, when he had no money, and wanted to attend a boarding-school, he hired himself out to a carpenter, and earned enough to pay his way by the labor of his hands on Saturdays.

At one time he hired himself to the owner of an ashery, at nine dollars a month, and worked in ashes until the ends of his hair were bleached. He next undertook to chop one hundred cords of hard oak wood for fifty dollars, and did it. He tried to secure employment as a sailor on the lakes, but failing in that, he took a place as driver to a canal-boat. No work was too hard or too humble for him, if only it were honest, and promised him a little money.

After his canal-boat experience he fell sick, and before he got well again he had spent all the money he had, and more—for he was in debt for his doctor's bill. He set to work to save money, and soon paid off his debt. Meantime the thirst for knowledge had been awakened in him, and he began that severe struggle for education which ended only when he had accomplished his purpose. At first he dreamed of nothing more than going through the studies taught in the little academy at Chester, Ohio; and truly that seemed task enough to set himself, for he had neither money nor friends able to help him, and he must earn with his hands all that it would cost him for board, lodging, and tuition. He began with only seventeen dol-

HARRY A. GARFIELD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

JAMES R. GARFIELD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Digitized by Google

lars. This was spent during the first term. All that he could earn during vacation went to pay off the old score of his doctor, and he began the second term with but a sixpence in his pocket. Dropping this into the contribution box at church, he left himself actually penniless; but difficulties of this kind did not appall the brave, resolute boy. Had he not always earned all that he spent? He had provided for himself in the past by the labor of his hands, and he would do the same now. It was then that he hired himself to the carpenter as has been related already.

During the next winter young Garfield undertook to control and teach the school in a district from which the last teacher had been driven away by unruly boys. It was a brave thing to do, for he was scarcely more than a boy himself, and it was certain that the young bullies of the district would contest the question of mastery with him. There was danger of defeat and failure, but he braved all and took the school. The question whether he or the big boys were to control the school was soon brought to a test. The largest, strongest, and most daring boy became unruly, and after the custom of that time the teacher must chastise him, or the discipline of the school would have been utterly broken up. It was a question whether Garfield would thrash the boy or the boy thrash Garfield, and the school was much interested in its decision. There was a severe struggle, at the end of which there was no longer any doubt who was master of that school, for the big boy had had his threshing, and "Jim Garfield," whom the boys had regarded as a raw youth, was ever afterward respected as "Mr. Garfield, the teacher."

It was not long after this that young Garfield began to entertain larger hopes in the matter of education. He was earning his way through the academy at Chester: why might he not earn his way also through a preparatory school, and finally through college? Young Garfield was willing and glad to be a country school-master so long as that seemed necessary, just as he was always willing to do any honest work that came in his way; but he was not content to be a half-educated school-teacher all his life, if a fuller education could be had; and after looking into the matter he was convinced that a complete college training was not beyond his reach. It would require patience, hard work, and close economy to accomplish this, but it could be accomplished, and for this resolute young fellow, with his stout heart and strong arms, that was enough. As nearly as he could tell, it would take him twelve years to fit himself for college and to go through the college course, for he must work and teach one year to earn his school or college expenses during the next. But the thought of twelve years of toil, economy, and study did not daunt him in the least, and so he set to work at once.

How he accomplished more than he had thought possible, doing in three years what he had planned to do in four, and otherwise getting on faster and better than he had expected, is too long a story to tell here; but it is to be wished that every reader of YOUNG PEOPLE would read not only about Mr. Garfield's youth, but the whole story of his life, in the biographies that have been written of him.

It is very interesting and very profitable reading, not because Mr. Garfield was a Major-General, a member of Congress, a distinguished statesman, and finally President, but because he was always a man of high character and great courage; because he knew, even in boyhood, how to master himself; because he made his own way in life by patience, perseverance, and conscientious industry; because all the high honors that have been heaped upon him were his by right of his worth. This whole great country of fifty millions of people is in real mourning for his death, not because he was President, but because every one of the fifty millions has learned to honor and love the man for his noble character.

Mr. Garfield left five children, two others having died. We give portraits of the two elder boys and of the only girl. Mollie, who is a bright, winning lass of about thirteen years, has come to be the pet of the whole American people. On the very day of his death Mr. Garfield asked especially to have Mollie sit with him, and he and she talked together until he grew drowsy. Then, still to bear him company, Mollie sat down near the foot of the bed, where, after a little while, she fainted, and was carried out of the room. That was her last visit to her father's bed side, the last time she spoke to him or heard him speak.

Harry and James Garfield were with their father when he was shot, and their manly bearing and tender devotion to their parents during these many sad days have won for them the love and admiration of the country. Harry is said to be a fine musician. Both are at Williams College, where the late President graduated nearly thirty years ago. The younger children, Irwin and Abram, remained at Mentor with their aged grandmother during the whole time of their father's fatal illness.

A BIT OF POVERTY.

BY W. T. PETERS.

I know a little maiden
In a most tremendous bonnet,
All manufactured out of black,
With nodding poppies on it.

Her shoes are two old rubbers,
Full of many a hole and leak,
And—bless you—these are only worn
On one day of the week.

But her laugh is molten silver,
And her hair is burnished gold,
And the treasures in her jewelled eyes
Are riches manifold.

And no one on the broad round earth
Is happier than she,
Although this little maiden
Is as poor as she can be.

THE TALKING LEAVES.*

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER II.

"DID you say, Murray, there were any higher mountains than these?"

"Higher'n these? Why, Steve, the mountains we crossed, away back there just this side of the Texas border, were twice as high, some of them."

"These are big enough. Are there any higher mountains in the world than ours? Did you ever see any?"

"I've seen some of them. I've heard it said the tallest are in India. South America can beat us. I've seen the Andes."

"I don't want to see anything that looks worse to climb than this range right ahead of us."

"Where the Apaches got through, Steve, we can. They're only a hunting party, too."

"More warriors than we have."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 101, October 4.

"Only Apaches, Steve. Ours are Lipans. There's a big difference in that, I tell you."

"The Lipans are your friends."

"Yours too, and you must let them think you are their friend, strong. The Apaches are everybody's enemies—mine, yours—only fit to be killed off."

"You've killed some of 'em."

"Not so many as I mean to kill. That's one thing I'm on this trip for. Old Two-Knives would almost have given it up if it hadn't been for me."

"I don't feel that way about the Lipans, if they did capture me. All I want of them is to get away, and go back to the settlements."

"Maybe your folks won't know you when you come."

Steve looked down at his fine muscular form from limb to limb, while the stern, wrinkled face of his companion almost put on a smile.

"I'd have to wash, that's a fact."

"Get off your war-paint. Put on some white men's clothing. Cut your hair."

"They'd know me then."

"You've grown a head taller since you was captured, and they've made a Lipan of you all over but in two places."

"What are they?"

"Your eyes and hair. They're as light as mine were when I was of your age."

"I'm not a Lipan inside, Murray, nor any other kind of Indian. It would take more than three years to do that."

"I've been among 'em seven. But then I never would paint."

The sun and the wind had painted him darkly enough, and if his hair had once been "light," it was now as white as the tops of the mountains he and Steve had been looking at.

Behind them, on a barren, sandy level, through which ran a narrow stream of ice-cold water, about threescore of wild-looking human beings were dismounted, almost in a circle, each holding the end of a long "lariat" of strong hide, at the other end of which was a horse.

Some seemed to have two and even three horses, as if they were on an errand which might use up one and call for another. That was quite likely, for Lipan warriors are terribly hard riders. Those who had now but one horse had probably worn out their first mount, and turned him adrift by the way-side, to be picked up, Indian fashion, on the way home. When a plains Indian leaves a horse in that way, and does not find him again, he tries his best to find some other man's horse to take his place.

More than sixty Indian warriors, all in their war-paint, armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, repeating rifles, of the best and latest patterns, and each carrying a long steel-headed Mexican lance. Not a bow or arrow or war-club among them. All such weapons belong to the old, old times, or to poor miserable second-rate Indians who can not buy anything better. The fierce and haughty Lipans and Comanches, and other warlike tribes, insist on being armed as well as the United States troops, and even better.

What could a cavalryman do with a lance? About as much as an Indian with a sword, for that is one weapon the red men could never learn the use of from King Philip's day to this.

It was luncheon-time with that Lipan war party, and they were hard at work on their supplies of dried venison and cold roast buffalo meat. Their halt would not be a long one in a spot where there was no grass for their horses; but they could hold a council while they were eating, and they could listen to a speech from the short, broad, ugly-looking old chief, who now stood in the middle of the circle.

"To-la-go-to-de will not go back now till he has struck the Apaches. He has come too far. The squaws of his village would laugh at him if he rode through the mountains and came back to them with empty hands."

That was the substance of his address, put again and again, in different shapes, and it seemed to meet the approval of his listeners. There is nothing a Lipan brave is really afraid of except ridicule, and the dread of being laughed at was the strongest argument their leader could have used to spur them forward. Once, indeed, he made another sharp hit by pointing to the spot where Murray and Steve were standing.

"No Tongue has the heart of a Lipan. He says if we go back he will go on alone. He will take the Yellow Head with him. They will not be laughed at when they come back. Will the Lipans let their squaws tell them they are cowards, and dare not follow an old pale-face and a boy?"

A deep, half-angry "ugh" went around the circle.

To-la-go-to-de had won over all the grumblers in his audience, and need not have talked any more.

He might have stopped right there, and proceeded to eat another slice of buffalo meat; but when an Indian once learns to be an orator, he would rather talk than eat any day. In fact, they are such talkers at home and among themselves that Murray had earned the queer name given him by the chief in no other way than by his habitual silence. He rarely spoke to anybody, and so he was "No Tongue."

The chief himself had a name of which he was enormously proud, for he had won it on a battle-field. His horse had been killed under him in a battle with the Comanches when he was yet a young warrior, and he had fought on foot with a knife in each hand.

From that day forward he was To-la-go-to-de, or "the chief that fights with two knives." Any name he may have been known by before that was at once dropped and forgotten.

It is a noteworthy custom, but the English have something almost exactly like it. A man in England may be plain Mr. Smith or Mr. Disraeli for ever so many years, and then all of a sudden he becomes Lord So-and-So, and nobody ever speaks of him again by the name he carried when he was a mere "young brave." It is a great mistake to suppose the red men are altogether different from the white.

As for Steve, his hair was nearer chestnut than yellow, but it had given him his Indian name—one that would stick to him until, like To-la-go-to-de, he should distinguish himself in battle, and win a "war name" of his own.

He and Murray, however they might be regarded as members of the tribe and of that war party, had no rights in the "council." Only born Lipans could take part in that, except by special invitation.

It happened, on the present occasion, that they were both glad of it, for "No Tongue" had more than usual to say, and "Yellow Head" was very anxious to listen to him.

"That peak yonder would be an awful climb, Steve."

"I should say it would."

"But if you and I were up there, I'll tell you what we could do. We could look north and east into New Mexico, north and west into Arizona, and south, every way, into Mexico itself."

"Are we so near the border?"

"I think we are."

Something like a thunder-cloud seemed to be gathering on Murray's face, and the deep furrows grew deeper, in great rigid lines and curves, while his steel-blue eyes lighted up with a fire that made them unpleasant to look upon.

"You lived in Mexico once?"

"Did I? Did I ever tell you that?"

"Not exactly. I only guessed it from things you've dropped."

Digitized by Google

"I'll tell you now, then. I did live in Mexico. Down yonder in Chi-hua-hua."

"She-waw-waw?" said Steve, trying to follow the old man's rapid pronunciation of the strange musical name.

"Down there, more than a hundred miles south of the border. I thought we were safe. The mine was a good one. The hacienda was the prettiest place I could make of it. I thought I should never leave it. But the Apaches came one day—"

He stopped a moment, and seemed to be looking at the tops of the western mountains.

"Did you have a fight with them?" asked Steve.

"Fight? No. I was on a hunt in the Sierras that day. When I came home it was all gone."

"The Apaches?"

"The mine was there, but the works were all burned. So was the hacienda and the huts of the peons and workmen—everything that would burn."

"But the people?"

"All. They did not even leave me my little girl. I hadn't anything left to keep me there."

"So you joined the Lipans?"

"They're always at war with the Apaches. I'm pretty near to being an Indian now."

"I won't be one, then. I'll get away somehow. I'm white, and I'm almost a man."

"Steve, have you forgotten anything you knew the day they took you prisoner?"

"No, I haven't. I was fifteen then, and if there's one thing I've been afraid of it was that I would forget. I've repeated things over and over and over for fear they'd get away from me."

"That's all right. I've had an eye on you about that. But haven't you learned something?"

"You've taught me all about rocks and stones and ores and mining—"

"Yes, and you can ride like a Lipan, and shoot and hunt, and there isn't a young brave in the band that can throw you in a fair wrestle."

THE COUNCIL OF WAR.

"That's all Indian—"

"Is it? Well, whether it is or not, you'll need it all before long."

"To fight Apaches?"

"Better'n that, Steve. It's been of no use for you to try to get away toward Texas. They watch you too closely; and besides, the Comanches are most of the time between us and the settlements. They won't watch you at all out here. That's why I insisted on bringing you along."

"Do you mean I'll have a chance to get away?"

"I don't mean you shall go back of the mountains again, Steve. You must wait patiently, but the time 'll come. I tell you what, my boy, when you find yourself crossing the Arizona deserts and mountains all alone you'll be right glad you can ride and shoot and hunt and find your own way. It's all Indian knowledge, but it's wonderfully useful when you have to take care of yourself in an Indian country."

"Cattle, horses—all they could drive with them they carried away. We won't say anything about the people, Steve. My wife was among them. She was a Spanish-Mexican lady. She owned the mine and the land. We buried her before we set out after the Apaches. I've been following them ever since."

"Were the rest all killed?"

The dark cloud was very heavy on Murray's face yet, but an eager light was shining upon that of his young friend—the light of hope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO STORIES OF YOUTHFUL HEROISM.*

BY MARY A. BARR.

HOW KATE SHELLEY CROSSED THE BRIDGE.

Oh, but the night was wild and dark, and the wind blew fierce and high!
Oh, but the lightning flashed and shot across the inky sky!
While the hurtling thunder cracked and rolled, till down the black clouds came,
And earth seemed nothing at all to sight but water, wind, and flame.

Kate Shelley stands at her cottage door, and peers out into the night,
For she sees, slow creeping through the storm, the pilot-engine's light,
And it must cross the trestle-bridge above the swollen creek:
It stops—it runs—then down it drops, with one long fearsome shriek.

"Kate, stay!" the wailing mother cries; but the young soul rose high—
"Nay, mother, I must try to help, though I should fail or die."
She finds the wreck, but can not save, yet from the deep below
A man shouts up two frightened words. She answers him: "I know."

* The scene of the former of these heroic acts was in Boone County, Iowa; of the latter, Deal Lake, New Jersey. Kate Shelley is about seventeen years old, and the boy hero only twelve.

Digitized by Google

The train! the train! the swift express! the crowded Western train!
How shall she quickest reach the wires? By Boone the hope is vain.
But to Moingona's but a mile, and yet so wild and drear,
To brave it through the stormy night the stoutest heart might fear.

KATE SHELLEY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. PAUL MARTIN, BOONE, IOWA.

Torn by the undergrowth, and drenched, the wind and rain defied,
She reached the raging Des Moines, and the bridge that spans its tide:
A bridge not built for human tread, but "On!" her spirit cries—
A bridge of full four hundred feet, nothing but rails and ties.

No plank the daring steps to hold, and if a step should miss,
Down fifty feet below her rolls the watery abyss.
So on her hands and knees she creeps, fighting the wind and rain,
Staining the timbers with her blood, yet heeding not the pain.

Then on and on she bravely sped! Thick darkness round her lay,
Save when the vivid lightning made a still more dreadful day;
Yet raging stream, and roaring wind, and fiercely beating rain
Delayed her not: one thought had she—to save the coming train.

At length the bridge is fairly crossed. Bleeding and out of breath,
She yet has half a mile to run—a fearful race with Death:
O'er fallen trees, o'er rocks, through creeks, until—O blessed sight!—
She sees the way-side station-house and its one glimmering light.

Then all forespent, with failing strength, she pushes wide the door;
With gleaming eyes and parted lips, she stands upon the floor:
"*The trestle's down! The engine's wrecked! Oh, stop the coming train!*"
The man springs to the saving wires—she has not come in vain.

Then tenderly they comfort her. They ask, "How did you come?"
And, hearing, lift their hearts and hats, and are a moment dumb.
No soul among them would have dared the passage dark and wild:
Ah! but God's angels had a charge to keep this noble child.

O brave Kate Shelley! though hard toil thy daily portion be,
Mothers with happy pride now name their daughters after thee;
And every child that hears thy fate shares in thy noble strain,
And dares that perilous pass with thee to save the coming train.

LITTLE CHARLIE WHITE.

WELL, yes, ma'am, this is the lake, and the story is pleasant and true,
Though Charlie White did nothing at all but what he'd been taught to do.
Yet I count it honor enough, when a boy sees trouble and mass,
Just to know what to do, *and do it*, without any talk or fuss.

You know what the August weather is, and children, for any sake,
Will not keep out of the water: there were two that day in the lake.
The one was near about eight, and the other was twelve years old—
Both just of that age, as you'll allow, when children are over-told.

One moment I heard their merry laugh ring through the summer air,
And the next their father's shout of "*Help!*"—their mother's shriek of despair.
But being old and lame, as you see, I stood, dazed like, on the bank,
Till Charlie White had put off a boat, and was rowing to where they sank.

'Twas done in a moment, quick as thought; and that, as I take it, ma'am,
Makes all the odds between true courage and that which is half a sham;
For while we were lost in fear and fright, little Charlie had got the boat,
And when the children rose to the top, was there to keep them afloat.

For Charlie is but a little fellow, and hadn't the strength, you see,
To lift the children into the boat, but he spoke cheerily,
And held them up until help came; and so, with a happy heart,
He left them safe, and went his way, just glad to have done his part.

And best of all, as I said before, though Charlie is noways rash,
The deed was done, as such brave deeds are, rapid and prompt as a flash;
And this, I think, is the children's way; *they* never mind praise or gain:
I guess you've read of that brave Kate Shelley that saved the Western train.

CHARLIE WHITE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STAUFFER, ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY.

Well, Kate and Charlie are of one kind, and surely now I can see
Why Jesus said to the wise and the great, "Like little children be."
For though we may honor the men of war, who have their thousands slain,
In a better world God's angels, perhaps, may count it a grander gain
To succor a drowning boy and girl, or to save a loaded train.

Digitized by Google

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a large girl eight years old. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE—that is, Willie and Jessie and I—and we are very glad when papa brings to us a new number. I had a little fawn which came from British Columbia. It was three weeks old when papa bought it for us, and such a time as we had in teaching the spotted little baby deer to drink milk! It grew to know us, and became a darling pet and playmate. We have sent it on a great ship to a little boy in San Francisco. I cried to see Una go away; and she cried, so the man said, for us. We live upon a hill, and can look out upon Puget Sound, and see ships coming and going all the time. On a clear day we can always see the snowy mountains.
MINNIE R.

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write again, and see whether my letter could find a place in Our Post-office Box this time. I came home a few weeks ago from my visit to the country. While I was at my grandpa's my sister and I had a real nice time playing by the creek which was below the house. We built a raft, and had some splendid rides on it. Last night I came home from Newburgh, where I went soon after my return from the country. On my way home with papa and mamma we saw a very large and very old-looking cat in the butcher's shop, and the butcher who owned him told papa he was twenty-three years old. He said he knew it to be so, because puss had been there with him for all that time. For the last four or five years they had chopped his meat fine for him, because he had but two teeth left. I think if he were mine I would be very proud of him—would not you?
ANNA V. H.

The cat was fortunate in having so kind an owner. Do you know that in India there are hospitals and asylums for aged and sick animals, where the greatest care is taken of and the highest honors are paid to them? Yet human life is not highly valued in some of the old lands where they are so tender of the lower orders of creation.

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I enjoyed a nice vacation, and after it returned cheerfully to school. My father had said that he would give me a ring if I was promoted, so I studied hard last term, and am now in a higher class. I received four beautiful butterflies from Miss M. S. McC., of Washington, D. C. I have a branch covered with moss, and I have pinned the butterflies to it. I am much obliged to you for having printed my exchange.
BANAH H. B.

891 MADISON AVENUE, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

We have a bird and a dog (say, and a dog Tobbie, says Lida). The bird's name is Dixie, and he is not home. I have a little sister and brother (say, and two boyers, says Lida). We had a real nice little kitten, but she died or ran away. She could box with her paws. Freddy tried to box with a visitor cat, but she would not, and Freddy was disgusted.

Wouldn't somebody send some tree leaves, for postage stamps? Papa has a lot of old foreign stamps, and we are making a leaf collection. I am nearly six, and I tell papa what to write for me.
ELIZABETH LAURA BRAMHALL.

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA.

We have a big Artesian well which flows over the pipe almost six inches, and is five hundred feet deep. Not long ago we went to San Francisco on the cars, visited Woodward's Garden, and had a very nice time. I enjoyed the many sights, but was most delighted with the sea-lions and the monkeys. There is a place in the bay near San Francisco where the rocks are covered with sea-lions.

"Tim and Tip" is a splendid story.
ELBERT G. A.

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have a very kind friend who gives me YOUNG PEOPLE every week, and I like "The Cruise of the 'Ginot,'" "Tim and Tip," and the stories that Jimmy Brown and George Cary Eggleston write. My father is away all day, as he is a railroad conductor, and every Sunday he asks me if I have read YOUNG PEOPLE this week. Last Saturday two other boys and myself went after wild grapes, and we each brought home a peck of them.
HARRY S. W.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl, twelve years old, and am over seven hundred miles from my home. To-day I went to the Public Garden in Boston, and had a ride in the swan boat on the little pond, and saw a lovely rainbow through a fountain. Then I saw on Boston Common four coaching little goats harnessed to a little wagon called Baby Mine. I have seen many new and pretty things I could tell you about, but I suppose you have so many little correspondents that I will not write any more this time.
MAY H. L.

The little matter of business to which you refer in your letter has been attended to, and we think you were kind and considerate. You might have told us more about Boston. Did you climb to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, and did you visit the spacious Library? Perhaps you will tell us when you write again.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

This is the first letter I have ever written to your dear little paper. I am twelve years old. I have a nice little pussy which I call Pansy, and my brother dipped her in a pail of dirty water. I don't think it was very kind of him; do you?

I have read "Toby Tyler," and I hope "Tim and Tip" will be as good.
LUCY CANTERBURY G.

It was very unkind in your brother to treat poor Pansy so. We hope he will not tease you in that way again. Boys often do such mischievous things, when they do not really mean to be cruel. They should remember that "evil is wrought by want of thought," and that the gentlest boys are usually the manliest.

TUNKHANNOCK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have never written a letter to Our Post-office Box, because I have been afraid they would laugh at me. But I see so many little letters that I am venturing at last. My papa is a printer, and once worked in New York, and I would dearly love to live there, because there are so many grand things I could learn in school, and music too. The girls tell you about their pets. I used to have a three-legged kitten, and it could run ever so fast, but the dogs caught it finally.

I now have a cat which is the exact image of a tiger. It runs after children, and frightens them by jumping at them. My papa took me to a picnic, and we danced the Schottisch. I live with my grandma, who is very good to me. My mamma is dead.
LENA W.

Nobody who writes to this Post-office Box need fear being laughed at. We would not be so impolite, and we love to see our children's letters, even when the little fingers have not learned to write so very well yet. It took us a long time to learn how ourselves. We have not forgotten our old copy-books, in which "Practice makes perfect" was so often set at the head of the page. For some reasons, it is very pleasant to live in New York, little Lena; but for others, we are quite sure it is equally desirable to live where your home is. You can learn "grand things" everywhere, if you try hard enough.

MACOUPETA, IOWA.

I am eight years old. I had three kits. One was named Susan; the other two were Jack and Jill. Susan ran away, and poor little Jill had dreadful fits, and we don't know whether she ran away or died in a fit. Jack is just a splendid cat. He is in my lap now.
DALE L.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I have seen a good many letters in Our Post-office Box, but only one from Grand Rapids. I am a little girl eight years old, and I like to read the letters very much. My brother takes the YOUNG PEOPLE, and we all like to read it. When school commenced I was promoted to another class. I have a little pet kitten who sometimes has fits. One day I fed it some catnip tea with a tea-spoon.
ANNIE ANTHONY W.

What a pity it is that Kitty should be often ill and fitty! Are you sure, dear Dale and Annie, that you do not feed your cats with too many sweets and fats? Or perhaps you pet them too much. Try a little more neglect. It may have a fine effect.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The society mentioned in No. 93 is now being organized. We have five corresponding secretaries appointed, but we want one for each State and Province in North America. The rules, etc., will be printed as soon as all officers are appointed. It has been decided by a majority of the members to fix the annual dues as follows: boys, 20 cents; girls, 15 cents. All exchanges are to be made by mail. The name decided on for the society was the "International Curiosity Collectors' Club and Young People's Exchange." All are invited to join. Address ROBERT C. MANLY, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, or HARRY BELDEN, Wellington, Lorain Co., Ohio.

NEW YORK CITY.

I thank you for answering my letter in No. 98. You said I ought to go on a farm, and that is just the thing I wish to do. My father would not oppose it, but my mother will not consent. It is not money I want so much at present, as my parents could let me go and work for nothing a couple of years for the sake of learning, but it is the future that I am thinking about. I have never looked so much at the future as I have in the last two months. It is strange. I have often thought, I sit an hour at a time, I am thinking now. I think I see a farm-house; I am sitting by the door; my hair is white, and I am very old; children are clustering around my knees. It is a nice picture, and I wonder if it will ever come true. I hope it will. I would like to work on a farm very much; I think it so free. I like flowers, and our yard is very nice, full of them. I would like to be a florist if I could not be a farmer.
N. ESQ. P.

There is not much profit in day-dreams, and while you are making romantic pictures of the future, you might better be employed in studying or using to good advantage the present. A bright active boy has a good many miles to go before he becomes a white-haired man. Farming is not easy work. The farmer who means to succeed must rise early, toil hard, content himself with small gains, and lead anything rather than a luxurious life. You will be wise to be guided by your mother in the choice of a profession or an occupation.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

I have never written to any magazine before, so I thought I would write and tell you how I like all the young people's letters. I think I like "Mildred's Bargain" best of any of the stories. I want to tell you about my pony Kilty. (Is not that a pretty name?) And also my dog Baby Belle. Well, when I come home from riding I put Baby Belle on Kitty, and she rides all over the yard, and you can not think how funny it looks.
G. C. S.

TENAFLY, NEW JERSEY.

I have been spending my summer vacation at Canandaigua, New York. I had a very nice visit, and on my way home I became acquainted with two girls, who rode all the way to New York city with us. I am making a collection of picture cards, and any boy or girl who will exchange with me will please address
LILLIE SIMSON.

LEESBURG, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I would write to YOUNG PEOPLE, as I have never before written to a paper. Our school began the first Monday in September. I enjoyed our vacation very much indeed. My sister Lillie and I went from here to Woodbury, and from Woodbury to Atlantic City alone on the cars, and after that we went to three other places, so we had a nice long visit. I have no particular pet, but we have a horse named Nellie, and we have two cats, one of whom we call Blackie, because he is black, and the other, "Lillie's cat," because he belongs to Lillie. We once had a cat named Malty, and we then had two kittens. Mally used to catch mice and rats and give them to the kittens. We thought her very nice. My father used to be a sea-captain. I have been as far South as St. Augustine, Florida. I have been to New York two or three times, but I never noticed the place where YOUNG PEOPLE is printed. I like the story of "Tim and Tip," and I think the stories of "Penelope," "Phil's Fairies," and "Toby Tyler" are splendid.
FLORENCE E. S.

As my sister is writing a letter, I think I will do the same. I have never written before. I thought I would like to have a letter of mine in print—I mean if it is nice enough. I am ten years old. I go to school, and a gentleman by the name of Mr. Woodruff is our teacher. I am in geography, and we are studying map-drawing; our lesson to-day is the construction lines of Asia. I can hardly wait for Tuesday to come to bring us our dear YOUNG PEOPLE. This summer, when we were at my uncle's, their birds got away. They were out in a storm. They expected to find them dead, but they recovered them next day, safe and sound.
LILLIAN R. S.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I have a great deal of trouble in school this term because I sit with a girl who persists in making me laugh. She is a sweet girl, and I love her dearly, but she does do such funny things! yet she can keep her face perfectly straight, when I am giggling and receiving bad marks. My teacher is very strict, and she says I am as much to blame as Cora is, and that if I tried harder I would not get into disgrace so often. I hate to carry home a report at the end of the week with "Not satisfactory" on it, for my mother looks so sad; but I can not seem to help myself. What do you think about it? Please tell me in Our Post-office Box.
GERTRUDE H. L.

We think your teacher would do well to let Cora and yourself sit farther apart. Two little girls who can not be trusted to control themselves in the class should be separated. But we are afraid that you do not endeavor to do what you ought in this matter. For the credit of the school and for your own honor, you should be above trifling in school-hours; and if you would only think that if there is a time for play, there is also a time for work, you would be able to behave better, and win your teacher's approval.

WINDSOR, ILLINOIS.

We had a pet once, a white squirrel, which we called Finny, but it died. Papa sent it to St. Louis, and had it stuffed and mounted for us. We now have a little gray one, a pair of white bantams, and six hens. I have a kitten all white but its tail. I have two sisters, both older than I; Lollie is sixteen, Lena is twelve, and I am nine. I hope papa will always take YOUNG PEOPLE.
E. V. G.

Do you never feel sad when you look at your stuffed squirrel? One day we were visiting a lady

Digitized by Google

who had a canary-bird in a cage among vines and flowers. After a while we wondered that the bird did not sing, and then we noticed that it kept remarkably still. So we spoke of it, and then were told that Maff had died and been stuffed. And there it stood on its little perch.

We hope Weir M. will be successful in raising his family of rabbits. Emily D. may be sure the Editor shall hear that she wants more "Pinafore Rhymes" in YOUNG PEOPLE. It does keep us busy to read so many letters, but Walter H. G. need not be afraid to send us another before long. Eva L. has our congratulations on her candy. She must try her hand at cake and bread. Jessie M. R., your hope about Tip is shared by very many. Willie Van R., who apologizes for his writing, for the reason that he has lately lost his right thumb, is assured of our sympathy; we think that, considering the misfortune, he writes wonderfully well.

G. C. B.—You would do better not to attempt such a curtain as you describe. It is both difficult and expensive to arrange a curtain which can be raised and lowered swiftly in a hall for amateur performances. A curtain which is divided in the middle, and may be drawn quickly apart from both sides, will be more satisfactory, and can be easily adjusted.

Box 185, Cumberland, Maryland, states that his coins are exhausted. He will return all superfluous stamps sent him on receipt of postage to do so.

Our children will not forget Mrs. Richardson's little school, though we may not remind them of it every week. Here is another charming letter from her, acknowledging the receipt of needed gifts, and suggesting something for the future which will set many little fingers at work. Christmas is still a long distance from us, yet it is not too early to begin, in odd minutes, the pleasant work of making Christmas gifts. You will all enjoy the merry time the more if you take pains to give the little dark-eyed boys and girls at Woodside a jolly Christmas-tree.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Once more let me thank you for the little parcels that have come since I wrote last, from Glenn Wootfenden, Nashua, Mo.; Anna Dearborne, Big Stone City, Dakota; Miss Gertrude Gulon, Elmira, N. Y.; Charley Brink, Antago, A. T.; Mrs. Ellen Burke, Blue Mound, Ill.; Teddy Smith, —; Miss Mary O'Neil, Miss Hattie Burgess, Miss Ella Coulter, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles R. Crowther, Bridgeport, Conn.; F. H. Day, Norwood, Massachusetts; W. A. Lewis, Lewistown, Penn.; N. A. Miller, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Miss Emma Jolner, Easton, Md. Among these parcels were two boxes of very useful books. You have helped us so generously that we have now books and papers to last us for some months to come. Of course I could in the neighborhood find use for almost any number, but that would be too big a work for either you or for us to undertake. We have decided that it will be best to build the school-house on land of its own, and so we will make a deed of the land upon which it is to be built to that effect. We will teach the school, and do all as I have promised. If your kind hearts still wish to help, you can do so by sending me some old clothes, hats, hoods, shoes, shawls; dolls and toys—no matter if they are broken; they will be acceptable and lovely to these little ones, who have never owned a "store doll" in their lives. They all are fond of candy, from Uncle Peta down to the youngest child. They will be very poor this winter, owing to the dry summer, and failure in the cotton crop. We will be so glad if the Christmas tree can have gifts that will warm up their cold little bodies! We will make and frost a large cake that will cut into forty-two generous slices; then have, without stint, cookies and hot coffee in the kitchen; when they have enjoyed this, show them the tree. If we succeed, I will write you about it. With my heart full of gratitude to you all, I am truly yours,

MRS. RICHARDSON.

I would like to tell you of a parrot my grandmother has. My uncle used to go away every Saturday evening, and return Monday morning. The parrot used to know when Monday morning came, and at seven o'clock she used to take her stand on the railing of the stairway, and when he arrived would fly down to meet him. Once she had her wings clipped so that she could not fly. The next Monday she took her stand as usual, and losing her balance, fell down stairs. She has never tried again to fly.

E. T.

Poor Polly!

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK.

I am eleven years old, and this is the first time I ever wrote to any paper. I take three other papers besides this, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. Jimmy Brown's stories are very funny. I wish he would write more. I think Mr. Otis is a charming author.

We have a black dog named Beaver, and a black horse named Frank, who performs circus tricks like the horses in Barnum's. EMILY L.

C. Y. P. R. U.

These letters stand for Chautauqua Young People's Reading Union, and indicate, as was explained last week, that the readers of this column are a branch of the great society which meets at Chautauqua every summer for study, recreation, and training in usefulness. Whoever shall take a part in contributing to the budget of the Postmistress may write C. Y. after his or her name, on the best authority. The column will be a sort of miscellany, and you may feel entirely at liberty to send anything to it that you please. For instance, here is a letter from a boy who, in studying natural history, has happened across a pleasant incident in the experience of a traveller in the East:

MILLBROOK, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—My teacher gave me as a prize for improvement in reading, a very entertaining book by E. Warren Clarke. Its title is *From Hong-Kong to the Himalayas*. I was much interested in the author's description of his first ride on an elephant. He and a friend went together, and on the neck of each animal sat a Hindoo driver, who guided its movements, and punished it when he chose with a cruel iron instrument, heavy, sharp, and dull, shaped something like the head of a harpoon. Mr. Clarke found the motion of the elephant very much like the rolling of a ship at sea. The elephants moved noiselessly along, picking their steps and avoiding holes, and sometimes they gathered grasses, leaves, and twigs with their trunks, and threw them skillfully into their mouths.

"The largest elephant became very thirsty," says Mr. Clarke, "and as he was quite warm, and we would not allow him to stop and drink, he made a peculiar plaintive utterance, which seemed to be understood by the other elephant; the latter came deliberately up, and placed his trunk in the open mouth of the thirsty one, and gave him to drink from his own stomach, or some unseen reservoir with which, like a camel, he appeared to be provided."

Wasn't that kind? I should have loved such a good elephant.

Now, Postmistress, I'll tell you one thing more, and then I'll stop. This author says that wild elephants do very little harm, and show good dispositions, not attacking you unless you disturb them; but an elephant which has once been tamed, and after that relapses into a wild state, is very dangerous indeed. He acts as if he hated mankind, and had been made bitter by his dwelling with them; and so the natives call such a fellow a "rogue" elephant. JOE J. H.

Your letter pleases me very much, for it shows me that you are learning how to study. Some boys think that they can learn all that is essential about a branch or a study from their school text-books. On the contrary, the most that a text-book can do is to give outlines and arbitrary facts or lay down principles. A full and rounded scholarship implies a great deal of side study. The ambitious pupil will find something to hear on what he is learning in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, in the books he finds at a friend's house or in his father's library, and in the daily paper. When the attention is duly called to it, it is wonderful how all sorts of things seem to come to your help in the special line of study you have adopted. If the C. Y.'s will notice this, they will be surprised to observe how many curious coincidences there are to aid progress when people are very earnestly bent on one pursuit.

Will the Postmistress please tell me why unmarried ladies are sometimes called spinsters? It never seems to me like a title of respect. JENNIE P.

It is a very honorable title, because it suggests that the person bearing it is not an idler, but a useful woman. In olden times—a hundred years ago, for instance—in every household there would be a spinning-wheel and a loom, and part of the regular work of the daughters of the house was to spin, weave, bleach, dye, and prepare the garments of the family. To be a spinster was to be an important member of the community.

Is it right to say party when you mean person?

ALICE B.

No. The use of party in the sense of person is inelegant and vulgar. Never say, "I must see a party," when you mean that you must consult a lady or a gentleman about business or pleasure.

What is the origin of Tam o' Shanter?

"Tam o' Shanter," not Shanter, is the title of a humorous poem by Robert Burns.

Please remember that your letters to C. Y. P. R. U. are always to be addressed plainly to the Postmistress. When you are reading, and you find something which you fancy the Postmistress would like to see, take the trouble to copy it for her. She would advise you all to keep little note-books and pencils in your pockets, or in some convenient place, and whenever a happy idea occurs to you, or you learn something new, make a brief record on the spot. There is no better way than this of fixing a fact definitely in your mind.

We call the attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to the following articles in this number as particularly designed for them:

"The Sea" (illustrated).—The first article of a series on the "World of Waters," by Charles Barnard.

"Sir Isaac Newton"—a biographical sketch.

A sketch of the early life of President Garfield, with portraits of his three eldest children.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TANGLE—(*To Cal I. Forney*).

I am an African cape. Change my head, and I become successively a weight, an heir, to peruse, to dress, gained, yonder, a cycle, an electrical chemical element, and a negative. LODESTAR.

No. 2.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

In binding, not in lying.
In laughing, not in crying.
In attraction, not in power.
In thunder, not in shower.
In angel, but not in banish.
In Brazilian, not in Spanish.
In poetic, not in rhyme.
In duration, not in time.
In prisons, not in towers.
My whole two way-side flowers.

DAME DURDEN.

No. 3.

NATURE'S CONCLUSION.—FILL UP THE BLANKS.

One — — in the early — mother — was very busy. She was — — — —, and thinking what she could — in the — — new — for her — —. When she — — — of it, she — that the — — — quite — —. As for —, she said, "Nothing — — style so well — — —, — is lovely in —, and lilies — — is white. The — rose — — — — except —, and the — must — — with a — centre and — — — in — or — is equally sweet, and as for — —, she — not — who — butter, if I — — — any other — — —. Late in the — my — — delicate — — will be — the — and — the —. They may — — — please. As for the —, they always come in — festival to — and — petticoats. They are stiff and — yet I pardon —, for they — — — —, and many — — them. Dearest — — — — in — — — — will bloom after — — — and — have all faded away at the — — —.

AGNES.

No. 4.

PI.

Kela arec fo bet cnenpla, dan teb sudnop lilw etka arec fo betscvselm. WILLIAM A. L.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

First in bake, not in fry.
Second in cake, not in pie.
Third in nail, not in board.
Fourth in gun, not in sword.
Fifth in orange, not in plum.
Sixth in subtraction, not in sum.
If this puzzle you shall gain,
You will find a place in Maine.

EDWARD E. P.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 99.

No. 1.

```
      D                    G
    B E D                M A R
  L A C E D            M A N E S
B A S I L A R        M A N G L E S
D E C I M A T E S  G A N G R E N E S
  D E L A Y E D        R E L E A S E
    D A T E S            S E N S E
      B E D                S E E
        S                    S
```

No. 2.

```
B E A R
E L B E
A B L E
R E E D
```

No. 3. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

No. 4. Babylon.

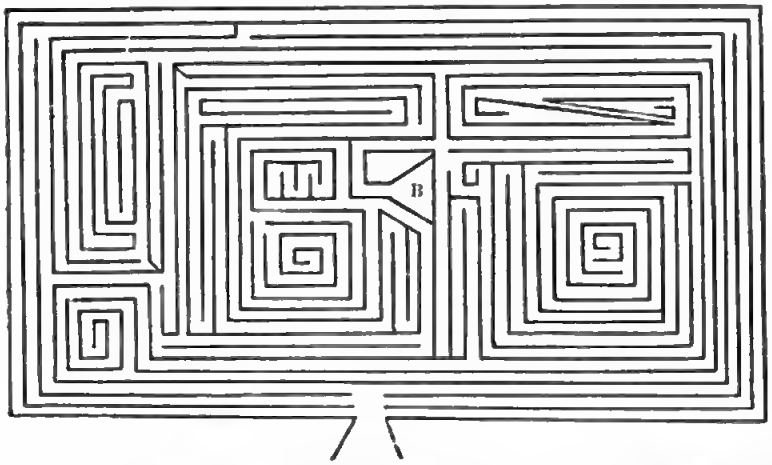
No. 5. Cheyenne, Pechele, Mediterranean, Kaweenan, Caicbes.

Correct answers in puzzles have been received from "Phil I. Pene," Ashbel Green, "Queen Bess," Lizzie Webster, Grace Maynard, *Augusta Lee Parke*, S. Whitlock, E. A. Cushing, Jun., Lucretia Davis, William A. Lewis, Sadie Robins, Harry Dietz.

SENTENCE-MAKING, ON PAGE 752.—The sentences of Harry's father: The monarch, weary of the cares of state, resolved to *abdicate*, determining to *bequeath* the crown to his son, for whom he had *planned* a life easier and more brilliant than his own. But his *design* was frustrated by enemies, who, in the interest of a rival faction, were ready to *encroach* on the royal prerogative. They did not *foresee* a long period of war, in which great *glory* should be gained by the *hero*, and during which *impassioned* orators should place themselves in *jeopardy* while defending the *King*, thus earning the *laurel* of fame.

[*For exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Digitized by Google



THE KING'S LABYRINTH.

ONCE upon a time an Eastern sovereign formed a labyrinth of high walls, placed in the innermost recess (B) a large bag of gold, and invited all the officers of the court to explore the maze, declaring that the man who could reach the gold should have it. The Grand Vizier was the first to attempt the task; and when, after several hours, he was rescued by a rope let down from the top of the walls, he was so worn out that he had to be kept in bed and fed on oatmeal gruel and gum-arabic for three weeks. All the other court officials, from the Keeper of the King's Umbrella down to the youngest turnspit in the kitchen, tried for the prize; but all failed, and had to be taken out from above. Then the King issued a proclamation calling upon any or every one of his subjects to come and try his skill or luck, and so many persons attempted the feat that the stones on the floor of the passages began to wear away, even though none of the people wore anything harder than sandals.

One day a pilgrim, who was rather old, and not very sprightly, entered the labyrinth, and not being heard from for several hours, the attendants went in search of him, and at last found him—coolly counting the coins in the bag of gold. Who can trace the pilgrim's steps?

THE GAME OF PERSONATION.

ANY number of children may join in this game, and it may be played in any room, or on a lawn or field. All join hands, and go around singing, to the tune "Buy a Broom," these words: "When I was a lady, a lady, a lady—when I was a lady, a lady was I." All then let go of hands, and march around in single file, singing this chorus: "'Twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that way, 'twas this way and that." During the singing of the chorus each child imitates as nearly as possible the attitudes and action of the person denoted in the first part of the song, which is changed every time by introducing a different character. All act together, and try to make the various parts as funny and as distinct as they can, and each one must look as sober as possible during the marching and acting. While they sing about the lady they must walk with mincing steps, and hold the dress daintily with the left hand, while the right seems to be waving a fan, and the head is turned archly sideways. All then go around again, joining hands in the ring, singing, "When I was a gentleman, a gentleman, a gentleman—when I was a gentleman, a gentleman was I. 'Twas this way and that way," etc., as before. In this, as in all the choruses, they imitate the person, and they strut along with heads thrown back, the forefinger and thumb of the left hand making an eyeglass, and the right hand twirling an imaginary cane. Next they use the word school-boy, and pretend to march slowly to school with folded hands and unwilling steps. The teacher is denoted by holding an imaginary book in the left and making signs with the right hand; the pianist, by playing on imaginary keys; the shoemaker, by driving pegs into the shoes; and the chore-woman, by kneeling down and scrubbing the floor or ground with both hands. The grandmother goes slowly with knitting-work in her shaking hands, and grandpa, leaning his bent form on an imaginary cane, usually brings up the rear, and ends the long procession.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD," ETC.

YOUNG LADY. "Look here, Boatman, my Sister and I can Row, but we want somebody to Steer us."
BOATMAN. "Well, Miss, this 'ere young Gentleman might. I'm sure it's time he knew how, by the looks of 'im!"

Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 103. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.
Tuesday, October 18, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

BREAKFAST AND BATTLE.

THE STORY OF THE NEGRO FORT.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

DURING the war of 1812–14, between Great Britain and the United States, the weak Spanish Governor of Florida—for Florida was then Spanish territory—permitted the British to make Pensacola their base of operations against us. This was a gross outrage, as we were at peace with Spain at the time, and General Jackson, acting on his own responsibility, invaded Florida in retaliation.

Among the British at that time was an eccentric Irish officer, Colonel Edward Nichols, who enlisted and tried to make soldiers of a large number of the Seminole Indians. In 1815, after the war was over, Colonel Nichols again visited the Seminoles, who were disposed to be hos-

Digitized by Google

tile to the United States, as Colonel Nichols himself was, and made an astonishing treaty with them, in which an alliance, offensive and defensive, between Great Britain and the Seminoles was agreed upon. We had made peace with Great Britain a few months before, and yet this astonishing Irish Colonel signed a treaty binding Great Britain to fight us whenever the Seminoles in the Spanish territory of Florida should see fit to make a war! If this extraordinary performance had been all, it would not have mattered so much, because the British government refused to ratify the treaty; but it was not all. Colonel Nichols, as if determined to give us as much trouble as he could, built a strong fortress on the Appalachicola River, and gave it to his friends the Seminoles, naming it "The British Post on the Appalachicola," where the British had not the least right to have any post whatever. Situated on a high bluff, with flanks securely guarded by the river on one side and a swamp on the other, this fort, properly defended, was capable of resisting the assaults of almost any force that could approach it; and Colonel Nichols was determined that it should be properly defended, and should be a constant menace and source of danger to the United States. He armed it with one 32-pounder cannon, three 24-pounders, and eight other guns. In the matter of small-arms he was even more liberal. He supplied the fort with 2500 muskets, 500 carbines, 400 pistols, and 500 swords. In the magazines he stored 300 quarter casks of rifle powder, and 763 barrels of ordinary gunpowder.

When Colonel Nichols went away, his Seminoles soon wandered off, leaving the fort without a garrison. This gave an opportunity to a negro bandit and desperado named Garçon to seize the place, which he did, gathering about him a large band of runaway negroes, Choctaw Indians, and other lawless persons, whom he organized into a strong company of robbers. Garçon made the fort his stronghold, and began to plunder the country round about as thoroughly as any robber baron or Italian bandit ever did, sometimes venturing across the border into the United States.

All this was so annoying and so threatening to our frontier settlements in Georgia, that General Jackson demanded of the Spanish authorities that they should reduce the place, and they would have been glad enough to do so, probably, if it had been possible, because the banditti plundered Spanish as well as other settlements. But the Spanish Governor had no force at command, and could do nothing, and so the fort remained, a standing menace to the American borders.

Matters were in this position in the spring of 1816, when General Gaines was sent to fortify our frontier at the point where the Chattahoochee and Flint rivers unite to form the Appalachicola. In June of that year some stores for General Gaines's forces were sent by sea from New Orleans. The vessels carrying them were to go up the Appalachicola, and General Gaines was not sure that the little fleet would be permitted to pass the robbers' stronghold, which had come to be called the Negro Fort. Accordingly he sent Colonel Clinch with a small force down the river, to render any assistance that might be necessary. On the way Colonel Clinch was joined by a band of Seminoles, who wanted to recapture the fort on their own account, and the two bodies determined to act together.

Meantime the two schooners with supplies and the two gun-boats sent to guard them had arrived at the mouth of the river; and when the commandant tried to hold a conference with Garçon, the ship's boat, bearing a white flag, was fired upon.

Running short of water while lying off the river's mouth, the officers of the fleet sent out a boat to procure a supply. This boat was armed with a swivel and muskets, and was commanded by Midshipman Luffborough. The boat went into the mouth of the river, and seeing a negro on shore, Midshipman Luffborough landed to ask for fresh-water supplies. Garçon with some of his men lay in ambush at the spot, and while the officer talked with the negro the concealed men fired upon the boat, killing Luffborough and two of his men. One man got away by swimming, and was picked up by the fleet; two others were taken prisoners, and, as was afterward learned, Garçon coated them with tar and burned them to death.

It would not do to send more boats ashore, and so the little squadron lay together awaiting orders from Colonel Clinch. That officer, as he approached the fort, captured a negro, who wore a white man's scalp at his belt, and from him he learned of the massacre of Luffborough's party. There was no further occasion for doubt as to what was to be done. Colonel Clinch determined to reduce the fort at any cost, although the operation promised to be a very difficult one.

Placing his men in line of battle, he sent a courier to the fleet, ordering the gun-boats to come up and help in the attack. The Seminoles made many demonstrations against the works, and the negroes replied with their cannon. Garçon had raised his flags—a red one and a British Union-jack—and whenever he caught sight of the Indians or the Americans, he shelled them vigorously with his 32-pounder.

Three or four days were passed in this way, while the gun-boats were slowly making their way up the river. It was Colonel Clinch's purpose to have the gun-boats shell the fort, while he should storm it on the land side. The work promised to be bloody, and it was necessary to bring all the available force to bear at once. There were no siege-guns at hand, or anywhere within reach, and the only way to reduce the fort was for the small force of soldiers—numbering only one hundred and sixteen men—to rush upon it, receiving the fire of its heavy artillery, and climb over its parapets in the face of a murderous fire of small-arms. Garçon had with him three hundred and thirty-four men, so that besides having strong defensive works and an abundant supply of large cannon, his force outnumbered Colonel Clinch's nearly three to one. It is true that Colonel Clinch had the band of Seminoles with him, but they were entirely worthless for determined work of the kind that Colonel Clinch had to do. Even while lying in the woods at a distance, waiting for the gun-boats to come up, the Indians became utterly demoralized under the fire of Garçon's 32-pounder. There was nothing to be done, however, by way of improving the prospect, which was certainly hopeless enough. One hundred and sixteen white men had the Negro Fort to storm, notwithstanding its strength and the overwhelming force that defended it. But those one hundred and sixteen men were American soldiers, under command of a brave and resolute officer, who had made up his mind that the fort could be taken, and they were prepared to follow their leader up to the muzzle of the guns and over the ramparts, there to fight the question out in a hand-to-hand struggle with the desperadoes inside.

Finally the gun-boats arrived, and preparations were made for the attack. Sailing-Master Jairus Loomis, the commandant of the little fleet, cast his anchors under the guns of the Negro Fort at five o'clock in the morning on the 27th of July, 1816. The fort at once opened fire, and it seemed impossible for the little vessels to endure the storm of shot and shell that rained upon them from the ramparts above. They replied vigorously, however, but with no effect. Their guns were too small to make any impression upon the heavy earthen walls of the fortress.

Sailing-Master Loomis had roused his ship's cook early that morning, and had given him a strange breakfast to cook. He had ordered him to make all the fire he could in his galley, and to fill the fire with cannon-balls. Not long after the bombardment began, the cook reported that breakfast was ready; that is to say, that the cannon-balls

Digitized by Google

were red-hot. Loomis trained one of his guns with his own hands so that its shot should fall within the fort instead of burying itself in the ramparts, and this gun was at once loaded with a red-hot shot. The word was given, the match applied, and the glowing missile sped on its way. A few seconds later, the earth shook and quivered, a deafening roar stunned the sailors, and a vast cloud of smoke filled the air, shutting out the sun.

The hot shot had fallen into the great magazine, where there were hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, and the Negro Fort was no more. It had been literally blown to atoms in a second.

The slaughter was frightful. There were, as we know already, three hundred and thirty-four men in the fort, and two hundred and seventy of them were killed outright by the explosion. All the rest, except three men who miraculously escaped injury, were wounded, most of them so badly that they died soon afterward.

One of the three men who escaped unhurt was Garçon himself. Bad as this bandit chief was, Colonel Clinch would have spared his life, but it happened that he fell into the hands of the sailors from the gun-boat; and when they learned that Garçon had tarred and burned their comrades whom he had captured in the attack on Luff-borough's boat, they turned him over to the infuriated Seminoles, who put him to death.

This is the history of a strange affair, which at one time promised to give the government of the United States no little trouble, even threatening to involve us in a war with Spain.

A SHORT BEAR STORY.

BY ORVILLE DEANE.

IT was my fortune to spend the first twenty years of my life in a region where black bears were quite numerous. Our little community was often thrown into excitement by the discovery that Bruin had been engaged in some before-unheard-of mischief, and not infrequently were all the men and boys in the neighborhood mustered to surround a piece of woods, and capture a bear that was known to be there hidden away. Some of these occasions were full of excitement and danger, and maybe I shall some time tell about them; but just now I want to relate an experience with a bear that happened when I was about twelve years old.

It was a part of my business in summer-time to drive the cows to pasture every morning, and home every night. Like most boys, however, I loved play a little too well, and sometimes it would be very late before the cattle would be safely shut up for the night.

One day I had played about longer than usual after school, and when I reached home it was almost sunset. I persuaded a playmate of about my own age to accompany me, and started for the pasture. It was something more than half a mile away, and in getting to it, we followed down an old road which was now partially unused. But barefoot boys are nimble fellows, and before it was dark we were at the bars of the pasture. There stood the cows, as usual, waiting patiently for some one to come for them, and a little way out from them were the young cattle in a group. Down went the bars, and the cows started out, when all at once there was a great confusion among the young creatures. They ran in every direction, and appeared terribly frightened at something.

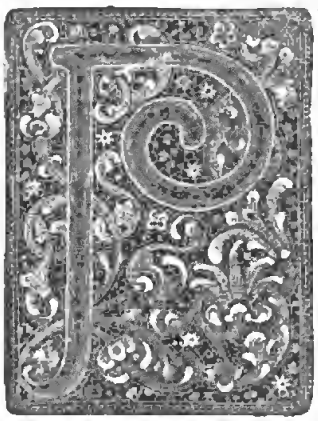
In a moment we saw what it was. A large black bear was coming across the pasture near them. I don't suppose he meant to trouble the cattle, but that was his nearest way to pass from the woods to a corn field which he had in view, and he happened to come along there just as we did.

It required no long council of war for us to decide to retreat as fast as possible, and taking to the road, we made the best time we could until we came to the top of a little hill. Here we mustered up courage to stop and look behind us. But there was the bear coming right up the road after us. We did not look back a second time, you may be sure, and in a very few moments we burst into my father's kitchen, and when we could get breath, exclaimed: "A b—a bear! A great big black bear chased us, and he's coming right up here!"

All that night we dreamed of bears. The cows did not come home, nor did the bear come after us, as we expected he would; but when father went down the next morning, he found the bear's tracks in the road, and following them up, he found where the old fellow had entered the corn field and taken his supper. Shortly afterward he was shot near the same place.

CAMEOS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.



PERSONAL adornment was the earliest motive that led primitive man to cultivate other arts than those which were necessary to his existence. Just as soon as he had killed such wild animals as were dangerous, or were wanted for food, he probably set about carving some kind of design on his weapons. After a while, when he found more time, he went straight away to fashioning ornaments for his own person. If you should go to the Museum of Natural History in New York city, where the rude implements of men who lived many thousands of years ago are to be found, you will see many such early ornaments. Some of these ornaments are of the very roughest and coarsest kind, and would not be considered either pretty or becoming to-day. Early man took a small stone, and with infinite trouble bored a hole through it with a flint; then he strung it on a shred of sinew, and wore it around his neck. He was probably very selfish about this simple ornament, and it is quite likely that many years passed before he made any such beads for his wife, or allowed her to wear them.

Gradually, however, man's artistic tastes were awakened, and he first cut the sides of the soft stones, then polished them, though many thousands of years passed before he learned how to engrave on hard stones. Gem-engraving is so old, however, that it is difficult to give it a date. You will find very often in collections a hard stone, which has something engraved on it, belonging to a very ancient period; but the material was fashioned into some form or other by people who had lived many centuries before. Cameo-cutting came after gem-engraving, and those who are learned in such matters tell us that there were cameos made as early as 162 years before Christ.

Now what is a cameo? It may be a portrait, or a group of figures, or any design, cut on a hard material, where the work executed in relief, or the part which stands out, is of a different color from the ground. In order, then, to make a cameo you must have some hard substance composed of different layers. Such stones are called banded stones. There are many minerals, such as the onyx, the carnelian, or sard, where there are two layers of the same substance one on top of the other, but of different colors. The upper crust may be pure white or a pale fawn-color, and the lower layer red, or olive, or black. Then the contrast is very handsome. In order to get the materials

Digitized by Google

on which cameos were to be engraved, the Greeks and Romans travelled a great distance, even as far as India. It is believed that cameo-cutting was at its greatest state of perfection in the second century of the Christian era, when the Roman lapidaries, as workers in precious stones are called, carried on their work.

But a cameo need not be made of stone, for some of the finest that have come down to us were fashioned by the Romans by cutting layers of glass of different colors. It

may seem strange to young readers to be told that although to-day we are very perfect in glass-making, there are a great many things the Romans could have taught us in this art. Now the reason why they were so skilled in glass manufacture was because they used glass as a substitute for porcelain, which was not then invented. The illustration which accompanies this article represents a very fine cameo designed by a very great English artist, whose name was John Flaxman. This cameo, which was cast, was made of white and blue porcelain, and was probably intended as a decoration for one of those beautiful urns which Wedgwood, the famous potter, manufactured in England almost a hundred years ago.

To-day a great many cameos are made, but not out of hard stones. The shell of the conch, found in Florida and the West Indies, is the material used. The white surface is cut into the figure and left. The under layer of the shell, or the ground, which is of a brownish hue when polished, gives that contrast which a cameo should have. We do not take as much trouble to make a cameo as did the ancients. They cut the stone with tiny drills, the points of which are believed to have been diamonds. The shell cameo being much softer, can be scraped or cut with small chisels. Of the old cameos there are two famous ones, one cut on an agate, the other on an onyx. Nothing in modern art is as fine, and for the one on the onyx, which is known as the Vienna gem, as much as 12,000 gold ducats was paid by the Emperor Rudolph in the sixteenth century. By the study of ancient cameos a great deal is learned, for they show us the actual pictures of the dress and costumes of people who lived more than 1800 years ago. But more than that: on some of these cameos we have the exact likenesses of great personages, who as Roman Emperors once ruled the world. In ancient times cameos were used, just as they are to-day, as ornaments, only the Greeks and Romans, men and women, wore them set in gold on their shoulders, as they held together the folds of their flowing draperies.

In the United States there are quite a number of cameo-makers, who cut good likenesses on shells; but the great art which existed in the time of Augustus has passed away.

TIM AND TIP;*

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

TIP'S DANGER.

THE work of preparing the dinner had occupied so much time that it was nearly the regular hour for supper before the last boy arose from the lowly table, and not one of them had any desire to fish or hunt. They sat around the fire, dodging the smoke as best they could, until the setting sun warned them that they must get their bedroom work done at once, or be obliged to do it in the dark.

This task was remarkably simple; it consisted in each boy finding his blanket, wrapping himself in it, and lying on the ground, all in a row, like herrings in a box.

Nor did they wait very long for slumber to visit their eyelids, for in ten minutes after they were ready it came to all, even to Tip, who had curled himself up snugly under Tim's arm.

Had any of the party been experienced in the sport of "camping out," they would have studied the signs in the sky for the purpose of learning what might have been expected of the weather; but as it was, they had all laid themselves down to sleep without a thought that the dark clouds which had begun to gather in the sky were evidences of a storm.

It was nearly midnight, and up to that time not one of them had awakened from the heavy sleep into which he had first fallen, when Tim became painfully aware that something was wrong. He had been dreaming that he was again on the *Pride of the Wave*, that Captain Pratt had thrown him overboard because he had been trying to steer, and just as he struck the water he awoke with a start.

The moment his eyes were open he understood the reason for his dream; he was lying in a large pool of water and the blanket in which he had wrapped himself so comfortably was thoroughly saturated with it. At first he was at a loss to account for this sudden change of condition, and then the loud patter of rain on the canvas roof told the story plainly. A storm had come up, and the tent, being on the slope of a hill, was serving as a sort of reservoir for little streams of water that were rapidly increasing in size.

Tip, roused by his master's sudden movement, had started from his comfortable position, and walked directly into the water, very much to his discomfort and fear; howling loudly, he jumped among the sleepers with such force as at once to awaken and terrify them.

It required but a few words from Tim to make them understand all that had happened, for some of them were nearly as wet as he was, and all could hear the patter of the rain, which seemed to increase in violence each moment.

A lonesome prospect it was to think of remaining in

* Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.

Digitized by Google

the tent the rest of the night, unable to sleep because of the water that poured in under the canvas, or trickled down through three or four small holes in the roof.

For several moments none of them knew what to do, but stood huddled together in sleepy surprise and sorrow, until Tim proposed that since he could hardly be more wet than he was, he should go out and dig a trench which would lead the water each side of the tent. But that plan was abandoned when it was discovered that a hatchet and a spoon were the only tools they had.

In order to get some idea of the condition of affairs, Tim lighted first one match and then another; but the light shed was so feeble that Captain Jimmy proposed building a small fire, which would both illuminate and heat the interior.

Tim acted upon this suggestion at once. With some newspapers and small bits of wood that were still dry he succeeded in kindling such a blaze as shed quite a light, but did not endanger the canvas. But he forgot all about the smoke, and this oversight he was reminded of very forcibly after a few moments.

Careful examination showed that the water only came in from the upper or higher side of the tent, but it was pouring in there in such quantities that before long the interior would be spread with a carpet of water.

"We've got to dig a ditch along this side, so's the water will run off," said Tim, after he had surveyed the uncomfortable-looking little brooks, and waited a moment in the hope that Bill or Captain Jimmy would suggest a better plan.

All saw the necessity of doing something at once, and the moment Tim gave them the idea, they went to work with knives, spoons, or any other implements they could find. It did not take much time, even with the poor tools they had, to dig a trench that would carry away any moderate amount of water, and after that was done, they gathered around the fire for consultation.

But by that time they began to learn that smoke was even more uncomfortable to bear than water. For some time it had been rising to the top of the tent, escaping in small quantities through the flaps and holes; but only a portion of it had found vent, and the tent was so full that they were nearly suffocated.

They covered their eyes, and tried to "grin and bear it"; but such heroic effort could only be made for a short while, and they were obliged to run out into the pelting rain in order to get the pure air.

It was no fun to stand out-of-doors in a storm, and, acting on Captain Jimmy's suggestion, the party returned after a few moments to "kick the fire out."

But such a plan was of very little benefit, since the embers would smoke despite all they could do, and out they ran again, seeking such shelter as they could find under the trees, where it was not long before they came to the conclusion that camping out in a rain-storm was both a delusion and a snare.

In half an hour the tent was so nearly freed from smoke that they sought its shelter again, and when they were housed once more, they presented a very forlorn appearance.

At first they decided that they would remain awake until daylight; but as the hours rolled on, this plan was abandoned, for one after another wrapped himself in his blanket, concluding he could keep his eyes open as well lying down, and proved it by going to sleep at once.

They did not sleep very soundly, nor lie in bed very late. When they awakened, it was not necessary to look out-of-doors in order to know if it was raining, for the

SHORT RATIONS.

Digitized by Google

had remained after hours to consult on the formation of a club, he crept into the entry and listened at the door. They found out that he was there, and all got out of a window, and locked Peter in, keeping him prisoner until after dark, when he was let out, frightened and hungry.

The next morning he was greeted on the play-ground by shouts of "Spell it backward!" He could not guess what was meant, and was still more puzzled as they continued to call him "Double-back-action," "Reversible-engine," and other bits of school-boy wit. He begged them to tell him, and at last some one suggested, in a tone of great disgust, "Spell your name backward, booby, and then you'll see."

He did, and he saw: *Keens*—backward.

But he was not yet ready to cultivate straightforward spelling. That club still bothered him; he could not give up his strong desire to find out its secrets. By dint of much listening and spying he gathered that it was to meet one night in a barn belonging to the father of one of the boys, and he made up his mind to be there. He crept near the door as darkness closed in, and listened intently. They were inside surely, for he could hear something moving about; but he wanted to hear more than that, so he ventured to raise the wooden latch. It made no noise; he cautiously opened the door a trifle, and peeped in. It was dark and quiet, so he opened it wider. It gave a loud grating creak; a scurry of quick footsteps sounded on the floor, and then a white thing suddenly rose before him, tall and ghostly. In an agony of fright and horror, he turned to run, but the thing with one fearful blow struck him down, trampled heavily over him, and sped away with a loud "Ba-ha-ha-ha-a-a!"

As Peter limped home, muddy, battered, and bruised, he wondered if any of the boys knew that Farmer Whippletree's wretched old billy-goat was in the barn that night.

They did.

"How did you leave William, Peter?" he was asked at least twenty times in the course of the next day. In the grammar class a boy who was called on for a sentence wrote, "A villain is more worthy of respect than a sneak."

"Oh no, not quite that," remarked the teacher, "but—neither can be a gentleman."

On a morning in early July he received as usual the family mail from the carrier at the door, and carried it to his mother, examining it as he went. A postal card excited his curiosity; it was, he knew, from his aunt, in whose company he was to go to the mountains, and he was anxious to know what she said. But one of his friends was waiting for him to go and catch crabs and minnows for an aquarium, and as the morning hours are the best for such work, they were in a hurry. So he slipped it into his pocket to read as he went along, intending to place it where it might be found on the hall floor when he came back, that his mother might be deceived into thinking it had been accidentally dropped there.

But he forgot all about it before they had gone twenty steps. He spent the morning at the creek, and the afternoon at his friend's house, returning home in the evening. As he passed through the hall to his mother's room, the thought of it suddenly flashed on his mind. He felt in his pocket, with a sinking at his heart, but the card was gone.

Where? He could not pretend to imagine, as he thought of the roundabout ramble he had taken. He got up early the next morning, and carefully hunted over every step of the ground, but all in vain. It would have been well if he had gone at once to his mother, and confessed what he had done; but he delayed, still cherishing a hope of finding what he had lost, and the longer he waited, the more impossible it became to tell. He remembered that a boy had once said to him, "A sneak is sure to be a coward."

More than a week after this, Peter was sitting on the piazza one evening after tea, reading to his mother, when his friend of the creek expedition came in.

"Here is a card I found, addressed to you, Mrs. Keens," he said. "It must be the one you were hunting for last week, Pete."

She took it in some surprise, failing to observe the color which mounted to Peter's face as he saw it. As she read it, a troubled expression overspread her own.

"Ten days old, this card," she exclaimed. "'Wednesday, the 14th'—what does it mean, Peter?" She passed it to him, and he read as follows:

"*July* 3.

"MY DEAR RUTH,—I write to give you ample notice of a change in our plans in consequence of Robert's partner desiring to take a trip late in the season, obliging us to go early. So Robert, having finished his business in Canada, is to meet us on Wednesday, the 14th, at Plattsburg. Shall stop for Peter on the evening of the 13th. Please have him ready. KATHERINE."

This was the 13th. Peter stared at his mother in dismay.

"I do not quite understand yet," she said. "Where did you get this card, Philip?"

"I found it just now in the arbor where I have my museum; it had slipped behind a box. You lost it the day we played there, didn't you, Pete?"

"How came you to have it there, Peter?"

"I—it was in my pocket, ma'am, and I dropped it, I suppose."

"*Why* was it in your pocket? Why didn't you bring it to me?"

"I wanted—I was just going to read it."

Phil touched his hat, and quietly took his departure. Mrs. Keens said no more, but looked again at the dates on the card.

At this moment a hack drove up, from which issued a most astonishing outpouring of noisy, laughing, chattering blue-flannelled boys, followed by a mother who looked just merry enough to be commander of such a merry crew.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Pete, we're off! All ready? We can only stay two hours."

"Such a tent—*big*, striped, and a flag to it; and—"

"Father's going to let us boys shoot with a gun."

"*Isn't* it jolly to have two weeks less to wait?"

Peter did not look at all jolly, as through his half-bewildered mind struggled a dim perception of the dire evil the loss of that card might have worked for him. When the clamor of greeting and questioning had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Keens said, slowly:

"No, Peter is *not* ready;" and the tone of her voice sent a heavier weight down into his heart, and a bigger lump into his throat. "Your card has only just reached me, Katherine."

"Oh dear! dear!" His aunt shook her head in distress, and five boy faces settled into blank dismay. "Why, why, surely you don't mean, Ruth—eh? Can't you hurry things up a little? Boys don't need much, you know! Or—can't he be sent after us?" Peter followed his mother to the dining-room as she went to order a hasty lunch for the travellers.

"Mother, can't I?—*can't I?*" he sobbed.

She put her arms around him, with streaming eyes, feeling the keenness of the disappointment for him as deeply as he ever could feel it for himself.

"Oh, my boy! my boy! my heart is sad and sore that you should be mean and sly and deceitful, and not for once only, but as a habit. No, it is your own doing, and you must abide by the consequences. I never could have brought myself to punish you so, but you have punished yourself, and I trust it may be the best thing which could have happened to you."

Digitized by Google

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING

ON A PAINTING BY C. W. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

Digitized by Google

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

THE story of Paul Dombey and his sister Florence is one of the sweetest and most pathetic stories Charles Dickens ever told. One can scarcely think of these children—motherless (the mother died when Paul was born), and Florence worse than fatherless, for her father had never forgiven her birth six years before that of the wished-for son, and had never given her a kind word or look, living in the great, comfortless, lonely Dombey house, and finding all their happiness in each other—without tears. For it was to the sister so cruelly neglected and despised that Paul turned from the very first. It was she who on the day of his christening won from him his first laugh. "As she hid behind her nurse, he followed her with his eyes, and when she peeped out with a merry cry to him, he sprang up and crowed lustily, laughing outright when she ran in upon him, and seeming to fondle her curls with his tiny hands while she smothered him with kisses." And as he grew out of babyhood, much as it displeased the father (who would have had his idol care for no one but himself), little Paul was never content save when his sister was by his side.

A pale, delicate, old-fashioned child he proved to be, this boy whom Mr. Dombey proudly thought would in years to come be his partner in the immense business of which he had been the only head for twenty years, but which then would be, as in old times, "Dombey & Son"; and in spite of all the care that money could procure for him, he gradually grew weaker and weaker. Mr. Dombey believed in "money," and in but little else, and would have taught his little son also to believe in its all-sufficient power, but the child was wiser than the father. "If it's a good thing," said he, "and can do anything, I wonder why it didn't save me my mamma; and it can't make me quite well and strong either." At last it was decided that he should be sent to the sea-side, in hopes that the fresh sea-air would bring the health and strength that could not be found at home. And with him, of course, went Florence.

"But the boy remaining as weak as ever, a little carriage was got for him, in which he could lie at his ease, and be wheeled to the sea-shore. Consistent in his odd tastes, the child set aside the ruddy-faced lad who was proposed as a drawer of this carriage, and selected instead his grandfather—a weazen old crab-faced man in a suit of battered oil-skin, who had got tough and stringy from long pickling in salt-water. With this notable attendant to pull him along, and Florence walking by his side, he went down to the margin of the ocean every day. 'Go away, if you please,' he would say to any child that came to bear him company. 'Thank you, but I don't want you.' Then he would turn his head and watch the child away, and say to Florence, 'We don't want any others, do we?—kiss me, Floy.' His favorite spot was a lonely one far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

"One time he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening. Florence asked him what he thought he heard. 'I want to know what it says,' he answered, looking steadily into her face. 'The sea, Floy—what is it that it keeps on saying?'

"She told him it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"'Yes, yes,' he said. 'But I know that they are always saying something—always the same thing. What place is that over there?' He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

"She told him that there was another country opposite; but he said he didn't mean that: he meant farther away—farther away."

There was a strange, weird charm for little Paul in the ever-restless ocean, and the winds that came he knew not whence and went he knew not whither.

"If you had to die," he said once, looking up into the face of his odd, shy friend Mr. Toots, "don't you think you would rather die on a moonlight night, when the sky was quite clear, and the wind blowing, as it did last night? Not blowing, at least, but sounding in the air like the sea sounds in the shells. It was a beautiful night. When I had listened to the water for a long time, I got up and looked out. There was a boat over there, in the full light of the moon—a boat with a sail like an arm, all silver. It went away into the distance, and it seemed to beckon—to beckon me to come."

Poor little Paul! It was not long before he obeyed the fancied summons, for soon after this visit to the sea-shore the gentle, loving little fellow died—died with his arms about his sister's neck; and almost his last words were, as he smiled at his mother's spirit waiting to bear him to heaven: "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face."

THE TALKING LEAVES.*

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER III.

"TALKING LEAVES!" said Ni-ha-be, as she turned over another page of the pamphlet in her lap, and stared at the illustrations. "Can you hear what they say?"

"With my eyes."

"Then they are better than mine. I am an Apache. You were born white."

There was a little bit of a flash in the black eyes of the Indian maiden. She had not the least idea but that it was the finest thing in all the world to be the daughter of Many Bears, and it did not please her to find a mere white girl, only Indian by adoption, able to see or hear more than she could.

Rita did not reply for a moment, and a strange sort of paleness crept across her face, until Ni-ha-be exclaimed:

"It hurts you, Rita! It is bad medicine. Throw it away."

"No, it does not hurt."

"It makes you sick?"

"No, not sick. It says too much. It will take many days to hear it all."

"Does it speak Apache?"

"No, not a word."

"Nor the tongue of the Mexican pony men?"

"No. All it says is in the tongue of the blue-coated white men of the North."

"Ugh!" Even Ni-ha-be's pretty face could express the hatred felt by her people for the only race of men they were at all afraid of.

There were many braves in her father's band who had learned to talk Mexican-Spanish. She herself could do so

* Begun in No. 91 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.

Digitized by Google

very well, but neither she nor any of her friends or relatives could speak more than a few words of broken English, and she had never heard Rita use one.

"There are many pictures."

"Ugh! Yes. That's a mountain, like those up yonder. There are lodges, too, in the valley. But nobody ever made lodges in such a shape as that."

"Yes, or nobody could have painted a talking picture of them."

"It tells a lie, Rita. And nobody ever saw a bear like that."

"It isn't a bear, Ni-ha-be. The talking leaf says it's a lion."

"What's that? A white man's bear?"

Rita knew no more about lions than did her adopted sister, but by the time they had turned over a few more pages their curiosity was aroused to a high degree.

Even Ni-ha-be wanted to hear all that the "talking leaves" might have to say in explanation of those wonderful pictures.

It was too bad of Rita to have been "born white" and not to be able to explain the work of her own people at sight.

"What shall we do with them, Ni-ha-be?"

"Show them to father."

"Why not ask Red Wolf?"

"He would take them away and burn them. He hates the pale-faces more and more every day."

"I don't believe he hates me."

"Of course not. You're an Apache now, just as much as Mother Dolores, and she's forgotten that she was ever white."

"She isn't very white, Ni-ha-be. She's darker than almost any other woman in the tribe."

"We won't show her the talking leaves till father says we may keep them. Then she'll be afraid to touch them. She hates me."

"No, she doesn't. She likes me best, that's all."

"She'd better not hate me, Rita. I'll have her beaten if she isn't good to me. I'm an Apache."

The black-eyed daughter of the great chief had plenty of self-will and temper. There could be no doubt of that. She sprang upon her mustang with a quick, impatient bound, and Rita followed, clinging to her prizes, wondering what would be the decision of Many Bears and his councillors as to the ownership of them.

A few minutes of swift riding brought the two girls to the border of the camp.

"Rita, Red Wolf!"

"I see him. He is coming to meet us, but he does not want us to think so."

That was a correct guess. The tall, hawk-nosed young warrior, who was now riding toward them, was a perfect embodiment of Indian haughtiness, and even his sister was a mere "squaw" in his eyes. As for Rita, she was not only a squaw, but was not even a full-blooded Apache, and was to be looked down upon accordingly.

He was an Indian and a warrior, and would one day be a chief like his father. Still, he had so far laid aside his usual cold dignity as to turn to meet that sisterly pair, if only to find out why they were in such a hurry.

"What scared you?"

"We're not scared. We've found something. Pale-face sign."

"Apache warriors do not ask squaws if there are pale-faces near them. The chiefs know all. Their camp was by the spring."

"Was it?" exclaimed Ni-ha-be. "We have found some of their talking leaves. Rita must show them to father."

"Show them to me."

"No. You are an Apache. You can not hear what they say. Rita can. She is white."

"Ugh! Show leaves now."

Ni-ha-be was a squaw, but she was also something of a spoiled child, and was less afraid of her brother than he may have imagined. Besides, the well-known rule of the camp, or of any Indian camp, was in her favor. All "signs" were to be reported to the chief by the finder, and Ni-ha-be would make her report to her father like a warrior.

Rita was wise enough to say nothing, and Red Wolf was compelled to soften his tone a little. He even led the way to the spot near the spring where the squaws of Many Bears were already putting up his "lodge."

There was plenty of grass and water in that valley, and it had been decided to rest the horses there for three days before pushing on deeper into the Apache country.

The proud old chief was not lowering his dignity to any such work as lodge pitching. He would have slept on the bare ground without a blanket before he would have touched one pole with a finger. That was "work for squaws," and all that could be expected of him was that he should stand near and say "Ugh!" pleasantly when things were going to please him, and to say it in a different tone if they were not.

Ni-ha-be and Rita were favorites of the scarred and wrinkled warrior, however, and when they rode up with Red Wolf, and the latter briefly stated the facts of the case—all he knew of them—the face of Many Bears relaxed into a grim smile.

"Squaw find sign. Ugh! Good!"

"Rita says they are talking leaves. Much picture. Many words. See!"

Her father took from Ni-ha-be and then from Rita the strange objects they held out so excitedly, but to their surprise he did not seem to share in their estimate of them.

"No good. See them before. No tell anything true. Big lie."

Many Bears had been among the forts and border settlements of the white men in his day. He had talked with army officers, and missionaries, and government agents. He had seen many written papers and printed papers, and had had books given him, and there was no more to be told or taught him about nonsense of that kind. He had once imitated a pale-face friend of his, and looked steadily at a newspaper for an hour at a time, and it had not spoken a word to him.

So now he turned over the three magazines in his hard brown hand with a look of dull curiosity mixed with a good deal of contempt.

"Ugh! Young squaws keep them. No good for warriors. Bad medicine. Ugh!"

Down they went upon the grass, and Rita was free to pick up her despised treasures, and do with them as she would. As for Red Wolf, after such a decision by his terrible father, he would have deemed it beneath him to pay any further attention to the "pale-face signs" brought into camp by two young squaws.

Another lodge of poles and skins had been pitched at the same time with that of Many Bears, and not a great distance from it. In fact, this also was his own property, although it was to cover the heads of only a part of his family.

In front of the loose "flap" opening which served for the door of this lodge stood a stout, middle-aged woman, who seemed to be waiting for Ni-ha-be and Rita to approach. She had witnessed their conference with Many Bears, and she knew by the merry laugh with which they gathered up their fallen prizes that all was well between them and their father. All the more for that, it may be, her mind was exercised as to what they had brought home with them which should have needed the chief's inspection.

"Rita!"

"What, Ni-ha-be?"

"Don't tell Mother Dolores a word. See if she can hear for herself."

Digitized by Google

"The leaves won't talk to her. She's Mexican white, not white from the North."

Nobody would have said, to look at her, that the fat, surly-faced squaw of Many Bears was a white woman of any sort. Her eyes were as black and her long jetty hair was as thick and coarse and her skin was every shade as dark as were those of any Apache housekeeper among the scattered lodges of that hunting party. She was not the mother of Ni-ha-be. She had not a drop of Apache blood in her veins, although she was one of the half-dozen squaws of Many Bears. Mother Dolores was a pure Mexican, and therefore as much of an Indian, really, as any Apache or Lipan or Comanche—only a different kind of Indian, that was all.

Her greeting to her two young charges—for such they were—was somewhat gruff and brief, and there was nothing very respectful in the manner of their reply. An elderly squaw, even though the wife of a chief, is never considered as anything better than a sort of servant, to be valued according to the kind and quantity of the work she can do.

Dolores could do a great deal, and was therefore more than usually respectable, and she had quite enough force of will to preserve her authority over two such half-wild creatures as Ni-ha-be and Rita.

"You are late. Come in. Tell me what it is."

Rita was as eager now as Ni-ha-be had been with her father and Red Wolf; but even while she was talking, Dolores pulled them both into the lodge.

"Talking leaves!"

Not Many Bears himself could have treated those poor magazines with greater contempt than did the portly dame from Mexico.

To be sure, it was many a long year since she had been taken a prisoner and brought across the Mexican border, and reading had not been among the things she had learned before coming.

"Rita can tell us all they say by-and-by, Mother Dolores. She can hear what they say."

"Let her, then. Ugh!"

She turned page after page in a doubtful way, as if it were quite possible one of them might bite her; but suddenly her whole manner changed.

"Ugh!"

"Rita," exclaimed Ni-ha-be, "the leaves have spoken to her."

She had certainly kissed one of them. Then she made a quick motion with one hand across her brow and breast.

"Give it to me, Rita; you must give it to me."

Rita held out her hand for the book, and both the girls leaned forward with open mouths to learn what could have so disturbed the mind of Dolores.

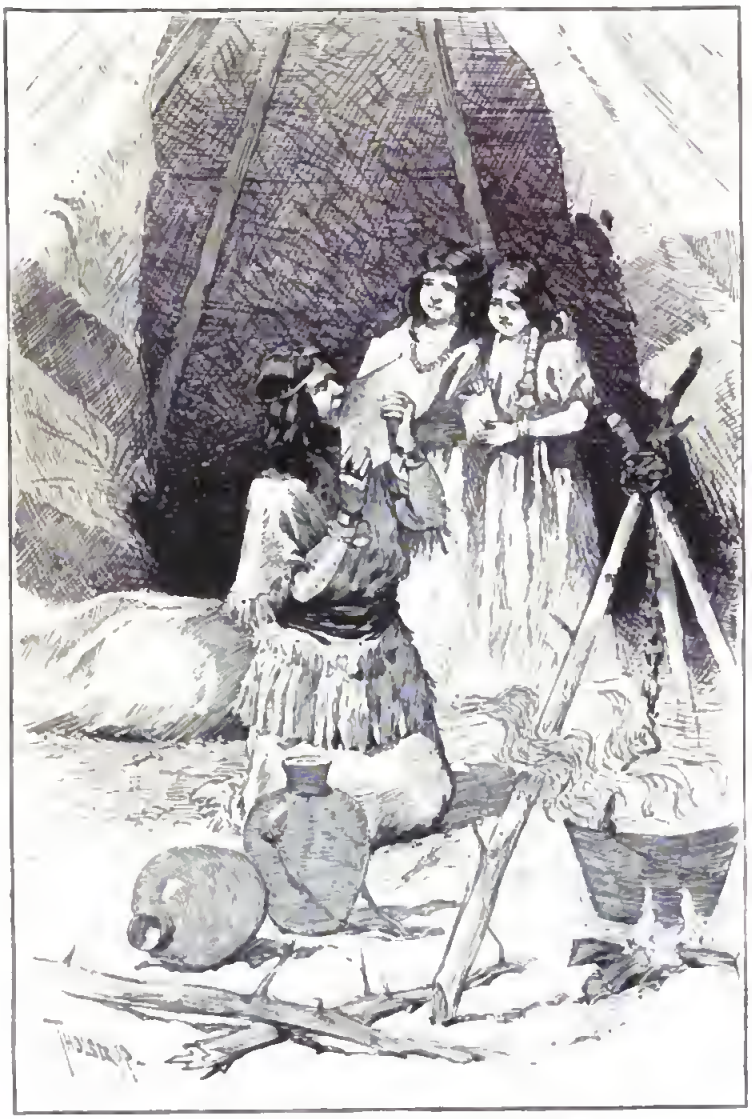
It was a picture: a sort of richly carved and ornamented doorway, but with no house behind it, and in it a lady with a baby in her arms, and over it a great cross of stone.

"Yes, Dolores," said Rita, "we will give you that leaf."

It was quickly cut out, and the two girls wondered more and more to see how the fingers of Dolores trembled as they closed upon that bit of paper.

She looked at the picture again with increasing earnestness. Her lips moved silently, as if trying to utter words her mind had lost. Then her great fiery black eyes slowly closed, and the amazement of Ni-ha-be and Rita was greater than they could have expressed, for Mother Dolores sank upon her knees, hugging that picture. She had been an Apache Indian for long years, and was thoroughly "Indianized"; but upon that page had been printed a very beautiful representation of a Spanish "Way-side Shrine of the Virgin."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"RITA, THE LEAVES HAVE SPOKEN TO HER."

A FOREST FIRE.

THIS year the forest fires have been more extensive and more destructive than usual, especially in Michigan, where not a drop of rain had fallen for nearly eighty days. The fire, when once started, rushed on through green trees and dry trees, through corn fields and clover fields, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Swamps full of stagnant water were dried up in a flash. Horses galloped wildly before the flame, but were overtaken by it, and left roasting on the ground. Trees two miles distant from the flames had their leaves withered by the heat.

Digitized by Google

Some sailors who were out on the lake found the heat uncomfortable when they were seven miles from shore. Of course, wherever the lake was near, people tried to reach it. One farmer put all his family into his wagon, and started off. The fire was so close that the sparks burned holes in the children's dresses. Just then the tire came off one of the wheels. Usually, when this accident happens, the wagon has to stop, for the best of wheels generally fall to pieces in a few rods when they have lost their tires; but this wheel stood seven miles of jolting and bumping, up hill and down, over roots and ruts, while the frightened horses were galloping like mad creatures. Another farmer had gathered his neighbors about him to assist him in threshing his wheat. While the great machine was doing its work, the alarm was given that the woods were on fire. Hastily putting horses to the machine and to a wagon, the farmer and his friends abandoned homestead and newly gathered crop, and made an effort to save the valuable threshing-machine, even if all else must go. Before they gained the road a mare with a colt at her heels came madly galloping toward them, and becoming entangled among the horses attached to the machine, blocked their progress. The fire was almost upon them. The men cut the traces and let the horses go, but

the great threshing-machine, to whose very existence fire was a necessity, had to be abandoned to the fury of the devouring element.

In the lake, people waded into the water up to the neck; then they were safe indeed from the flame, but almost choked by the smoke, while the sparks fell on them like snow-flakes in a heavy storm. Thousands of land-birds were suffocated as they flew before the flames, or were drowned in the lake. Bears and deer in their terror sought the company of man. A man and a bear stood together up to their necks in water all night, and the man said that the bear was as quiet as a dog. Two other bears came and stood close to a well from which a farmer was flinging water over his house. Our artist saw a very pathetic scene: the flames had swept away the homestead, and when the wave of fire had passed, no living thing remained but the faithful house-dog, which had crouched down in a ditch. It went again to its old place, and neither hunger nor solitude could persuade it to quit the ruins where its master had perished. It stood at its post, faithfully guarding the charred timbers of what a short time before had been a happy home.

A FOLDING CAMP-STOOL.

GIRLS and boys who are looking for a useful and tasteful holiday gift for mother, aunt, or elder sister, may unite in the making of the folding camp-stool, which we illustrate below. It is made of black walnut rods, joined with hinges and with a broad cross-bar. On the top of

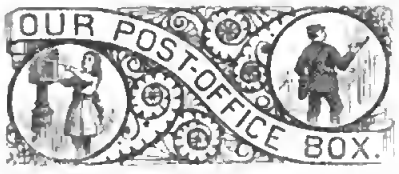
Fig. 1.

the cross-bar is fastened a leather handle, by which to carry the stool when folded (Fig. 2). The upright wooden rods in the back are hinged to and support the cane seat, as shown by Fig. 1. The other upper rods are pushed into the notches on the under side of the seat in unfolding the chair. A leather satchel may be added, as in the engraving, but this is not necessary. The seat is covered with a four-cornered piece of brown woollen Java canvas, embroidered in cross stitch with fawn-colored filling silk in three shades. Ravel out the threads of the canvas from the last cross stitch row to a depth of an inch and a quarter, fold down the canvas on the wrong side so as to form loops a quarter of an inch deep on the edge,

Fig. 2.

and catch every ten such loops together with a strand of fawn-colored silk in three shades, for a tassel, which is tied with similar silk. Cut the tassels even, and underlay the cover with a thin cushion.

Digitized by Google



HAVE dolls gone out of fashion? Very few of our little girls mention them in their letters. We hope that there are dolls and play houses and lovely little tea sets, just as there used to be, and we shall be glad to have the younger ones write about them. How many of you are learning to decorate china, and which little girls have painted the prettiest cups and saucers for mamma's birthday? What are the boys doing in these bright days of autumn? Marbles, tops, balls, hoops, and such toys are always the style, we know, among the boys. Which boy has drawn the best map? Who has made the finest work-box or bracket with his scroll-saw? Write about these things.

Now that the long evenings are coming, you may tell us, if you please, about your home amusements. Hands up! Every uplifted hand is the sign that its owner knows a pleasant evening game, and Our Post-office Box will be delighted to hear how it is played, so that all the young people may play it if they wish to do so.

And now one word more to exchangers. Listen, please. Try to confine your exchanges to useful, unique, valuable, or beautiful things of which you are making collections. As we have said before, in every case exchangers should write to each other, and arrange the exchange, settle the postage, and determine the details before they trust their articles to the mail or express. Every day brings us complaints, and some of them very bitter ones, from boys and girls who accuse others of having treated them unfairly. This would be made impossible if there were always an exchange of views before the exchange of goods. Hereafter we shall publish no notices of withdrawal from our exchange list. When your supplies are exhausted it would be well for you to notify your correspondents, for the reason that several weeks must elapse before we can publish your notice of withdrawal, and all that time you, though innocent, are exposed to the suspicion of being either dishonest or careless.

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

Not seeing any letters from this place, I thought I would write and tell you about my pets. I am a little girl nine years old, and live on a farm, and have to depend on my pets for playmates, as my little brother is dead, and I have no sister. I have a little gray kitten which I call Maggie, and my dog is a shepherd, and I call him Brave. He will speak for something to eat, and shake hands with me, and when I am at school, will watch until school is out, and then come and meet me. I have a little colt named Rose, and a little calf named Mora, and a black cow named Monk. Our hired man takes YOUNG PEOPLE this year, and I want to take it next. I read all the little letters, and I think that "Susie Kingman's Decision" was splendid, and I hope "Tim and Tip" will be as good. I thought Jimmy Brown's monkey was funny. I do wish he would tell us some more of the monkey's tricks. My ma is writing this for me, but I tell her what to say, as it is such hard work for me to write. ENGELAN I. G.

It is in order for any little girl to employ her mother as an amanuensis, and if she dictates the letter, we consider it her own.

PARIS, FRANCE.

We left Lucerne August 2, and crossed the Brünig Pass as far as Sarnen, where the horses were watered. We only stopped there fifteen minutes. The next place we stopped at was Lungern, and we reached Brienz for the night. We took a funny big row-boat, and two men to row it across to Giessbach Falls, and reached Interlachen August 3. We drove to Grindelwald, and saw two glaciers; and August 11 we came to Berne, saw the Bears' Den, the distant snow mountains, and the Cathedral clock. We heard the organ, which was the finest I ever heard, more beautiful than the organ in Lucerne. We drove one afternoon in the woods, and saw some chamois that are kept by the city. We left Berne, and came back to Lucerne. There we stad till the snow fell on all the mountains near the lake, and it was very cold.

September 1, we left Lucerne, and came to Bâle. On the journey, part of the way the train went in the water, for it had rained a long time, and the country was flooded. The peasants stood about talking and trying to save their gardens and fences. Two or three little children at one of the houses were being carried along over the water on a big horse. There was one little village saved from flooding by their cutting large trains through the principal roads.

When we reached Bâle the river Rhine was overflowing its banks, and it was rushing down and carrying great trees, parts of houses, fences, etc., along with it. There was great fear that it would carry away the old bridge, and the firemen of the city put large piles of railroad irons to weight it down, so that it should not be floated down the river, and carried away from its supports. The cellar of one of the buildings was full of stores, iron safes, etc., and they bricked up the doors to keep out the water. One street was so flooded that they made a board plank-walk above the water.

We saw the Münster, and the cloister walk, and curiosities in the tower of the Münster. In one room they had old musical instruments, and books, with the music in them written in all the old ways. In the Museum we saw Holbein's sketches. He was born in Bâle, and they are proud of his pictures. We liked a sketch of two lambs and a bat. At the Zoological Gardens we saw a fish-otter. He twirled round and round in the water, would dive and swim and turn somersaults.

September 4, we left Bâle by the night train for Troyes, France. There we got into a funny little "bus," drove to a little hotel, and had our coffee and milk. We saw the Cathedral, and then took the train for Fontainebleau. HARRY G.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. We liked the "Two-headed Family," but wished it had been a continued story. "Tim and Tip" is a very nice story so far, but I hope it will not end so sadly as "Toby Tyler" did, by Tip's getting killed. I liked "Phil's Fairies" very much, and "Aunt Ruth's Temptation." We would like to have the violin which some one offered for exchange, but have not got enough curiosities to make four or five dollars' worth. This is our first letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. We have taken it from the first number. I have two King Charles spaniels, and they are very clever. I have a great deal of pleasure in teaching them tricks. HELEN T. F. and JOSEPH M. N.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have returned from my summer vacation, which I spent in Virginia. My baby brother was very glad to see me. I have four pets—a redbird, goat, pigeons, and a little dog. I drive my little brother out in my goat-wagon. When papa left me in the country, on his way home, the cars ran off the track, and smashed the tender, and he was six hours detained in the hot sun. I was waiting every day to hear from home, to know whether he was hurt, but no one was injured. When my brother and I were coming home, a mule got on the track, and delayed the freight train, so that we were seven hours behind time, and I did not get home in time to see the President's funeral. W. H. T.

How thankful you must be that your dear father escaped unhurt!

HILLSBURY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since Christmas, and like it ever so much. This is the first letter I have ever written. I have lived in New Tacoma ever since I was one year old, until about two months ago. I am now living in the country, fourteen miles from New Tacoma. I like it much better than I did in town, for there are so many pretty ferns, leaves, and mosses, and other things too. I read so many letters from little boys and girls who write to YOUNG PEOPLE, I thought I would write one. I hope you will print this. I want to surprise papa. He does not know I am writing this. I will show it to him when it is printed. ANNA S. H.

Your writing was so large and plain, dear, that we enjoyed reading your first letter.

WEST WINSTED, CONNECTICUT.

Have you room for another in Our Post-office Box? As I was picking grapes yesterday morning, I was surprised at finding a double one about one inch long. I must tell you of a kitten that I found last evening. I was sitting out-of-doors, and I heard a poor little kitten mew. It was nearly dead with hunger. I took it in and fed it, and now it is getting so that it feels itself quite at home. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and am very eager for it to come. I only wish that it would come every day instead of every week. I hope this will be published, as I have never seen one of my letters in print. HARRY J.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am thirteen years old, and live in Lebanon. There is a small creek running near our house, and there I go to procure subjects for my microscope. I do a great deal of experimenting in philosophy. I examined a specimen of larvæ of a dragon-fly, so my teacher said. But it don't look a bit like larvæ. It was about half an inch long, and the size (in thickness) of a common needle. Under a microscope it presents an appearance I could not describe. I would like to send it to the President of the Natural History Society, but it must be kept in water, and so could not be easily sent.

I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, particularly "Tim and Tip." I don't think Tip was so much of a bear-dog, after all. FRANK B.

BARABOO, WISCONSIN.

Papa says YOUNG PEOPLE has been a great benefit to us children, and I for one think the world of it. I have been intending to write to the Post-office Box for a long time. I will be eleven years old next New-Year's, and I have a little sister who will soon be able to read YOUNG PEOPLE too.

We children are now busy gathering hickory-nuts and butternuts and the beautiful autumn leaves, and when these pleasures are over, our out-door fun will be about finished until coasting-time. It is delightful out-of-doors now. Papa often goes out with us. We find lovely flowers in the early spring, as soon as the snow goes away, and later we search for wild strawberries, and then in their turns come the raspberries, plums, and blackberries, so that all the year there is something sweet and bright to invite us under the blue sky. The birds sing for us on our rambles, and we often see squirrels frisking around in the trees, and sometimes we startle a rabbit, and see him run for his home. Last spring a beautiful red fox fled past us, not more than twenty feet away. Papa said the hounds were after him, and as he was near his den in the rocks, he did not mind our presence.

Yesterday we observed as the funeral day of our dead President, and it was very mournful. The two posts of the G. A. R., and all the other societies, with brass music, fifes, and drums, marched through the streets, and great crowds of people gathered in the court-house and church, as the day was rainy. I suppose it was a sad day over the whole country, but nobody could feel as sorrowful as the President's children and their mamma and grandma were feeling. NETTIE J.

We hope that poor hunted fox escaped in safety in his home, and we are of the opinion that he had nothing to fear from you. You have given us a very pleasant sketch of your life. You ought to have bright eyes and plump rosy cheeks after so much exercise in the fresh air and sunshine. Did you find the beautiful bitter-sweet, with its clustering berries, on your autumnal expeditions, and did you bring home great bunches of golden-rod and aster, as well as of autumn leaves? We always load our arms with more treasures than we know what to do with when we go to the woods or the pleasant country lanes at this season. Far back in our memory are pictures of autumn walks we used to take with our little companions on Friday afternoons, a kind teacher going with us, and helping us discover the most charming places. Only those pupils who had been perfect the whole week were allowed to join these delightful parties. We learned a good deal about botany in our walks, and our love for nature grew deep and true.

In reply to the Holly Springs branch of the Natural History Society I give below a brief synopsis of the katydid.

The katydid is an American grasshopper of a transparent green color, named from the sound of its note. The song that the katydid sings is produced by a pair of tabores, one in the overlapping portion of each wing-cover, and formed by a thin transparent membrane stretched in a strong frame. The friction of the frames of the tabores against each other, as the insect opens and shuts its wings, produces the sound. During the day it hides among the leaves of the trees and bushes, but at early twilight its notes come forth from the groves and forests, continuing till dawn of day. These insects are now comparatively rare in the Atlantic States, though the writer has heard their noise at night, indicating that they were not rare in the hills back of Nyack and Verbridge Hook, better known as Rockland Lake Point, on the Hudson River. In some parts of the West their incessant noise at night deprives people of their sleep. From good authority I can state that katydids are found only in North America. They are called "grasshopper-birds" by the Indians, who are in the habit of roasting and grinding them into a flour, from which they make cakes, considered by them as delicacies. The katydid is interesting in captivity, and it fed on fruits, will live pine for several weeks. Like other grasshoppers, after the warm season they rapidly become old, the voice ceases, and they soon perish.

I would suggest that some of our members learn all they can about the golden-rod, and send what they find out about it to the Post-office Box.

President C. H. WILLIAMSON,
293 Eckford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Most of you have known what it is to be awakened in the night by the tolling of fire-bells, or perhaps you have been frightened by hearing somebody rushing past the door shouting "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. It is always an alarming and thrilling experience, and none of us ever grow used to it. But if you have read in this number the article entitled "A Forest Fire," and have looked at the picture of the lonely dog lingering beside the ruins of his home, you are sure that no fire you have ever seen was so dreadful as that. Think of the poor birds scorched, or blown to sea and drowned, and the wild animals so terrified that for the time they grew tame! One little girl of whom we heard was determined to save her canary-bird, so she took it with her, under some carpet which her father kept wet while the family crowded close together beneath its thick folds. The poor pet was dead when they

Digitized by Google

at last were able to stir from their shelter. Hundreds of children who had comfortable homes like yours were deprived of them during those dreadful days of smoke and wind and flame.

We are permitted to make some quotations from a private letter written by a young lady to a friend in Brooklyn:

PORT SANILAC, MICHIGAN.

You asked some of us to write a vivid account of the fire to you, but to do so goes entirely beyond the power of my pen. It was simply *awful!* During those dreadful days I was too frightened to know what I was doing. I cried every time I would think that just as we had got a home it would all be swept away in a minute. I was nearly sick when the danger and excitement were over.

The heat was perfectly unbearable. It seemed as if we would suffocate unless we could get a free breath of fresh air. The air was just as if it had come from an oven, and the leaves on our trees in front of the house are as brown as if they had been put into an oven and baked, and this even after all the rain we have had since.

It was so dark here on the Monday after you left that we lit our lamps at two o'clock, and at five I went out of the door to go into the office, and I could not see my hand before my face, and so hot! It was enough to make stouter hearts than mine quail. Most of the people here had their trunks packed. We did not, because we felt, if our house went, we did not care for anything else. My eyes ache so that I can not see to write much in the evenings now, or to do any work. I send you some papers giving fuller descriptions of the calamity than I can. EVA.

There is a great deal of suffering in this part of Michigan, and it will take a great many hands and heads to relieve it. It will be a long time before the farms can be in good order again, the homes rebuilt, the schools and churches once more erected. Cold weather is coming. We hope you will ask your parents and teachers if they can not suggest to you some way of helping the poor people there. They need tools, books, food, clothing, and in fact everything which makes life comfortable. Boys and girls can have a share in the privilege of aiding them, if they really wish it, for in a great undertaking like this we can all help if we try.

TROY, ALABAMA.

This is my second letter to YOUNG PEOPLE. Everybody here is so sorry about the death of the President. Our post-office and court-house are draped in mourning. All the business of the town was suspended on Friday, September 23, and there were addresses in the evening by some of the orators of the place. EDITH M.

The sorrow at the death of our dear President has been universal. We are sure all the boys who read Our Post-office Box will grow up better and stronger men if they learn all they can about James A. Garfield, who was a noble boy before he became a great and good man.

VERONA, NEW JERSEY.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for a long time, and like it very much, as I think everybody must who reads it. The stories that I prefer are "Aunt Ruth's Temptation," "Penelope," "The Violet Velvet Suit," "A Bit of Foolishness," the Jimmy Brown stories, and Aunt Marjorie's "Bits of Advice." I have spent the summer at Verona, but am soon going home to Brooklyn. I have two brothers and one sister, all younger than myself. I will be very much obliged if you will tell me what Queen Victoria's last name was both after and before her marriage? ETTA.

The family name of the royal family of England is Guelph, and the Queen, being a queen, did not take her husband's name when she was married, as other ladies do. We do not wonder that you did not know the Queen's name, as neither she nor any of her family ever use it. And we do not wonder that you feel an interest in knowing all you can about this good Queen, who has won every American heart by the sympathy she has shown us in our great trouble this summer.

SOUTH GLASTONBURY, CONNECTICUT.

Most of the girls who write to you seem to love cats. I hate them. I think they are very treacherous, and incapable of caring for anything but their own comfort. I have never had one, and never mean to. My pet is a noble St. Bernard dog, named Bruno. AGUSTA C.

You are in good company in your liking for dogs. Prince Bismarck has a magnificent hound, which accompanies him everywhere. Sir Walter Scott was devoted to dogs, so that he grieved very deeply if any of his favorites died. But why hate poor puss? She has her good points too, and we hope some of the girls who love her will write us a letter or two in her defense.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE from the first, and have all the numbers except one or two. I liked "Toby Tyler" ever so much, and think the new story is fully as good. I have a canary-bird that I am trying to tame. I let him fly around in the room for five or ten minutes every day. But as this is my first letter, I will say good-by for this time. LIDA K.

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

We live in a small town on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. We moved here last spring. My brother and I planted potatoes, corn, peas, and other vegetables. The corn did very nicely, but the drought spoiled everything else. We planted on shares with papa, and he paid us for half the vegetables we raised. My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I always read it all through, and enjoy Our Post-office Box very much indeed. While we were up the Hudson last summer, a little bird built a nest between the sash and blind, and the hen laid four eggs in it, but did not brood them, because my sister put her hand in the nest. I have five cats; their names are Brian, Peggy, Lulu, Baby, and Satan. I have no doubt you think Satan a very funny name, but the reason we called him that is because when he was a very small kitten he caught a young chicken, and he is perfectly black. I think I will close, as I am tired of writing, and think my letter long enough. WILLIAM D. W. L.

No doubt the money which you earned by your labor was more precious than an equal amount would have been had it simply been given you by your father.

I have a little incident for Our Post-office Box. One day mamma went to the store for some raisins. When she received them, she began to look them over and select some for her cake, and in them she found a small shell. Mamma put it in her fernery, and the next morning was surprised to find that the shell was resting upon a twig of cranberries. She thought papa had taken great pains to put it there, and she looked more closely. She saw that there was a live snail in it. The new-comer lived in the fernery three months. One day, when the glass was off, it crawled away, and was lost. Do you suppose it was a Spanish snail? Shell pearl or pitcher-plants (Sarracenia, mamma says), for pressed sea-weeds or shells from the Gulf of Mexico. Please write to arrange exchange. ANNIE B. WOOD, Westbury, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

If your raisins came from Spain, no doubt your little guest came from the same place.

NANCY.—Thank for your little story, but the adventure is hardly of sufficient importance to print. If you wish the manuscript returned, please send your address.

C. Y. P. R. U.

The Postmistress has looked into the history of the word *holden*, concerning which a correspondent inquires. It is derived from the German *hegde*, which means heath or country place. Originally used to describe a rude (in the sense of rustic or home-bred) fellow, it has come to mean a wild, awkward, and romping girl. The received modern spelling is holden, but Churchill, Young, and Milton spelled it hoyden.

The study of language is very interesting. Words are pictures conveying ideas to the eye of the mind almost as vividly as the artist's brush and colors convey them to the eye. From one generation to another, words change their social positions. *Villain*, for instance, was once highly respectable. It is now a term of contempt. A very thoughtful writer says that "words once refined, elegant, and even solemn, come in process of time to suggest trivial, vulgar, or ludicrous thoughts or images." In fact, words are continually dropping out of use or gradually altering their signification, and, more slowly, new words, like new coins from the mint, are finding their way into circulation.

The Postmistress was in a public conveyance one day, no matter when, no matter where. She was in a brown-study. But it was not so brown that her eyes and ears were shut to her neighbors. Beside her sat two fine-looking young people, who were making the most of spare moments. He was listening; she was reading. She read charmingly, with the light shadings to her phrases, and the tones of her voice were very musical. Still the Postmistress thought they had made a mistake in bringing their book with them, and reading aloud then and there. The persons themselves enjoyed it, but some of their neighbors were annoyed. An old gentleman who was reading the morning paper was disturbed by her inflections, and more than one young gentleman stared fiercely at him. It would have been better for both to have conversed in a low tone over the reading of the past or about the reading of the future than in the reading of the present to have in any way infringed on the rights of the travelling public.

Have any of you ever kept a home journal? It is a very pleasant thing to have a family book in which every day somebody writes the interesting events of the day. It is not necessary that the writing shall be done by one person in particular, although, for the sake of convenience, a sister or brother may be the chief scribe. The book should be kept in the sitting-room, free to all; and if the lesser and larger family happenings are set down in it from day to day, it will deepen in interest as time goes on. Keep a list of visitors, a record of excursions, a notice of birthdays, and, in brief, the story of your family life, in this home journal, and you will find it worth the trouble.

The articles in this number specially designed for the C. Y. P. R. U. are "The Story of the Negro Fort" (illustrated), by George Cary Eggleston; an article on "Cameos" (illustrated), by Barnet Phillips; and a pretty piece of fancy work for boys and girls, with two illustrations.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

HIDDEN FLOWERS.

1. Put the bread in the pan, Sibyl. 2. Flo, "Xerxes" is our subject in composition to-morrow. 3. Oh, Maggie, do you know what's on your lip? Ink. 4. "Don't pop Pyrenees Mountains into Switzerland," said a country teacher to a rather stupid pupil. 5. "What is the reason of your mild temperament, Paddy?" said a gentleman to an Irish laborer. "Well, sir, the fact is, I take the world aisy, as it goes." 6. "Forever Ben and I will live together," said the devoted little sister. 7. Kate, Alice, Rose, Mary, and I were all up early this morning. 8. "Jess, am I never to see your face again?" exclaimed a poor child, who had wandered from home, as he thought of his kind elder sister. OTTAWA.

No. 2.

ENIGMA.

In red, not in blue,
In three, not in two.
In ice, not in snow,
In wind, not in blow.
In east, not in north,
As I gayly go forth.
My whole is a river in Europe, my dears,
And few among rivers I count as my peers.
NED EVERETT.

No. 3.

THREE EASY CHARADES.

1. My first I am. My second the tiger is.

2. My first is hard. My second is soft. My whole is sweet, and accounted a treat.

3. My first is a tree. My second is the product of a tree. My whole is a fruit which resembles the fruit of my first. JEE. Z. CITY.

No. 4.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead a careless action, and leave a medicine. Behead an edible root, and leave a neuter verb. Behead a small room, and leave a beast of burden. Behead a piece of neglect, and have an important errand. Behead a hurry, and leave grain. Behead what is firm, and leave an article of furniture.

No. 5.

DIAMONDS.

1. A consonant. 2. The cry of a sheep. 3. A rod for measuring. 4. A generation. 5. A vowel. A. H. E.

No. 6.

CHARADE.

A word of five letters I am,
Come puzzle me not if you can.
My first and last are alike, I declare.
My second and fourth are also a pair.
Spell backward or forward, I read both alike.
Behead and curtail me, I'll come before night.
G. W.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 100.

No. 1. Nat, rat, mat, bat, cat, hat, fat, sat.

No. 2. Aztec.

No. 3.

```
      G          E
    A L E      A D A
  G L A R E  E D W I N
    E R R      A I D
      E          N
```

No. 4. The River Path.

No. 5. Catamount.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from F. K. Durham, "Prince," "Aged Fifteen," C. T., "Queen Bess," Rose, A. R. Slade, Charlie B., Alice B., Maggie S., Albert J. Boleon, William H. White, John H. Busch, Jun.

[*For exchanges, see third page of cover.*]

Digitized by Google

MRS. STRUNS. "Good gracious, child! I wish you wouldn't wear that tin cup: it makes you look like a common Hand-organ Monkey."

A GREEDY SNAKE.

OUR garden in Ceylon had been laid out by a Dutch gentleman, and consisted of terraces upon terraces out upon a hill-side. On these terraces grew the most splendid mango and nutmeg trees. The garden was famous then, and is still, for its wealth of fruit and spice trees. One morning I was walking leisurely down the stone steps leading from an upper terrace, when I saw at the foot a most horrible sight, that made me quickly retrace my steps. But curiosity and pity mastered disgust, and I turned to look at what I had fled from. I crept silently toward the snake, and threw a stone at it; but it never moved, for it was busily engaged swallowing a frog. I thought to release its unfortunate prey, and threw another stone, with more force than before, but the snake—a cobra, as I discovered—steadily continued its meal. Finding I could do nothing, and dreading what the cobra might do when its appetite was appeased, I slowly ascended the stone steps. When I reached the top I turned to look again. Every vestige of the poor frog had vanished, and the snake was gliding sleepily away. About three months afterward my husband killed a snake, and from the description he gave me of it—for I was ill at the time—I fancy it must have been the same greedy snake that I had seen devouring the unhappy frog.

Now one more story, and I have done. Snakes are very fond of eggs, and are great enemies to poultry. We noticed that a wise old hen used to lay her eggs in the clothes-basket, or sometimes on the top of the bed, and wondered at the reason. Often we discovered whole shells of eggs that were quite empty, and could not account for so strange a fact, nor could we get any eggs but those the wise old hen laid in the clothes-basket or on the bed-top. The poultry-house was very comfortably arranged for the convenience of its occupants. Baskets full of straw were made for the hens, but still this wise old hen preferred laying her eggs in a more public place. The reason we discovered at last, for we set a servant to watch. A snake had hidden itself in the leafy roof that covered the hen-house, and would watch its opportunity. As soon as the hen had deposited her egg and left the basket, it glided down and sucked its contents, leaving the empty shell with a small hole from which it had drawn the juicy meat.

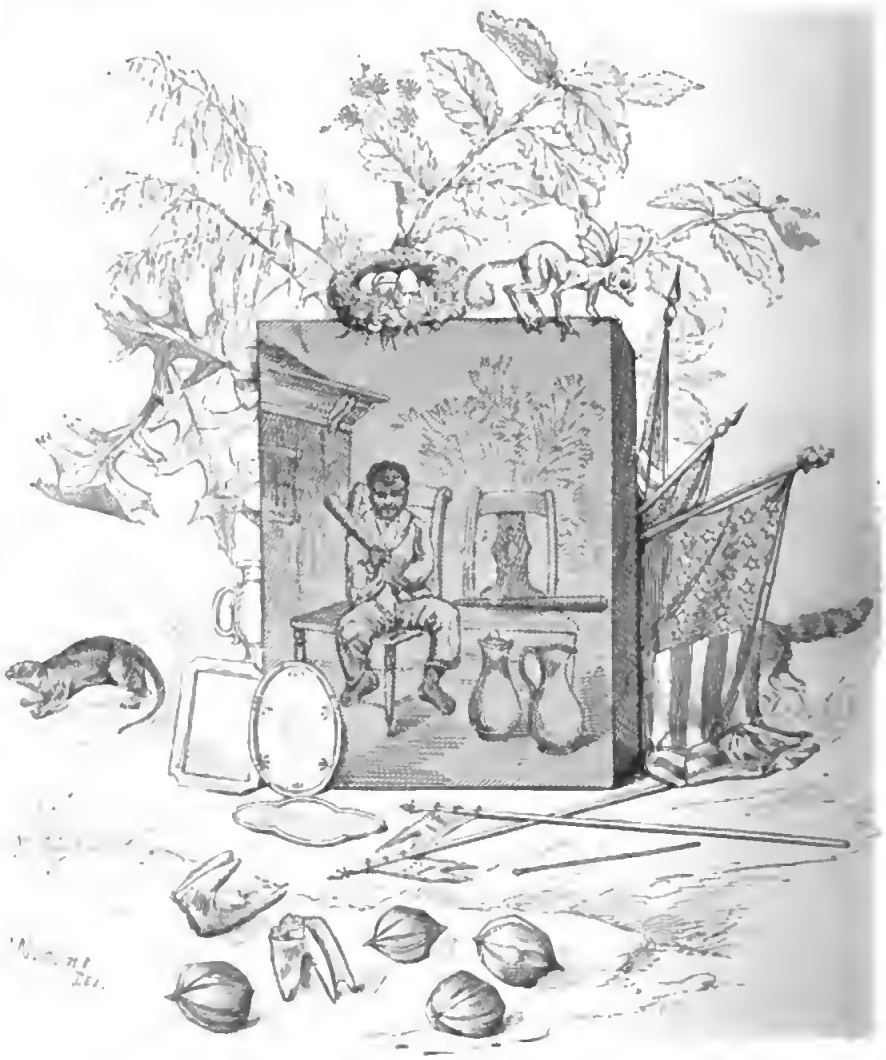
Probably the wise old hen had discovered her enemy, and sought refuge in the clothes-basket. Much as she disliked the intrusion of human folk, she preferred their presence to the snake's. But the reptile was doomed. We watched for him, and had him quickly dispatched.

We no longer had to complain after this, and the wise old hen left off paying visits to the basket, and we were no longer disturbed by her cackle.

THE YORKTOWN PUZZLE.

BY J. NUGENT.

TO solve this puzzle, first find the names of the nineteen different articles composing the picture. Then write these names under one another in such a manner that the initials from the top downward shall spell the day and month on which the battle of Yorktown was fought. When this is done, take every letter composing the names of the nineteen articles, and, using each letter only once, spell the names of sixteen notable officers who fought for the American cause in the Revolution.

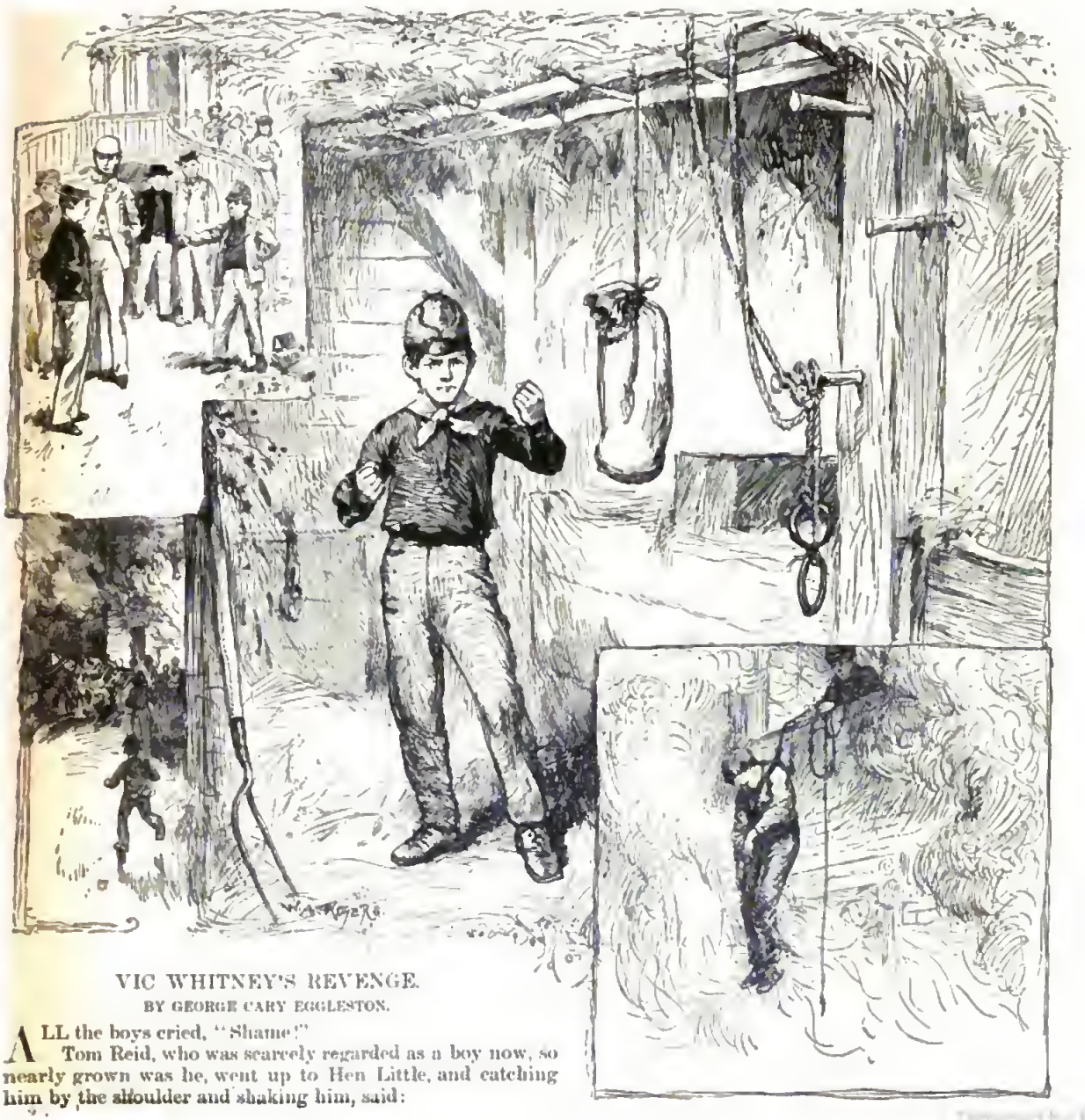


Digitized by Google

HARPER'S
YOUNG PEOPLE
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Vol. II.—No. 104. Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Tuesday, October 25, 1881. Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers. $1.50 per Year, in Advance.



VIC WHITNEY'S REVENGE.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

ALL the boys cried, "Shame!"

Tom Reid, who was scarcely regarded as a boy now, so nearly grown was he, went up to Hen Little, and catching him by the shoulder and shaking him, said:

Digitized by Google

"It seems to me you pick out your boy to bully. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to hit a fellow under your size and not half your strength, and I've a notion to thrash you for it myself."

Nobody heard what Ben Little replied, because all the boys were talking at once now; but somehow, when Vic Whitney rose from the ground, his clothes torn, his nose bleeding, and his books muddy, everybody saw that he was going to say something, and everybody listened. What he said was this:

"Ben Little, I've borne with you for two years; I've taken all your meannesses as mere teasing, and I've thought you only a little rough; but now I tell you you're a coward and a bully, and I give you warning that I'll whip you for this day's work, if it's ten years hence."

"Boys," said Tom Reid, "I move that, as students of this High School, we hereby exclude Ben Little from all our games and sports, and regard him as an outside barbarian, until he makes a proper apology to Vic Whitney for what he has done."

"Second the motion!" cried a dozen voices, while all the girls clapped their hands.

"Wait a minute, please," called Vic; "don't put that motion, Tom. Let me say a word. I thank you all for your sympathy, but I beg you not to do what you're doing. I've made this matter a quarrel now, and it's my quarrel, not yours. I've told Ben Little that I shall whip him for this, and I shall do it, you may depend. But that ought to settle it, so far as you are concerned. Ben is bigger than I am, and much stronger; but I shall thrash him in due time, and it ain't fair to punish him twice for one offense. If you punish him, I can't, without doing an injustice, and I don't want to do that. Please withdraw your motion, Tom."

"But this sort of thing is a disgrace to the school," said Tom.

"Very well; but I am going to punish it myself," replied Vic, "and that will clear the school. I've a right to be the one to do it."

"But you can't thrash Ben Little," cried half a dozen boys in a breath.

"No, not now. But I shall be able to do it after a while. Trust me, and do me the favor I have asked. Withdraw your motion, and treat Ben as if nothing had happened, and I'll take care of the rest."

There was something in Vic's manner which awed the boys into respectful obedience. They were outraged with Ben Little, and would have enjoyed "making the school too hot for him," but they obeyed Vic Whitney. When Vic had secured their promise to this effect, he gathered up his books and walked away toward his home.

Little had teased him mercilessly during the whole of the two years since they both entered the High School, but Vic had borne it all as mere teasing, not to be resented. At the end of the last term, however, Vic had successfully offered himself for examination with the class in advance of his own, having worked of nights to get ahead, and in this way he had distanced his own class, and made himself a sort of hero in the school. At the same examination Ben Little had failed to pass with the class, and his mortification took the form of hatred of his former classmate, who had succeeded in making two steps forward while he failed to make one. His teasing became positive persecution, but Vic continued to endure it with a smiling face.

One day, however, just after school, as Vic was starting toward home, with his books under his arm, he accidentally passed too near a gymnasium rope on which Ben Little was swinging. A slight collision was the result, and Ben lost his hold on the rope, with no more serious consequence than a fall to his knees. Springing up, he rushed at Vic, and without a word of warning, dealt him a severe blow on the nose, knocking him down into a little puddle. It was a particularly brutal and wanton attack, and so, as I began by saying, all the boys cried, "Shame!" and the scene already described ensued.

Vic Whitney seemed calm enough when he begged the boys to refrain from their proposed measure of vengeance, but as he walked away homeward he was in reality very much disturbed. His sense of justice was outraged beyond endurance, and his feeling was that he would wrong himself if he failed to administer the punishment he had promised Ben Little.

If Vic could have concealed the affair from his mother by saying nothing about it, he would have done so; but that was impossible. The torn clothing and the swollen nose required an explanation. When he had told the story, and declared his purpose, his mother sought gently to calm his spirit; but finding that impossible in his present mood, she quietly dropped the matter, hoping at some later time to dissuade Vic from his intention.

After supper Vic went out without saying where he was going. He walked up the street, and entered the office of Dr. McCutcheon, his father's life-long friend.

"Well, my boy," said the doctor, "what's the matter? Have you been hurt?"

"No; it's nothing," said Vic; "and I didn't come for sticking-plasters or poultices. I want your advice."

"You shall have it. What is the trouble?"

"I want you to tell me just how I should live, while developing my muscles, in order that I may gain strength and activity as rapidly as possible."

"What! going to make a prize-fighter of yourself? I thought you cared more for triumphs won with your head."

"No, I'm not going to be a prize-fighter," replied Vic, "but I am going to get up all the muscle there is in me, and I want to know about diet, etc."

"Well," said the doctor, "perhaps you *are* a trifle flabby for want of exercise, and I'm not sure that you can do better than train a little. As to diet, quit coffee and tea, eat plenty of roast beef and other wholesome plain food, let pastry alone, and don't study just before or just after a hearty meal; get ten hours' sleep in every twenty-four, if you can; and it won't take much training to make you robust."

Clearly the doctor had no thought that Vic intended anything more than to make himself robust and healthy, but Vic had secured the information he wanted.

The next day he fitted up a number of gymnastic appliances in the cow barn. He fastened ring ropes to the beams, and constructed some parallel bars; he swung a ladder horizontally, and hung a bag of sand on a level with his breast. Then his training began. When he got out of bed in the morning he took a cold bath, and rubbed himself well with a coarse towel. Then slipping on some light clothing, he went out and ran around two or three blocks at a good round pace. On his return, after taking breath, he swung by his hands on his ring ropes, drawing himself up first with both hands, and then, after a week's practice, with one hand at a time. The horizontal bars and the ladder came next, each furnishing a variety of exercises for different muscles. Finally, Vic would stand in front of his sand bag and strike it with his fists a great many times.

At first these muscular exercises made him stiff and sore, but this effect soon passed away, and day by day he increased the amount of exercise taken. His muscles grew in size and hardened. Feats that had been impossible to him at first, became easy, and the exercise which at first seemed to exhaust him became positively delightful. Devising new exercises and new apparatus every week, he presently found that he was acquiring something besides strength—he was growing expert in all manner of agile feats. He practiced trapeze performances, and rapidly acquired an accuracy of eye, a steadiness of nerves,

Digitized by Google

which made easy and safe many cat-like feats, in which, if he had attempted them a few weeks before, he must certainly have broken his neck.

His mother had anxiously watched his conduct; and one evening she seized upon a favorable moment for remonstrance, seeking to dissuade him from his purpose of vengeance. He heard her silently, and when she had done, he replied, very calmly, but very resolutely:

"Mother, what you say is all true and right in principle. It is wrong to cherish auger and to seek vengeance, but that isn't my case. I don't hate Hen Little: I pity his meanness and his cowardice. I am not seeking vengeance, but justice, and I have a right to that. If I were to give up thrashing him, I should look at myself with contempt. I shall punish him, not because I hate him—for I don't—but because I must assert my own manhood."

The widow was perplexed by this view of the case. She could not quite believe it was right, and yet she could not conscientiously say it was wrong.

"Well, my son," she replied, "I fear you are wrong; but you may be right. At any rate, I can not take the responsibility of urging you to submit to anything that you feel to be a degradation. Feeling as you do, you must decide the matter for yourself."

"I have decided it," said Vic; "and the decision is that I must thrash Hen Little."

Vic and his mother were sitting in the doorway during this conversation. Vic had finished his lessons, and the hour was late, but the night was so pleasant that the pair sat there chatting long after their usual bed-time. Just as Vic ended the discussion with the remark quoted above, the fire-bells rang out with that eager, noisy, frightened clangor which fire-bells have only in small cities where a fire calls the whole population forth. Vic seized his hat and ran, guided by the glare which already appeared at the opposite end of the town.

The burning house was one of the largest in the little city, a building three stories in height; and before the excited volunteer fire companies could get a stream of water running, the fire was evidently beyond their control. It had broken out in the lower story, near the stairway; and finding that efforts to stay its course were idle, the firemen and spectators did little more than place ladders at a second-story window for the escape of the family, who had been sleeping. When all were out, there was nothing to do but to stand and watch the bonfire, as no other house was near enough to be in danger.

Presently a head appeared at one of the windows of the third story, and a cry for help was heard. A shudder ran through the crowd, for there was no help to be given. The fire had burned both the stairways, and there was no ladder long enough to reach beyond the second story. Some of the spectators stood stupefied; others ran about aimlessly, trying to do something, but having no idea what.

Meantime the boy at the window cried aloud and piteously for help. His father and mother were not less frantic than he. They had believed that all the family were safely out, supposing that Hen—for it was Hen Little—had passed down one flight from his third-story bedroom, and had escaped with the rest. Seeing him now at the window, they lost their wits, and cried to him to leap out, without thinking that to do so would be instant death to him. Yet there was apparently nothing to be done, and the situation was appalling. The crowd shuddered to think that the boy, whom they all knew, must be burned to death there in their sight.

Presently a cry arose at the rear of the crowd, and Vic Whitney came running with all his might, shouting:

"Don't jump, Hen! Stay where you are! Don't jump out!"

Vic had run to a neighboring house, and brought away a clothes-line.

"Has anybody a string?" he shouted—"a kite cord—anything—quick!"

A boy handed him a kite cord, and Vic quickly tied one end of it around his own body. Then turning to Tom Reid, he said:

"Unwind fifty feet or so, break it off, and tie the end to this rope, so that I can pull the rope up. Be quick."

Leaving Tom to execute this direction, Vic ran forward, stepped upon the railing of the front steps, and grasping a window-shutter which luckily was open, and therefore not in the blaze that licked its tongue out of the window, he drew himself lightly up to its top, crying out as he did so, "Play a stream of water on me."

The fireman obeyed, and none too soon, for all the clothing on Vic's right side was scorching. From the top of this shutter Vic reached the window-sill above, and disappeared in a dense cloud of black smoke. It was for only a moment, however. Having his wits about him, he held his breath to avoid suffocation, and quickly climbed to the top of the window, and into the air again. Another moment, and he had grasped the sill of the third-story window. A gust of wind blew a flame from below right upon him. He felt his arms blister and his head swim. One second more, and he must loosen his hold, and fall. The crowd below uttered a moan of horror. The wind shifted instantly, however, and in spite of the agony he suffered from the burns, Vic made a last effort, and drew himself up to the window where Hen had stood. Hen was no longer there, and the room was too full of smoke for Vic to see into it. He knew what had happened. Hen had become unconscious from suffocation, and had fallen on the floor by the window. Hastily drawing up the kite cord, to which Tom Reid had fastened the end of the clothes-line, Vic soon had the rope in his hand. Reaching down from the window-sill, he fastened the line around Hen's body, and swung him out, the crowd below yelling itself hoarse as he lowered away. A few seconds sufficed to let Hen down to the ground, where the doctors took charge of him.

Meantime Vic had to think of saving himself. He fastened the rope at the window, and was on the point of slipping down it, when a fierce flame burst from the window immediately beneath, burning the rope off like a thread, and cutting off all chance of escape in that direction.

Vic saw his extreme danger, but as he afterward said, his mind seemed to be unnaturally calm and alert. There was fire below him, through which it was impossible to pass, and the roof was in a blaze. But he remembered that the lightning-rod of this house, instead of passing straight to the earth, was carried down along the roof to the corner nearest him, and thence down the corner to the ground. Seizing this slender chance of life, he climbed to the top of the window, and grasped the stout gutter pipe that ran along the eaves.

Swinging from this by his hands, he worked his way slowly and painfully toward the corner, while the people below actually held their breath. Whether the gutter would hold the boy's weight or not was terribly uncertain, and the people stood on tiptoe, as if they could thereby lessen the weight, and increase his small chance for life. Slowly he worked along toward the corner, and at last his hand grasped the friendly lightning-rod. A few seconds later he was safely on the ground, but so badly burned that it was necessary to carry him home on a shutter.

A week later, when Dr. McCutcheon pronounced Vic out of danger, a company of his school-mates came to see him. They filed into his room, and took their places in a sort of line. Then Hen Little entered, and walking up to the bedside, he said:

"I've had my thrashing, Vic, and I've brought all the

Digitized by Google

boys that were present on that other day to hear me say so. I want to ask your pardon for all I've done to you. I deserved punishment; now I've got it; and if it ain't enough, you may thrash me with your fists as soon as you get well, and I won't raise a finger." Then, turning to the boys, he said: "Vic called me a coward that day when I abused him, and he was right. I acted cowardly, and I want to say so to all of you. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself."

Vic held out his hand, which was bandaged almost to the finger-tips, and said: "Hen, I take it all back. There isn't a cowardly bone in the body of a boy who can apologize in that way for a fault. Let's be friends hereafter."

TIM AND TIP;*

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A BOY AND A DOG.

BY JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN CONCLUSION.

EVERY one knew that Tip's life depended on their getting home quickly, and all the strength they could command was expended on the oars to such purpose that in a trifle more than two hours the boat was moored alongside Dunham's wharf again.

TIP AND THE DOCTOR.

Without stopping for anything, the entire party followed Tim and Bill to Dr. Abbott's office, and there they could hardly prevent themselves from cheering when the doctor told them that Tip's injuries were by no means serious, and that he would soon be well, although it was possible that he might always be lame in one hind-leg.

The shot were soon extracted, and Tip taken to the most comfortable spot in Mr. Tucker's barn, where it is safe to say he did not suffer from want of attention.

That night, after Bobby and Tim had told the story of their camping out, Mr. Tucker thoroughly frightened them by saying that on the next day he was going to take Tim back to Selman to see Captain Babbige.

Tim's face grew very pale, and it was plain to be seen that he was in the greatest terror, while Bobby was thrown into a perfect fever of excitement.

"I am not going to leave you there, Tim, if I can help it, for I intend to do by you as I would some one should do by my Bobby if I had been called to meet the Great Father. As matters now stand, you have no right to be here, nor I to keep you; for Captain Babbige is your lawful guardian, whom I hope you did not leave without sufficient cause. To-morrow night we will start for Selman, and there the law shall decide whether you may not be permitted to choose another guardian."

Bobby caught eagerly at the idea that Tim would soon return, with a perfect right to stay on Minchin's Island, but the homeless boy took a more gloomy view of the case. He felt certain that Captain Babbige would force him to remain with him, and the future now looked as dark as a day or two before it had looked bright.

So positive did he feel that he should not be allowed to return, that if Tip's wound had been any less severe he would have taken him with him; but as it was, he made Bobby promise faithfully to send him as soon as he should be able to travel.

The next day, when the boy population of Minchin's Island learned that Tim was to be taken back to the man who had abused him so cruelly, they held a sort of indignation meeting back of Mr. Tucker's barn, where the matter was discussed.

Some of the more excitable among them proposed that, since the steamer on which Tim was to leave would not touch at the island until nearly six o'clock, there was plenty of time for him to run away again, making it impossible for Mr. Tucker to carry him back. They argued that he could build himself a hut in the woods, where, protected by Tip, he could live the jolliest kind of a life, and they all could come to see him as summer boarders.

But Tim rejected all such counsel, giving good reason for doing so.

"Mr. Tucker says I ought not have run away in the first place, an' I s'pose he knows, though it does seem hard to have to stay where folks are so awful ugly to you. Now he says I must go back, an' I wouldn't be any kind of a feller if I run away from him after he's been so good to me. I'd like to go out in the woods to live if it wouldn't rain any, and I'd do anything rather than go back to Selman; but Mr. Tucker says I ought to go, an' I'm goin', whatever Captain Babbige does to me."

Every boy present knew that Tim was right, and those who had first advised him felt ashamed of having done so, while all united in cheering him for his resolution, until Tip, awakened by the noise, barked loudly, which, to Tim's mind at least, was proof that he approved of his master's decision.

That night Tim was escorted to the steamer by a large number of boys, and while he was on the wharf he felt reasonably brave, even though he was obliged to pass directly in front of Captain Pratt. But when the steamer left the dock, and the cheers of the boys died away in the distance, he fully expected to be summoned to the wheel-house. But Captain Pratt paid no attention to him, and on the following day Selman was reached without any incident worthy of mention.

There Tim was never exactly certain how the matter was arranged. He knew that he was taken into court almost as if he had been a criminal, that many questions were asked him by the Judge, and that a number of gen-

* Begun in No. 92 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, August 2.

tlemen whom he knew told of the ill-treatment he had received from Captain Babbige.

Then it seemed as if Mr. Tucker had been accused of something, for he told about his business and himself, and showed a great number of letters from people on Minchin's Island, all speaking of him as a kind and good man.

Captain Babbige was there, apparently in a very uncomfortable frame of mind, and he spoke to Tim in the kindest manner possible, asking him if he hadn't always treated him as a son.

Tim was not sure how fathers did treat sons, except in one or two cases; but he told the Captain of what he had said about wanting him to die, and then coaxed the Judge—oh, so hard!—to let him go back with Mr. Tucker.

Then some other people had a good deal to say, the Judge talked some more, and after they were all through, Mr. Tucker told Tim it had been decided he could go back to Minchin's Island.

Tim's delight was so great that it seemed impossible for him to keep his feet on the ground. And when he was back at the island again, in the midst of the crowd of boys who had come to welcome him for the second time, his joy found vent in words.

And when Tim got into Mr. Tucker's house, where Bobby cheered until he was hoarse, and Mrs. Tucker kissed him again and again, he found it impossible even to speak, because of a great lump in his throat, which was not caused by sorrow; but he said over and over to himself that no one should regret in the man what they had done for the homeless orphan boy.

THE END.

A FLOWERLESS FLOUR GARDEN.

BY MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

WE all know, in a general way, that nothing grows unless it is alive, and yet who ever thinks of bread dough as having life in it? There never was a garden bed so full of living plants as is the loaf when it is moulded into shape, and ready to be put into the oven. If you have never watched the mixing of bread, I would advise

FIG. 1.—TOAD-STOOLS.

you to go and look at it the first chance you have, for it is a very curious and entertaining bit of gardening. The cook first prepares her seed, which is the yeast. There are several ways of planting yeast, as there are of planting other seed. You may either soak it to make the seed sprout quickly, or you may start the little plants in a hot-bed, or, again, you may buy your young seedlings, and transplant them into your own garden plot. Just so you may get your yeast seed ready to plant. The yeast cake may be only melted in warm water, or it may be set to start in a cup of water and flour by the warm kitchen fire, or you may buy the yeast already grown at the baker's.

When the seed or seedlings are ready, the garden plot is prepared. The cook heaps up in her bread bowl quarts of snowy flour. Into this heap, after making a hole, she pours her prepared yeast. Working the bread is only another name for the careful scattering of the seed through all the dough, that it may spring up and grow, and fill the whole mass with the tiny plants.

The yeast plant is not a common kind of plant, but belongs to the same class as mushrooms and toad-stools, and the fuzzy, cottony growth that we call mould. There are two kinds of plants that we may find almost anywhere in the fields and woods, and even in the city yards—the fungi and the green plants. The yeast plant is one of the fungi. These are very different in most respects from the green plants: they can live and grow and thrive in darkness; they do not have either leaves or flowers, and they usually spring up and die very quickly. The greatest real difference between the two kinds is, however, that the fungi live on food that has been alive before—on plants, or animals, or decaying matter, while the green plants live on what they get out of the earth and the air and the water.

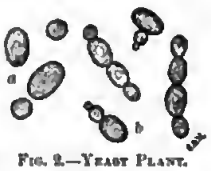


FIG. 2.—YEAST PLANT.
a, Single cells; *b*, growing plants.

The simplest of all the fungi is the yeast plant. It begins its life as a tiny egg-shaped bag, or sac (Fig. 2 *a*). This cell, as it is called, is filled with a very curious jelly, perhaps the most wonderful thing in all the world. It is found in everything that lives and grows. By its help the little yeast plant can take the flour and water, and can change it so that while the paste is used up and disappears, the cells grow larger, and sprout out buds. You have particles of this jelly, or *protoplasm*, lining your mouth and stomach, and the food you eat is changed into flesh and blood and bones by this wonder-working magician. In the figures, the grainy substance is the protoplasm.

This jelly all seems to be pretty much alike, but there is some marvellous difference somewhere—a difference that science has never reached. The yeast cell takes in certain food, and grows, but it never makes anything but other or larger yeast cells. The food you eat and digest makes just *you;* more of you, perhaps, but still you, yourself, and nobody else.

FIG. 3.—MOULD.

Like all living things, the tiny yeast cell must eat and breathe, or it will die. It feeds, not by opening its mouth and taking in its food, but by lying bathed in it, and soaking it up through its skin. When the cook dissolves her yeast cake, and puts it into the spongy dough, she is putting the little plant into its food bath. The cells which have been so long in prison, shut up in the darkness and cold of the dried yeast, begin to look alive, and stretch themselves, and enjoy their liberty. They take kindly to their food right away, and begin helping themselves to what they find about them. They do not merely soak up the flour

Digitized by Google

and water in which they are plunged, but they manage to extract from the compound just what they need.

The cells must not only feed in order to live, but they must breathe, they must somehow get oxygen, which is the gas that our breathing takes out of the air. And this they extract, as a miner does gold, by separating it from its ore. There is a certain amount of sugar in wheat, which gives to good bread and to cracked wheat their delicate sweetness of flavor. Sugar is made up of a number of different substances, which the yeast cell has the power of separating. It takes the oxygen for its own use, and leaves behind the other things that make up the sugar.

Feeding and breathing in this way, by taking what it needs from the flour, the cell grows. When it has reached its mature size, it rests quietly for a while as if it were gathering strength for the effort, and then it sends out a little bud, which grows like the parent cell, until another bud and another grow from it. When the plant is grown, it is very unlike our notion of a plant; it is really nothing more than a little chain of sacs growing end to end. As soon as the little plant has exhausted all the sugar and food substance of the flour, it stops growing, the cells separate, and remain quite still.

There is just one time in the growth of the plant when the dough is right for baking. Before it has grown enough, the bubbles through the dough are too few or too small. These bubbles are the carbonic acid gas left behind when the oxygen has been taken out of the sugar, and there must be plenty of them to make the bread light. If the bread is left too long to rise, the cells get more than their share of the wheat sugar, and the bread is sour. Just at the right stage, which every good bread-maker can tell by experience, a thorough baking will destroy the alcohol, and the bread will be both sweet and light.

When the yeast plant is sowed on the top of the flour and water, instead of being buried in it, all this is very different. The plant takes its food from the paste, but it does not need the sugar, so it lets that alone. It can get its oxygen in a much simpler way, right from the air, as we do, and does not need to go through the labor of smelting it out of the sugar. The raising of our bread by yeast is entirely due to the efforts of the tiny cells to get a breath of air when we have smothered them up in the dough.

There are other plants besides the yeast plant that act in the same way. Have you never heard your mother say, when she opened a jar of preserves, "These are all right, I know, for they are covered with mould"? Mould is a good deal like yeast in some things; if the germ cell, or spore, falls upon the top of the sweetmeats, it can get plenty of oxygen from the air, and so lets the sugar alone. But if it is nearly drowned in the syrup, it will get its oxygen somehow, and so the sugar has to be sacrificed, and the preserves are left to spoil. What else could you expect of such little mischief-makers if you shut them up with the sweetmeats?

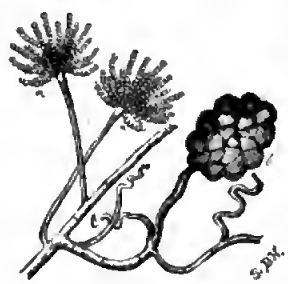


Fig. 4.—Mould.
a, Rosette Heads; b, Fruit.

The yeast plant is so very, very small that you can not see it except with a very fine magnifying glass. But there are other plants like it which are large enough to be seen with a small and not a costly microscope.* These are what we call moulds. If you want to study moulds, nothing is easier than to prepare them. Mix a spoonful of flour with cold water, and spread the paste over the bottom of a plate or saucer. In a few days it will be covered all over. If you put it in a damp and dark place, the mould will sprout sooner. You might put away a piece of bread at the same time, and you will find it covered with a growth too.

Take a bit of this paste on the blade of a knife, and examine it carefully. You will see among the cottony fibres a number of little upright stems with black or white or yellow heads, which give the mould a speckled look. Under the microscope you see a perfect jungle of growth—a tangle of threads, which look like spun glass, running here and there and everywhere. From these, which are the roots of the mould, the stems spring up, bearing, instead of leaves or flowers, tiny glistening toad-stools that look as if they were made out of a pearl; or sometimes the heads are like strings of little pearls (Fig. 3), or at others they are rosettes of such strings (Fig. 4 *a*). The black and sage green colors come later, and are the fruit or seed-bearing portion of the plant (Fig. 4 *b*).

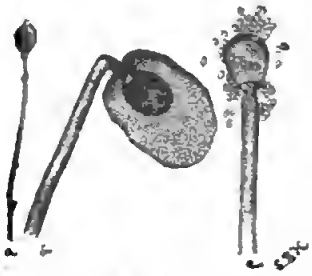


Fig. 5.—Mould.
a, Stalk; b, same opened; c, outer skin broken, and spores scattering.

On my saucer of paste I found in one place a plantation of delicate yellow fungi. The stems came up thick, with the little round fruit at the end of each, looking as if the whole thing was carved out of amber. In another place, over the yawning caverns made by the cracks in the paste, there were delicate forms like grasses in seed, all looking like spun glass. The largest kind of common mould, which you may see in Fig. 5, is not so beautiful as these I have just described, but it shows very well the way the fungi grow, and form their seed, and then sow themselves. This plant is easily seen without any microscope, but looked at through the little Excelsior glass, you see a great deal more. The stalks look as they do in Fig. 5 *a*. If you are so fortunate as to have a large microscope, and watch them from day to day, you will see them look as they do in Fig. 5 *b*, and finally, when the outer skin breaks, like *c*, in the same illustration.

A single spoonful of flour will give you this wonderful garden, with its crop of yeast plant, if you sow the seed, or, if you trust to luck, its harvest of chance-sown mould. The air is full of these spores of the mould plants, and wherever they find a place they will take possession of it, and grow up without planting or cultivating, as weeds do. You can be certain of your yeast crop, because you have sowed it; but you must take your chances with the mould. You are almost sure, however, to find in any saucer of paste the different kinds described and pictured in Figs. 3, 4, and 5.

It is worth while sometimes to get away from the every-day world, and learn the wonders that are to be found in the fairy ring to which the microscope admits us.

* There is a little microscope which I find in Queen's Catalogue, called the Excelsior, No. 3050, price $2 75, with three lenses. This I have used, and found very good. It is in a small walnut box 3 by 1¾ inches in size, having a little mirror, stand, and two dissecting needles. It magnifies about twelve diameters (nearly 150 times in area), and gives a good clear image, besides having the advantage of being an excellent pocket glass, even if you should buy a more costly instrument hereafter.

ANOTHER BEAR STORY.

BY ORVILLE DEANE.

MR. D——, one of our neighbors, was going after his cows one night, and had a singular bit of experience. He kept the cattle near a meadow, and in going for them had to pass through a clump of bushes where raspberries and blackberries were abundant. The path was very narrow, and in some places so much overgrown by the bushes that a person might be very near an object and

not see it. Suddenly a large bear rose up before him, and sat on his haunches not three feet away. Mr. D—— was a tall and very powerful man, and not easily frightened, but he didn't like such familiarity as that. There was no time to retreat, and he had no weapon with which to defend himself, but he clinched his huge fist, and struck the bear a terrific blow between the eyes. Bruin was not prepared for this, and as he sat up so straight, and could not brace himself quick enough, the blow knocked him clean over upon his back in the bushes. He roared, and scrambled to his feet, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, much more disturbed by the event than Mr. D—— was.

A year or two after this, my father and I were out gathering raspberries one afternoon in August. We were in a field close by a wood, where several acres were covered with the bushes, and as it was newly cleared land, they grew very tall. Indeed, a person might be picking berries ten feet distant from you, and, if he kept quiet, you would not know it.

After a while we climbed upon the trunk of a fallen tree, for the sake of reaching some high bushes that were bending under the weight of luscious fruit, when we saw a bear, not more than ten feet distant, helping himself to the same berries. At first he did not see us, and we watched him for a little as he ate the fruit. It was surprising how skillfully he would take a bush in his paws and hold it down while he ate off the berries, and then let it go and catch another.

But we wanted those raspberries, and father shouted and swung his pail around his head, thinking to drive the bear away. But the beast did not propose to be disturbed in that way, and seemed to think he had as much right there as we. He simply let go the bushes, and looked at us.

Father grew impatient with swinging the pail of berries around his own head, and threw it with all his might at the head of the bear. It was well aimed, for it struck him squarely in the face. It scattered the berries all over him, and the tin pail fell rattling among the bushes and stones. I never saw such a picture of astonishment as that bear presented. For a brief instant he seemed paralyzed, and then, dropping on four feet, he ran away screaming like a child who has been frightened by a turkey-gobbler. Father's berries were spilled, but he could do nothing else for some minutes but laugh at the way that poor bear ran and screamed.

We hear stories about bears attacking people without provocation, but I believe most of them are purely imaginary or greatly exaggerated. I have hunted the black bear in the New England States, and in the British Provinces; I have threaded the forests on foot, and scoured the plains on horseback, but I never yet saw a black bear that would attack a man, unless it were a dam whose cubs were meddled with, or a bear that had been wounded and driven into a corner. Under such circumstances any animal will fight in self-defense. The chief difficulty with black bears is, not that they will hurt you, but that you can not get near enough to hurt them.

THE VIOLET AND THE SUNBEAM.

BY A. L. A. SMITH.

A BRIGHT little sunbeam sped earthward one day
From his father's great bosom of light;
For he heard from his beautiful home in the sky
A poor little violet mournfully sigh,
"The earth is so cold, and the winds are so high,
I am sure I shall perish ere night."

But the words barely passed from her trembling lips
When a life-giving kiss on her fell;
And the dear little sunbeam both arms round her threw,
And said, "Tremble not, I shall tarry with you,"
And he kissed back her life, till the tenderest blue
Proclaimed her the queen of the dell.

A GAME OF CRICKET.

WHAT the game of base-ball is to this country—yes, and a great deal more—cricket is to England. It is the national game, the most favored among a people who are devoted to all kinds of out-door games and sports.

Why, then, it may be asked, is it not more generally played in this country?

The answer that has been given to several similar questions may, perhaps, be given to this. We have too many railroads to build and too many rivers to bridge to devote two whole days to a single game of cricket.

Ay, my masters, build your railroads from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the Gulf, bridge your mighty cañons and your roaring torrents, but remember that the brain that works out the problems of the engineer and the surveyor will work the smoother and last the longer if it be greased occasionally with an excellent oil compounded of rest and recreation.

It is very possible that most of our readers have never even seen a game of cricket, especially if they live far from large cities. To the Philadelphia boy cricket is as familiar as is base-ball to most boys. If asked to name the "three Graces," he might answer, as pat as you please, "E. M., W. G., and G. F.," giving the initials of the three famous brothers Grace, whose names are familiar wherever cricket is played. But as this paper is not for boys of any one place, but for boys all over the country—nay, for boys wherever found—we will describe the game, and try to show in what lies its great favor among those who know it.

Cricket is properly played by eleven persons on each side, though where so many persons can not be brought together, a less number can play. One side bats, and the other side bowls and fields. Two batsmen go to the wickets, one at each end; and the first bowler delivers a ball to the batsman opposite to him, while the fielders take their positions at a greater or less distance from the wicket.

"Oh, well hit! well hit!"

Yes, well hit, indeed. The batsman has driven the ball right over the bowler's head, and has already crossed between the wickets twice, scoring two "runs." Yes, and he and his partner are trying another one. Good! three runs off the first ball.

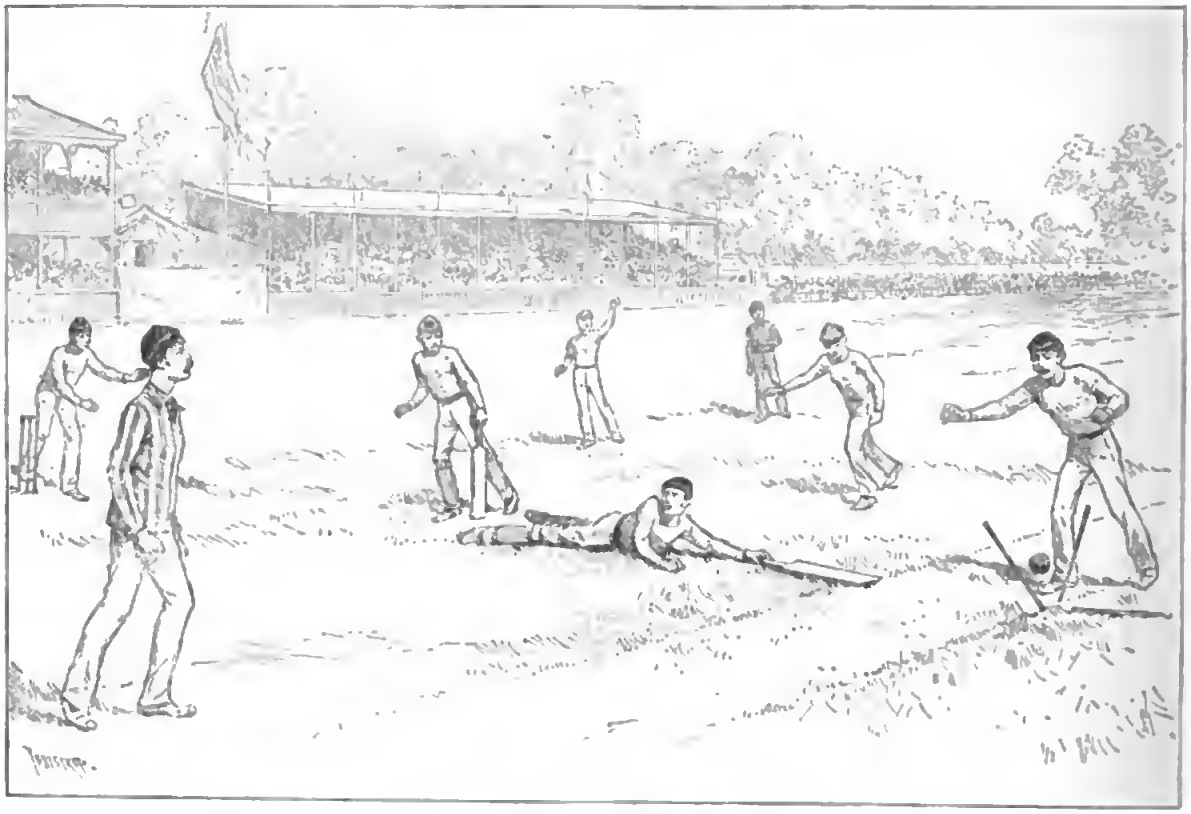
But another batsman is to receive the ball this time. It is the one who was at the wicket whence the last ball was bowled. As they have made three runs, the man who hit the last ball is at the other end now.

Ah, that was a good ball, and well he played it. There was no driving that ball to "long on" or "long off" for three. It was well pitched up, and had a spin on it that made it shoot along the ground instead of rising; and so the batsman played back, and just got his bat down in time to stop it, for it was bound for his middle stump. He is a cautious player, the man at this end, and the bowling is straight and well pitched.

After five balls, a man who has been standing by the bowler with his coat on, and seeming to take no interest in the game, turns his back on the bowler and batsman, and strolls off as if tired of looking on. Then the fielders seem to be playing at "pussy wants a corner," for they walk about and change places, and then another man begins to bowl from the other wicket.

The fact is, you did not hear the man with his coat on call, "Over!" Well, he did so. Not that the game is over, or the innings, or anything else. They are simply going to bowl from the other end, and so all the fielders have to change their positions so as to occupy the same position with regard to the batsman. The man with the coat on is one of the umpires (there is one at each wicket), and it is part of his business to count the balls bowled. When one man has bowled four or five balls, as the case

Digitized by Google



A GAME OF CRICKET—"RUN OUT."

may be, another man bowls the same number from the other wicket.

"Well bowled! oh, good ball!"

The meaning of these cries arising from the spectators is that the new bowler has sent the middle stump of one of the batsmen flying, and our friend retires to the tent, where he is greeted with some little applause by his comrade. And so one man out of the eleven is "out."

The next man walks up and takes his place, and the game goes on. He is a careful player, this new man, but he is a hard hitter also. See how he swung his bat round to his left side, and sent that last ball to "leg" for four runs. Now he has the ball again, and for "over" after "over" he and his partner give the fielders plenty to do. Look at the board on which the score is displayed. It marks sixty runs, and only one man out. This is getting serious. The Captain of the fielders calls one of his men up to him, and says a few words. Some new tactics are to be tried.

The next "over" reveals what they are. The batsmen have become used to the bowling, and so, like a wise man, the Captain puts on a fresh bowler.

The new man's balls seem easy enough. See, there one goes for three or four runs at least. But wait a little. This underhand bowling is tempting, but it is also dangerous. A beautiful easy ball comes which the batsman steps to meet, and drives high over the heads of the near fielders, but away off there in the distance a man is posted to look after just such balls as this. He sees it coming, keeps his eye on it, runs backward a few paces, and it is in his hand before it touches the ground. And so the second man is caught out.

By the time the third man is out, the score has reached a hundred, but after that the wickets fall more quickly. The bowling is changed as often as it is found that the batsmen can master it, and the fielders are on the alert.

There is but one more wicket to fall, and the score bids fair to reach two hundred. One hundred would have seemed a good score, had they not already nearly doubled that number, and now they are straining every nerve to gain the wished-for two hundred.

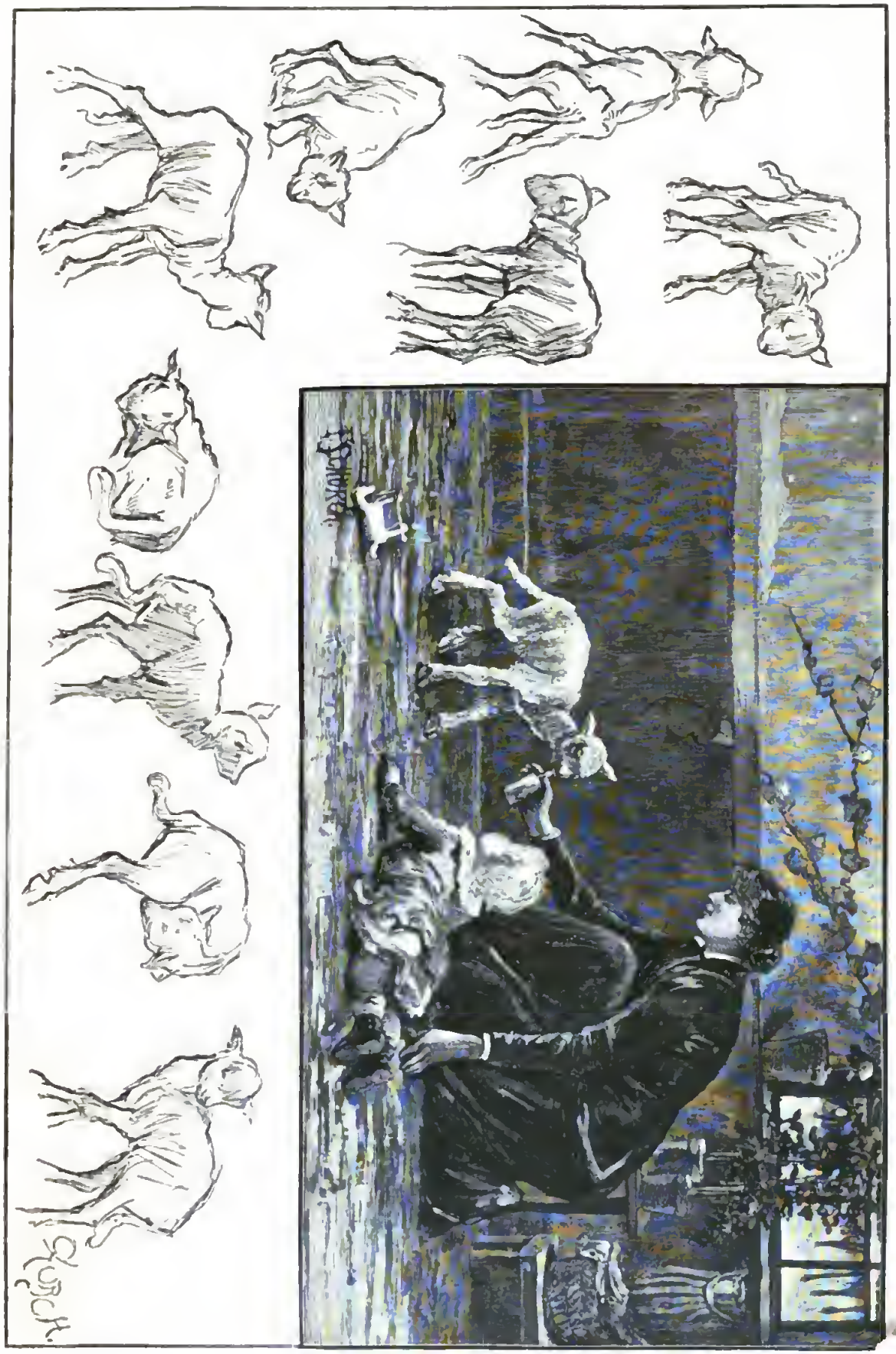
They are stealing runs now; that is, they are running where there is great risk of the ball being thrown up to the wicket before they can reach it; and if the ball strikes the wicket before the batsman reaches it, he is "run out." Stealing runs is a risky game, and— Yes; well, there is a proof of it. Yonder long-legged fellow has slipped and fallen, and though he stretches out his bat as far as possible, he can not reach his "ground"; he is "run out," and the innings is over for one hundred and ninety-nine runs.

The fielders retire to the shade of the tent, and two of them soon come forth to take their places with the bat, while the remainder enjoy their well-earned rest. Those who have had their innings take up their positions in the field, and the first innings of the other side begins.

Then the excitement is renewed. Shouts of applause or encouragement greet every good or unlucky deed of the players, and as the innings draws to a close, the interest increases. It takes two innings on each side to decide the match, and a game is never lost until it is won. Of course in cricket there is good luck and bad, but in this game, as in all others where skill plays the principal part, luck counts for but little in the long-run. The best players nearly always win.

Cricket may be played six months in the year, and those who play it think six months none too much. It is a social game also, and a good club can always arrange matches with neighboring clubs, and so friendly is the feeling among players that a visiting eleven nearly always declare, when they go home after a match, that they were never better treated in their lives. In the skill required, the variety of excitement, and the friendly feeling that it promotes, lie the claims of cricket to the favor it enjoys.

Digitized by Google



THE LITTLE ORPHAN.—(See Page 826.)

Digitized by Google

A LITTLE ORPHAN.

THIS poor little lamb has lost its mother, and it looks cold and famished. It is well that it has found friends who will take good care of it, for without food and shelter it would soon perish. When it has drunk the warm milk which Guy's mamma is coaxing it to take, she will make a little bed for it of some nice soft hay or wool, cover it up, and leave it in a snug, quiet place to take a nap.

Sheep and lambs love mountain and hill countries, and their pastures are almost always on breezy uplands. The first sheep ever brought to this continent were sent to Virginia from England in 1609. How bewildered and unhappy the poor things must have felt on the long voyage, with the great waves thumping against the vessel, and the wind whistling through the sails! They must have been very glad indeed when at last they touched land.

There is one English poet whose verses about lambs ought to be learned by all children. We mean Wordsworth. You remember that in a recent number of YOUNG PEOPLE we had a poem of his which was beautifully illustrated. One of his poems is called "The Pet Lamb," and it is about a little orphan lamb just like this one, which is cared for by a child named Barbara. The lamb is bleating, and straining at its cord, and she says to it:

"'Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away.
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"'Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now;
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart, like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be, and when the wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.'"

There is another poem by Wordsworth called "The Last of the Flock," which is quite different from this. It is the story of a poor peasant on the hills who had a flock of sheep which he dearly loved. He could not bear to kill or to sell them. A time of great distress came, and there was a scarcity of food. He went to the parish authorities, and asked for relief for his family. This they denied, saying to him: "You are not a poor man. You have sheep and lambs. Dispose of them." So one by one he sold them, and it almost broke his heart to do it, and at last he had only one lamb left. He loved his children, and did not wish them to suffer, but to part with his cherished flock was like giving his blood up drop by drop, and finally, as he walked on the highway, taking the last lamb to the market, the tears ran down his face. He said,

"'And of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one,
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none.
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock.'"

Most sensible people will think that the man ought to have been glad that he possessed sheep, which he could exchange for bread for his boys and girls; but here and there among the children there will be some who can understand his feeling. You would not like to part for money with a dog, a cat, or a bird which you had taken care of, even if you wanted money very much, and to the peasant the sheep and lambs had become almost as dear as his children. When he sold one, he felt almost as if he had been selling a child. As all shepherds do, he knew each sheep from every other, and their faces did not look alike, as the faces in a flock do to us, but each had an expression of its own—what we call individuality.

When the lamb in the picture shall have grown too large to take his food out of a bottle, he will crop the sweet fresh grass, and frisk about merrily, especially if his mistress now and then tempts him with a taste of salt in her hand. He will be very gentle, though full of play, and he and his baby master will have fine times together. It is rather sad to think that as time passes he will be less fond of gambolling, and will become a stupid, grazing, dreaming old sheep, not nearly so interesting as now when he is a little shivering orphan lamb.

THE TALKING LEAVES.*

An Indian Story.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER IV.

A MOUNTAIN range is not at all like a garden fence. You do not just climb up one side of it, and drop down into another garden beyond. The one which arose before the Lipans that day, and through which the Apaches before them had driven their long lines of ponies, loaded with buffalo meat and all the baggage of an Indian hunting camp, was really a wide strip of very rough country, full of mountains, and rising to a high ridge in the centre. The Lipans were not very well acquainted with it, except by what they had heard from others, and there had been some murmuring among them at first when their leader announced his intention of following his war-path to the other side of such a barrier as that.

His speech had settled it all, however, and his warriors were ready to go with him, no matter where he should lead them. Anything rather than go back empty-handed to be laughed at.

The moment luncheon was over every man was on horseback. It was absolutely necessary to find grass before night, if their horses were to be good for anything the next day.

They knew that the particular band of Apaches they were pursuing must be two or three days' march ahead of them, but they also knew that every mountain range has its deep green valleys, and that the trail left by their enemies would surely lead through the best of these.

Up, up, up, through rugged ravines and gorges for nearly an hour, and then down again almost as far, and then, sooner than they had expected, they came upon the very thing they were looking for. It was not so large or so beautiful a valley as the one in which Many Bears and his men were encamped miles and miles beyond. It did not widen like that at its lower end into a broad and undulating plain, with a river and a forest far away, but there was plenty of grass in it for tired and hungry horses, and To-la-go-to-de at once decided that there they should halt for the night.

It was little beyond the middle of the afternoon, and a war party of Lipans has neither tents to pitch nor much baggage to care for. Little time was lost in "going into camp," and even before that was done every fifth brave was ordered out to look for game. Not only would fresh meat be better than dry if they could get any, but it would save their somewhat slender stock of provisions for another day.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 101, October 4.

Digitized by Google

"Steve! Steve Harrison!"

"What is it, Murray?"

"I've spoken to old Two Knives. You and I are to hunt."

"Hurrah for that! Which way are you going?"

"Most of the others seem to be setting out southerly. I guess they're right, so far as game is concerned. You and I'll try that gap to the northwest. There's no telling where it may lead to."

The gap he pointed at was a sombre-looking chasm, the mouth of which opened into the little valley where they were, at a distance of about half a mile.

Nobody could tell, indeed, where it might lead to, nor could any one have guessed, until he was actually in it, what a very remarkable gap it was.

The two white hunters had chosen to go on foot, and not one of their Lipan friends had accompanied them. If they were men to be "watched" at any other time, even the sharp eyes of Indian suspicion saw no need for it among the desolate solitudes of those "sierras."

They did not hear To-la-go-to-de say to some of the red hunters: "No Tongue great hunter. Bring in more antelope than anybody else. Yellow Head good too. You beat them? Ugh!"

They would try beyond a doubt, but more than one Lipan shook his head. The reputation of Murray as a slayer of game was too high to be questioned, and he had taught Steve Harrison like a father.

"Murray," said Steve, "do you mean that such a gap as that offers me a chance?"

"To get away?"

"Yes; that's what I'm thinking of."

"Can't say about that, my boy. Probably not. I don't believe it comes out on the western slope of the mountains."

"What do you want to try it for, then?"

"I don't exactly know. Game, perhaps. Then I want to teach you something more about mountains, and finding your way among them. More than that, I don't want to go the same way as any of the rest."

"I like that, anyhow. Seems as if I had ever so many questions to ask that I never felt like asking before."

"I never cared to answer any, Steve, when you did ask 'em—not so long as you and I were to be together. Now you're going away from me pretty soon, I don't mind telling some things."

"Going away? Do you mean to say you won't go too? Shall you stay and be a Lipan?"

"You'll go alone, Steve, when you go. That's all."

"Why won't you go with me?"

"That's one of the questions I don't mean to answer. You've told me all about your family and people. I'll know where to look for you, if I ever come out into the settlements."

"I wish you'd come. You're a white man. You're not a Mexican either. You're American."

"No, I'm not."

"Not an American?"

"No, Steve; I'm an Englishman. I never told you that before. One reason I don't want to go back is the very thing that sent me down into Mexico to settle years and years ago."

"I didn't ask about that."

"No good if you did."

"But you've been a sort of father to me ever since you bought me from the Lipans, after they cleaned out my uncle's hunting party, and I can't bear the thought of leaving you here."

If it had not been for his war-paint, and its contrast with his Saxon hair and eyes, Steve would have been a handsome, pleasant-looking boy, tall and strong for his years, but still a good deal of a boy, and his voice was now trembling in a very un-Indian sort of way. No true Lipan would have dreamed of betraying any emotion at parting from even so good a friend as Murray.

"Yes," said the latter, dryly, "they cleaned out the hunting party. Your uncle and his men must have run pretty well, for not one of them lost his scalp, or drew a bead on a Lipan. That's one reason they didn't knock you on the head. They came home laughing, and sold you to me for six ponies and a pipe."

"I never blamed my uncle. I've always wondered, though, what sort of a story he told my father and mother."

"Guess he doesn't amount to a great deal."

"He's rich enough, and he's fond of hunting, but there isn't a great deal of fight in him. He wouldn't make a good Lipan."

The circumstances of Steve's capture were evidently not very creditable to some of those who were concerned in it, and Murray's tone in speaking of the "uncle" who had brought him out into the Texas plains to lose him so easily was bitterly contemptuous.

At that moment they were entering the mouth of the gap, and Murray suddenly dropped all other subjects to exclaim,

"We've struck it, Steve."

"Struck what?"

"A regular cañon. See, the walls are almost perpendicular, and the bottom comes down from ledge to ledge like a flight of stairs."

Steve had been among mountains before, but he had never seen anything precisely like that.

In some places the vast chasm before him was hardly more than a hundred feet wide, while its walls of gray granite and glittering white quartz rock arose in varying heights of from three hundred to five hundred feet.

"Come on, Steve."

"You won't find any game in here. A rabbit couldn't get enough to live on among such rocks as these."

"Come right along. I want to get a look at the ledges up there. There's no telling what we may stumble upon."

Steve's young eyes were fully occupied, as they pushed forward, with the strange beauty and grandeur of the scenery above, beyond, and behind him. The air was clear and almost cool, and there was plenty of light in the shadiest nooks of the chasm.

"What torrents of water must pour down through here at some seasons of the year," he was saying to himself, when his companion suddenly stopped with a sharp,

"Hist! Look there!" and raised his rifle.

Steve looked. Away up on the edge of the beetling white crag at their right the first "game" they had seen that day was calmly gazing down upon them.

A "big-horn antelope" has the best nerves in the world, and it is nothing to him how high may be the precipice on the edge of which he is standing. His head never gets dizzy, and his feet never slip, for he was made to live in that kind of country, and feels entirely at home in spots where no other living thing cares to follow him.

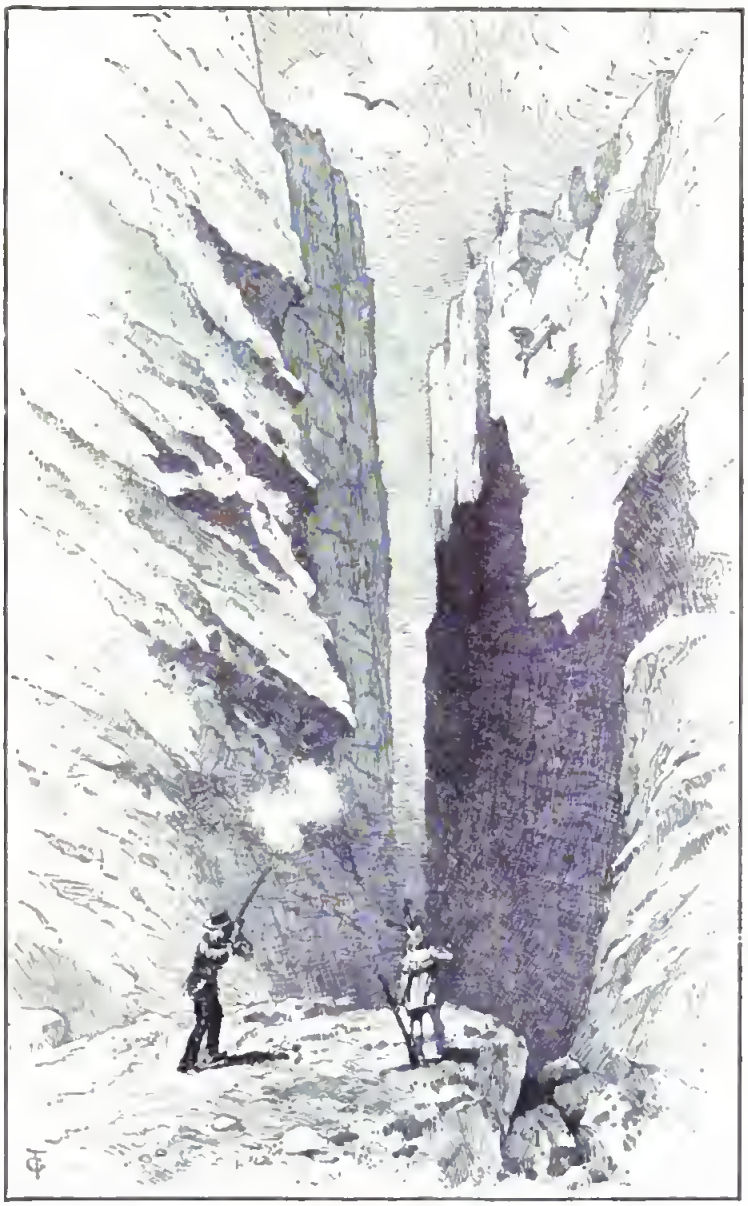
That was a splendid specimen of what the first settlers called the "Rocky Mountain sheep." His strong, wide, curling horns were of the largest size, and gave him an expression of dignity and wisdom as he peered down upon the hunters who had intruded upon his solitudes. He would have shown more wisdom by not looking at all, for in a moment more the sharp crack of Murray's rifle awoke the echoes of the cañon, and then with a great bound the big-horn came tumbling down among the rocks almost at Steve Harrison's feet.

"He's a little battered by his fall," said Murray, "that's a fact; but he'll be just as good eating. Let's hoist him on that bowlder and go ahead."

"He's as much as we'd like to carry in."

"That's so; but we may bag something more, and then

Digitized by Google



IN THE CAÑON.

we could bring a pony up almost as far as this. I don't mean to do any too much carrying."

His broad, muscular frame looked as if it had been built expressly for that purpose, and he could have picked up at least one big-horn with perfect ease; but he had been among the Indians a good while, and they never lift a pound more than they are compelled to.

"Give me the next shot, Murray."

"I will, if it's all right. But you must use your own eyes. It won't do to throw away any chances."

The game was quickly lifted to the bowlder pointed out by Murray, and he and Steve pressed on up the great beautiful gateway deeper and deeper into the secrets of the mountain range.

Every such range has its secrets, and one by one they are found out from time to time; but there seemed to be little use in the discovery of any just then and there. It was a very useless sort of secret. What was it?

Well, it was one that had been kept by that deep chasm for nobody could guess how many thousands of years, until Steve Harrison stumbled a little as he climbed one of the broken "stairs" of quartz, and came down upon his hands and knees.

Before him the cañon widened into a sort of table-land, with crags and peaks around it, and Murray saw trees here and there, and a good many other things, but Steve exclaimed,

"Murray! Murray! Gold!"

"What! A vein?"

"I fell right down upon it. Just look there."

Murray looked, half carelessly at first, like a man who had before that day discovered plenty of such things; but then he sprang forward.

"We're in the gold country," he said. "It's all gold-bearing quartz hereaway. Steve! Steve! I declare I never saw such a vein as that. The metal stands out in nuggets."

So it did. A strip of rock nearly five feet wide was dotted and spangled with bits of dull yellow. It seemed to run right across the cañon at the edge of that level, and disappear in the solid cliffs on either side.

"Oh, what a vein!"

"It's really gold, then?"

"Gold? Of course it is. But it isn't of any use."

"Why not?"

"Who could mine for it away down here in the Apache country? How could they get machinery down here? Why, a regiment of soldiers couldn't keep off the redskins, and every pound of gold would cost two pounds before you could get it to a mint."

For all that, Murray gazed and gazed at the glittering rock, with its scattered jewels of yellow, and a strange light began to glow in his sunken eyes.

"No, Steve, I'm too old for it now. Gold's nothing to me any more. But that ledge is yours now you've found it. Some day you may come back for it."

"I will if I live, Murray."

"Well, if you ever do, I'll tell you one thing more."

"What's that?"

"Dig and wash in the sand and gravel of that cañon below for all the loose gold that's been washed down there from this ledge since the world was made. There must be bushels of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR ICE-CREAM.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

AFTER that trouble with Aunt Eliza—the time she staid up on the roof and was rained on—I had no misfortunes for nearly a week. Aunt Eliza went home as soon as she was well dried, and father said that he was glad she was gone, for she talked so much all the time that he couldn't hear himself think, though I don't believe he ever did hear himself think. I tried it once. I sat down where it was real still, and thought just as regular and steady as I could; but I couldn't hear the least sound. I suppose our brains are so well oiled that they don't creak at all when we use them. However, Mr. Travers told me of a boy he knew when he was a boy. His name was Ananias G. Smith, and he would run

Digitized by Google

round all day without any hat on, and his hair cut very short, and the sun kept beating on his head all day, and gradually his brains dried so that whenever he tried to think, they would rattle and creak like a wheelbarrow wheel when it hasn't any grease on it. Of course his parents felt dreadfully, for he couldn't go to school without disturbing everybody as soon as he began to think about his lessons, and he couldn't stay home and think without keeping the baby awake.

As I was saying, there was pretty nearly a whole week that I kept out of trouble; but it didn't last. Boys are born to fly upward like the sparks that trouble, and yesterday I was "up to mischief again," as Sue said, though I never had the least idea of doing any mischief. How should an innocent boy, who might easily have been an orphan had things happened in that way, know all about cooking and chemistry and such, I should like to know.

It was really Sue's fault. Nothing would do but she must give a party, and of course she must have ice-cream. Now the ice-cream that our cake-shop man makes isn't good enough for her, so she got father to buy an ice-cream freezer, and said she would make the ice-cream herself. I was to help her, and she sent me to the store to order some salt. I asked her what she wanted of salt, and she said that you couldn't freeze ice-cream without plenty of salt, and that it was almost as necessary as ice.

I went to the store and ordered the salt, and then had a game or two of ball with the boys, and didn't get home till late in the afternoon. There was Sue freezing the ice-cream, and suffering dreadfully, so she said. She had to go and dress right away, and told me to keep turning the ice-cream freezer till it froze and don't run off and leave me to do everything again you good-for-nothing boy I wonder how you can do it.

I turned that freezer for ever so long, but nothing would freeze; so I made up my mind that it wanted more salt. I didn't want to disturb anybody, so I quietly went into the kitchen and got the salt-cellar, and emptied it into the ice-cream. It began to freeze right away; but I tasted it, and it was awfully salt, so I got the jug of golden syrup and poured about a pint into the ice-cream, and when it was done it was a beautiful straw-color.

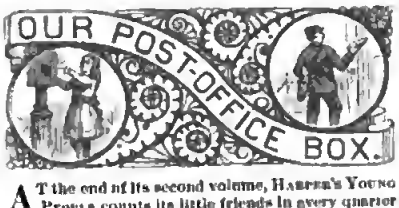
But there was an awful scene when the party tried to eat that ice-cream. Sue handed it round, and said to everybody, "This is my ice-cream, and you must be sure to like it." The first one she gave it to was Dr. Porter. He is dreadfully fond of ice-cream, and he smiled such a big smile, and said he was sure it was delightful, and took a whole spoonful. Then he jumped up as if something had hit him, and went out of the door in two jumps, and we didn't see him again. Then three more men tasted their ice-cream, and jumped up, and ran after the doctor, and two girls said, "Oh my!" and held their handkerchiefs over their faces, and turned just as pale. And then everybody else put their ice-cream down on the table, and said thank you they guessed they wouldn't take any. The party was regularly spoiled, and when I tasted the ice-cream I didn't wonder. It was worse than the best kind of strong medicine.

Sue was in a dreadful state of mind, and when the party had gone home—all but one man, who lay under the apple-tree all night and groaned like he was dying, only we thought it was cats—she made me tell her all about the salt and the golden syrup. She wouldn't believe that I had tried to do my best, and didn't mean any harm. Father took her part, and said I ought to eat some of the ice-cream, since I made it; but I said I'd rather go up stairs with him. So I went.

SUE'S ICE-CREAM PARTY.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Some of these days people will begin to understand that they are just wasting and throwing away a boy who always tries to do his best, and perhaps they'll be sorry when it is too late.

Digitized by Google



AT the end of its second volume, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE counts its little friends in every quarter of the globe. The promises made by its conductors a year ago have been amply fulfilled. The paper has grown steadily better, fuller, brighter, and stronger, and its weekly arrival is hailed by thousands of children and youth with eager delight.

Our Post-office Box numbers among its contributors correspondents from all parts of the United States and Canada, and from Europe, Asia, Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific. Wherever there is an English-speaking community or colony, there our paper finds a welcome, and from thence come evidences of interest in Our Post-office Box. The pictures of child-life drawn by little fingers are very refreshing to older eyes. We see that there is a great deal of youthful happiness in the world, as the children write freely about their studies, their pets, and their pastimes. We aim to make the Post-office Box educational, and stimulating to intelligent inquiry, and we try to answer questions, impart useful information, and enter into the children's plans for improvement and recreation. We shall hereafter give enlarged space to the letters, and in the new column C. Y. P. R. C. the Postmistress will endeavor to be in entire sympathy with the older as well as the younger readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. She intends in this department to include extracts from favorite authors, and stories from English classics, told briefly, from time to time, in her own way. Not only the little folks, but the older sisters and brothers, will have their cozy niche, whenever they wish it, in this informal column.

The exchange department will be conducted, as heretofore, as fairly, attentively, and promptly as possible. Its primary object is to afford young people an opportunity to exchange instructive and interesting articles with each other. It ought to be an adjunct to their studying of geography, history, and natural science. We request that exchangers will write their names and addresses as plainly as they can in every case, that they will always correspond with each other by postal cards before sending their valuable stamps or other treasures, and that in writing to us they will condense their offers and consult brevity, so that we may be able to print a great many of their letters in each issue.

We intend to make the puzzle department more attractive than ever.

Now, little readers and larger ones, since you write to us so warmly in our praise, since you enjoy the stories, the sketches, the poems, and the whole weekly feast the beautiful paper brings to you, will you not recommend it to others? Tell all your friends how much pleasure and benefit you derive from it, and see whether you can not increase its circulation. The more subscribers YOUNG PEOPLE shall have, the better will the publishers be able to make it, and the more tempting will be the attractions it will offer through autumn days, winter evenings, spring sunshine, and summer leisure, for busy young people, all the year round.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

My cousin made me a Christmas present of this paper, and I like it very much. I think "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" and "Paul Grayson" are very nice stories, and I wish Jimmy Brown would write another story soon. Mr. Otis's stories are very nice. I have a cunning little rem that plays with me, and I have named him "Frisky." My sister has a little turtle or terrapin which is only a little larger than a fifty-cent piece. A friend of mine has a large goat named Billy, and a little sulky in which he rides around. Will you tell me if scrap-books are acceptable for Young People's Cot in St. Mary's Hospital, New York? JOHN P. H.

We think the ladies who take care of the little sick children in St. Mary's Hospital can find use for pretty scrap-books.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Papa brings HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE home to me every Friday evening. I have now one hundred and one numbers. I think the old cat watching the mice play base-ball is very funny, but the water-melon turning out to be a little black baby is just as funny. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much. Papa says I look just like the stuck-up boy in No. 76; but mamma says I am like the little boy talking to the old candy woman in No. 78. When I come to think about it, I think I am apt to be around where the old candy women are, and maybe this is why papa calls me *stuck up*.

My head is red, just like mamma's. I have three little sisters, named Bessie, May, and Louise, and they all have red heads too. We used to have a pair of little sorrel ponies just the color of our heads, and papa called all of us—mamma, ponies, and children—his sorrel-tops; and sometimes, when we went out driving, papa wanted to borrow a little black-haired girl from some of the neighbors, to relieve the monotony. (This is what he called it.)

If ever I come to New York, the first thing I want to do is to call and see the editor of YOUNG PEOPLE and the ladies and gentlemen who help him get up so many nice, funny things. GEORGIE L.

KOKOMO, INDIANA.

Our school commenced two weeks ago Monday, and I was so glad! I just love to study, and especially to have good lessons. My sister and I went to a museum several weeks ago, and among the many curious things we saw was Queen Anne's cat. It was indigo-color, with brown spots on it, and looked as if it would like to tear you to pieces; and there was also the earless white cat, which had a tuft of hair in place of ears. It did not look very savage. There was the mermaid, which had the body of a fish, and something which resembled the head of a monkey. I had many beautiful flowers this summer. I tried to raise some cotton, but did not succeed very well. It did not ripen at all. I picked off the oldest ball there was on the bush, and it was as green as grass. I would like to exchange flower seeds for Florida beans or sea-beans, also for foreign stamps, or sea-moss, or seeds for seeds, or will exchange postmarks for flower seeds.

MOLLIE, P. O. Box 575, Kokomo, Ind.

GREENSBURG, OHIO.

I thought I would write to you to tell you about the funeral procession for President Garfield at Cincinnati. The banners were very pretty. The men on horses, and the little boys who were dressed in red pants and white waists, also looked very pretty. It was very sad to see the houses draped with black. All the business houses were closed, and the city was more quiet than if it had been Sunday. I hope President Arthur will be as good a President as Mr. Garfield was. I have not seen much about Mr. Garfield in Our Post-office Box. I go to school right across the road from my home. I think my letter is long enough. HAZIA P.

You were interested in the article in No. 102 on the boyhood of President Garfield, were you not? If more of our children had written about him, we would have had more letters to print; but we think everybody's heart was almost too full to write during the weary weeks before his death.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY.

As I have been taking your paper for a long time and have never written you a letter, I thought I would. I go to a military school, and attend drill every evening. Across from our school are several Indian mounds, and the boys opened one of them lately, and found several Indian arrows and other implements of war. I am sixteen years old, and a printer. Kindest regards for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and hoping it may prosper, I remain, C. C.

ST. LUCIE, FLORIDA.

Some time ago one of your correspondents wrote a very interesting letter in answer to your inquiry about Florida sea-beans.

I send you some specimens gathered on the Atlantic beach, not very far from where the ill-fated steamer *City of Vera Cruz* went down last August. But these do not grow on trees; they are the product of a vine, something like that of the common horse-bean. There are vines from this variety now growing on Indian River, though they are not indigenous. I have heard they grow in abundance on the Spanish main.

Mr. Bennett, of Syracuse, New York, presented me with some implements and a work on taxidermy, and I have learned to skin birds. Are ivory-billed woodpeckers numerous in the North?

I value my paper, and I know Mr. James Otis must be a good man by what he writes. JOHNNIE C. J.

You and the others who followed the fortunes of the little runaway with so much interest will be pleased to hear that Mr. James Otis has gone to Florida in a little steam-yacht named *Toby Tyler* after his hero. Doubtless some account of his trip will be published in YOUNG PEOPLE.

Many thanks for the sea-beans.

The ivory-billed woodpecker is chiefly an inhabitant of the extreme Southern States, and especially those which border on the Gulf of Mexico. Very few are ever found north of Virginia. It is not a migratory bird, but is a resident where it is found. Mr. Audubon did meet one or two of the species so far north as Maryland, but they seemed away from home. West of the Lower Mississippi, it is found in all the dense forests, but the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi are its favorite resorts. It bores a hole in the trunk of a live tree, early in the spring, for its nest, always at a great height from the ground. The male and female birds relieve each other in this work. The eggs are four or five in number, pure white, equally thick at both ends, and as large as pullets' eggs. The food of this woodpecker consists of beetles, larvæ, and large grubs, and it has a great fondness for wild grapes and ripe persimmons.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE since the first number, and now I have a favor to ask. Will you not please give us a story on natural history? We have had some splendid stories; but I like "The Cruise of the 'Ghost'" the best of all, though "Tim and Tip" is very good.

I have a splendid large dog. He is an Irish setter, and his name is Spray. I wish some of the little writers to YOUNG PEOPLE could see him when I come down stairs in the morning. He is so pleased he growls as if he were trying to talk. He puts his head on one side, and looks so funny and wise. We have a very nice museum here, with a great many interesting things to be seen. FRANK A.

We expect to publish a number of articles on different branches of natural history during the year, and though they may not be precisely stories, they will be equally as entertaining.

I am thirteen years old, and have two little nephews, one ten days old, and the other two years. I have been spending the summer in the southern part of Michigan, and had a splendid time. We got up a fairy play to play warm moonlight nights. I was Thumbergia, Queen of the Elves, and we called ourselves moonlight fairies. It was great fun. I used to sit up in a tree, and read Jimmy Brown's stories. I wish he would write some more. I think he is splendid, and wish I knew him. I am very fond of little boys from four to five years old. I had four little four-year-olds this summer who liked to race so much that every morning I would have them stand in a line, and when I would count three they would all start, and run as fast as their little legs would carry them. One of them would talk all the time, and another was very slow, but all were very cunning. They are the only pets I have. THUMBERGIA.

SOUTH CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl five years old. My father is Postmaster, and he has taken HARPER'S WEEKLY twenty-four years, and YOUNG PEOPLE ever since its publication. The pictures have always pleased us.

My grandma is writing this for me, as I have to print my letters, and as she is seventy-eight, you will please excuse mistakes.

Little Spry, our dog, is a great favorite of mine. My uncle went to Europe, and left him in my care. I have a great many chickens, and two cats. Papa has five horses, and my sister can ride upon them when she is home from school; I dare not. We have a variety of fruit, which is so nice. Cortland Valley is beautiful, and I am glad it is my home. The grand old maple-trees surround our house.

Now please print my letter, so that I can hear it read when the paper comes next time, and I will play on the piano for joy. LOUISE R.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I was eleven years old the 6th of last month (September, 1881). Papa got the first volume of YOUNG PEOPLE bound for my birthday present. I would not exchange it for any book I ever saw. I like all the stories. I think it Jimmy Brown would spend more time in writing to the Post-office Box, his father would not have to call him up stairs so often. And I wish he would take my advice and try it. I am glad Tim and Tip have got away from that brute, Captain Pratt. Papa thinks the boys will lose their dinner if they don't get something better than a rope to hang their kettle on. When Tip kills a bear I hope they will send it to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, so you can put a picture of it in the paper. I did not mean to write so long a letter. LILLIE C. S.

TRENTON, NEW YORK.

We have some very large ducks—they are as large as some geese—and we have a pair of young turkeys. I have some carrier-pigeons. I like the story of "Tim and Tip." I had two kittens, and they followed us to church one night, and afterward we heard that some boys set a dog on them, hurting one so badly that it died. Was it not a shame? When the boys found out to whom the kittens belonged, they were very sorry, and brought the other one home.

Mr. Editor, if you ever come up this way, I would like you to call in and see my pigeons. I wish all the boys and girls everywhere could take YOUNG PEOPLE. EDNA I. L.

We would be glad to see those pigeons, and we appreciate your kind invitation. But it is not often we can venture very far away from our corner here, where the mails bring us so many letters from young people. Have you ever sent your birds with messages tied around their necks, and have they brought the answers safely back?

LOWELL, [illegible]

I have already sent one letter to Our Post-office Box, and now I am going to write again. I live in a very small town; I don't think that I would like to live in a large city. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and I hope to continue so as long as it shall be printed. I remain, [illegible]

per every Thursday morning. I would like to exchange patterns of crocheted edging with some little girl. Why don't Jimmy Brown write oftener? It is pleasant to laugh at his troubles.

SALLY BROWN.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I spent some charming weeks this summer at the Rawley Springs, where I drank the pure mineral water, climbed the hills, and took long rides on my black pony Selim. Now I am again at home, and mother says she expects such a healthy hearty girl will make great progress.

One peculiarity about our girls would strike the New York girls as queer. It is their names. You see, in Virginia we are very proud of the old families, and care a great deal for good blood. So when there are not enough boys to have the family names, the girls have to wear them, and we often have Parker and Randolph and Tucker and Talbot and Cary among the girls as Christian names. But the names do not spoil the girls, nor make them unfeminine. Mother says Virginia is not ashamed of her daughters, for they are so womanly. I hope to learn to be a good housekeeper as well as a good scholar. I do not have very much time, but I help to give out flour and eggs to the cook, I often attend to the parlors, and I am learning how to cut and make my own dresses. One of the girls in my class says she means to be a missionary when she grows up, and thinks she will go to China, as she read a book she liked very much, called *Fourteen Months in Canton*. Do you think we gain much by reading books of travels?

Why do all who write to Our Post-office Box tell how old they are? I do not mean to tell my age, for I do not think it makes much difference to strangers whether I am twelve or sixteen. VIOLA E.

Nobody is compelled to tell his or her age. We have lately seen an allusion to the retaining of family names, to which you refer, in a story of Virginia life. Books of travel are not only interesting, but very instructive. They help you to a clearer comprehension of your history and geography, and give you a sort of picture-gallery of the world you live in. The other day we were reading about Dean Stanley's childhood, and we found that his mother was in the habit of studying with her children. She would select a period, and then group around it all the pleasant and entertaining facts she could find, studying not only its history, but looking into the homes of the people who lived at the time, and making study like a panorama.

Hardly had the number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE containing the stories of Kate Shelley and Charlie White gone to press, when we received the following letter, written by a boy in Minnesota to his uncle in New York. That the latter was not intended to be printed makes it all the more valuable. Willie Sammis (who is only twelve years old) writes about his every-day affairs; and then, between an account of his school life and a complaint about the wet weather, he tells us that he *saved a boy's life*. Like all true heroes, Willie is modest. You will remember what the old man says who tells the story of Charlie White's bravery:

"And this, I think, is the children's way; *they* never mind praise or gain."

No; but praise will be freely bestowed, for such brave deeds are not so common that we can regard them without enthusiasm; and as for gain, the unselfish spirit that prompts such actions is in itself a possession beyond all price.

With these few words of introduction, to which we must add our thanks to Willie's uncle for kindly placing the letter at our disposal, we will let the young hero speak for himself:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE JOHN,—I thank you very much for the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I think the stories are so nice. Please ask Fred to send my coin in a letter. Will you forgive me for not writing to you, but I have so much to do, and my school, that I can't find time. I like the city very much, and I have got acquainted. I like school very much. My teacher's name is Miss P. I like her very much. All the teachers are ladies. I have eight lessons, and that takes up all of my time. I have two pairs of pigeons.

We sail boats here all the time. One Saturday afternoon a lot of us boys went to a pond near by to sail our boats, and there was a raft on it, and we had a nice time until the last time, when we sailed three on it. It went on all right until we got into the middle, when the old thing tipped over, and we all went head first into the pond. We all had boots on, and I was the only one that could swim. I saved one of the boys, but the other got hold of the raft before I could help him. It does nothing but rain and rain here. You can't go a block without getting stuck in the mud. It is getting late now, so I must stop. Love to all. Your nephew,

WILLIE D. SAMMIS.

CONSTANT READER.—Harper & Brothers will send *Toby Tyler* by mail on receipt of $1.

Miss A. Davidson, 143 East Thirty-second Street, New York city, would like to receive old story books and papers from readers of YOUNG PEOPLE for a poor crippled girl who sells papers for her living.

JAVA.—Javanese postage stamps are of no value here except to collectors. We think it likely that you can purchase a banker's draft on a New York or London bank, either of which would be negotiable here.

C. Y. P. R. U.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

Will the Postmistress tell a few boys and girls who have started a club, which meets every Friday evening, something nice to do? We would like to do something besides play. We would like to have badges. What kind do you think would be like best, and what color? FLOSSIE M.

You have not told me whether or not you have selected a name for the club. If you have not done so, you might call it the Opal. The peculiarity of the opal is that it presents a play of delicate tints. There are precious opals, which emit a brilliant light; and fire opals, which shine with a red and yellow flame; and common opals, which are simply milk white. All are lovely. For a badge, each member might wear a bit of red ribbon, with the letter O embroidered upon it in yellow silk, and the members of the club might be styled "Opalescents." There is no advantage in belonging to a club unless your being thus united shall make you better, kinder, and more helpful, as young people, than you would otherwise be. So, Miss Flossie, your question what to do at club meetings is a very important one. Certainly you would grow tired of meeting if you did nothing but play. I think it would be pleasant to have one evening in the month—the first Friday, if you please—devoted to a musical and literary entertainment. You might arrange the programme beforehand, and then, when the evening arrived, Sue and Mollie would be prepared with their duet, Hugh would have his violin solo, Louise her song, and Harry his piano accompaniment, all ready for your entertainment. John, who declaims well, might learn and recite "How Kate Shelley Crossed the Bridge," one of the beautiful poems by Miss Mary A. Barr which appeared in No. 102. To vary the order, you might occasionally have tableaux or charades; and if the club could not get these up successfully without assistance, you could press your mottoes and sisters into the service.

For the other evenings I would suggest that you try the game of authors, confining yourselves to one author an evening, instead of playing it the way it comes in boxes. On your Dickens evening you might select three or four characters from one novel, as, for instance, in *Dombey and Son*, Florence Dombey, Little Paul, Miss Cornelia, and Susan Nipper. Ascertain all you can about each of these persons, and tell it in your own words. Perhaps you do not feel quite old enough to enjoy Dickens. If so, take Mrs. Whitney or Miss Alcott, select one of the books of either, and read extracts from it. But I advise you to try Dickens, not *Dombey and Son* in particular, but select any of his works you choose. *David Copperfield* is a great favorite with me.

Another charming thing for you to do would be to spend some evenings in travelling. Bring your maps and geographies to your place of assembling. Start from Detroit in a straight line, and see how many towns you can touch, how many rivers you can cross, how many miles you must journey, before you can arrive at any point in the Old World which you may select.

I shall keep your club in mind, and when I think of anything I imagine you would like to do, I'll give you a hint in this column. Meanwhile be sure and send me word about the name.

BOTANIST.—Your questions about the herbarium are pertinent. In collecting plants it is not necessary that all the plants should be in flower, but when possible the whole plant, including the root, should be taken. With large plants it is customary to select portions which shall represent the whole—young shoots, buds, flowers, and fruit. When your specimens are thoroughly dried, they may be rendered safe from insect depredations by sprinkling them with an alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate, and keeping them between papers until it is dry. Place one species only on a sheet, with full particulars as to genus, locality, and interesting associations connected with its discovery. Keep your sheets in large portfolios or in a cabinet, as you prefer, but guard against dust.

A mother, for her children's entertainment, combined in a poetic form the words assigned for sentence-making in No. 99. The Postmistress thinks them worth publication:

A MONARCH TO HIS SON.

I "abdicate" my crown to thee,
My bright and noble boy;
"Bequeath" the glories I had "planned"
To bring thee light and joy.
Oh, let no false and dark "design"
"Encroach" thy wide domain,
But prayerfully "foresee" the ill,
And make thy footsteps plain.
Then shall a "glory" from the sky,
Fair "hero," fall on thee,
And weapons in "impassioned" hands
Ne'er place in "jeopardy"
The noble "King" that I have crowned
With "laurel" and with gold,
But blessings from the good and great
My darling boy infold.

We direct the attention of the C. Y. P. R. U. to Mrs. Herrick's illustrated article, entitled "A Flowerless Flour Garden," which will be found intensely interesting; also to a short article called "A Little Orphan," and to a descriptive account of the Game of Cricket.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE HALF-SQUARE.

Across.—1. An attendant upon persons of rank or wealth. 2. Warm to a river. 3. To soar. 4. To ask. 5. A bribe. 6. An abbreviation. 7. A termination. 8. A letter.

Down.—1. Interfering. 2. Fastening with a clasp. 3. Turkish coins. 4. A county. 5. Dry. 6. Before. 7. Ourselves. 8. A latter. MILTIADES.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am a celebrated edifice composed of 21 letters.
My 16, 19, 12, 9 is a bird.
My 4, 18, 8 is color.
My 10, 14, 17, 19, 21, 6, 11, 20 is customary.
My 15, 2, 8, 7, 1 is a boa.
My 13, 6, 9 is to set down. DAMA DUMBEN.

No. 3.

ANIGMA.

In scolding, not in chiding.
In holding, not in gliding.
In using, not in wasting.
In tarrying, not in hasting.
In trying, not in failing.
In blushing, not in pallid.
In earning, not in keying.
In doing, not in crying.
In owning, not in spending.
In borrowing, not in lending.
In roving, not in stopping.
My whole a phrase often dropping
From your mother's lips, my dear,
At this season of the year.

SUSAN NIPPER.

No. 4.

CHARADE.

Tis pleasant to enjoy my first
When wintry winds blow chill;
And though your home be a'er so small,
My second's smaller still.
There's one thing may be understood
By every romping boy—
Whenever he becomes my whole
My first he can't enjoy. THOMAS LUNDAM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 101.

No. 1.

A B R A H A M
B R A C E S
R A C E R
A C E S
H E R
A S
M

No. 2.

R O B I N
O P I N E
B I T E S
I N E R T
N E S T S

No. 3. Oriole.

No. 4.

L
L E T
L E M O N
T O M
N

A
A R M
A R B O R
A R B U T U S
M O T E T
R U T
S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Claudia, F. Knight Durham, "Prince," William B. Hadley, Elsie, Alice Amy, C. B., Margaret M., David C., William A. Lewis, and "North Star."

(*For Exchanges, see third page of cover.*)

Digitized by Google

SOME DRAWINGS OF WIGGLE No. 21, OUR ARTIST'S IDEA, AND NEW WIGGLE, No. 22.

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 074718220

Princeton University Library
32101 074718220